

# Philip II

WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH

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**William Thomas Walsh**

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*To the memory of a valiant woman*

MARY WALSH (McMAHON) HEALEY

*who taught me to love truth*





## PHILIP II

BY PANTAJOLA DE LA CRUZ, NOW IN THE PRADO, MADRID.

*Photo by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

I wish to express my gratitude to the Columbia University Library for the use of a fine collection of State Papers and countless other books, as well as for the unfailing courtesy and efficiency of the librarians and staff; to the Library of Congress, for the loan of rare works; to Mother Grace C. Dammann, R.S.C.J., President, and Mother E. M. O'Byrne, R.S.C.J., Dean, of the Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, and to the faculty in general, for much cooperation and encouragement; especially to Miss Mercedes de Arango for invaluable help in translating the most gongoristic passages of Cabrera's *História de Felipe el Segundo* and some of the Italian correspondence; and to my daughter Betsy for a priceless suggestion.

W. T. W.

New York City, November 10, 1937



# Contents

## CHAPTER 1. *PHILIP IS BORN AND ROME IS SACKED.* [1527]

*The happiness of the newly married Emperor, Charles V. His young wife, Isabel of Portugal, bears him a son and heir. Philip born in the palace at Valladolid, May 21, 1527. In the midst of the festivities the news reaches Spain that the Emperor's troops have taken part in the sack of Rome on May 6. Frightful state of Christendom. The shadows that fell on Philip's cradle.*

## CHAPTER 2. *THE CHILDHOOD OF PHILIP.* [1532]

*Character of the Empress. Charles involved in affairs of State. Urges Pope Clement to summon a General Council for the reform of ecclesiastical affairs. The Pope hesitates. Charles fails to conciliate the Lutherans in Germany. The Empress and her children at Avila. Characteristics of the boy Philip. His tutors and his studies. The ideas that ruled his mind.*

## CHAPTER 3. *HENRY THE EIGHTH'S DIVORCE.* [1533]

*Bad news from England about the Emperor's aunt. Catherine's letter to Charles. Pope Clement's defence of his conduct. Henry marries Anne Boleyn, and Elizabeth is born. Execution of Fisher and More. The Emperor Charles unable to interfere because of his campaign in Africa against the Turks. Death of Philip's mother at Toledo.*

## CHAPTER 4. *PHILIP'S FIRST MARRIAGE.* [1543]

*Philip, at thirteen, learns the principles of government. At fifteen he goes to war under the tutelage of the Duke of Alba. At sixteen he is made Regent of Spain and marries his first cousin Maria, Infanta of Portugal, five months younger than himself. She dies in childbirth, leaving the young widower with a small son, Don Carlos. Philip's great sorrow.*

## CHAPTER 5. *PHILIP AS REGENT OF SPAIN.* [1543-1547]

*Philip defends the Church against his father, the Emperor. Charles defeats the forces of the Smalkaldic League at Mühlberg and makes himself master of Germany, tries to have the Church reformed at Trent and allows it to be sold at Augsburg. He summons Philip to Germany as candidate for the Iron Crown of Charlemagne.*

## CHAPTER 6. *PHILIP AND MAXIMILIAN.* [1547-1549]

*Two rival candidates for the Imperial crown. Secret Jews and Protestants in the Emperor's entourage. Some notable consequences of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabel in 1492. The international Spice Trust. Orientation of European opinion for and against Philip. Marriage of his sister to Maximilian. He leaves Spain for Germany.*

## CHAPTER 7. *PHILIP LOOKS TOWARD ENGLAND.* [1553]

*Philip considers a second marriage. Mystery of his private life. His love of power. Failure of his candidature for the Empire. Despondency of Charles. Opportunity for Philip in the negotiations for the hand of Mary Tudor of England. Sends gifts to Mary and leaves Spain for England, where he arrives at Southampton on Thursday, July 19, 1554.*

## CHAPTER 8. *PHILIP'S SECOND MARRIAGE.* [1554]

*Philip meets Mary for the first time and kisses her on the mouth in the English fashion. Marries her on July 25 in Winchester Cathedral. Juan Luis Vives, the Spanish humanist, Mary's tutor. Philip succeeds in formally reconciling England to the Holy See. He notifies the Pope and his sister Juana. Return of prosperity to England. Neglect of Charles and Philip to follow the advice from Rome. Arrival of Pole.*

## CHAPTER 9. *PHILIP, MARY AND ELIZABETH.* [1555]

*Philip in England as the young husband of a middle-aged woman. Queen Mary and her problems. Effects of Protestantism on English life. William Cecil. Philip's success in Parliament. His opposition to the persecution of the Protestants. The Queen's supposed pregnancy and what issues depended on it. Philip leaves England and goes to Brussels, where he is present at the Emperor's abdication on Friday, October 25.*

#### CHAPTER 10. *PHILIP WARS AGAINST THE POPE.* [1556-1557]

*Philip accepts responsibility for his father's debts. Rise of the power of money, and its encroachments upon monarchy. Striking personality of Pope Paul IV, and his view of the Papacy. Philip manages to save Elizabeth from execution. The ex-Emperor meets his grandson, Don Carlos.*

#### CHAPTER 11. *ENGLAND AT THE DEATH OF MARY TUDOR.* [1557]

*Philip visits England a second time, and enlists aid for his war against France and the Pope. The Pope's unflattering opinion of him. His nocturnal amusements. Battle of St. Quentin. Reasons for the loss of Calais. His kindness to Mary. His neglect of her in her last illness. He ensures the succession of Elizabeth. His first difference with William of Orange.*

#### CHAPTER 12. *WILLIAM CECIL AND HIS FRIENDS.* [1559]

*The so-called English Reformation begins at Cambridge. Secret meetings at The White Horse Inn. Nicholas Bacon, Thomas Sackville, Francis Walsingham, Matthew Parker, Thomas Gresham, all belonged to Cecil's political machine. Elizabeth's incapacity for marriage. Philip toys with the idea of invading England from Flanders. He appoints as Regent of the Netherlands his half-sister Margaret. He returns to Spain.*

#### CHAPTER 13. *THE SPANISH INQUISITION IS REVIVED.* [1559]

*Description of an auto de fe. Horrors of the Inquisition, and some of the other horrors that provoked and perpetuated it. Protestantism a new manifestation of an old attitude. Jewish precursors of the Lutheran revolt. Philip not a Jew-baiter. Corruption of the clergy. State interference in church affairs. Philip finds his half-brother, Don Juan of Austria.*

#### CHAPTER 14. *PHILIP'S THIRD MARRIAGE.* [1560]

*The happiest year of Philip's life. Marries the eighteen-year-old Elizabeth of Valois. Honeymoon in the Alcázar of Toledo. The bride gets smallpox. Eccentric conduct of Don Carlos in the Cathedral. Philip plans the Escorial. Influence of the Duke of Alba. Philip's love of pleasure and distaste for work. His popularity in Spain. His love for his wife. His routine in Madrid.*

#### CHAPTER 15. *CATHERINE DE' MEDICI.* [1560]

*The Protestant Conspiracy in France and its international ramifications. Influence of l'Hôpital over Catherine. Rise of the Chatillons. Coligny's betrayal of French interests. The First Huguenot War. The assassination of Guise. Cecil's intrigues in the Low Countries and in French politics. Menace to Philip. Philip gives advice to Catherine de' Medici.*

#### CHAPTER 16. *FREEMASONRY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.*

*Philip discovers the real nature of the government he has set up under Elizabeth in England. Protestantism introduced by a small well-organized minority of un-English character and foreign associations. Steps by which Cecil destroyed Catholicism in England. Thomas Gresham and the Merchants of Light. Throckmorton and Tremelius. The federate character of Protestantism.*

#### CHAPTER 17. *ILLNESS OF DON CARLOS.* [1562]

*Philip at thirty-five. His excessive confidence in others and his plebeian virtues. The shock of his son's illness. Controversy over a strange cure. A trepanning operation that was never performed. The body of Fray Diego of Alcalá. Philip's despair. Convalescence of Don Carlos. The so-called Report of Doctor Olivares.*

#### CHAPTER 18. *TROUBLE IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.* [1560-1562]

*First visit of Montigny to Spain. Philip distrusts him. Propaganda against Granvelle by Orange, Egmont and Montigny. Leniency of the Inquisition in the Netherlands. The anti-social activities of the Anabaptists of Antwerp. Philip's persistent desire to conciliate. His decision to publish the decrees of the Council of Trent in the Netherlands.*

#### CHAPTER 19. *PHILIPS CATHOLIC OUTLOOK.* [1566]

*Philip and Pope Pius IV. Condition of the Church in Spain. Philip's demand for financial concessions from the Pope. Election of Pope Pius V. Philip and the Jesuits. The Missions in Florida. The Grand Turk and Malta. Alba confers with Catherine de' Medici at Bayonne. Don Juan of Austria runs away. Siege of Malta, and the relief by Philip's fleet.*

#### CHAPTER 20. *PROTESTANT UPRISING IN FLANDERS.* [1566]

*The Carranza Case. Egmont arrives in Spain. Criticism of Philip for not going personally to Flanders. Churches sacked in Antwerp. Leadership of the Calvinists by a Spanish Jew. Plan for a world revolution reported to Philip. William of Orange connected with Jews of Antwerp and of Constantinople. Philip decides to send Alba to the Netherlands.*

#### CHAPTER 21. *DON CARLOS—THE PROBLEM CHILD.* [1567-8]

*Philip at forty is a happy man. Alba's expedition to the Netherlands changes the pattern of his life. Reasons for his not going there in person. Don Carlos endeavors to go there. Montigny is arrested in Spain. Character of Don Carlos. His*

*attack on Don Juan of Austria and his plot to kill Philip. Philip decides to arrest him. Secret relations of Don Carlos and Montigny strangely ignored by historians.*

## CHAPTER 22. *HOW DID DON CARLOS DIE?* [1568]

*Philip arrests Don Carlos in person and commits him to prison for life. His explanations to the Pope and others. His denial that Don Carlos was secretly a Protestant. The boy dies, July 24, 1568. Catherine de' Medici starts the rumor that Philip has had his son put to death. Examination of this charge. Montigny is strangled in prison.*

## CHAPTER 23. *THE SUBTLE DIPLOMACY OF PHILIP.* [1568]

*Death of Philip's third wife, Elizabeth of Valois, and his negotiations for a fourth. First attack of gout. Philip's indignation over the shameful peace Catherine made with the Huguenots. Success of Alba in the Netherlands. Cecil's support of the Huguenots and his seizure of Spanish ships carrying the pay for Alba's troops. Uprising of Moriscos in Granada. The unhappiest year of Philip's life. He gets a message from St. Teresa of Avila.*

## CHAPTER 24. *THE TURKISH MENACE.* [1568-1570]

*Philip sends Don Juan of Austria to suppress Morisco revolt. Joseph Nasi, Jewish banker of Constantinople, helps to plan the Turkish attack on the Christian forces. His associations with William of Orange. Controversies of Philip and Pope Pius V. Philip displeased by the Pope's excommunication of Elizabeth. Don Juan of Austria is given command of the Christian fleet. Philip marries Anne of Austria.*

## CHAPTER 25. *THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.* [1571]

*Philip equips the Spanish fleet. Difficulties with the Venetians. Allied fleets assembled at Messina under Don Juan, who is not trusted fully as Generalissimo. Confidence of Saint Pius V. Doria's strategy in regard to the espolones. Victory for the Christians, Sunday, October 7. Philip hears the news on the Feast of All Saints. His young wife is delivered of a son.*

## CHAPTER 26. *ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE.* [1572]

*Philip in the months after Lepanto. Condition of Europe. Election of Henry of Anjou as King of Poland through the influence of the Jews. Catherine de' Medici decides upon the massacre of the leading Huguenots in Paris. St. Bartholomew's Eve. Philip's cause in the Netherlands saved by the massacre. He loses confidence in Alba and decides to recall him.*

## CHAPTER 27. *DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA.* [1572-1576]

*Alba's letters from the Netherlands. He is a soldier rather than a statesman. He is succeeded by Requesens, who dies after a few months. Philip decides to send Don Juan. Objections on the part of his advisers. Don Juan himself unwilling to go. He disobeys Philip's orders and comes to Spain instead. Philip's patience. Don Juan arrives in Flanders too late to avert the Fury of Antwerp.*

## CHAPTER 28. *THE "SPANISH FURY" AT ANTWERP.* [1576]

*Important role of Germans in the disaster. Unhappiness of Don Juan. He defeats Orange's army at Gemblours. Philip's bankruptcy. Completion of the Escorial. His interest in the Portuguese succession. He tries in vain to dissuade Sebastian of Portugal from a crusade in Africa. Murder of Escobedo. Philip's secretary, Pérez, accused of the deed.*

## CHAPTER 29. *DESTRUCTION OF DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA.* [1579]

*Philip, later Philip III, born at Madrid, April 14, 1578. News comes of the death of Sebastian in Africa. Several claimants to the throne of Portugal. Don Antonio the chief rival of Philip. Philip prepares to invade Portugal. Letters from Don Juan asking that he be recalled from the Low Countries. Antonio Pérez betrays him and the King. Attempts to assassinate Don Juan. His illness and death. Rumors of poisoning.*

## CHAPTER 30. *THE SPANISH TRIUMPH IN FLANDERS.* [1585]

*Philip's difficulties in the Portuguese matter. His rejection of Pope Gregory's effort to prevent war by mediation. Death of Philip's fourth wife. Alba returns to the field and conquers Portugal. Don Antonio and his international support. Philip's amazing letters to his daughters. The Duke of Parma appointed to the Low Countries. Defeats the Huguenots in the siege of Antwerp. Philip hears the news at Aragon. He is now at the summit of his power.*

## CHAPTER 31. *THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.* [1588]

*The condition of England under Protestantism. The activities of the international financiers. Jewish intelligence service of Cecil. Philip's indifference to the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots. The Babington Plot. Philip's mysterious belief in William Cecil. Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. Philip prepares to invade England. Loss of the Armada. It was never defeated. Some Spanish accounts.*

## CHAPTER 32. *THE EUROPEAN SCENE.* [1591]

*Why the failure of the Armada did not displease the Pope. The Holy See is freed from Spanish domination. Pope Sixtus*



*V and the Jesuits. The Eighth Huguenot War. Henry of Navarre wins Papal support in his claim for the French throne. Philip's treacherous secretary. Riots in Aragon. Philip enters the last phase.*

## CHAPTER 33. *DEATH AT ITS MOST TERRIBLE.* [1598]

*Philip's heir at fifteen. Plots against Philip. Fray Miguel de los Santos. Philip's justification of the Inquisition in Spain. How deeply he left his mark on Europe. His attitude toward France, and toward England. The real Elizabeth. How the Cecils had the last word. Philip's colonies. Philip gravely ill but continues to work. He goes hunting at seventy. The last terrible illness. The curtain falls.*



# Illustrations

## PHILIP II

BY PANTAJOLA DE LA CRUZ

## CHARLES V

BY TITIAN

## PHILIP II

BY TITIAN

## MARY I OF ENGLAND

BY ANTONIO MORO

## WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURGHLEY

BY M. GEERAERTS THE ELDER

## QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND

THE COBHAM PORTRAIT

## THE DUKE OF ALBA

BY ANTONIO MORO

## PIUS V

ATTRIBUTED TO BARTOLOMEO PASSAROTTI

# ALESSANDRO FARNESE, DUKE OF PARMA

BY FRANS POURBUS I





## Philip Is Born and Rome Is Sacked [1527]

**B**EFORE the ominous year 1527, when his son Philip was born, His Sacred Caesarial Catholic Majesty Charles V seemed more fortunate, almost, than any man could safely be. Ruler of the vastest Empire the world had ever known, husband at twenty-six of the most beautiful woman in Europe, he was prolonging an idyllic honeymoon in the incredible halls and gardens of the Alhambra, while the crazy world rushed onward to its own doom, or took its troubles to his council at Toledo.

Living in a palace that Solomon might envy, with no reasonable human desire unsatisfied, he must have had occasion often enough to thank the spirits of his immortal grandparents, Ferdinand and Isabel, for such a summer as he could never hope to enjoy again. It was they who had conquered this fertile *vega* that he looked down on, those snow-capped mountains all about, these incomparable terraces and bowers where the nightingales sang among the oleanders in the moonlight. It was from one of these shady tiled courts of dead caliphs that they had had the good sense to send Columbus over the western ocean to add whole continents to the Spain they had resurrected and freed from the yoke of eight centuries.

Because they had had the foresight to marry Charles' mother Juana (now half-mad at Tordesillas) to Philip of Austria, their grandson now ruled Germany and Austria as Roman Emperor. Because their only son had died without heirs, Charles was now King of all Spain, Naples, Sicily, and the newly discovered kingdoms beyond the Atlantic, even to the Philippines. Because his paternal grandmother had been of the House of Burgundy, he was lord of Holland and the Netherlands, Franche Comté and other fiefs of that lordly line. While the crown of Charlemagne and Barbarossa was being placed on his chestnut hair at Aix-la-Chapelle, Magellan's men were bearing his standard around the globe. His blue eyes, sometimes masterful and sometimes melancholy, had looked down skeptically upon Luther at the Diet of Worms, while he murmured, in the clipped chestnut beard that covered his jutting Habsburg chin, "It will not be this little monk who will make a heretic of me."

He had been King but nine years; Emperor seven. His chief struggle thus far, the hereditary one with France, had ended only a year ago with victory at Pavia and with the capture of Francis I himself, after all his insolence and treachery. That stroke had made Charles master of Milan and all Lombardy; virtually, therefore, of all Italy. More than that: as lord of both northern and southern Italy, he was in a position to squeeze the ruling Medici Pope, Clement VII, between two blades, as it were, of a pair of scissors. In short, the Papacy, which had been brought to the verge of ruin by French domination a century or two ago—and every one knew what laxity and corruption had spread through Christendom in consequence—had fallen under the aegis of Spain, to remain there apparently for many years. Charles felt that to be an excellent thing for the Church. It certainly had its advantages for Caesar, and Charles was Caesar.

Nothing was lacking to his happiness now except the birth of an heir. As his wife had conceived in August of that year 1526, it seemed very likely that the last desirable drop would be added to their brimming cup. Who could have foreseen that a marriage of convenience could prove so ideal? Charles had had little thought of love when, after jilting young Mary Tudor, he had been united to Isabel in March, in the Hall of the Ambassadors at Seville where their grandmother had sentenced so many malefactors to death half a century ago. His wife was his first cousin, a daughter of his aunt Maria and of King Manoel the Fortunate of Portugal. Charles made no secret of the fact that he was marrying her because she could rule Spain for him, if necessary, in his absence on the wars and journeys he contemplated, and, even more important, because she brought a dowry of a million ducats at a most opportune time.

Three years younger than Charles, the Empress was slender and shapely, with the fair skin and delicate pink coloring of their grandmother, her namesake; though more feminine, and, judging by the portraits of Titian, Coello and others, much more beautiful. Her eyes were blue, like her husband's, but much darker, her brows long and tapering into lines charmingly irregular, her brow smooth and fine, fairly wide and rounded, so that it suggested somehow a well-balanced harmonious personality; her

lower lip somewhat full, but less so than her Habsburg husband's, her upper one a marked cupid's bow, her thick long hair a golden brown. Altogether a northern, rather than a southern type, and by common consent a most lovable devoted woman.

Charles became so infatuated with her that he never willingly left Spain while she lived. He loved her until the day of his death. To please her that summer he began building a Renaissance palace, the unfinished walls of which may still be seen at Granada. Because she liked the warm south, he planned to establish his capital there, in spite of several practical objections. What are practical objections to a bridegroom? Even in death they would make this place their home. The young Empress wished to lie, when her time came, in the dimly lighted vault where two leaden coffins held all that remained of the majesty of Ferdinand and Isabel.

Certain it is that during her lifetime Charles paid no attention to any other woman, and that he relied on his wife's judgment and tact more than upon any of his councillors. He was well aware that his education had been inferior in many respects to hers. In Flanders, under the shrewd eye of his grandfather, the Emperor Maximilian I, he had rather specialized in military lore and statecraft. His favorite books were Caesar's *Commentaries*, the *De Consolatione* of Boethius, the *Meditations* of S. Augustine, Comines' *Memoirs*. With philosophy and theology he had scant acquaintance. Music was a passion with him, and he knew enough of art to be the enthusiastic patron of Titian. Besides Spanish, he spoke French, Flemish and Italian. He loved pet birds and animals, and at one time had a parrot and two Indian cats. Flowers, too, were always a preoccupation with him. If the Indian pink still grows in European gardens, it is because Charles sent home some specimens from Tunis.

With something of the charm and *joie de vivre* of his volatile father, he combined the more solid qualities of *los reyes católicos*, transmitted to him through his unfortunate mother: industry and will, great personal courage, fortitude in adversity (though in good fortune he was sometimes too elated) a shrewd common sense that saw through most men and appearances (but not all), and a considerable humility in the presence of God, except when anger mastered him. He spoke softly, and on ordinary occasions wore a plain, black suit, sometimes shabby, with no ornament but a gold chain around his neck. A huge feeder, he loved his ale at five in the morning and a heavy supper at midnight, and was known to drink a quart or more of Rhenish wine with his dinner of several meat courses at noon.

While Charles was lingering with his Empress under a brilliant sky, among laurels and roses, the mediaeval world into which he had been born was rapidly becoming that bewildering modern world on which he would turn his back at last in disillusioned weariness. When he went to Granada that spring, it might have been said that he was one of the four men in whose power it lay, perhaps, to change the destinies of the western world: he and his rival Francis I, his uncle Henry VIII, and Pope Clement VII.

If these four in 1526 had been of one mind, a modicum of common sense and courage would have sufficed to reconcile the powers of Christendom, and to unite their tremendous material forces against the Turks who had been battering at the east and south for nearly a thousand years. Of all the four, Charles was the most powerful, the most apt for government and for war, and the most keenly aware of the need of grappling immediately with the issues raised by Luther and the other insurgents in the north.

With the accession of Charles, the historical mission of the moribund Holy Roman Empire, the defense of the Church and of Christian civilization had passed through him, to Spain: Spain, made great by thrusting back the conquering Moors and scattering the dominant Jews to the four winds, Spain, whose infantry was invincible on the battlefields of Europe, Spain, whose fleets dominated the Atlantic and all the vast new world. In the Peninsula, with the suppression of the *comunidades*, the things of Caesar and the things of God seemed to have reached almost an equilibrium, with which most were satisfied. The Spanish Church was reformed, vigorous, and militantly Catholic, the people prosperous, the democracy and the crown reasonably balanced. Why not in Europe, and in all the world?

Fleet-footed destiny passed by, however, at a moment when Charles was looking in another direction. Never again would he seem to hold the fate of the world in his hands so firmly as when he kept the sons of Francis as hostages, intimidated the hesitant Medici Pope with his *tercios*, and knew that on the English throne a friendly Spanish queen, his cousin, would support his policies as much as she was able. For while he lingered beside the fountains of the Generalife, and walked with his adored Empress among the blossoms of pomegranate and white jasmine, time was weaving a web of cause and effect from which he would never find a sword to cut himself wholly free.

Only a month before Charles' wedding he had set Francis at liberty, on his signing a treaty, with the most solemn oaths, relinquishing his claims to Burgundy and Milan. It was not long before the French King was organizing a new league against his conqueror under pretext of defending the independence of Italy and the freedom of the Church. Florence, Venice and Francesco Sforza joined it. So did the cold and scholarly Clement VII, driven by the necessities of the situation, as he thought, to follow the variable policy of his cousin, Pope Leo X.

In this view it was dangerous for the Church to be hemmed in between Naples and Milan, if both fell into the same hands; if both belonged to a foreigner, whether French or Spanish, so much the worse. The nepotism of these Popes was partly the expression of a conviction, born of sad experience, that in European politics one could trust only one's own relatives (and not always them). Clement was a true Medici in his devotion to family interests; but he desired the freedom of the Church as

ardently as greater Popes had desired it. In his mind the Catholic fervor of the Kings of Spain did not make them any more welcome than the less orthodox Kings of France, when it came to gobbling up huge portions of Italy and half-smothering the Roman court with embraces. So Clement easily fell in with the new designs of perjured Francis. Charles had a rude awakening from his honeymoon.

Short of money, as kings usually were, and deeply in debt to Henry VIII (not to mention various bankers), he found himself with a poorly paid, half-mutinous army on his hands, and that army menaced by the Papal forces from the south, the Venetians from the East, and the furious peasantry of Lombardy and Piedmont from the north. As reinforcements were being rushed from Germany and Spain, with no certainty of arriving on time or of being paid when they arrived, some of the Emperor's diplomats in Italy advised him to teach the Pope a thorough lesson.

There is a question perhaps as to how far Charles was willing to go in this direction, but there is no doubt that his creature, the uncouth and insolent Don Ugo de Moncada, proceeded to administer the instruction in a startling and portentous manner. Coming to terms with the Pope's enemy, Cardinal Pompeo Colonna, Ugo led some of the Imperial troops, with 8000 armed Colonnese peasants, into Rome, sacked the Vatican and Saint Peter's, and forced Clement to flee to the Castle of Sant' Angelo. All Christendom, naturally, was indignant. But worse was to follow.

Even the desecration of Saint Peter's on September twentieth was half forgotten when it became known, on October first, that the Turk had won a crushing victory over the Christians at Mohocz. Charles' brother-in-law, King Louis of Hungary, had perished in the rout with seven of the twelve Hungarian bishops. The Mohammedans were ravaging the countryside, burning and wasting and slaying. All Hungary on the farther side of the Danube was theirs. God knew how long the other side would remain in Christian hands.<sup>1</sup> The Eastern gate to Christendom was wide open. The Grand Turk, Solyman the Magnificent, was in the field with tremendous forces and reserves. Christian princes, instead of being united in the defense of Christ and Christ's people, were bickering and slaughtering Christians to avenge insults or to gain more land or power.

Charles was comfortably ignorant of all this when autumn began to mellow the fruits of the lovely valleys at his feet. It was October fourth when his secretary, Pérez, wrote him from Rome that the Pope, on hearing the news from Hungary, had burst into tears; and that the Holy Father had spoken of making a journey to France and to Spain in the interests of Christian peace. "Some say," added the secretary with worldly cynicism, "that if he goes he will not get beyond France, but will stay at Avignon." Pérez might have been even more certain of a second exile of the Pope as "guest" of the King of France if he had known that at the very moment when Francis I was forming the Holy League for the defense of Italy and the Church, he was secretly encouraging the Grand Turk's invasion of Hungary, as a means of injuring Charles.

Two days after Pérez wrote him—it often took a month, or more in bad weather, for a letter to go from Rome to Spain—His Sacred, Imperial and Catholic Majesty was communicating in lofty and aggrieved terms with the whole College of Cardinals, complaining of the Pope's ill-treatment of him generally and of the criticisms his enemies were circulating in Rome.

Upon his elevation to the Imperial dignity it had been his firm purpose, he declared, not to extend the limits of the Empire, yet the fears of his aggrandisement soon plunged the whole of Christendom in war. It was high time that peace should be restored. With this intent he had gone to Germany and had tried to reconcile princes who were quarreling with one another there. Yet while he was engaged in this work well worthy of an Emperor, the King of France, "*quem uti patrem colebamus*," seized every opportunity to do him harm, forcing him at last to have recourse to arms. Divine Justice, however, had triumphed at Pavia in 1525. Charles had released Francis, and had written the Pope and all Christian princes, asking them to ratify the treaty then signed. Yet new disturbances had been fomented by the Pope himself. Charles concluded his catalogue of wrongs by begging the Pope to convoke a General Council for the reform of the Church. Clement, he added bitterly, had put off this duty, and was now denouncing Charles as a disturber of the peace and as the enemy of Christendom.

This letter may have seemed a little flat when it reached a Rome already prostrate by the invasion of the Colonnese and by the sickening news from the East. But Charles was very much in earnest, very angry, and not a little alarmed. He gave peremptory orders and waited impatiently for further news. This was the moment when all his armies ought to have been concentrated in Hungary to assist his sister Mary to hold the kingdom against the Turks; yet they were marching into Italy, where he already had more men than he could decently pay, to frighten the Pope and the French.

The world was about to witness the monstrous spectacle of an invasion of Catholic Italy by a "Spanish" army made up almost exclusively of non-Catholics. The "Spaniards" who had been recruited so hastily in Alicante, Cartagena, Valencia and elsewhere in eastern Spain were mostly Moriscos, the shallowness of whose pretence to be Catholics was soon demonstrated by their demand, during a mutiny, to be allowed to practise the Mohammedan religion. The German *lanzknights*, sharked up almost overnight by Bourbon and rushed over the Alps, were chiefly Lutherans furnished by the Prince of Mindelheim, one of the most fervent dissenters who ever inveighed against the Whore of Babylon. There were upwards of twenty-thousand of them in Italy that winter, among them many criminals and adventurers, the offscourings and sweepings of Europe, men who hated the Mass and would like nothing better than to sack a Catholic Church—a sort of Black Legion of heresy, paradoxically in the pay of his Imperial Catholic Majesty.<sup>2</sup> In Rome they were often referred to derisively as "the Jews," or the *Marrani*, since so many ostensible Catholics in Spain were converts, real or pretended, of Jewish descent.

It did not improve matters for Charles to receive a most patronizing letter from Henry VIII, especially when that



champion of Catholic unity had just been honored by the Pope with the title of Protector of the Holy League against Charles. It was not the first time Henry had been given a Papal designation. He had been called Defender of the Faith for his vigorous reply to Luther's attacks on the authority of Rome. Luther had replied to Henry's arguments in characteristic fashion. He had called the English king "a pig, an ass, a dunghill, the spawn of an adder, a basilisk, a lying buffoon dressed in a king's robes, a mad fool with a frothy mouth and whorish face."

This did not deter Henry from writing the most Catholic admonition conceivable, for his ambassador Doctor Lee to communicate to "Our Beloved Nephew the Emperor." He was very glad that Charles wished him to mediate for peace in Europe. For "in the state in which Christendom is, a prompt remedy is required . . . Should the Kingdom of Hungary, one of the strongest bulwarks of Christendom on that side, remain in the hands of the Infidel, there is no knowing what harm might be done to Our Holy Religion. For unless the Christian princes, now engaged in intestine wars, lay down their arms, and make a general league for the repulse of the said Turks, they will inevitably overrun Germany . . . We have just written to Our Holy Father the Pope, and to Our good brother the King of France . . . asking them to send Ambassadors to England so that mediation could be undertaken there, and a league formed to repel the Turk . . . Similar exhortations must be addressed by you to Our most beloved brother and nephew, the Emperor. . .

"You are also to inform Our beloved nephew the Emperor how shocked We were to hear of the odious and unheard-of outrage committed by Don Ingo (*sic*) de Moncada, the Colonnese, and other of their adherents, against the Pope's person; the particulars of which outrage We have no doubt have reached the Emperor's ears long before this.

"We are sure not only that the Emperor did not authorize or consent to such injurious treatment, but that he will be highly displeased at it, just as any other Christian Prince would be in a similar case, for really, if the thing happened as related to Us, there never was such an insult committed, not even by the Vandals, Goths, or any other barbarous nation; which execrable act is the more to be detested since, as We are informed, Imperial soldiers despoiled and plundered the Church of Saint Peter, and other temples and houses consecrated to God, and made most abominable use of the vases and ornaments of the same, such as was never before seen, read, or heard of, to God's great displeasure, to the infamy and shame of the offenders, and notable dishonor of the Apostolic See . . . Under the conviction, however, that such heinous acts have been committed without the Emperor's consent or advice, We have done, and are still doing, all that is in Our power to mitigate, soften and excuse the same . . . asking . . . the Pope and other Christian princes to bear the same patiently."

Henry asked Charles to postpone his contemplated crowning in Rome, if he really desired peace. And "with regard to the debt he owes Us, hearing Don Inigo de Mendoza's explanations on the subject We intend to act with all reason, so that everything may be settled to his satisfaction."<sup>3</sup>

Charles remained in Granada with the Empress until December. It was too late to take the field against the Turks. They were already retreating into Transylvania to spend the winter there, though the Emperor's agents wrote they would surely return in the spring and probably make a thrust at Vienna. The news from Italy was quite as disturbing in a way. All through October and November there came urgent appeals for money. The troops were threatening to sack Milan if they were not paid.

On November ninth Charles wrote Erasmus of Rotterdam his congratulations on his having become *ex professo* an enemy of Luther, and exhorted the great scholar to continue in that path. On the sixteenth he wrote Nájera that he was remitting bills of exchange for the support of the Italian army and hoped all would be well; adding, "though God Almighty is witness, that We would much rather employ Our resources and means to lessen the power of the Turk, and to prevent the dangers and calamities which threaten Christianity." If the question be asked, why then did he not do so, the answer is obvious enough: it would have cost him something—probably the loss of Italy. Who could expect a great Emperor, satiated with love and wine, to be quixotic to the point of suffering material loss? So Charles scraped together all the money he could to oppose the Pope and the Pope's friends in Italy.

On November twenty-fourth he gave Dr. Lee a comprehensive reply to deliver to his Uncle Henry in London.<sup>4</sup> He was still in Granada December thirteenth. Just before Christmas we find him back in his capital at Toledo. On the way north he may have passed through Alcalá de Henares, where that same year there languished for a month in the dungeons of the Inquisition a former soldier, one Ignatius of Loyola; because of his somewhat unconventional piety, this man was suspected by the watchful Dominicans of being perhaps one of the *Alumbrados*, self-styled illuminates and pseudomystics, who went about like wolves in sheep's clothing, seducing the little ones of Christ. Ignatius also had some ideas about saving Christendom. When Charles heard of them, he had a very poor opinion of them.

The Empress, now heavy with child, followed her lord north. They spent Christmas at Toledo. Afterwards she went to Segovia, while Charles proceeded to Valladolid in Old Castile, to preside at the opening of the Cortes, from which he hoped to obtain some money. The democratic institutions of Spain, earliest in Europe, had been a great handicap to him. France was a highly concentrated despotism whose ruler could wring money from nobles and clergy at his will; but in Castile and in all the other possessions of Charles, there was no supply without the consent of the people's representatives. Charles had once asked the French king, during a friendly interlude: "How much can you raise from your subjects?" Francis was able to say: "As much as I please."

Not so Charles. When the Cortes met late in January, the delegates were very cool to his request. They let it be known

that they did not look with favor upon his leaving Spain at that time. His court was full of Flemings who were greatly disliked by the Castilians. Moreover, the revolt of the *comunidades*, in part a protest against the Germanization of the court, was still a recent scandal, and the presence of the Emperor might be required.

While the Cortes continued its long exasperating deliberations, Charles left by post for Segovia, February seventh, to meet the Empress, who entered the city that day with great pomp and acclaim. The people, having learned of her pregnancy, were holding processions, burning candles, promising barefoot pilgrimages and even flagellating themselves that God might grant her a safe delivery and the Emperor an heir to whom he might leave the world.

Charles remained in Segovia with his wife for nearly two weeks. Better news was on the way from Italy. The Abbot of Nájera wrote that the Spanish infantry at Milan had received part of their pay, and in consequence had consented to march; 62,404 *scudi* had been furnished by the burghers of Milan, with what suppressed groans may be imagined; the rest of the sum had been made up out of the silver of the churches, melted down. The army was now marching toward the enemy's territory, without a farthing, pelted by cold rain and snow. With such a force approaching, the Pope was very anxious to make peace with the Emperor's viceroy. The Imperial troops were in high good humor, thinking they were going to Florence, where the loot was infinite. Florence belonged to the Pope's family, a fact that gave him a little anxiety.

Meanwhile Charles conducted the Empress to Valladolid. The chief noblemen and clergy of the place met them outside the walls of the ancient Roman city. Tenderly and with bated breath, they carried her in a litter on their shoulders through the gates and up the sloping streets to the Plaza Mayor and the Royal Palace. That day Valladolid became the capital of Spain and of the Empire. One imagines the Empress and her chivalrous attendants wrapped in fine Castilian woolen mantles, only their faces exposed to the biting wind as they passed slowly to the Plaza Mayor, where Álvaro de Luna had lost his head, and entered the palace where Ferdinand and Isabel had been married sixty years before. The Empress was made as comfortable as possible in spacious rooms heated by huge braziers of brass or iron, and hung with rare tapestries from Flanders and paintings from Italy. There, with many prayers, she reconciled herself to waiting, while the Emperor busied himself with the problems of war and finance.

From all parts of Europe Charles was getting intelligence that disturbed him. Henry VIII and Francis had undoubtedly joined forces against him. It was said that Francis wished to marry the Princess Mary, Henry's daughter by Catherine of Aragon. Wolsey was going to Rome. Sir John Russell, Henry's ambassador in Italy, had raised 30,000 ducats there to aid the Pope. Bourbon, at the head of Charles' main force of Lutherans and Moriscos, was a mile from Bologna on March sixteenth, and nobody knew where he was going. The Duke of Ferrara bought off the Lutherans with 15,000 ducats raised from the bankers of Ferrara, and so prevented the sack of his city. But the Germans took all the money, and would not let the Spaniards have any; in consequence of which the latter left the camp, and the Germans, in mutiny, sacked Bourbon's quarters, crying "Guelte! Guelte!" By March twentieth the mutiny was suppressed, but the Abbot of Nájera wrote Charles he did not know whether the troops would go on to Rome or to Florence. The *lanzknechts* had defied the authority of Bourbon, and were forcing him to go along with them, in fear of his life.

When Pope Clement learned of this, he provided 100,000 ducats for the Germans, to keep them out of his beloved Florence. It was thought now, wrote Secretary Pérez to Charles, that they would go to Venice; which no doubt would serve the treacherous Venetians right for their opposition to the Emperor. Bourbon, virtually the prisoner of his own army, asked the Pope for 150,000 ducats more, but the Pope was unable to meet the demand. The Spanish, now in league with the Germans (presumably after receiving part of the Pope's money) were "marching in beautiful order," wrote Pérez on April eighth. In Rome it was believed that Bourbon could make the men return to Milan if he wished. Not only was Francis in league with the Grand Turk, but Solymán had given the Signory of Venice 500 weight of saltpetre to make gunpowder, for use, it would seem, against the Imperialists.

Lannoy, the viceroy of Charles, went to Florence. From there he wrote the Pope demanding 200,000 ducats for his army. Clement hesitated, fearing that the scoundrels would take his money, and then go to Rome for more. So wrote Pérez on April eighteenth, when the troops were making forced marches, and were only 30 miles from Florence but apparently headed for Rome. "It is said the Pope will create some cardinals, and thus procure money," wrote Pérez on the twenty-sixth. The Imperial troops were following literally the advice that Ferdinand the Catholic used to give Gonsalvo de Córdoba, when the Great Captain demanded money to buy food for his troops in Italy: "Let them live off the country."

On the last day of April Pérez reported that the bewildered Pope had found his courage at last: he had refused 300,000 ducats demanded by the troops, declaring he would spend them on the defense of his country and the Church; and he was already enlisting troops. The Germans were moving toward Siena. On the same day a treaty of peace was concluded between France and England. The English commissioners included Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Boleyn (Viscount Rochefort), and Thomas More, chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster—names soon to acquire a new significance in history.

It was rumored in France that Henry VIII would invade Charles' estates in Flanders, while Francis would renew the war elsewhere. Venice and the Pope were on their side. To make matters worse, if possible, Charles had on his richly carved desk in the palace of the Viveros an insolent letter from Doctor Lee, Henry's ambassador, demanding payment of the 40,000 florins owed by Charles' grandfather Maximilian, the 35,000 borrowed by Charles, his bond of 150,000 florins signed in 1522



for one year, and the indemnity of 133,305 crowns per year he had promised three years ago, but had never paid. Meanwhile the Cortes still refused, after so much talk, to grant a subsidy.

Outside, the May sun was shining. The rarefied air, like a pale southern wine, was alive with the laughter of children playing, the cries of farmers driving their bullock-carts to the ploughing and seeding of rich lands along the Duero, the ringing of bells in a dozen churches and convents, and the tramping of penitents going to shrines and holy crosses to pray for the Empress, now in her last month of waiting. It was a good and peaceful world, here on the ancient Castilian hills that had been won back from the Moors with so much cost of blood through weary centuries. The moon—good augury for a boy—was on the wane. Lent was over. The long winter was gone. The fresh air was full of the fragrance of orange blossoms and roses.

It was pouring rain, however, when at last the Empress (her face covered, in accord with convention) was delivered of a son at four o'clock on the afternoon of the twenty-first. As soon as the royal mite was wrapped in swaddling clothes, the Emperor came joyfully in, and took him in his arms, saying: "May Our Lord God make thee a good Christian. I beg Our Lord God to give thee His Grace. May it please Our Lord God to enlighten thee, that thou mayst know how to govern the Kingdom thou shalt inherit!"<sup>5</sup>

Through dripping Valladolid, and thence through all Spain, arose a cry of joy. Guns were fired in the forts. The silver bells of which every village was proud mingled their various tones in thanksgiving to God, who had provided an heir for such a large and turbulent portion of the globe. While grandees and cavaliers were hurrying to the Palace with their felicitations, the Emperor went on foot through the heavy rain to the Church of Saint Paul, "to give thanks to Our Lord for the blessing received."<sup>6</sup>

On Saturday, June second, the royal child was carried through a secret doorway from the palace into the Dominican Church of Saint Paul, along a carved way strewn with roses and lemon and orange blossoms. There he was baptized with all the magnificence the Spanish loved for such occasions. The Archbishop of Toledo, Don Alonso de Fonseca, Primate of Spain, performed the ceremony in one of the chapels of San Pablo. The font was a very large basin of solid silver.<sup>7</sup> None of the contemporary accounts gives any hint that the tiny child behaved differently from other babies under like circumstances or that the grandees, ambassadors or prelates present had the slightest premonition that any historian would ever call him the Black Demon of the South.

He was not indeed very dark, on the contrary fair; his hair quite blond when the first fuzz wore off, and his eyes, when they opened on this complex world, blue. Many wanted him called Fernando, after his illustrious great-grandfather. The Duke of Alba insisted upon this, even at the font. But the Emperor had decided upon the name of his own father, Philip the Handsome, and the herald cried, "*Oyd, oyd, oyd, Don Felipe, Príncipe de Castilla por la gracia de Dios!*"<sup>8</sup>

The whole court abandoned itself to a delirium of celebration. Feasts, banquets and tournaments, bull-fights and such characteristically Spanish games as *juegos de cañas* and *pelota* were to give voice to the people's joy for many days. No less than 200 knights would take part in the jousts, wrote the ambassador of the King of Bohemia to his master just before the baptism; and he added: "There is consequently a great lull in politics, and the courtiers think of nothing save the rejoicings that are in preparation. It is true that the Emperor wonders why he has not heard from His Highness since February 15 last. . . . There is good news from Italy; the army is in fine condition, and anxious to come to close quarters with the enemy. . . . An ambassador from England is expected, and another from France. They come, it is said, to make certain proposals for the cessation of hostilities, but there is no believing their words, and though His Imperial Majesty is as desirous as ever of peace, he is not likely to trust them."

It was then, while the feasts were beginning, and the Emperor's couriers were speeding to every capital in Europe with the glad tidings, that news came from Italy that fell on Catholic minds with the stunning effects of a thunderbolt.

The Imperial Army, after wandering about for many days, looking for plunder, had swiftly marched on Rome, demanded entrance, and were refused. Though Bourbon had no artillery, he led an attack on the walls at dawn May sixth. Mounting a scaling ladder, he was shot down by a hackbut, and died almost immediately. His Lutherans and Moriscos, now without a commander, and half-mad with lust for gold and with hatred of the Catholic Church, swarmed over the walls between the Belvedere and the gate of Saint Pancras, gained the Borgo, and commenced to slay and burn. They sacked the sacred capital of Christendom with more cruel ruthlessness than anything history had ever recorded, even of Attila or the Vandals or the Goths. Rome was utterly ruined. It would never be the same again.

The blow was so sudden and so terrible that several days passed before Charles' ambassadors could send him coherent accounts of it. The news reached England almost as soon, through Venice. Early in June accounts full of incredible details began to pour into festive Valladolid.<sup>9</sup> The soldiers of His Sacred, Imperial and Catholic Majesty had stormed the Vatican! As Pope Clement and some of the Cardinals were hastily departing to take refuge in the Castle of Sant' Angelo, the "Spaniards" fired their hackbuts at the Supreme Pontiff! "So narrow was the Pope's escape," wrote Salazar, one of the eye-witnesses, "that had he tarried for three *credos* more he would have been taken prisoner within his own palace." While Clement was preparing to defend himself in Sant' Angelo, the Imperialists went about slaying every man they met, until, if Salazar may be believed, there were 6,000 to 8,000 dead. Only 800 Imperialists were killed, most of them by balls from cannon that had begun firing from the castle walls, some perhaps from the one that Benvenuto Cellini fired so manfully and afterwards wrote about so

boastfully.

From the Borgo the soldiers ran through the city committing unexampled atrocities, putting people of all nationalities to the sword, or torturing them to make them confess where money was hidden. "Gold! Gold!" Nearly a million ducats were taken from the Portuguese ambassador and his friends. All the Cardinals remaining in Rome were compelled to pay ransom, and were herded to prison through the streets, bareheaded, like criminals. Salazar saw the Cardinal of Siena, with a tabard or short jacket on, being dragged over the rough pavements by ten *lanzknechts*. The heartrending cries of women and children shivered through the streets as they were herded along by the barbarians, over heaped-up treasures from the houses of the rich and over dead bodies that piled up day after day, until the stench became insufferable. "Gold! Gold!" The Lutherans, spurred by fanaticism as well as by greed, broke into the monasteries and convents, slew many friars, priests and nuns, goaded others out to prison or torture. Nuns with no money to pay for ransom were dragged through the streets between files of soldiers.

Not only was the Vatican wrecked and plundered, and its rich and gorgeous apartments turned into stables for the horses of Charles' Lutheran cavalry (who took a barbaric pleasure in destroying the art treasures of Michael Angelo's generous patron), but Saint Peter's was completely sacked. Thirty men who took refuge there were butchered at the very altar, and others after them as days went on, until they lay in tangled rotting piles. "Many dead bodies lay about," wrote Salazar, "so much disfigured that it was impossible to recognize them; and in the chapel itself, close to the altar of Saint Peter, were great pools of blood, dead horses, and so on." Among these fearful objects of carnage were strewn priceless relics of the saints, contemptuously thrown out by savage and bloody bands that seized silver shrines, caskets and reliquaries. "The churches in general, after having been plundered of their ornaments of silver and their *custodias*, have been desecrated. In some of them the Host could never be found. In short, the atrocities surpass all bounds and cannot be described. It seems all like a dream," wrote Salazar.

Pérez also informed the Emperor that the consecrated vessels containing the Host had been stolen. No doubt the Body of Christ was trampled in the dust by the feet of Lutherans and Mohammedans. Flames and smoke began rising in all parts of the stricken city as the troops set fire to houses whose owners had fled or were unable to pay ransom. Priceless art treasures were destroyed. Many artists were killed. The Renaissance in art was summarily ended. Michael Angelo did no work for two years. Ariosto sadly wrote his

*Vedete gli homicidii e le rapine  
In ogni parte far Roma dolente.*<sup>10</sup>

When the vile news reached Spain, the public grief and rage were unprecedented. In many places priests and monks preached boldly against the Emperor, and demanded the cessation of the baptismal festivities at Valladolid. Most of the court and many of the people voluntarily put on mourning and performed public penances in the name of Spain in atonement for the insults done to Christ and His Vicar on earth.

Charles insisted that the jousts and banquets continue, on the ground that the nobility had spent large sums in preparation. But the cry of the people, led openly by the Archbishop of Toledo, the Duke of Alba, and Quinones, General of the Franciscans, who dared to tell him that he would be called "Captain of the Lutherans," was too much for him. He suspended the celebrations. A sullen quiet descended upon the court. It was almost as if the puny child in his gilded cradle had been found guilty of all the atrocities committed in his father's name, and had been condemned to obloquy beforehand. The superstitious began to see a connection between his birth and the sack of Rome. Some said the augury was very bad: Philip was born to be the ruin of Christendom. Others predicted that the royal infant would be "the veneration, obedience, wealth, shield, and sword" of the Church.<sup>11</sup>

Charles, notwithstanding Graetz's rash charge<sup>12</sup> that the sack was ordered by him, seems to have been sincerely shocked and pained by the news. Most historians have exonerated him, at least from deliberate intention. But even his expressions of regret were not without some hint of satisfaction over the furtherance of his own political interests. He wrote explanations to the other rulers of Europe putting most of the responsibility on the Pope himself and on Almighty God. The Pope having made war on him, he had concluded a truce with him; but the army, fearing the Pope would break this second truce, as he had the first with Don Ugo, had taken things into its own hands. "Though We firmly believe that the Roman disaster was more owing to a visitation of the Almighty than to the power and will of man, and that God, on Whom We place all our trust, permitted that the injuries We had received should be avenged without will or consent of Ours, yet We have felt so much the want of respect to the Holy See that really and truly We should have preferred to be vanquished rather than to come victorious out of such a contest."<sup>13</sup>

A similar note of pious hypocrisy, which took no account of the real cause of the sack—irreverence and lust for plunder, evoked by the Emperor's failure to pay his troops—was sounded by his envoys in Italy, who wrote him explanations and advice. "It was the sentence of God," wrote the Abbot of Nájera; "may those who executed it be counted not unworthy before Him."



Secretary Pérez was already looking ahead. "The Emperor cannot allow the Church to lose any of its authority," he wrote unctuously, "but ought, on the contrary, to maintain and favor it, that he may the better rule over Italy, and remove the many causes for war that there might otherwise be." Then he added cannily, in code: "Should the Emperor accomplish his journey (to Italy), the Venetians might easily be deprived of all their possessions on the mainland, as they have now nobody to come to their assistance. A good war contribution might be imposed on the Florentines, besides taking away from them Leghorn and Pisa, and demolishing the fortifications of Florence (the work of Leonardo da Vinci) as a security for the future, for the city is French by affection, and will never remain quiet unless compelled by necessity. But on no account ought Florence to be sacked . . . for experience has shown that this sacking of towns and cities is by no means beneficial to the Emperor's cause, since the soldiers, after such plundering and destruction, still go on clamoring for their arrears of pay.

"The Emperor once in Italy, permission might easily be obtained from the Pope to alienate the tenth part of the ecclesiastical property throughout his dominions, whence a sum of at least 3,000,000 might be obtained for a war against the Turk and the preservation of Hungary. The Pope would not refuse, for he himself has done the same at Florence. Florence would yield 500,000, Milan 800,000.

"Cardinal Colonna is of the opinion that on no account ought the Emperor to trust the Pope, whatever may be his promises or the securities he offers. He knows his disposition to be so fickle and changeable that no reliance whatever can be placed on him."<sup>14</sup>

But even while young Charles was congratulating himself upon the terms his generals were wringing from the Pope—surrender of the Pope and of the Cardinals as Charles' prisoners, their ransom of 150,000 *scudi del sole* and an additional 200,000 *scudi* to be wrung by taxation from the estates of the Church to pay the Imperial soldiers, absolution of the Imperial generals from any ecclesiastical censures incurred—notwithstanding all these temporal affairs, there fell almost immediately upon the victorious army a scourge in which the Christian world was quick to see the justice of God avenging the desecration of His holy place.

The old bubonic plague, the Black Death itself perhaps, stole without trumpets or drums into the Imperial camps in the Borgo di San Pietro and in the trenches around the Castle. Before the corpses in Saint Peter's had finished rotting, it began to pile up others, fearfully black and spotted, in every street. Of the German *lanzknechts* two-thirds are said to have perished, and the rest to have "met ends worthy of their crimes." The foul enemy penetrated Sant' Angelo, and laid some of the papal courtiers dead at the feet of the sorrowing Pope. It did not touch Clement himself.

Could anything worse than all these miseries fall upon afflicted Christendom? Those who asked the question in that year 1527 thought not. Charles' aunt, Catherine of England, who had known so many sorrows since that day when she embarked at Coruña before the turn of the century, seems to have had some insight into the end of so much military glory. On May tenth, before she knew of the sack of Rome, she wrote her Imperial nephew from "*Grannuche*" a pathetic but arresting letter in Spanish.

"Most High and Powerful Lord,—I hardly know how to confess the many obligations in which I stand towards Your Highness for the many favors conferred upon me. I hold it to be that Your Highness has chosen to show sorrow for my death, perceiving that neither my existence nor my services are such as to deserve being recalled to your memory. And yet, trusting in Your Highness' innate kindness and virtue, I will, with the help of God, employ my life in the furtherance of those objects which may be for your Highness' service, though my abilities be scanty, and my powers small . . .

"As I fear that my letter may be odious to Your Highness, as written by one inexperienced in these matters, I shall say no more here than beg and entreat your Highness to have pity on so much bloodshed and perdition of souls so costly and redeemed at such price, bearing in mind that this world is perishable and of short duration, and the next one eternal. There is urgent need that peace between Christian princes be concluded, before God sends down His scourge, which cannot tarry if these quarrels and disagreements continue between Christian princes. If in the expression of these sentiments I have given the least offense, I beg your Highness to pardon me; my ignorance alone is the cause. God have you in His keeping.

"Your good aunt Katherina."<sup>15</sup>

A characteristic letter of the youngest daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel, with nothing in it of any trouble personal to her. Yet within a month Charles was to receive from his ambassador in England the startling news that Henry, inflamed with lust for Anne Boleyn, and artfully managed by upstarts and sons of usurers, was planning—but secretly, for fear of a popular uprising in her favor—to divorce her. It was now Charles who caught a terrifying glimpse of the abyss that was only beginning to open before the feet of all Christian men.

"You may well imagine how sorry We were," he wrote Mendoza, "to hear of a case so scandalous in itself, and entailing such lamentable consequences for the future, from which evils innumerable must inevitably arise, especially at the present juncture. We cannot desert this Queen, Our good Aunt, in her trouble." Nevertheless he thought that "moderation and kind remonstrances" might be best for the present, and he inclosed a letter in his own handwriting, written in cipher, "with infinite trouble to Ourselves," to be delivered to King Henry.

He was anxious just then to draw Henry from his alliance with Francis, which the sack of Rome had cemented. "Knowing his great personal virtues, his elevation of mind, his good and righteous intentions, and the perfect love he has



always borne towards Us and Our affairs, We cannot in any manner be persuaded to believe in so strange a determination as this on the part of His Serenity, a step which would so astonish the whole world, were it to be carried into execution . . . The good qualities of the Queen . . . the honesty and peace in which they have lived for so many years . . . To which we may add that having, as they have, so sweet a princess for their daughter, it is not to be presumed that His Serenity would consent to have her or her mother dishonored, a thing so monstrous of itself and wholly without precedent in ancient or modern history . . . Nor is it likely that these proceedings originate with His Serenity, but with persons who bear ill-will towards His Most Serene Highness, the Queen, and Ourselves, and care not what evils and disasters may spring therefrom. . . "<sup>16</sup>

How true this was, all Christendom was only too soon to learn. An age was in dissolution, an epoch had come to an end, a strange new phase was being ushered in by wars, plagues, tempests, and all manner of strange phenomena. Diseases unknown or forgotten by history made their appearance.<sup>17</sup> The "dancing sickness," whose victims sometimes continued to dance for weeks, attacked whole communities. There had been several epidemics in England of a fatal new disease called the English sweating sickness; it seldom troubled foreigners, while Englishmen abroad died of it. In northern Europe, especially in the new Protestant communities, there was an increase of psychic disorders, hallucinations and suicides, mass hysteria. The year after the sack of Rome the French army before Naples was destroyed by spotted fever. For six whole years there was famine, with great summer moisture and heat, and warm winters; in 1528 an extensive drought, and swarms of locusts and fiery meteors in northern Germany; in 1529 a bloody rain was reported at Cremona; the torrent of Saint Vitus, four days of rain and flood, in Germany; plague in Vienna and among the Turks who besieged it; a terrifying comet in August.

Small wonder that some, like Erasmus, predicted the speedy end of the world;<sup>18</sup> and that long-bearded men in the synagogues and ghettos of many cities, versed in apocalyptic speculations, rejoiced in the news of the sack of Rome, looked for the coming of the Messias, and in Poland, Hungary, Turkey and remote Asia heard with hope that one Solomon Molcho, a handsome Marrano whose relatives had been driven out of Spain, might at last be the long expected He. Rabbinical prophecies had long held that the fall of Rome would be the sign of His advent.<sup>19</sup> But the end was not yet. Rome was restored. Molcho, in spite of the friendship of Pope Clement, was burned by Charles' command.

To the Christian mystic it might have seemed more likely that the Church of Christ, His mystical Body among the faithful, had entered upon some mysterious phase of its imperishable existence analogous perhaps to some part of His earthly experience. It had at last become world-wide, and would preach its gospel in every corner of the discoverable world. With that enormous extension of its field and its possibilities, the dark spirit that had followed it with hatred through the catacombs and the long Mohammedan onslaughts into the brightness of the thirteenth century, seemed moving everywhere with a new and more terrible energy, to seduce and to destroy.

Enormous accumulations of evil problems, that made the whole sixteenth century one of the most disturbed, one of the most fateful, in all human history, were waiting for Charles and his immediate successors to contend with. Most of them would darken the whole life of the infant Philip. Their twisted shadows already fell about his cradle in the quiet room at Valladolid.



## The Childhood of Philip [1532]

WHEN Philip was eleven months old, in April, 1528, he was taken before the Cortes of Castile to be acknowledged as heir to that ancient crown. The delegates, who had so recently refused money to an Emperor warring against the Vicar of Christ, paid homage willingly to his tiny son. Maria, the companion of his first years, was born that year. Two brothers died in infancy, both epileptic, as their father had been before (but not after) his marriage. Another girl, Juana, was born seven years after Maria. The three surviving children were brought up under the vigilant eye of stately Doña Leonor de Mascarenhas, chief of the ladies who came from Portugal with the Empress. Philip was devoted to this excellent woman until the day of her death.

His mother was not content to leave her children entirely in the hands of nurses and tutors. Even while ruling the Empire in her husband's absence, she found time daily to watch them at play while her lovely hands worked at a piece of costly needlework for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. She lived as simply as a private person except on public occasions, when she could be very magnificent.<sup>1</sup> After the birth of Philip and Maria she was ill a great deal. Her face was frequently pale, her tapering fingers rather puffy at the tips.

The Emperor, frequently absent on the wars that carried him now to Germany, now to Africa, must have been a vague and remote personage, hence all the more heroic, to his growing son. Philip was two years old when his father left Spain in 1529. They did not meet again for four years.

Charles went to Italy to settle affairs there before undertaking his campaign against the Turk. The victory of Leyva at Landriano freed him from further fear of French interference in the north for some time to come. A blunder of Francis I had driven Juan Andrea Doria, prince of Genoa, and his invaluable fleet from French to Spanish allegiance, and with them the mastery of the southern seas. Charles had released the Pope, with a great show of respect, but had kept the military keys of Italy in his hands. By the "Ladies' Peace" of Cambrai, in August, 1529, he ended any serious claim of Francis to Italy, and by giving him his sister Eleanor in marriage, disarmed his rival for the time being, and acquired a useful ambassadress in Paris.

There was always a flurry of excitement in the Spanish court when a courier came with letters from the Emperor. As Philip grew he learned from his mother's lips of the wars and journeys by which his father was creating the situations that he himself, later on, would have to face. The correspondence of Charles with his wife was cool, detached and formal, as became their position, and usually gave brief summaries of recent events, and instructions. From Genoa, for example, he wrote August thirtieth "To the Most High and Mighty Empress and Queen, Our Dear and Beloved Wife," that he intended going to Piacenza as soon as the army was assembled, and hoped to meet the Pope there. As for the Dauphin and Duke Henry of Orleans (later Henry II), he wanted those sons of Francis I, still hostages in Spain, to be strictly watched, and to be allowed to speak with no one except in the presence of the Constable of Castile or his brother. They were to have 4000 ducats a year for their common expenses.

December sixth: efforts to save the unity of Europe and of the Faith were vain, for the Lutherans refused to take part in a general council for the reform of the Church. "Italy, thank God, is peaceful now. True, we are occasionally troubled by the Spanish infantry, 5000 or 6000 in all, who are so undisciplined that they are continually mutinying and creating disturbance, but we have now a treaty with the Pope as to how and where they are to be quartered, and as soon as the money to pay their arrears shall be collected, they are to march to the frontiers of Hungary."<sup>2</sup> Charles had asked Clement VII to permit the sale of all immovable property of the Church in the Netherlands for 300,000 ducats, to furnish money to fight the Turks in Hungary, but the Pope had refused.<sup>3</sup> The news from Germany was discouraging. It was bad enough that the Lutherans had set up their independent churches, and the Zwinglians likewise; the Anabaptists were striking at the foundations of all order by advocating ownership of all property in common.<sup>4</sup>



The Pope was ill so often that summer that he was not expected to live long. He was "ten days well and eight ill," wrote the Cardinal of Santa Croce to Charles' councillor Cobos. "People generally believe that he will hardly live till September, for they consider it certain that he has drunk the papal medicine, which generally has its effect after the hot weather."<sup>5</sup> The Holy Father's enemies were disappointed, however, to find him still alive in the autumn, and capable of being very annoying. In the following February (1530) he went to Bologna to place the Iron Crown of the Lombards on the head of Charles V, as his predecessors had placed it centuries before on the heads of Charlemagne and Barbarossa. He did it with such obvious reluctance that his sighs were overheard by those about him and duly reported at the court of Spain.

Charles was again insisting upon a General Council for the reform of the Church. A year ago he had promised to say nothing more about a council if Clement would agree to his terms of peace. Now that the treaty had been signed, he resumed his requests. Early in 1530, Clement wrote him a long letter giving his reasons for not calling a council. The Pope felt that at that particular time it would do more harm than good. He cited examples of heretics in the past who had used councils for their own ends and to the injury of the Church rather than its reform. The Lutherans, Zwinglians, Anabaptists and other heretics now roaring for reform in Germany and squabbling among themselves at the same time were the most obstinate heretics the Church had ever had to deal with. Clement said he feared they would leave the council, if indeed they attended it, and then denounce it as ineffectual.<sup>6</sup>

Many thoughtful Catholics believed that the Pope was right, instancing the fact, which is hardly deniable, that the Lutherans and others, for all their insistence on reform, threw every possible obstacle in the way whenever a concrete proposal for a council was made. Others feared that Clement underestimated the force and potentialities of Protestantism and the need of meeting it with a thorough reformation of all the scandals which gave it an excuse for existing.

It was surely unjust to say, as the Emperor and others did at various times, that Clement did not wish the Church to be reformed. In November of that year he wrote Charles that he would consult the Cardinals on the subject. In December he added that he had written all Christian princes, and was making preparation for the council.<sup>7</sup> But, in almost everything save his devotion to the interests of the Medici, he was timid and variable. Just as his cousin, Pope Leo X, had allowed the Battle of the Books to grow into the Lutheran schism and heresy when he might have preserved the unity of Christendom by intelligent and vigorous action, so now the second Medici Pope, in his anxiety to conduct a difficult case fairly, as spiritual father to both the persons concerned, was allowing the English affair to get out of hand. Meanwhile the Lutherans were converting an heretical opinion, which might have yielded to a General Council, into a permanent political entity, out of which time would hatch monstrosities not to be fully revealed for centuries.

Charles, triumphant over France, Italy and the Pope, crossed the Austrian Alps in May of 1530 and proceeded to visit a Germany that had changed as much as he had since he held the Diet of Worms nine years before. The phlegmatic boy had become at thirty the most able ruler of his day. Germany, from being infected by clerical laxity and a monkish squabble, had become a menace to Christendom comparable only to Islam.

Charles now desired his brother King Ferdinand to annul his concession of 1526, in virtue of which the Lutherans built their independent churches. But the Lutherans, provided with material resources by the loot of churches and monasteries, could now afford to adopt an attitude of open hostility. When Charles reached Augsburg, with every desire to meet all legitimate demands of his Protestant subjects, he found them aloof and scornful to his invitation to join him in the traditional *Corpus Christi* procession. Lutheran princes and Zwinglian burghers uttered coarse jibes at the Church and the Blessed Sacrament, while the young Emperor, bareheaded, in a brown velvet tunic, walked for two hours in the burning June sun behind the uplifted Host.

Both Luther and Melancthon praised Charles' moderation, his control of his temper, his patience and charity, at the Diet; but his two requests were denied. He asked first, that the Protestants join with the Catholics in repelling the Turks who were the enemies of all Christians; second, that an effort be made to reach an agreement on the religious disputes. The Protestants insisted on settling the disputes first. This they would gladly do, they protested, if it were not for the Pope's reluctance to hold a council. But whenever some concrete proposal for a council was offered them, they found further objections: to the time, the place, the program. It was becoming painfully evident to Charles and to some other Catholics that what they had to deal with was not merely a desire for the needed reform of the Church, but the expression of an obscure spirit seeking other ends of its own.

Charles failed, therefore, to conciliate the Protestants. He then considered using force against them. Such was the course urged by his brother Ferdinand, by Cardinal Campeggio, and by the Pope. It was suggested that Charles use his Italian army, newly replenished, in Germany. But he lacked the necessary money. The Germans undoubtedly would resist. Lutherans were saying that they would rather have Germany Turkish than Catholic. Charles himself seems to have agreed with the opinion of his confessor, Loaysa, that it was better to wink at the German heresies for the moment and to drive the Turk out of eastern Europe.

In 1532 he was able to concentrate his Spanish and Italian veterans in Vienna, and to force the Grand Turk, Solyman, already worried about the incursions of Doria's fleet in the Ionian isles, to withdraw before him. The following year he was able to reorganize Italy, avoiding troublesome annexations and placing his relatives on various thrones so skillfully that he

formed a family alliance of the most effective sort, and avoided the mistakes that Machiavelli had attributed to Louis XII.

This was all very well for Spain. But the Pope was no more enthusiastic about having the liberties of the Church and of Italy trampled by a greater Spain than by a greater France. He was driven therefore by the success of Charles to seek a balance of power favorable to Italy in a new alliance with France; to the disgust of the Spaniards, he went to Marseilles to meet Francis. A Turkish representative of the notorious pirate Barbarossa was present; if the Pope did not come to terms with him, it is certain from later events that the French king did. At that portentous meeting Clement agreed on the marriage of his young niece, Catherine de' Medici, to the second French prince, Duke Henry of Orleans, and so prepared a Medician legacy for France in the troubled years to come.

Meanwhile the Empress had been taking Philip and Maria from place to place, seeking safety from the plagues that were current. When they left Madrid early in the spring of 1531, Philip, not quite four years old, was ill. His tutor, Don Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, was able to report his recovery to the Emperor on April thirteenth, from Ocaña.

Mendoza's account does not lend much support to the melancholy complaint of Prescott that in Philip's childhood "at no time did he discover that buoyancy of spirit, or was he betrayed into those sallies of temper, which belong to a bold and adventurous, and often to a generous nature. His deportment was marked by a seriousness that to some might seem to savor of melancholy."<sup>8</sup> But it does suggest a rather ordinary little boy whom nobody would expect to grow up into any sort of monster, gloomy or otherwise. A lady asked the little Prince to accept a certain boy as his page. Don Felipe, unwilling to do so, replied that he had many. Asked again, he said no, he couldn't take the boy. "Give him to my sister, she hasn't any."

"But she can't have pages so soon," they told him. "She's too young."

Philip, annoyed, said, "Then look for some other Prince—you'll find some around these streets."

The faithful tutor assured the Emperor that "there are so many witnesses of this that Your Majesty can well believe it."

Philip's favorite pastime, he continued, was to order the other boys to hold jousts, with burned candles for lances. Doctor Villalobos, one of the physicians of the royal family, put a stop to that, to the great displeasure of the Prince, who was further put out because he was not allowed to eat all he wanted. "He is so mischievous that several times Her Majesty has been exceedingly put out with him, and he has had blows of her hand." Mendoza found the spanking of the Prince amusing and evidently thought the Emperor would too. Some of the ladies of the court, he added slyly, "wept to see such cruelty." But the Emperor would rejoice if he could see how much fun the Prince's antics gave to the Empress and the whole household.

Little Maria, too, was growing fast and gaining weight every day. "She is planning to have a ball when she is twenty years old, and the Prince entertains her like a gallant little gentleman (*como gentil galante*). May it please Our Lord that Your Majesty see them soon and enjoy them many years, for two such creatures have never been seen. The incredulity with which Your Majesty is accustomed to hear such things is the reason why no one dares tell what they say; but one could do so at length, if one had permission.

"His Highness has no trace of the illness with which he left Madrid, and is stouter and stronger. . . . He knows the characteristics of the persons who serve him as if he were more than ten years old, and has good times with Her Majesty. . . ."

In April the Empress was ill, but recovered her health at Aranjuez. "The Prince was with Her Majesty and rode on his little mule all alone, and did it very well. He eats and sleeps better in the country than in the city. They could not make him enter the carts with Her Majesty; he desired that they fetch the Lady Infanta."

The Empress left Ocaña about the middle of May, and proceeded toward Ávila, noted for its vivifying air and general health. When the royal travelers approached Toledo, the people came forth with joy to receive them, and when they were leaving, followed them with benedictions, laughing with delight to see young Philip riding a *machico pequeño*, or small ass. He vigorously protested when they tried to seat him in the saddle, sideways, and insisted that he must have his feet in the stirrups, like a man. "So many people came to see him that one could hardly pass through the streets," wrote Mendoza to the Emperor. "He was saying funny things to Her Majesty, and was very joyful to see himself *cavalgado*."<sup>9</sup> On one side of him walked Mendoza, holding him in the saddle. On the other, also afoot, was a handsome young cavalier in his twenties, one of the gayest and most popular men of the Court, the Emperor's most intimate friend, the Marqués of Lombay, to whose special care he had committed the Empress and her children in his absence.

The Marqués of Lombay was the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Gandia; grandson on his father's side of the favorite son of Pope Alexander VI, and grandson on his mother's side of one of the bastards of Ferdinand the Catholic. He had lately made a brilliant marriage with the much-sought Eleanor de Castro. Four years before this, riding through Alcalá de Henares, he had seen a poor man from Loyola on his way to one of the prisons of the Inquisition, and had cast after him a look of sympathy. He would meet that man again. As he walked beside the *machico* of the tiny heir to half the world, and laughed with the crowd at his precocious sayings, no one could have imagined, least of all perhaps the debonair Lombay, that the future Saint Francis Borgia was walking that day over the cobbles on the steep narrow streets of Toledo.<sup>10</sup>

At Illescas Mendoza wrote the Emperor an account of their reception at Toledo. As it was then May twentieth, the eve of Philip's birthday, he added that the Prince had just gone out to a church to offer up his years to God; "they are four, but he looks older." The Empress was grieved because the couriers were late, and especially because there was no news that the Emperor was returning to Spain. They continued over the rolling sandy waste, checkered with farms and orchards by the river



beds, until, late in the afternoon of the twenty-fourth,<sup>11</sup> they came within sight of Ávila, that holy and terrible city.

As the Imperial cortege approached from the east (for at that time there was only one entrance) it must have lain mostly in its own shadow, tier on tier of white buildings rising above the girdle of machicolated wall to an uneven fiery crown of convent towers and Gothic spires—all darkening now against the flaming magnificence of the sunset. Three thousand feet above sea-level, Ávila seemed to be almost a part of the brilliant sky. As the tired Empress looked up toward the favorite refuge, it seemed to burst from color into music; children came forth dancing to the sounds of many minstrels, while welcoming fires leaped up along the shoulder of the hill.<sup>12</sup>

During the four months of that visit, and his many subsequent ones, a boy of four must have received impressions of the most vivid and lasting character. The city at that time boasted 127 streets, and a population of perhaps 5,000, most of them poor and industrious, artisans, wool-workers, cloth-weavers and the like. The middle class was small, the nobility few, but of great antiquity and esteem. Above all, it was a place of religion.

In its churches, convents and shrines were priceless mementos and relics, in whose traditions and history might almost be traced the whole marvelous adventure of Christianity from apostolic times, through the bloody persecutions of the Roman emperors to the triumphant end of eight centuries of a struggle for freedom against the invading Moors. In the Gothic Cathedral, dating from the eleventh century, was the body of the martyred Bishop San Segundo, which had been found that very year (1531) and was much venerated. In the famous Dominican monastery of Saint Thomas one could see the resting place of Torquemada, and the right arm of Saint Thomas Aquinas, with that hand he had once used to startle an Emperor by pounding a table.<sup>13</sup> In this church was preserved also the consecrated Host, stolen, desecrated and recovered, and still intact after forty years, of the celebrated La Guardia case.<sup>14</sup>

This Host had been especially venerated since the great plague of 1519. The Royal Council of Castile had come to Ávila, hoping to find immunity in its fine air; but the pitiless enemy followed them, and people were dying in appalling numbers. Finally the Host of La Guardia was carried in solemn procession from the Church of San Tomas to the Cathedral, and adored there, day and night, for a week. It was then returned to San Tomas, "and the Lord in His mercy heard the fervent prayers of the Avilenses, for in a little while the city found itself cleansed."<sup>15</sup> Through all the rest of Spain the pest continued to rage for three years.

The Empress, like her grandmother, was fond of visiting convents, shrines and churches, and spent much time in embroidering tapestries for favorite places of worship. She imitated *La Católica* also in giving dowries to poor girls so that they could marry or enter religion. On August twenty-fourth of that year she took Philip to the Convent of Saint Ann to see the reception of three of her own maidens. In that very house the great Isabel had once refused the crown of Castile. The occasion was a grand one. Many notables of the city and the court were present. After the Empress had eaten in the refectory, the Prince was solemnly divested of his skirts and arrayed *de corto*, to symbolize his complete emergence from the state of babyhood. In his new dignity the boy was presented by his mother to the nobles and clergy, and to the waiting populace outside, who cheered him and made much of him.<sup>16</sup>

Only a month before this, a girl of sixteen named Teresa de Ahumada,<sup>17</sup> who had dreamed as a child of going to Africa to be killed by the Mohammedans, had entered the Convent of Our Lady of Grace, a short distance away. The event was just as important, in a way, as the one at Saint Ann's. But it passed almost unnoticed.

On September twenty-sixth the Empress and her children started on their way back across the rolling *vega*. It was no very secure or tranquil world for which they were leaving the holy mount and the happy Avilenses. Halley's comet was seen in August and September of that year, and men said it meant no good.

Now and then came a gossipy but impersonal letter from the Emperor. It was not true, he said, that the Turks had reached Buda, for the overflowing of the Danube had stopped them. He was marching east to meet them. Many gentlemen from all parts of Europe, but especially from the Spanish dominions, were joining him on the way. Yes, he was well aware of the financial difficulties in Spain, "but I must insist on having the money I asked for." . . . The Empress must instruct all churches and convents to say daily prayers "for the delivery of Christendom from the most dreadful scourge that ever has fallen upon it. . . . The frontiers of France must be carefully watched. . . . I, the King."<sup>18</sup>

Not until April, 1533, did Charles return to Spain. The joy of the Empress was great; but within a month she had become seriously ill, and several times her life was almost despaired of. By July she was out of danger, and Pope Clement sent his congratulations.

It was during those long weeks of wonder and anxiety that Philip, six years old, first became acquainted with the overpowering personality of his father, a personality that was to be so important a factor in his own career. The Emperor was well pleased with him, but thought it nearly time to separate him from his family, especially from the influence of so many women, and make a man of him. The first step was to find the right sort of tutor. The Empress had just the man in mind: Doctor Juan Martínez Siliceo, theologian of Alcalá, now professor at Salamanca.

The Emperor frowned on that suggestion. A Fleming himself by birth, he had no great love for Spaniards, nor they for him and his entourage. He could understand the familiar, ostentatious and hearty gluttons of Flanders, as they were considered

in Castile, but these grave and reserved Castilians, who seemed to eat and drink only to keep their souls in their lean bodies, eluded him. Besides, as he reminded the Empress, the Prince was to be something more than King of Spain. He would be ruler of the Netherlands and Burgundy, and, if elected Emperor, as doubtless he would be, of all the Germanies. Would it be wise to bring him up so much a Spaniard that he would be unable to understand his northern subjects?

Charles decided on one of the most famous scholars of the Netherlands, a young and brilliant Fleming named Doctor Viglius ab Aytta Zuichemus, and sent him forthwith an invitation to come to Spain and take charge of His Highness' education. Zuichemus declined, on the score of humility. It is interesting to conjecture how different the history of the world might have been if Dr. Viglius had accepted the post. No one quite as suitable being found, the Empress had her way. Doctor Siliceo became Don Felipe's tutor, at a salary of 100,000 *maravedis* per year. He was kind, industrious, patient, pious, more learned than intelligent. The Emperor never thought much of him. He used to grumble that Siliceo was too easy with the boy. Philip liked Siliceo, perhaps for the same reason; and from him he learned "to love and fear God, to read, to write, to do mathematics—and in this he excelled; the Latin tongue, and Italian and French,"<sup>19</sup> to read and to understand in conversation, but never to speak fluently.

Philip, at seven, had a house of his own under the shadow of the University at Salamanca. He had his own servants, his own councillors, his own companions, carefully chosen to bring out the qualities a king would need. His cousin Maximilian, son and heir of the Emperor's brother, King Ferdinand, was brought from Vienna to be educated with him. Maximilian was a typical German, hearty, talkative and boisterous, a year younger than Philip. They played and studied together, but there was always a coolness between them. Philip preferred Ruy Gómez da Silva, a Portuguese boy, five years older than he, who had come from the west as a page in the household of the Empress. He understood Ruy Gómez: when one told him anything, he did not go around shouting it. With these and other noble boys Philip held his court, and gravely discussed the affairs of Spain and of the world.

At this time he was a thin, rather pale, wiry boy with long yellow hair. The resemblance to his mother was more apparent in the lower part of the face. The full lips, at once sensitive and sensuous, were like hers, the upper part of the face more like the Emperor's. There was a hardness, a ruthlessness in Charles that manifested itself in his son only occasionally, and probably in violence to his real nature. Philip inherited most of his father's finer tastes—he loved flowers all his life; even in his fifties, in the midst of a campaign, he still had an eye for the best roses, and watched for the first jonquils to appear.

Painting delighted him. He is said to have tried his hand at it. In any case he became, even as a boy, an able connoisseur of Italian and Flemish art. An attempt has been made to attribute a poem to him but on rather slender evidence.<sup>20</sup>

He loved and understood music. His hearing, like his eyesight, was unusually keen. Although he never could sing, he played on the guitar. He was thoroughly familiar, as his father was, with the liturgy of the Church, and could pronounce a good critical opinion on a new Mass. "Even when he didn't know the music or what the pitch of the voice was, he judged it shrewdly," says Cabrera.<sup>21</sup> Few men in Europe knew more about architecture.

Born in more humble circumstances, he might have been an artist. For in childhood he was surrounded by objects of beauty—rare tapestries, flowers from the choice gardens at Aranjuez, jewels of royal lustre and magnificence, Venetian glass, Moorish pottery, subtle work in gold and silver, the most brilliant and skilfully woven cloths in the world. On summer nights, when the nightingales sang in the perfumed gardens of the royal palace at Madrid, he would lie awake listening with joy to the sad ecstatic music.<sup>22</sup> Such a boy, born a prince, with more taste than creative energy, might easily have become an aesthete and a dilettante. "He was of good but not great disposition" . . . says Cabrera . . . "of sanguine temperament, with a middling mixture of melancholy to moderate the lofty motion of the blood."

The dangers of such a combination of "humors" as Philip seemed to possess were fairly obvious, and the Emperor took steps to offset them. The good Doctor Siliceo was not to have exclusive control of his royal pupil. His work was to be complemented by that of Don Juan de Zúñiga, member of the Council of State and *comendador mayor* of Castile, a soldier noted for his blunt frankness, a nobleman of the highest caste of that ancient aristocracy which boasted of its *limpieza*, master of all the niceties of court etiquette and *punctilio*.

Zúñiga's function was to teach Philip the graces of a gentleman: to ride, to fence, to hunt, to dress elegantly but without vulgar ostentation, to know what his honor and position demanded. His blunt speech sometimes offended the shy and sensitive Prince. "If he deals plainly with you," wrote the Emperor to Philip, "it is for the love he bears you. If he were to flatter you, and be only solicitous of ministering to your wishes, he would be like all the rest of the world, and you would have no one near to tell you the truth—and a worse thing cannot happen to any man, old or young; but most of all to the young, from their want of experience to discern the true from the false."

The extraordinary memory of Philip's later years seems to have been cultivated with much labor. One of Doctor Siliceo's frequent reports to the Emperor noted that "the study of the Prince, as far as grammar is concerned, has been somewhat slow, for it has been difficult for him to memorize. But now, thank God, he is showing more effort and improvement, for he is already beginning to enjoy the *artificio* of grammar. In most matters pertaining to health and virtuous conversation, one can say that he grows better each day, and gives much satisfaction to those with whom he converses. The Infanta has lagged behind the Prince in reading, but in writing she does better than he."<sup>23</sup> This was in July, 1536, when Philip was nine, and

convalescing from smallpox, which had stricken him in May.

Shortly after this he was taken to Valladolid, where he fully recovered, and finished learning his conjugations. He was now ready to begin reading some Latin author. "The first, if Your Majesty pleases, will be Cato, who is very lucid in what he says, and has maxims most necessary for human life," wrote Siliceo. . . . "The Infanta goes on improving each day, though she does not take to literature as her brother does."<sup>24</sup>

Zuñiga also had favorable reports to make on the physical side of the Prince's education. "The Prince improves in everything," he wrote from Valladolid that summer. "We are looking for horses for His Highness with the qualities Your Majesty commands. Meanwhile he is riding on a large pony of Her Majesty which is quite gentle and well formed."<sup>25</sup> Several observers noted in Philip at this time a great natural dignity; so much so, says Cabrera, that "when some rustics saw him in a wood, not knowing who he was, they saluted him with reverence."<sup>26</sup>





## CHARLES V

BY TITIAN, NOW IN THE PRADO, MADRID.

*Photo by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*



One looks in vain through contemporary accounts of Philip's boyhood for some of the qualities attributed to him by the great "authorities" of later centuries. Major Hume—and what do we not owe to his splendid researches?—tells us that he was "uncosmopolitan, cold, reserved, . . . preternaturally grave and silent . . . a grave and moody prince. . . . He was a Spaniard of the Spaniards, and nothing shows the strict limitations of his capacity more than the clumsiness with which he expressed himself even in his own language."<sup>27</sup>

Prescott affirms, in the paragraph already cited, that he "slowly unfolded the peculiar qualities of his disposition. He seemed cautious and reserved in his demeanor and slow of speech; yet what he said had a character of thought beyond his age. He was self-possessed, so that even as a boy he was rarely off his guard." Here we have a preliminary hint of the Black Demon of the South, the heretic-burner, the foe of liberty, as it were, in embryo.

To Professor Merriman of Harvard, Philip is "cold, reserved, grave, melancholy, uncosmopolitan, . . . trusts no one . . . patient and industrious but a slave to detail . . . slow and delayful . . . superstitious and ignorant . . ." and though "he seemed at first sight to be rather a Fleming than a Spaniard," he was "a typical product of Spain," whose ancestry was "predominantly Iberian." Further, he was "subjected" to ecclesiastical influences (as though such influences were necessarily evil or onerous); and "the influence of the Empress was also a potent cause of Philip's proverbial respect for the clergy" (as though the Spanish priests might not have had qualities which commanded respect on their own account). Finally, Philip's routine of etiquette was so strict "that it was scarcely possible for him to laugh."<sup>28</sup>

There seems to be an assumption here that a typically Spanish education of the sixteenth century must perforce have been more narrow, gloomy, restricting, incompetent, than, say, the French Calvinistic education of Anne Boleyn or the German Lutheran education of Philip of Hesse. Yet Spanish education was Catholic education, and Catholic education has never been gloomy. Moreover, the most cosmopolitan force in Europe at that time was, obviously, the Catholic Church; the only cosmopolitan force in the world, in fact, with the sole exception perhaps of the foul spirit that sought to destroy Christianity.

Spain was then the cultural center of the world, as Greece, imperial Rome and medieval Italy had been. At the moment when the Catholic Renaissance perished in Italy under the iron heels of Charles' Lutheran and Mohammedan soldiers, its transplanted seed was beginning to burgeon in Spain with an extraordinary energy. Salamanca, where Philip began his studies, was called "the New Athens." Spanish musical study would presently flower in Philip's protégé Vitoria, so profoundly to influence the art of Bach. Spanish science, the most advanced in the world, was on the eve of anticipating the telescope of Galileo and the synthesis of Bacon. Spanish literature would presently exert its influence upon English and French letters, giving to Shakespeare some of his situations, and among his characters the blustering Pistol, who, hanged for desecrating a sacred object, might have been taken from the gallery of Juan de Encina, and modeled after one of those Lutheran swashbucklers who looted the Vatican; and Cervantes would give impetus to modern fiction. From Spain the Jesuits would presently go to roll back the tide of Protestantism and to establish schools so famous in the Netherlands that even Jews and Lutherans would send their children to them.

It is true that the Spanish imagination, the Spanish genius, the whole range of Spanish study and activity, were orientated and integrated by the central influence of the Catholic Church. To the logical Spanish mind, it would have seemed a strange thing to call an education more "cosmopolitan" or more "universal" because it deliberately excluded the institution that had molded western civilization; to regret being "subjected" to an orderly body of thinking based upon the divine teachings of Christ or principles deduced from them by the authority He had established for that purpose; above all, to plume oneself on being realistic in leaving out of account an important part of man's nature (the moral) and in shrinking one's concept of reality to the material, excluding God and the spirit. If Spaniards could have seen all this at the end of the road Luther had marked out, it would have seemed to them sheer insanity.

If Philip had a natural tendency to melancholy, his education served to restrain it rather than to increase it. It remains a fair question whether he was as gloomy and as reserved as he has been painted; or more grave than his station required. Both parents impressed upon him the great responsibility of preparing himself to rule. Yet there is much evidence that the Emperor and Empress laughed frequently and easily, despite the weight of their own dignity. Charles roared with merriment whenever he pleased. Isabel could laugh about a rustic wagon. How did solemn historians come to imagine that such parents could deliberately encourage a preternatural gravity in their only son and heir?

The truth is that a boy who liked birds, flowers and music, rode horseback and played on the guitar, hated grammar but mastered it, danced with gusto and appeared to enjoy it, and took great delight in the antics of clowns and buffoons (even in middle age, weighed by cares, he could find time to write an amusing account of a garrulous old servant in her cups, and to play little jokes on his children)<sup>29</sup> was not so different from ordinary boys of all times and places.

Was Philip such a typical Spanish product as so many estimable gentlemen of an alien and a rival culture like to believe? Consider his family tree. His Iberian ancestors were descended on both sides from the English house of Lancaster. No one has ever called his father anything but northern in type. His grandfather, Philip the Fair, was surely a Germanic specimen of the Habsburgs. In appearance young Prince Philip was definitely northern rather than southern. Add to his blond hair and blue eyes the reserve noted in him, a certain especial devotion to the country of his birth, a distaste for strange and foreign customs (but a love for Italian painting) and some awkwardness with foreign tongues, and one is tempted to say that there

emerges something like the traditional portrait of a typical Englishman.

But some pontifical "authority," writing for a generation of men in whom had been stimulated an artificial hatred of Spain and Spaniards, wrote, "He was a typical Spaniard"—and all was explained. Any crime to be attributed to him would be easily understood by the well-meaning English reader.

Philip's education in the science of politics began early, and under no less a preceptor than his father, a consummate master in the field. When the Emperor was at home he spent two hours a day with his son. If Siliceo taught him his littleness before God, Charles impressed upon him his importance as a royal person and the respect owing to his position; one might almost say his greatness before God and men. There were still persons living in Spain who remembered that disrespect for the King's person had almost ruined the country, and that Ferdinand and Isabel had rebuilt its peace and prosperity on the foundation of a strong popular monarchy, venerated and obeyed. It must have delighted Charles to hear that his son had put on his hat and said quietly, to Cardinal Tabera, "Now you may put on *your* bonnet, Cardinal."<sup>30</sup>

Part of a King's business was to make his authority feared and respected. And so, as Cabrera says, the time had come to study the affairs of "war, peace, history, how to be strong in adversity and modest in prosperity, the sure understanding of divine things, that he might not have reason to fear superstition, or plunge into license." About the time when Zúñiga reported to the Emperor that his son had just kept a wild boar at bay, alone, on horseback, and had then dispatched him with a sword,<sup>31</sup> the boy was making a study of his "provinces, cities, peoples . . . mountains, rivers, commodities, civil and military affairs, government, business, commerce and taxes."<sup>32</sup> The impulsive, affectionate, rather timid and sickly boy was being trained to use his will in spite of all obstacles, to act according to principles and not according to passion.

The ideas which were to dominate his later life were already clearly in his mind. They were the ideas of his father, even if the Emperor displayed some human inconsistency and frailty in their application. Not all of them were accepted by the Church Catholic, and some were violently disputed in certain parts of Christendom. They were substantially as follows:

*(1) God made and rules the world. He sent His son into the world to show men the only way to salvation. Christ established the Catholic Church to perpetuate His work on earth. Therefore mankind could find no genuine peace, prosperity and happiness except within the framework of that international society, the Church Catholic.*

*(2) Christ did not intend the Church to be a civil society; else why "render unto Caesar—?"*

*(3) However, since the Church is divine, no State can be normal and healthy if at variance with the Church. Each must support the other in all good efforts, each respecting the sphere of the other.*

*(4) Most of the nations that had risen with the breakdown of feudal power had pillaged, betrayed, corrupted and neglected the Church; France, "the eldest daughter of the Church," was notorious in this respect; a very Goneril.*

*(5) Castile alone, with few and slight exceptions, had always placed the welfare of Christ's Church before her own selfish interests. In an intermittent crusade lasting nearly eight centuries Spaniards had shed their blood for Christ and had triumphed only by establishing a strong monarchy for all of Spain. This new Spain had then sent Columbus to discover a new world explicitly for the spread of Christianity. The new Spanish federation dominated by Castile was the chief defender and sword of the Church.*

*(6) The maintenance of the Spanish royal authority was as important to the welfare of the Church as to the Spanish people.*

All this was so obvious to Charles that even at twenty-one, after listening patiently to Luther at Worms, he had applied it to Germany, in a written memorandum, as follows:

"My predecessors, the most Christian Emperors of German race, the Austrian archdukes, and dukes of Burgundy, were until death the truest sons of the Catholic Church, defending and extending their belief to the glory of God, the propagation of the faith, the salvation of their souls. They have left behind them the holy Catholic rites that I should live and die therein, and so until now with God's aid I have lived, as becomes a Christian Emperor. What my forefathers established at Constance and other Councils, it is my privilege to uphold. A single monk, led astray by private judgment, has set himself against the faith held by all Christians for a thousand years and more, and impudently concludes that all Christians up to now have erred.

"I have therefore resolved to stake upon this cause all my dominions, my friends, my body and my blood, my life and soul. For myself and you, sprung from the holy German nation, appointed by peculiar privilege defenders of the faith, it would be a grievous disgrace, an eternal stain upon ourselves and our posterity, if in this our day, not only heresy, but its very suspicion, were due to our neglect. After Luther's stiff-necked reply in my presence yesterday, I now repent that I have so long

delayed proceedings against him and his false doctrines. I have now resolved never again, under any circumstances, to hear him. . . . Under protection of his safe-conduct he shall be escorted home, but forbidden to preach and to seduce men with his evil doctrines and incite them to rebellion. I warn you to give witness to your opinion as good Christians and in accordance with your vows."

Charles had seen clearly at that time that in Luther's teaching there was at work a yeast that would grow and multiply, breaking down all forms of authority, one after another, both religious and political, until (if possible) there remained over mankind only the authority of absolute evil—for what else could be the end of the repudiation of God's Church? But Charles, partly from force of circumstances and partly through his own neglect, had temporized with the revolt in the north. Now, when he was becoming fully awake to the extent of the danger, the situation was far more complicated. He could no longer teach his growing son that, as soon as the Turks were beaten, the silly followers of the German monk dispersed, and Francis I put in his place for good and for all, everything would be comparatively well with Christendom—a Christendom protected for its own good by victorious Spain and her empire.

Terrible and unexpected things were happening in England. Luther would live to see his work of division completed by one of his bitterest enemies, and the whole life of Philip II would be different because an English King had looked too long into a pair of dark eyes.





## Henry the Eighth's Divorce [1533]

**I**T WAS in the tragic year 1533, when Philip was six years old, and his mother lay at the point of death, that the famous divorce case reached its unholy climax. No one could have foreseen, when Henry VIII first met Anne Boleyn in 1522, that the fate of the world for centuries was at stake. Kings paying lip service to Christianity had broken marriage vows for a thousand years or more, and a few had died in their sins; yet never before had a king been willing to rend the seamless garment of the Church to make a woman of her sort a queen.

By the year 1530 Wolsey was disgraced and dead, the more sinister Thomas Cromwell was high in the King's favor; and with the counsel of this subtle politician Henry was advancing rapidly toward his object. From several universities, where it was always possible to find elements of dissent, he had obtained favorable opinions. All over Europe he spent money liberally, buying what would now be called "expert" advice. There was a doctor at Siena known as *Il Decio* who wrote out a dissertation for him. Charles' ambassador, reporting the fact on September eleventh, 1530, added, "Decio has promised also to allegate for us, and although I am not fond of this sort of thing, I am ready for the sake of that poor Queen to pay in this instance as well and perhaps better than the English."

Two months later Micer Mai wrote from Rome that "Among those who have given their opinions here in favor of the King is a converted Jew, who now goes by the name of Marco Gabriello, to whom the King of England has offered as much money as he may ask, having instructed his ambassadors to . . . have him sent to England. As this man's journey cannot be for a good purpose, we are afraid that with the votes the King has got already and with Gabriello's presence in England, the Parliament may be persuaded to grant that which he has so long threatened. . . . I have written Scalenga at Asti to arrest the Jew if he pass there. . . . Antonio de Leyva should do the same, if the Jew go through Milan."<sup>1</sup> But it appears that Gabriello got to England, and delivered his expert opinion.

Henry had Stokesley, his solicitor, consult various Jews in Venice, Bologna and elsewhere. By this time, however, the heavy influence of Charles V began to make itself felt even in Venice, and officials there put an end to the researches of Francischinus; not, however, before he had obtained, and sent off to England, an imposing opinion in Hebrew from Rabbi Jacob Rafael b. Yehiel Hayyim Peglione of Modena. Neither Messer Francischinus nor his master Ghinucci at Venice, who sent it off to Henry, seems to have been aware that the good rabbi, weighing the disputed texts in Deuteronomy XXV and Leviticus XVIII, 16, concluded that Henry had been married to Catherine in the eyes of God, and could not annul the contract on the grounds alleged. This document (now in the British Museum) was not used in the divorce proceedings.<sup>2</sup>

The fears of Micer Mai about the next English Parliament proved to be only too well conceived. The astute little group who had wound their influence about the mind and will of Henry VIII had seen to it that there would be on hand enough politicians, bound by interest or subserviency to the King's cause, to pass any measures the monarch might desire. "Great industry had been used in managing elections for this Parliament, and they were so successful in returning such members as the King wanted, that he was resolved to continue them till they had done his work, both in the affair of the Divorce, and the business of the Reformation. Some of the spirituality also ran on with the stream, not knowing where it would carry them."<sup>3</sup>

Sir Thomas More opened the session of 1530. His name, however, did not appear among the signatories of a letter sent to Pope Clement on July thirtieth, signed by the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, several earls, four bishops, and various knights, barons and abbots. The letter, couched in a very lofty, moral tone, accused the Pope of ingratitude to King Henry, the justice of whose cause had been acknowledged by the most famous universities—indeed, this was a "universally acknowledged truth. . . . We do again and again beseech you for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, whose vicar on earth you stile yourself; and that you now conform your actions to that title, by pronouncing your sentence to the

glory and praise of God. . . ."<sup>4</sup>

Clement's reply to this pious insolence was affectionate, tactful, grave for the most part, but now and then mildly witty; it is a neglected *apologia*, in his own words, for his conduct of the difficult case; and it leaves no doubt he understood its importance.<sup>5</sup> . . . "As for the present case, We shall give no hindrance or delay to its decision, . . . being desirous to free your king, your queen and Our own selves from this troublesome affair." . . . But the Parliament should not require more "than We can without offending God perform." Clement must have known of course that the secret instigator of the parliamentary letter was Henry, or Henry's new master, and he must have concluded by then that what Henry wanted was not a fair trial, but his own way.

"This answer," wrote the historian of Parliament, "had very little effect on the minds of those who were before resolved to abrogate the Pope's supremacy in England and strip the Church of its overgrown possessions." There lay the real issue. Secret and powerful forces, which had not yet disclosed their hand, were using the King's weariness of his wife, his infatuation for Anne, and his hope of a male heir as instruments in pursuit of their own ends. Charles and his advisers knew this before the end of 1530, and inclined to blame the Pope, especially for his allowing Henry to get opinions from the universities.

Catherine wrote, in Spanish, a burning letter to the Pope, (of which Chapuys sent the Emperor a copy on December twenty-first) complaining that her just petitions had been neglected. "I beg and entreat Your Holiness not to allow any further delays in this trial, but at once pronounce final sentence in the shortest way. . . .

"Some days ago Micer Mai, the ambassador of his Imperial Majesty and my solicitor in this case, wrote to say that Your Holiness had promised him to renew the brief which Your Holiness issued at Bologna, and another one commanding the King my Lord to dismiss and cast away this woman with whom he lives. On hearing of it, these 'good people' who have placed and still keep the King my Lord in this awkward position, began to give way, considering themselves lost. . . . One thing I should like Your Holiness to be aware of, namely, that my plea is not against the King my Lord, but against *the inventors and abettors of this cause*.

"I trust so much in the natural goodness and virtues of the King my Lord that if I could only have him two months with me, as he used to be, I alone should be powerful enough to make him forget the past; but as they know this to be true, they do not let him live with me. These are my real enemies who wage such constant war against me; some of them that the bad counsel they gave the King should not become public, though they have been already well paid for it, and others *that they may rob and plunder as much as they can*. . . . These are the people from whom spring the threats and bravado proffered against Your Holiness; they are the sole inventors of them, not the King my Lord. It is, therefore, urgent that Your Holiness put a very strong bit in their mouths, which is no other than the sentence."<sup>6</sup>

Clement hesitated between conflicting counsels, hoping no doubt that the infatuation of Henry would burn out before it set all Christendom afire. Meanwhile "the inventors and abettors" of the *cause célèbre* were justifying only too well the Queen's fears of their astuteness. They were a small but extremely powerful minority, more international than English in their loyalties and associations. They had needed only an occasion and a pretext. They found both in Henry's infatuation.

Anne Boleyn, or Bullen, the spearhead of the attack, whose power lay in the mysterious sexual attraction she exerted over Henry, had been educated in the most corrupt and anti-Catholic court in southern Europe, that Navarrese court of Marguerite d'Angoulême, sister of Francis I, and author, like Donne, of works both pious and salacious. The accusation of incest with her brother King Francis rests upon a doubtful passage in a single letter, and may be dismissed for lack of real evidence.<sup>7</sup> It is probably only a coincidence that the rather uncomely daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, who was Marguerite's protégée, was to be put to death at last on a similar charge.

There is no doubt of the laxity of faith and morals in the semi-pagan atmosphere of Marguerite's court, or of the instant appeal that Luther's teaching made to persons already anxious to escape from the reproach of a divine standard with which the Catholic Church persisted in confronting human guilt. Marguerite herself became a Protestant. As early as 1521, her preacher, Gerard Roussel (probably, like most of his name in southern France, of Jewish origin) cast off his Dominican robes and hurried to Germany to see Luther.

Long before Englishmen dreamed of a separation of England from the Catholic Church, Anne Boleyn returned to England a secret heretic. Whether or not her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, shared her views at that time, he certainly did before the divorce. Chapuys wrote Charles V in 1531, "The general opinion is that the Lady and her father, who are more Lutherans than Luther himself, have been the principal instruments" in the release of a heretic priest . . . sent to prison by Henry's officers for denying that the Pope was head of the Church!<sup>8</sup>

Anne had a wart, and something like a goiter; and a sixth finger on one hand. Her most attractive features seem to have been a handsome pair of dark eyes and fine black hair. She had an irresistible charm for some men, of whom Henry was not the first, and a powerful will which desired to be not a royal mistress, but a queen.

Against this woman of darkness, as most of the people of England regarded her, stood two powerful forces: the ancient landed nobility of England with all their traditions, and the rock of Saint Peter, defending the institution of Christian marriage and the whole body of Christ's teachings. To get rid of the second, by far the more formidable because a spiritual power, she had to obtain power over the first; more than that, she had to set up a false spiritual authority to blind men to the real one until



her object was secured. It is hardly likely that Anne was conscious of all this from the beginning, but such were the necessities of her case. Whether she sought them or they sought her, two instruments presented themselves, ready for her purposes. One was Thomas Cromwell. The other was Cranmer.

Cromwell the moneylender was one of the first of the men of obscure origin who arose to form the new ruling class of England. His father, like the founder of the Cecil family, was a small public-house keeper. Thomas, one of those born usurers who could be so useful to great men, became a confidential agent of Wolsey. As his master fell, he betrayed him, and formed contacts with the King, the Duke of Norfolk and the Boleyns which made him presently the master of the royal policy. Norfolk had him elected to the Parliament of 1529. Cromwell had also international contacts, had traveled about the continent, and may have fought in Italy.

With no religion but greed for gold and power, he was utterly unscrupulous, bold and insolent when he could afford to be, cringing if necessary. All his life, even after he had grown enormously rich on the loot of the monasteries, he added to his wealth by usury. He was the founder of that Cromwell family which for the next century would throw its powerful influence between the English people and the Catholic Faith they still loved. His nephew and the daughter of another usurer from Genoa became the grandparents of Oliver Cromwell. It was the function of Thomas Cromwell to lead Henry by gradual steps to a position from which he could not retreat, to terrorize all political opposition by a reign of blood, and to set up a wall of material interest against both the Church and the ancient nobility he and his friends wished to supplant.

Cranmer had been Anne Boleyn's chaplain. He had studied at Cambridge, where Erasmus sowed the seed of the English revolt, and where there existed a clique in communication with anti-Catholic forces on the Continent. Cranmer's part was to set up a spurious religious authority to bewilder and to silence the more timid Catholics. The aged Archbishop of Canterbury, Wolsey's successor, would have nothing to do with granting a divorce. He was very feeble, however, and, as soon as he died, Cromwell and the Boleyns tricked Pope Clement, who still hoped for a reconciliation, into making Anne's chaplain Archbishop, while Cranmer signed a secret oath denying the Pope's authority.

In so Catholic a country as England such a conspiracy could hardly have succeeded, perhaps, had the King of France not played the despicable rôle that French policy so often adopted during critical phases of the Church's history. As Gairdner says, "The repeated threats of England to cast off allegiance to the See of Rome might no doubt have been regarded as empty vapor if no other European potentate had shown any disposition to keep Henry in countenance. But the support that he had all along received from the French king, and the evidence now given of a strong and cordial alliance between the two sovereigns, filled the Pope with the most serious apprehensions."<sup>9</sup>

At the beginning of 1531 Clement forbade Henry to remarry until the case was decided. He repeated the warning in two subsequent briefs. In 1532, learning that the King was already cohabiting with Anne, the Pope ordered him, under pain of excommunication, to dismiss her and take back his wife. The threat remained suspended while the harassed Pontiff struggled with Lutheranism in Germany, the Turkish menace in the East, the demand for a general reform council, and the conflicting interests of Charles and of Francis.

The loss of his English revenue, too, was important. Parliament in 1532 passed an act suspending English "first fruits" in future, but added that the act should have no validity unless Henry so desired. Many of the members doubtless thought the bill was a mere formality to help the King in his negotiations. Henry now informed Clement that he would cut off the first fruits (the annate of Canterbury alone amounted to 10,000 ducats) unless the Pope allowed Cranmer's bulls.

When Clement sent a nuncio to discuss the matter, Henry received him with great honor; for "if there had been the smallest apparent evidence that the relations between Henry and the Pope were getting strained on account of the divorce question, it is not improbable that the popular feeling would have manifested itself in a manner by no means agreeable either to the King or to Anne Boleyn."<sup>10</sup> Clement made the fatal mistake, however, of allowing the bulls. "His Holiness will repent of this," wrote Chapuys to the Emperor, "for he will lose his authority here."

While Francis I was telling the Pope that he was "so united with Henry VIII in aims and interests that any displeasure done to the one must necessarily be felt strongly by the other," and writing to two Cardinals that "at present princes will hardly suffer the Pope to infringe on their privileges and preeminences,"<sup>11</sup> Henry had got a priest to preach before him and Anne that he had been living in adultery with Catherine, and that all good subjects should pray God to pardon his offense and advise him to take another lady, even despite the Pope; for, said the preacher, it was a case in which the King should obey God rather than man! Early in 1533, so secretly that the date is still disputed, Henry and Anne were married. In March the King sent Anne's brother, Rochford, to Francis I to say that he had married the Lady, *as Francis had advised when they met at Calais*; and that she was pregnant.<sup>12</sup>

This news, of course, found its way to Spain. "The Lady, not satisfied with what has already been done," wrote Chapuys to the Emperor, "has lately importuned the King to ask the Queen for a very rich and gorgeous piece of cloth, which she herself brought from Spain as an ornamental robe for a christening, and of which the Lady is very desirous, and as it appears, may be very soon in want of." Anne was behaving so arrogantly that even her grandfather the Duke of Norfolk called her "a great whore."<sup>13</sup> "Though the King is by nature kind and generously inclined," wrote Chapuys, "this Anne has so perverted him that he does not seem the same man."

On Good Friday of that fateful year the crucifixion of Christ's Church in England, and all over the world in due course, was made inevitable. All steps taken up to that time might have been undone. But now the definite breach began, even though secretly and in the dark. On that April eleventh, 1533, Cranmer, vested in the authority the Pope had been cheated into bestowing upon him, wrote a humble letter to the King, urging that he be allowed to determine the cause of matrimony. The next day, Holy Saturday, Henry replied that it was impossible to be displeased by a suggestion prompted by zeal for justice and the quiet of the Kingdom; and though he recognized no superior on earth, he would gladly submit his cause to "the principal minister of his spiritual jurisdiction." A month later Cranmer pronounced sentence.

Meanwhile Anne appeared publicly in royal state on Easter Eve, wearing the jewels of Catherine. The public seemed stunned. When a prior of the Augustinians asked his congregation that week to pray for the health and welfare of "Queen" Anne, most of the people left the church in disgust before the sermon was over. Even Francis I expressed great displeasure on hearing what had happened, and declared that he had tried to dissuade Henry from marrying his concubine.

When Anne, in a velvet mantle with a high ruff, rode in a white litter under a gold canopy to Westminster Abbey, to be crowned by Cranmer on a platform appropriately and ominously covered with red cloth, the English people refused to take off their hats or to cry "God save the Queen." The imposing cortege, headed by the French merchants in violet velvet, each wearing a sleeve of the Lady's colors, might have passed in silence if some had not cried out "Whoreson knaves! French dogs!" at the French ambassador and his suite, while others called Cranmer "one of the judges of Suzanna," and still bolder ones cried "Ha! Ha!" at the initials of Henry and Anne painted in various places where scaffolds were set up for mystery plays, and wine flowed from fountains.<sup>14</sup>

Not even a timid Medici Pope, who had swallowed an affront to his legate Wolsey and had permitted himself to be cajoled time and time again by Henry and Cromwell, could overlook the public contempt shown for his own authority. Clement proceeded to excommunicate Henry in July; yet secretly, with a threat to publish the sentence by September if Henry did not put Anne away. Henry was frightened, and hesitated. He could no longer trust Francis I, who was soon to meet the Pope to arrange for the marriage of his second son to Catherine de' Medici. So he conferred with his "doctors," his professors, his experts, who told him that a great wrong had been done him, and that he should appeal to the next General Council. This he did, and felt more secure. Besides, all his physicians and astrologers were promising that Anne's child would be a boy.

Even then, Clement had made no decision on Henry's marriage, hoping apparently for an issue that would be "for the honor of God and the upholding of justice," as he wrote Charles in July when congratulating him on the Empress' recovery. He denied that the delays had been his fault, but attributed them to difficulties raised by Catherine's lawyers. Not until March twenty-third, 1534 did the Pope pronounce Henry's marriage to Catherine valid, after eight years of delay and intrigue.

Meanwhile Elizabeth was born, September seventh, 1533. Henry was disappointed, but most of his subjects were delighted. A boy would undoubtedly have ended the chances for the succession of the Princess Mary, whom the people loved. Mary was then eighteen. Chapuys, who went in disguise to see her pass on her way to become virtually a lady's maid to the Bastard, "had the pleasure of witnessing such grace and beauty, coupled with a true royal spirit and garb, that I felt double pity and commiseration at seeing her so ill-treated."

Mary and her mother lived in daily fear of being poisoned by Anne Boleyn, who hated them with the ferocity of a despised woman in power. Catherine would eat no food but what was prepared in her own rooms, where she was a perpetual prisoner. Mary was deprived of her title and officially declared a bastard. Their lives probably hung on the frail thread of Henry's fear that Charles V would make war to avenge his relatives. Charles was not eager to fight at a moment when his coffers were empty, the eastern Empire overrun, Germany torn by religious dispute, and his enemy Francis I ready to pay old scores at the first opportunity. Nevertheless it was well known in London that Imperial and family pride could not be outraged beyond a certain point.

Cromwell, with his fat face and little crafty eyes buried in flesh, had the effrontery to sound Chapuys more than once on whether the Emperor would really take it to heart if his aunt and his cousin were put to death. In March, 1535, he hinted politely to Chapuys that both Catherine and Mary were mortal. "What harm or danger could there be," he added slyly, "in the Princess dying just now? Whatever people might say or think about it, would the Emperor, I ask you, have reason to regret her death?"<sup>15</sup>

Chapuys reported to his master, "My reply was that as we were just then trying to bring about a closer friendship between our respective masters, with a view not to waste time I would refrain from representing the great dangers and inconveniences likely to arise, were the Princess to die suddenly, in these times, and in a manner so open to suspicion. God forbid that such a thing should come to pass, and may she be preserved for the peace and tranquillity of the world!"

Cromwell then dangled before the ambassador the bait of Henry's support in arranging a General Council for the reform of the Church. He offered the bribe also of a marriage for young Prince Philip, then eight years old, "to this King's illegitimate daughter (Elizabeth) whom they call the Princess of Wales; but perceiving the mien I put on, he said only two more words; and without waiting for my answer he himself added, 'I dare say, however, that his Majesty the Emperor will not hear of it out of respect for the Princess, his cousin.'"

The English Revolution, so skilfully and gradually promoted by a small minority acting through bribed or cowed



politicians, was now entering upon its final and decisive phase. In spite of the *faits accomplis* of the divorce, the coronation, and the birth of Elizabeth, in spite of the open breach with Rome, the English Church still remained thoroughly Catholic in principle and in sympathy, and was loved and supported. With any Catholic leadership worthy of the name, there would have been a popular uprising that would have swept away Cromwell and the Boleyns and all their hirelings.

While the English people waited for help from the Emperor and hoped that they would somehow muddle through when Henry tired of Anne and all this nauseating nonsense, Cromwell was showing himself a master of the modern technique of building up a false revolution as a pretext for transferring power from one minority to another. He proceeded by slow and cautious steps at first. Through Cranmer, in 1534, he caused all the clergy who would sign to make a declaration that the Bishop of Rome had no more jurisdiction in England than any other foreign bishop. Both universities signed the declaration. Likewise, under fear of suppression, did various monasteries, especially the wealthier and laxer ones. In so doing, they played directly into Cromwell's hands.

On the other hand, the orders of friars resisted. This was a serious matter, for they had the best and most popular preachers. Their great spiritual strength was that they had no property to lose. Having refused collectively to sign, the monks were subjected to an inquisition one by one, commencing with the two Franciscan Observantine monasteries at Richmond and Greenwich. To a man they refused to deny the Pope's spiritual authority. A few days later two carts full of the brown-robed followers of Saint Francis were seen joggling through London to the Tower.

In November, 1534, a bought and bullied parliament passed acts declaring Henry the head of the Church, and granting him the titles and first-fruits of the Pope. In January, 1535, a Council decree added his new title to his style. The legalistic revolution was now complete. But the whole revenue of the English Church, about \$35,000,000 a year in our money, was yet to change hands; and a reign of terror was thought necessary to prevent the inevitable reaction when men realized the full import of what had been done.

The first notable martyrdom was that of the Charterhouse monks, May fourth, 1535. The Empress and young Philip must have heard of it about June first. The victims were dragged from the Tower to Tyburn, said the despatch from London, and "without respect for their order hanged with great ropes. While they were still alive, the hangman cut out their hearts and bowels and burned them. Then they were beheaded and quartered, and the parts placed in public places on long spears. And it is believed that one saw the others' executions fully carried out before he died—a pitiful and strange spectacle, for it is long since persons have been known to die with greater constancy. No change was noted in their color or tone of speech, and while the executioner was going on they preached and exhorted the bystanders, with the greatest boldness, to do well and obey the King in everything that was not against the honor of God and the Church."<sup>16</sup>

It was altogether a new thing, added Chapuys, that Anne Boleyn's father and brother, and even her grandfather the Duke of Norfolk, one of the judges who had condemned the monks to death, were present with other lords and courtiers, and quite near the victims. The King himself, it was said, had been eager to see the butchery. It was to be feared that Henry was growing so used to cruelty that he would employ it towards Catherine and others; "to which the concubine will urge him with all her powers. . . . The said concubine is more haughty than ever, and ventures to tell the King that he is more bound to her than a man can be to a woman, for she extricated him from a state of sin; and moreover, that he came out of it the richest Prince that ever was in England; and that without her he would not have reformed the Church to his own profit and that of all the people."

Other executions followed, and most of the higher clergy were cowed. There is an illuminating revelation of the state of some of the secular priests in a groveling letter of the Archbishop of York to Cromwell, July first, 1535, agreeing to obey orders to have it preached that the King was head of the church, but protesting that "I do not know twelve secular priests in my diocese that can preach. Those who have the best benefices are not resident. . . . Many benefices are but four pounds, five pounds or six pounds, so that no learned men will take them; and we are fain to take those who are presented. . . . I hope the King will consider this, and be content with my doing the best I can."<sup>17</sup>

As in so many persecutions of the Church, before and since, the enemy received decisive support at the critical moment from "broad-minded," compromising, political Catholics who were either willing to sell Christ for a consideration, or more commonly, were deceived or frightened into thinking, in their flabby souls, that their temporizing would best serve the cause. In Sir Thomas More and in John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, there was more heroic stuff. Both were prisoners in the Tower in May, 1535. Fisher had then been there for months. Both were threatened with death before Saint John's day, unless they took the Oath of Supremacy. Both refused.

Pope Clement meanwhile had died (October, 1534) shortly after his tardy defense of Cathierine's marriage. The new Pontiff, Paul III, hastened to make Fisher a Cardinal, hoping that Cromwell would not dare to touch a Prince of the Church. The Pope's action had the opposite effect. Henry was infuriated, Cromwell's hand was strengthened, and on June twenty-second the head of the venerable Bishop of Rochester was hacked off and exposed on London Bridge to the amazed reverence of the people.

The next day, according to Chapuys, Henry rode thirty miles from London, and walked an additional ten miles at two o'clock in the morning, "to see a performance of a farce which was a travestie of part of the Apocalypse, in which he was represented cutting off heads of the clergy." Henry was greatly pleased, discovered himself to those present, and ordered the



performance repeated four days later so that Anne could enjoy it.<sup>18</sup> But, as Gairdner observes, it is hard to conjecture what place in Catholic England would permit such an exhibition. If the story is true, the performance must have been private, for a picked audience; the time would point to one of those nocturnal sessions of heretical secret societies which had been held from time to time in various parts of Europe: such as those of the Cathari in France, the Alumbrados in Spain. In that case it seems hardly probable that Chapuys should have heard of it.

At all events, More's death followed on July sixth. Some wondered why he did not speak more vigorously against the King's pretensions; but his letter to his daughter Margaret after Cromwell's examination of him on June third leaves no doubt of his motive, which was characteristic. Cromwell asked why, if he did not mind dying, he did not "speak out plain against the statute; it was clear that he was not content to die, though he said so." The saint answered, "I have not been a man of such holy living that I might be bold to offer myself for death, lest God, for my presumption, might suffer me to fale." Mr. Secretary then said "he liked him worse than the last time, for then he pitied him, but now he thought he meant not well."<sup>19</sup>

The death of More shocked the Christian world inexpressibly. When Charles heard of it months later he said that he would rather have lost the richest city in the Empire than such a councillor. Within the year, two versions of the martyrdom were printed in German, and Protestants were as indignant as Catholics over the wanton execution of the great wit, the scholar, the friend of Erasmus. Henry's name became a hissing in all corners of Europe. Lord Darcy sent word to Chapuys that there were 1600 nobles and gentry in the north of England ready to raise the banner of the Crucifix side by side with the Imperial eagle, if Charles would give them the slightest encouragement. Lord Sands, one of Henry's own captains, promised that if the Emperor invaded England there would be little resistance.

At that moment Charles was hundreds of miles away, engaged in a crusade that seemed to him more urgent than saving his aunt, or even waiting for his beloved wife to bear the child she expected in a few weeks. When he left Spain he had probably not even heard of the martyrdom of the Carthusians. On the day of Fisher's death, he was in camp before Tunis under a blazing sun. When More suffered, he was preparing for battle against what seemed overwhelming odds. The only man who could have saved England by force was engaged in a desperate conflict on another front of the international battle-line of Christendom.

The vile spirit that hates Christ and the people of Christ seldom strikes in one place at a time. It was not enough that Germany was splitting into sects, agreed in little but common hatred of the Catholic Church; that Hungary bled beneath the heel of the Turk; that Poland was becoming honeycombed by heresy; that France should repeatedly play the rôle of a Judas, and that England should be mastered by the enemies of Christendom. At the most critical period of the English Revolution, when Anne Boleyn was mounting the scarlet dais in Westminster Abbey, the Turk launched a blow at northern Africa with such success that not only was Spain in danger of being overrun by new hordes of barbarians, not only was Charles' great Empire vitally threatened on its southern segment, but the whole western world, almost all that civilization which venerated the Cross of Christ and drew its culture from the inspiration of His Church, was threatened by a vast manoeuvre from north Africa, as if two great pincers were closing in, one aimed at the heart of Austria, the other at Spain.

The wars that Francis I had forced upon Charles (Francis might answer that destiny had forced them on him by making Charles heir to lands encircling France) had given Solyman the Magnificent several opportunities. The Turk had seized Belgrade. He had conquered Hungary. He had won a naval advantage by driving the Knights of Saint John from Rhodes in 1522. Charles had settled them at Tripoli and Malta, henceforth the outposts of Christendom on the western Mediterranean, but the east was lost. Turkish pirates had attempted to kidnap Pope Leo in 1516. In 1534 the notorious renegade admiral, Kheyr-ed-Din or Barbarossa, had almost succeeded in capturing the beautiful Duchess of Trajetto for the sultan's harem, and had sacked and burned Fundi in rage over her escape.

This aged Barbarossa, with his bushy red beard and eyebrows, was for years the scourge of southern Christendom. The mention of his name was almost enough to depopulate a village. His second-in-command was a Jew named Sinan, also an ex-Christian. During the wars in Italy between France and Spain, Red Beard was consolidating Mohammedan gains in north Africa, with Algiers as his capital. Then, in 1533, having seized the rocky isle of Peñon and butchered its small Spanish garrison, he launched a blow at Tunis, fortified it heavily, and extended his power over a wide *hinterland*.

This was a challenge which Charles could not ignore. Naples, the gateway to Italy, and Sicily, the great Spanish naval base in the Mediterranean, were now wide open to attack by fleets of corsairs. The existence of a large population still secretly in sympathy with Mohammedanism and the Porte created a danger for Spain that only a fool could overlook. Numberless hordes of fanatical warriors might be taken from Africa to Spain. The Moriscos in southern and eastern Spain might rise up to join them. All Europe might suffer the fate Charles Martel had averted nine centuries ago. The Emperor had to strike quickly, if at all, before Francis I found some new pretext to attack him. He organized an expedition with great rapidity.

The Empress remained in Spain as his Regent. Her constitution had been greatly impaired by illnesses. She was in the last month of her pregnancy when Charles set sail; yet her correspondence with the Emperor shows how well informed she was of the affairs of the vast Empire, and how serenely she set personal considerations aside in discharging a public duty. Her letter of June seventeenth, for example, contains a detailed account of affairs at Madrid, summaries of ambassadors' reports, facts about military preparations, advice concerning relations with Pope Paul III. It is only at the end, briefly, that the woman

takes the pen away from the Empress:

"P.S. This courier I send purposely to have news of Your Majesty. I myself am in good health just now. So are the Prince and the Infanta, our children; for although the former has been slightly indisposed, he is now quite well."<sup>20</sup>

Just a week later the Empress gave birth to a second daughter, Juana. In a very short time she resumed the direction of Charles' Empire, kept him informed of everything important, had prayers said in the churches of Spain for him, and for their cousin Queen Catherine of England, who was believed to be in danger of death by poison.<sup>21</sup>

Charles meanwhile had gone to Barcelona, and there put to sea on May thirtieth under the great banner of the Crucified Christ. He undertook the expedition with the most solemn conviction that the safety of all Christendom hung upon the issue of this crusade. Although his preparations had been most secret, he sent a courier, in a last-minute burst of magnanimity, to tell his old enemy Francis what he intended to do, and to invite him to follow to Africa, and join in the crusade for the glory of God and the common good of Christendom.

Francis immediately sent a messenger to Tunis to inform Barbarossa of the sailing of the Christian fleet and of its strength. His agent La Forest was already on the way to Constantinople to suggest that Barbarossa attack Corsica, while Francis marched through Savoy to seize Genoa. If the plan succeeded, Charles should be made to cede Hungary to the Turks, and to recognize French suzerainty over Milan, Genoa and Asti; France should also dominate Flanders and Artois.

Ignorant of this unspeakable treachery, Charles was on his way to Africa. He had some 30,000 troops, Spanish, German and Italian chiefly, in 64 vessels, including twenty galleys fitted out by Pope Paul III and as many Portuguese caravels, and a brave representation of the Knights of Malta—all under command of Prince Andrea Doria of Genoa. The first real test of the Emperor's military capacity was about to be made. He disembarked in Africa on Wednesday, June sixteenth. Six days later, the day of Fisher's martyrdom in England, he set up his camp before Tunis. He took by storm the fortress of Goleta, the shield of Tunis, driving its defenders, under Sinan the Jew, into the city. He seized Barbarossa's fleet.

Meanwhile Barbarossa, warned by Francis, had assembled an army of 100,000 Moors, Berbers and Arabs, including 20,000 cavalry. Of these, at least 50,000 faced Charles' somewhat diminished force under the walls of the city. The Christian army was in a desperate position. Provisions were running short, water had to be doled out drop by drop in the burning heat. Charles, serene, confident, efficient (for action always brought out the best in him) spent the night of July thirteenth passing among his worn troops and encouraging them.

At the break of dawn the Emperor and his officers heard Mass and received Holy Communion. Barbarossa commenced the battle, which raged for hours. In the end, the superb organization and discipline of the Spanish *tercios* turned the scales. Barbarossa and the survivors of his slaughtered host fled into the desert. At the most critical moment, 20,000 Christian slaves within the walls of Tunis revolted and opened the gates of the city to the conquerors. Barbarossa had feared this. The night before the battle, indeed, he had made up his mind to have all the Christians burned or hanged. He is said to have been dissuaded from that atrocity by Sinan the Jew,<sup>22</sup> whom he roundly cursed later for his humanity.

The Imperial troops, Lutheran, Morisco and Catholic, made a poor return for the Jew's mercy. No sooner were they within the gates than they began to slay and pillage. It was in vain that the Emperor and his aides tried to stop the massacre. The mercenaries, remembering only the cruelty of the Moslems in a hundred cities, were beasts crazed by thirst and triumph, with water and loot at their feet.

After restoring Tunis to Muley Hassan, Charles sailed for Italy in high spirits. Under difficult conditions he had proved himself a great commander. He wrote home that he had fallen off his horse and had got the gout, but God had sent him a plaster for his malady. When he arrived in Italy, that autumn, he was hailed as the saviour of Christendom. He was visiting his kingdom of Sicily for the first and last time when the death of Francesco Sforza, to whom he had restored Milan in 1529, gave Francis I an excuse for reviving his own claim.

Charles attempted to conciliate his enemy. But the French king was resolved to fight again. In February, 1536, he invaded Savoy, crossed the Alps, and made himself master of Turin and most of Piedmont.

Charles, who had gone to Rome to celebrate Easter and to receive Holy Communion from the hand of Pope Paul III, broke into one of his rare but violent fits of anger in the presence of the Holy Father and all the Cardinals. If Francis insisted upon war, he cried, there must be war; whoever won, the Turk would get Europe. Rather than that, he would fight Francis hand to hand.

That summer, about the time Prince Philip was having smallpox and learning his conjugations, the Emperor invaded Provence, to draw the French away from Savoy. He advanced through blackened fields and smoldering villages laid waste by the retreating French, until at last his supplies gave out, and he had to desist. In November he returned to Spain. The war continued until Pope Paul III, in 1537, induced both monarchs to make peace.

Meanwhile the Turks kept their agreement with the French. Barbarossa's fleet appeared in Italian waters with the French ambassador on board. Rome was in a panic, as the Moslems raided the coast of Apulia, landed near Otranto, laid waste the fair Italian countryside, dragged women and children off to be slaves. Only the failure of Francis to keep his word with them and to make a simultaneous invasion from the north caused them to withdraw at last and to attack Corfu. Meanwhile the army of Charles' brother Ferdinand was shattered by the Turks in Hungary.



In June of the next year (1538) the Pope went to Nice to arbitrate between the two august combatants. Francis, though hardly in a mood for a treaty, was prevailed upon to sign a ten years' truce, based in general upon the *status quo*, but recognizing a French protectorate over Mirandola. This linked France to Venice through Ferrara, with important results. Venice became more than ever a center of international intrigue, and French agents could slip through Italy to board Venetian ships for Constantinople. Spanish influence in Italy had been considerably weakened. Francis could now afford to be generous. It seemed that he had begun at last to understand the need of peace among Christian princes. Within a month after the truce of Nice, he boarded the galley of Charles at Aigues Mortes, talked with him on the poop for two hours, gave him a diamond ring by which he said he betrothed him for a brother, swore on his honor that he would never attack him again, but would be friend of his friends and foe of his foes, and especially agreed never to ally himself with the Turk against Christians.

The Emperor made no effort to conceal his pleasure. It was said that he had never been heard to laugh so gayly as when he told the Venetian ambassador afterwards what had happened. "In truth I am full of joy," he said, "for I hope that the fortunes of Christianity and of my friends will go right well." He hastened back to Spain to make plans for a new crusade to thrust the Turk forever from the western Mediterranean. He needed men and money, money and men. The great obstacle of his plans, the enmity of Francis, had been removed. What could not he and Francis accomplish together for God?

Charles was undoubtedly sincere. The African campaign had brought him to maturity in more than a military sense. Whether it was gout or long reflection or both that sobered him, he had come home with a much more realistic view of the world. He was now willing to allow Francis to be more influential in Italy, willing to share Milan with the Valois by marriage, willing to end the quarrel over Navarre by marrying Philip to Jeanne d'Albret, willing a bit later to hand over the Netherlands to a French prince with a Habsburg bride. Human enough to fight for what was his when it was attacked, he was the only strong ruler in Europe who combined with an irreproachable private life a real desire for a Catholic world, even at the risk of some private loss or inconvenience.

Charles, at thirty-six, had the reputation of never having been unfaithful to the Empress, even on his long travels. Apparently they decided, about this time—the idea may have come to Charles during his sufferings in Africa—that when Philip was old enough to rule, they would retire from the wearisome world, he to a monastery, she to a convent. He wanted inner peace; but first he must bring about peace for Europe. This was to be gained, he thought, by a great crusade of the Christian powers. The thing looked promising in the autumn of 1538. Henry VIII had been in a conciliatory mood since the death of Catherine at the beginning of 1536—poisoned, in the opinion of Chapuys and her Spanish doctor, by orders from Anne. Francis I was so friendly that he seemed to have become a different man.

Prince Philip, though only eleven, was intensely interested in all this as he gravely discussed, both with his parents and with his miniature Council, the affairs of the world. He felt keenly the miseries of his cousin Mary Tudor, orphaned by her mother's death and her father's cruelty, and living in daily fear of poison until the birth of Jane Seymour's son made her relatively unimportant. Another cousin Maria, daughter of the King of Portugal and just about his own age, appealed to him in different manner. She was said to be beautiful and good. He began to think of marrying her.

That winter the court went to Toledo, to the immortal Alcázar. The Empress was far from well. It was her fifth pregnancy, and there were disturbing symptoms. In February her life was almost despaired of. Nothing else was talked about in Spain. As for Portugal, advices from Lisbon said there had been only two subjects of conversation all the winter: the Empress' health, and the placards.

"A most abominable event has occurred here," wrote Luis Sarmiento de Mendoza to Queen Mary of Hungary. "In three churches of this city placards have been affixed, containing the most detestable heresies that could be imagined. To judge from the scandalous allegations against the Church, the author of the placards must have been a literary Jew." The King had offered the huge reward of 15,000 ducats for the apprehension of the offender, and many Marranos had been arrested.<sup>23</sup> Prayers were said for the Empress in Rome. Pope Paul III was trying to induce the Emperor and Francis to make war on Henry VIII, as a veritable crusade in defense of Christian unity. For a while the Pope seemed likely to succeed. Both monarchs withdrew their ambassadors from London, but nothing came of it at last. Francis had other objectives, and Charles thought it more important to drive back the Turks. But who can read the future?

Early spring brought hope that the Empress might have a safe delivery. But there was a relapse in April, and on the first day of May, in one of the ancient rooms of the Alcázar, she died, and her child died with her.

The grief of Charles was terrible. He could not eat nor drink, but knelt hour after hour beside the bed, looking at the beautiful pale face of his dead wife. At last he arose, composed and silent, and wrote brief announcements to the Marqués of Aguilar at Rome,<sup>24</sup> and to others. He then retired to a Jeronimite monastery near Toledo, to spend eight weeks in prayer and meditation.

Of the thoughts, emotions, and reactions of young Philip on that day when the skies closed in on him, and the person he loved best in the world was snatched away, we can only conjecture. When the funeral cortege passed slowly down through the black-draped hilly streets of Toledo, and out of the antique gate into the plain, it was Philip who rode at the head of the melancholy procession with Francis Borgia and heard on all sides the sobs and prayers of the people: a lonely boy of twelve, slender and pale, trying to sit very straight on his horse, and to remember that a king's son cannot weep like ordinary children.

The coffin of lead, surmounted by the Imperial arms and those of Spain and Portugal, was drawn through the greening valleys to Granada, where the Empress had wished to lie with her immortal grandparents. It was not so terrible a journey as that one in winter, when the corpse of Isabel the Catholic had been carried by the same route; but it was bad enough. Many days passed before the warm *vega* lay at their tired feet, and they came up to the shadow of the Alhambra, and down the gloomy stairs to the dim royal crypt. There, at the last moment, some of the young nobles who had worshiped the Empress, wished to see her face once more.

When Francis de Borja, or Borgia, saw what decomposition had done to the features that had been compared to those of Our Lady, he cried out in a passion of grief against the vanity of all earthly beauty and greatness, food for worms. A funeral sermon by one of the most eloquent Court preachers strengthened this conviction, and it was not long before he was kneeling at the feet of the man he had once seen dragged through the streets of Alcalá as a prisoner of the Inquisition.

That man, Ignatius Loyola, had become a personage and a portent. In 1534 he had gathered a few friends on the heights of Montmartre to form a new spiritual army, with Christ as their Captain, the cross as their banner, and the salvation of men's souls their meed of victory.<sup>25</sup> Thus, quietly, without trumpets or drums, the Society of Jesus came into the world. The Marqués of Lombay, as its third General, was to overcome the aversion of Charles and the Grandees for these men who insisted on taking the words of Christ quite literally.

When the Emperor came forth from the monastery on June twenty-seventh, circumstances no longer permitted him to think of a crusade against the Turk, much less against Henry VIII. For in Ghent, of all places (the city of his birth), there was a dangerous revolt. Its origin was somewhat mysterious. It was not the common people, but the patricians or Poorters, one of the three governing classes, who objected to paying the Regent Mary a subsidy to which all the rest of Flanders had responded loyally, during the last war with France. When Mary had some of the chief agitators arrested, the disaffection spread to the Guild of Weavers, and to some of the fifty-two lesser guilds. All summer the situation grew worse. Mary wrote her brother, late in September, that it was now a question whether he would be master or varlet: he must either prove himself a prince, or see communal government in Flanders.

It took Charles till the end of the year to settle his affairs. Various marriages were being suggested for Philip; some even for the Emperor. Pope Paul III suggested a marriage with Marguerite de Valois, daughter of Francis I, as a means of insuring peace in Europe while the Emperor fought the Turks. The proposal was adroitly conveyed by Cardinal Farnese, when he went to Spain with the Holy Father's condolences. Charles wrote his ambassador in Rome an account of the conversation.

"With regard to Our marriage, the answer was, that although a widower, We had children, and had resolved not to marry again; but that We hoped that between Our progeny and that of the Most Christian King . . . matrimonial alliances might be formed so as to render the peace firm and lasting." To a later renewal of the proposal from Paris, he replied, "We pray the king to renounce the project . . . We have no intention of marrying again, and We are, moreover, too old for Madame Marguerite."<sup>26</sup>

When Charles departed in December on his punitive journey to Ghent, he left Philip as Governor of Spain. It was the beginning of Philip's public life. True, he was surrounded by old and experienced statesmen, such as Alba and Cobos, on whom the Emperor could depend to see that no serious blunders were made. The Prince had detailed instructions what to do in case of his father's death: how to end the Navarrese dispute by marrying Jeanne d'Albret, the titular heiress, and how to end the quarrel with France. On the walls of his apartment were maps of all the world, showing the infinite number of places he was soon to rule; and on his desk and in his head, innumerable facts and not a few important secrets; and two unshakable principles. He was being treated as a man, and he was not yet thirteen years of age.





## Philip's First Marriage [1543]

**T**HE three years after the death of his mother were crucial for Philip. If we could penetrate all their secrets we might understand that "enigma" of his character which has puzzled so many historians. Contemporary records are fragmentary and objective, containing little in the way of "confessions" or "self-revelations." Such as they are, they suggest to anyone familiar with the monumental correspondence of his later life that the "enigma" has been greatly exaggerated.

If his character is unusual, it is for qualities directly opposite to those of the English tradition. Far from being a sinister, morose, secretive person—at once bigoted and hypocritical, cowardly and cruel, dilatory and yet enormously active, bureaucratic and yet doing everything himself, a tyrant and yet the slave of priests and monks—we find emerging from the records of his time a personality of extraordinary simplicity, all of a piece, consistent with itself.

There was a canny childlike quality in Philip, even in his later years. This simplicity so astonished his enemies that they frequently mistook it for subtlety. Inclined to be too trusting by nature, he had it impressed upon him by Charles and Charles' councillors that nobody could be trusted in that Machiavellian world. Thus there was born in him a conflict which explains many of his hesitations. Affectionate and even sensual in disposition, he accepted, with the fervor of a child, not only the discipline of the court and the study, but the whole weight of Catholic teaching, which made for the subordination of passion and emotion to intelligence and will.

Less fond of action than Charles, he was more patient in judgment, and in the long run more likely to see through the actions and characters of men. Less robust and assertive, for he had inherited something of his mother's delicacy of constitution, he was the victim of a certain nervous instability which he had to learn to control. When anything disturbed or alarmed him, the physical reaction was immediate: indigestion, and after too much violent exercise, a high fever. Later in life, like his father and most other men past middle age, he suffered from gout, the result of an almost exclusively meat diet which medical opinion considered healthy. At all periods of his life, sudden anxiety often caused him to have diarrhoea.

Considering his physical and nervous inheritance, and the many sicknesses of his childhood, he was developing very much as Charles wished. His adolescence seems to have been normal. If he differed from other boys of his years, it was in the possession of a more developed sense of responsibility. At thirteen he had begun to rule Spain, according to Cabrera, "with judgment and divine zeal beyond his years."<sup>1</sup>

Everything he did was noted, and reported to the Emperor in France, in Flanders or Germany. Charles was not foolish enough to abandon his heir to the exclusive society of such weighty personages as the three councillors who talked over the affairs of Spain and of Europe with him every day and undoubtedly "helped" him form his decisions. Cardinal Tabera, the Duke of Alba and Secretary Cobos were easily forgotten when there was any good sport in the vicinity.

"His Highness is very well and improves in everything," wrote Zuñiga to the Emperor in January, 1540. "He pursues his study as when Your Majesty was here, and ever since Your Majesty's game arrived, he has gone into the country to hunt twice a week, and sometimes goes on Saturdays to Our Lady of Atocha. But even there, if there is news of a hare let loose, he goes to shoot it. . . ."<sup>2</sup>

A month later Philip was hunting in the woods near the Pardo. He came and went in a litter. On arriving at the famous royal hunting-place, he mounted a horse and rode about the mountains for six hours—"which seemed only two to him, but twelve to me," wrote the old soldier to the Emperor. . . . "He shot two arrows, one at a good-sized deer and the other at a herd of hinds, but he missed them both—the first was in a decoy." The next day Philip was to hunt with falcons.<sup>3</sup> This royal sport appealed to him immensely. In March he made some fine shots at partridges, hunting with pointers, and bagged some hares.<sup>4</sup> In May he went to Aranjuez for four or five days, to divert himself, and returned to Madrid for Easter. "He is very happy," wrote

Zuñiga, "because during the two days he was here there was a hallooing of rabbits, and he killed more than twenty, and two or three hares. Another day he killed two bucks, wherewith he was the most pleased person ever seen. He laughed at me because of a dead hare that he had set for me to aim at, but when I hit it I was pleased, even though it was dead."<sup>5</sup>

Meanwhile, the patient Siliceo, who was both confessor and schoolmaster, was getting results. Just before Philip was thirteen, at an age when American boys are just beginning to study Latin, he was "greatly advanced, and within half a year will be able to read by himself all the historians who have ever written, no matter how difficult they are, at least with slight aid from a master," wrote the tutor to the Emperor. "In speaking Latin he has improved sufficiently, for he has spoken no other tongue in all the time he has studied, and practice will give him facility in speech as much or more than teaching. He has commenced to write Latin, and I have hopes that he will master it very well."<sup>6</sup>

This was in March, 1540, after Philip had studied Latin for four years. It was at that time that Siliceo took him to hear some of the famous lectures at Alcalá de Henares, "and Your Majesty can believe," he reported, "that he understood them all, except the one who read Hebrew, and rejoiced so much in hearing and understanding what they said that it was no labor to him any of the time he listened, which was over three hours. In health he is very well, thank God, and very gay (*alegre*), for he enjoys the days of hunting which Your Majesty commanded be given to him. Your Majesty can believe that he gives evidence and hope to all who converse with him that he will be such a servant of God and wise king as the kingdom has need of, and Your Majesty desires. . . ."<sup>7</sup>

There was another favorable report from Siliceo on June twenty-second: the Prince was advancing daily in learning and desire for letters; and "I assure you that although the thing he likes best now is hunting, he does not on this account neglect his studies a particle. Well it is that in this his fourteenth year, when nature commences to be conscious of frailties, God has given the Prince so much interest in the chase and in studies."<sup>8</sup> That was in 1540, the year of the Hot Summer. The drought was so severe that in some parts of Europe the parched forests took fire spontaneously. The city of Nays in Gascony burst into flames and perished. People were dying of disease and famine in northern Europe.

On the following Easter Sunday, 1541, Philip received his first Holy Communion. On the same day, as a symbol that he had attained the mature age of fourteen, he appeared for the first time dressed in brilliant colors and wearing ornaments of gold.<sup>9</sup> He continued to follow the incredible journeys and labors of his illustrious father with keen interest. Now and then a courier brought a letter full of wise and cautious advice about men and the ways of government.

Charles had arrived in Ghent, at the beginning of 1540, after a magnificent progress through France as the guest of his sister Eleanor and of his new friend Francis I. He met his other sister Mary of Hungary, Regent of the Low Countries, at Valenciennes, January twenty-first, and with her a deputation from Ghent, to whom he expressed his mounting anger, saying he had come in the dead of winter, at great inconvenience, and meant to make an example of them. It was enough that they had caused the failure of the siege of Terouenne by refusing the subsidy that all the rest of the Netherlands had agreed to, and by persuading others to refuse. What was worse, officials had publicly torn to pieces the famous Calfskin and given shreds to mobs to wear in their hats. Charles was most deeply moved when he discovered that the real objective of the secret fomenters of the rebellion was not freedom from taxation—for he had scrupulously observed local privileges and was exceedingly popular throughout Flanders—but the injury of the Catholic Faith.

It is interesting to notice that this revolution follows the modern anti-Christian pattern: it begins among a few rich "intellectuals," who complain about some political injustice; the poor are induced by propaganda or other means to make demonstrations in the name of liberty; political authority is broken down, and then with sinister swiftness the guiding spirits direct the popular wrath against the Church. In the revolt at Ghent, as Armstrong sensibly observes, "there was now a strong religious and socialist element; it is said that a day was fixed for the plunder of the rich, the monasteries and the churches. . . . The revolutionists fondly imagined that they could carry all Flanders with them, and then, perhaps, with the aid of France and the German Protestants, throw off the sovereignty of Charles."<sup>10</sup>

Charles entered the city without resistance on February fourteenth, and with a great burst of pageantry to impress the people. Besides the chief nobles of the Netherlands and the regular cavalry of Flanders, he took with him 3,000 German *lanzknights*. The well-armed guilds had built fortifications and exacted contributions from religious but did not attempt to resist the Emperor. The leaders of the revolution were promptly arrested, tried and condemned; and nine were beheaded on the spot where one of Charles' magistrates had been put to death. The town was deprived of its privileges, and sentenced to pay an indemnity of 150,000 gulden (which Charles later reduced almost by half).

On the third of May the rest of the sentence was carried out. The magistrates and their burgesses appeared before the Emperor, bareheaded, in black robes, girt with ropes, to pray for mercy; and after them fifty of the Guild of Weavers, six of each of the fifty-three lesser guilds, and fifty of the revolutionary party known as the Creesers (Criers) in shirts, with ropes around their necks. Charles, after seeming to hesitate, yielded to Mary's request for mercy. His authority in the Netherlands was safe. That was all he really cared about.

Meanwhile the friendship of Francis I was wearing as thin as Charles might have expected, had he been less anxious for it. His Most Christian Majesty was intriguing anew with Lutheran princes, to prevent the reconciliation of Germany at the



Diet of Ratisbon. In July of that year (1540) he definitely ended the hope of a solid peace with the Emperor, and peace for Europe, by marrying the child Jeanne d'Albret, against the wishes of her own parents, to the Duke of Cleves, enemy of Charles and brother of Henry VIII's third wife.

Up to that time Charles had been willing to give the Infanta Maria to the Duke of Orleans with the Netherlands for a dowry, if Francis would relinquish his claim to Milan and Savoy, and aid the Catholic cause against Turks and Lutherans. This the smiling Valois refused to do. What was the title to the Low Countries but a shadow, he cried, if Maria had no children? He found support here in Ferdinand, Charles' brother, King of the Romans, who wanted Maria for his own son Maximilian, with the hope that if Philip died (and he was none too robust), Spain and even the Empire might come into the hands of the younger branch of the Habsburgs.

"Be it so," said Charles, when he learned what Francis had done. But he was much disappointed. His only hope of a Christendom united against the Turk had almost vanished. With Francis secretly preparing to betray him again, and the Turk planning a great offensive in the East, Charles attempted at the Diet of Ratisbon to conciliate the German Protestants without sacrificing the Catholic Faith—an impossible task, as it proved, but one so near his heart that he attended the conferences at Regensburg (April, 1541) in person, and had a compromise drawn up in such phraseology that both parties imagined it confirmed their view of Justification. Rome rejected it, and Rome, of course, was right as usual. When Amsdorf, friend of Luther, accused Charles of insincerity, the Emperor called upon God to witness that he meant to begin a reform of the Church, even without the consent of the Pope, if the Estates would help him.

It was plain, however, that the Protestants did not mean to cooperate in a General Council, without which there could be no reform; and that no agreement could be reached between Catholics and Protestants without the submission of the latter to the authority of the one indivisible Church. The papal legate Contarini, Venetian scholar and gentleman, friend of reform and of conciliation so far as that was compatible with the Faith, urged Charles, in despair, to employ his authority against the heretics. Charles replied that he was no theologian, but understood the quarrel on the Blessed Sacrament to be only over the word Transubstantiation. Contarini, who was a theologian, knew better than the Emperor that men's actions and the destinies of kingdoms depend upon ideas, and ideas upon definitions. Thus, in England, the attack on the word Transubstantiation was merely the first skirmish against the Eucharist itself, that is to say, in the long run, against Christ.

The conference failed. There were many who agreed with Granvelle that all Germany, Italy and France might soon be lost to the Church. Charles had accomplished nothing for the Faith; in fact, he had given a new advantage to the Protestants. In the political field, that is for his own interests, he managed to win over, for the time being, two of the chief heretic princes, Joachim II and Philip of Hesse. He purchased the aid of Joachim against France by permitting the latter's new church government on the Tudor model to remain until a General Council or a Diet should decide otherwise; thereby seeming to countenance the favorite thesis of heretics that the Council was superior to the Pope. In making a secret compact with the lustful Philip of Hesse, whereby he assured him immunity for all his previous illegal acts, Charles condoned his bigamy, even as Luther had condoned it. Thus Charles, desperately eager to cover his rear from attack by the Lutherans or the French while he thrust back the Turk, gained a temporary advantage at the expense of the Church's true interests; thinking of himself all the while as her one faithful champion and protector. He was now free to carry out his long deferred crusade against Algiers and incidentally, while cleaning up that nest of pirates, to add to his own dominions.

As the Diet, a complete failure, came to its dismal close, all Christendom was in dreadful peril. On July twenty-ninth, just two months after the Protestant leaders had laughed at the danger, saying they had more faith in Turks than in Christians, Solyman smashed the army of Ferdinand, took Buda-Pesth (thereafter to be a Mohammedan stronghold for 145 years) and made its famous Catholic Cathedral into a mosque. The Grand Turk was now master of all the country from the Danube to the Theiss. There was terror at Vienna and at Rome. Cardinal Aleander was not alone in fearing that all Europe would be conquered by the Moslems while Luther thundered at the Pope, and his agents quibbled over doctrines.<sup>11</sup>

Charles, prevented by the German division from meeting the foe in the East, decided to cause a diversion by striking again in Africa. Sending out hasty orders for the mobilization of troops and ships in Italy, he hurried by way of Trent and the Brenner to Milan, then to Genoa, then (September tenth) to Lucca, to confer with Pope Paul III. The Holy Father agreed to call a General Council at Trent. This might enlist the cooperation of any Protestants who sincerely sought the reform of the Church, and not its destruction, and it would tend to keep peace in Germany until Charles returned. Of the Algerian expedition, Paul had small hopes. He warned the Emperor that heavy storms were to be expected in the autumn.<sup>12</sup>

Charles knew better. He set sail with his galleys September twenty-eighth, 1541; this, too, in spite of the advice of the old sea-dog Andrea Doria, who feared not only the tempests but a counter-attack by the Turks, perhaps in Italy, and had heard that the French garrisons in Piedmont were being increased. Charles was confident that he could seize the pirate base in two weeks, while Barbarossa was still in the East. The chance seemed worth taking. If successful, it would prevent the Franco-Turkish naval alliance for which Francis was already arranging; and it might force Solyman to return to Constantinople.

Thus Charles rushed headlong into his first great disaster. There were delays of subordinates upon which he had not counted. Doria had been right about the weather. When the Spanish and German *tercios* landed on October fourth, the sky was overcast and a heavy sea running. They had hardly established their camp before Algiers when night came rushing down upon

them with howling winds and a savage pelting of rain and hail, until their tents were blown away and they were left soaked and muddy in the inky darkness. Just before dawn the renegade Hassem Aga sallied forth from the town to attack them. The Spaniards stood like a rock, but the Italians broke under the furious assault.

The defeat might have been turned into annihilation if Charles himself, fighting sword in hand in the front ranks, as his grandfather Ferdinand had fought, had not given a superb exhibition of courage and calmness that steadied his ranks until the enemy retired. When thunder and lightning ushered in the fearful dawn, he saw that fourteen of his great galleys and a hundred smaller ships had been smashed or driven on the rocks. It was useless to continue at that season. After one more thrust at Metafuz, Charles returned to Europe to face the mockery of his enemies.

Philip, who had thought his father an unconquerable hero, must have been hard hit by the blow. But he rose to the occasion, and wrote a letter of consolation which is quoted in part without revision of the bad constructions and obscure or awkward phrasing which mingle so grotesquely with its bombastic Renaissance periods and sententious aphorisms, suggesting the copybook and perhaps the advice of Dr. Siliceo, and disposing of Hume's objection that it "did not seem to be the work of a boy of fourteen."<sup>13</sup>

"Consider," wrote Philip to his father, "that returning from difficult enterprises without victory does not rob kings and great captains of the meed of their valor; and the one who loses by force of fortune ought to be more consoled, for against his prudence and greatness with all the elements conspires (*sic*). Nor is it ever good to trouble oneself over events; let each one perform what has been allotted to him, for if he ordained things well, he labored successfully." The Emperor had done his best in a just cause, and was not responsible for the vagaries of fortune.<sup>14</sup>

When Charles returned to Spain, prematurely old and tired of the world, he was still clinging, apparently, to the notion that he might make a second attempt at Algiers. At least, it was so reported in England. Henry VIII took it upon himself to offer some wholesome advice, which was duly forwarded by Chapuys. He thought that, instead of going to Africa, Charles should send only a small fleet there. This would be a good excuse to get a large sum of money from the Cortes of Castile, always generous where the defense of Christendom was concerned.

It was Henry's idea that the Emperor should then go to Flanders. In his absence he ought to leave "a number of notable councillors—part of whom ought by no means to be natives of Spain—to surround the Prince's person; on condition that neither the Prince nor his Council could conclude anything important without his consent or Imperial seal. The Prince ought to have besides a bodyguard of his own—a good number of gentlemen attached to his person, and a division of regular troops to defend him against the insolence of the Spanish grandees, keeping them in order and subjection; and should any of these latter raise his head, have him punished at once." Furthermore, to prevent a plot to raise the Prince to the throne and exclude the Emperor, the latter should take his own mother (Juana the Mad) secretly to Flanders.<sup>15</sup> Juana was still, technically, the legitimate ruler of Spain.

Henry's motives in offering this curious advice are not clear. Had he reason to believe that a plot was being formed to cripple the royal power of Spain by the old expedient of raising up an immature boy, controlled by crafty and greedy men, against his father? Or did he hope, by wakening Charles' suspicions of his own nobles and drawing him away from Spain, to have Protestant influence introduced there from Flanders? Or was he merely following his new policy of cultivating Spain, as his relations with France cooled? He had been formally deposed by Paul III in 1539 after the desecration of the shrine at Canterbury. Nevertheless he seemed more eager to be considered Catholic after he had Cromwell beheaded in 1540 (for attempting to convert him to Lutheranism, it was reported in Spain). Or did Henry merely hope that Charles would stop in England and see him on his way to Brussels? This last was the Emperor's conjecture. He thanked his Brother (he had reluctantly given up calling him Our Beloved Uncle, at the urging of the tactful Chapuys) and assured him there was no real danger in Spain.

Charles never saw far enough beneath the surface of events. There were many dangers in his court, close to his person, that he took no notice of. Circumstances perhaps left him too little time for reflection. He was always going on long perilous journeys, in desperate need of money, caught between the devil and the deep blue sea and doing his best for God and for Spain, often with bad results for both. At this juncture he was saved the trouble of deciding what to do by Francis I, who took advantage of his plight after Algiers to launch a new war against him, this time on several fronts and on such a scale that the safety of Christendom itself seemed to have been tossed upon the altar of French perfidy and revenge.

In the hot July of 1542, when swarms of locusts devoured the vegetation in all parts of Europe, and reminded the learned of the plagues of Egypt, Francis struck at the Netherlands, invading Artois and Flanders in the hope that the anti-Catholic and anti-Spanish factions at Ghent and Antwerp would rise up again in rebellion. Simultaneously he thrust at Perpignan, capital of Roussillon, and at Luxembourg. The Protestant Duke of Cleves helped him in the north. In the East, Solyman was preparing a new fleet to send against Italy, with the French ambassador on board.

Young Philip, like every normal boy, must have dreamed of going to the wars and performing great deeds of valor. Now he had his opportunity. Armored from head to foot, he rode over the northern hills toward the French border with the Duke of Alba, at the head of the flower of the Spanish army, the best in the world. They fortified themselves in Perpignan, and defended themselves so gallantly that the French Dauphin was forced at last to give up the siege and retire.<sup>16</sup>



Don Fernando Álvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alba, was already, at the age of thirty-four (he was eight years younger than Charles) one of the two or three best soldiers of Europe. At seventeen he had distinguished himself on the bloody field of Pavia. He had had an important command at Tunis in 1535. His brilliant defense of Perpignan confirmed the Emperor's belief that a great military genius had come upon the stage of history—in fact, Charles considered him second only to himself.

Don Fernando was dark, but not swarthy, with black curly hair; well set up, with a long Castilian face, fine eyes of rather light brown, with brows close above; an aristocratic nose and a somewhat melancholy mouth that could easily become stern or compassionate, with straggly black mustachios drooping over the corners of it.<sup>17</sup> Courteous but outspoken, he had already attained a high place in the political counsels of Charles, as he would henceforth for some time be the right arm and half the brain of Philip.

Useless bloodshed he abhorred. War to him was a fascinating intellectual exercise, in which the pleasure consisted in seeing how quickly and how safely one could accomplish a certain task for the glory of God and one's King; meanwhile killing as many of the enemy as need be, and losing as few of one's own troops as possible. Stern though he was, he was just. His soldiers would die for a look of approval from him. The presence of Alba, silent, contained, austere, had that mysterious effect upon masses of men that Caesar's had had, and Napoleon's would have, and Kitchener's. He was one of the conquerors. Victory seemed like a dog at his heels.

The next year was critical for Philip, for Charles, for Spain, and for Christendom. The storm of hate conjured up by Francis I now burst over them with all its madness. While Solyman took the field in person to attack Vienna, Barbarossa with 110 galleys was ravaging the coasts of Naples and Tuscany, slaying, burning homes and churches, dragging off Christian women and children into slavery. Then, with the envoy of Francis on board, they appeared at the mouth of the Tiber. The French commissary, however, announced that Papal territory would not be harmed, and the Turks refrained from sacking Rome—a circumstance which caused some of Charles' friends to suspect an understanding between Francis, the Turks and the Pope.

At any rate, the fleet proceeded to Nice, where the Duke of Savoy had taken refuge, bombarded the place, and found winter quarters in the friendly French port of Toulon. "The cry of Christendom," as Hume says, "rose loud against the hideous coalition." Even the Lutherans were so disgusted at the treachery of Francis that they gave help to Charles, particularly when his agents magnified his disagreements with the Pope, and, it is to be feared, held forth hope of a new schism in which the Emperor would emulate Henry VIII in Germany, and set up a state-church.

Unquestionably Charles was walking over pretty thin ice, spiritually, during this year. He was beset by foes and driven almost to despair for lack of money. The alliance he was forming with Henry, as a counterfoil to Francis, was even worse, if possible, in the eyes of the Catholics, than the French understanding with the Turk. Pilate was bad enough, but Judas Iscariot! Charles, stung by criticism, felt the need of having his agents in Rome explain that he was supporting Henry only against the French and the Turks, not against the Holy See; he might even bring the schismatic king back into the fold. To offset the whisperings of the French party, who were stronger than the Spanish in the Sacred College, Juan de Vega showed the Pope a letter of Francis I angling for the friendship of the Landgrave of Hesse with the bait of immunity for Protestantism in Luxembourg. There was a heated argument in the Consistory on December nineteenth, when Paul told the Cardinal of Burgos that the alliance with Henry was worse than that with the Turks.

Actually, the Farnese Pope was trying to maintain his neutrality between the two great Christian powers, and succeeded. What Charles wanted was not neutrality, but the Pope's aid against France. When Paul wrote him, urging peace, he replied hotly that peace was impossible with a handful of Italian soil in French hands. It was hardly to be expected that he should see the problem from the larger point of view of the Pope.

Paul had another reason for refusing to declare against Francis. He actually feared that this Machiavellian, this unscrupulous fornicator who, like Henry VIII, was already rotting with syphilis, would apostatize, seize all the Church property in France, and, as the Pope warned Charles, become so much more powerful against Spain. The example of the King of England was only too painfully fresh. Ecclesiastical penalties, even excommunication, had failed to bring Henry back to the right way. Would they be more successful with Francis? Paul doubted.

The Pope was then seventy-five years old, a stooped and wizened little shell of a man, whose small intense sparkling eyes alone seemed to have survived the wearing-out of his frail and sickly body. On his election in 1534, no one had expected him to live more than a year or two. Yet he outlasted most of his friends and enemies, and had the longest pontificate of his age. Long ago he had been made a Cardinal by Pope Alexander VI. The slanderous gossip of the time, attributing his rise to the influence of his beautiful sister Julia Farnese, had called him the petticoat cardinal; though his great abilities would have been explanation enough. Paul had lived down all that with the sins of his Renaissance youth. It was after 1513, when he gave up the mistress who had borne him four children (one of his bastards was the brutal condottiere Pier Luigi, who brought no end of sorrow on his old age), that he became a priest. After he had said his first mass on Christmas Day, 1519, there was never a hint of scandal in his life for the foulest enemies of the Church to scatter and exaggerate. A whole generation of men had passed away, and Paul, who had learned to control even his hot temper with the will of steel that speaks forth from Titian's portrait, was making his own soul in patience, and striving, like his namesake of Tarsus, to expiate his early mistakes.<sup>18</sup>

That he had delayed the needed reform of the Church, as Charles alleged, can hardly be denied; but the historians who

have been so liberal with their contempt have overlooked the difficulties of his task. When the Emperor renewed his plea for a General Council in 1541, the Germans refused to consider any place in France. The German towns were too Protestant to please the Catholics, and too cold for the aging Pope to visit. Only Italy was left, but the Germans were opposed to Milan, and the French to Ferrara and Bologna. Mantua, an Imperial city, not too far from Germany, seemed the best compromise. But when Paul asked both the Emperor and the King of France to allow Cardinals to come to Rome (December, 1541) to make plans for the Council, Francis refused.

Meanwhile the nuncios of Paul were preparing sentiment for the Council in various parts of Europe. Curiously enough, the greatest opposition was found in those countries where the clamor for reform was loudest.

When Paul at last yielded to German preferences, as the lesser of two evils, and summoned a Council to meet in Trent at the beginning of November, 1542, Francis I, then completing his preparations for a new attack on the Emperor, refused to receive the papal bull or to allow it to be published in France. His subjects, he said, would not be safe in Trent. The Protestants likewise ridiculed the announcement; they would have nothing to do with Rome. There was no longer any hope of holding a Council until after the war between France and Spain.

Charles blamed the Pope. Tormented by gout, he could see nothing but the menace of French violence and trickery to his dominions, and as he thought, to Christendom. His anger carried him so far as a veiled threat to sack Rome again if Paul did not join him against Francis. "The Vicar of Christ," he wrote bitterly, "who has received so many benefits at Our hands, is ready to join forces with the King of France, or rather, We should say, with the Turk. He may well look to it that We do not deal the same measure to him that We dealt to Clement VII."<sup>19</sup> Leaving the Pope this threat to think about, Charles hurried from Italy to the Low Countries to repel the invasion there. Never again would he return to Spain as its King.

Philip, now sixteen, was made Regent, with an able Council to advise him. It had been decided that he was to marry that year. The Emperor and others had urged him to choose Marguerite of Valois, vivacious daughter of Francis I, as a step toward the conciliation of France; while his sister Maria, if the French agreed, would marry the Duke of Orleans, with the Low Countries as her dowry. The alternative for Philip would be to marry the eldest daughter of his uncle Ferdinand. The Emperor sent his secretary Alonso de Idiáquez to Spain, post haste, to learn the wishes of the Prince and the Infanta.

Philip had ideas of his own, and they were not those of his father. He refused to marry Madama Margarita, as she was called in Spain. He intended to marry his cousin Maria, Infanta of Portugal, and no one else. Not only that; he pointed out to the Emperor the weakness of the policy he suggested. It was vital to Spain and to the Empire to keep both Milan and the Netherlands. Without Milan, Spain could hardly hope to keep France out of Italy; and Milan was a vital link in her line of communications by land with her possessions in the north. As for these latter, it would be suicidal to give the Netherlands to France. Flanders was the key position on the *plaza de Europa*; a curb on France or Germany in Italy and Spain; a shield against England, Germany and France; an indispensable base, by land and sea, for any European war. It would be far better, Philip wrote his father, to have Maria marry her cousin Maximilian, son of Ferdinand; thus the House of Austria would keep all its possessions intact.<sup>20</sup>

Charles was satisfied with this reasoning, says Cabrera. It was agreed that Philip should marry his cousin at once, and that his sister should become the bride of Maximilian somewhat later.

A gorgeous future seemed to open before young Philip. He had every reason to expect that he would rule not only Spain and its western world, not only the Netherlands and the other estates of the House of Burgundy, not only the strategic parts of Italy, and all of Germany, both Catholic and Protestant; but the younger branch of the House of Austria would be kept subservient to him, by making his young cousin Maximilian his brother-in-law as well; and if the succession failed in Portugal, he or his son would succeed to its throne, and rule the whole Peninsula. France would be encircled, England isolated. The vision of a Europe dominated by Spain and therefore thoroughly Catholic rose up before him.

Was it Philip's own idea to keep Milan and the Netherlands? Since he clung to it and acted upon it unwaveringly to the very end of his long life, it is interesting to find him voicing it so positively at sixteen. The Duke of Alba, as well as Secretary Cobos, vigorously opposed the alienation of Milan a year later, giving reasons similar to those attributed to Philip by Cabrera. Was the Prince merely expressing their views at this time against his father's? This seems likely, considering his age.

On the other hand, Charles had taken precautions, on leaving Spain, against his son's being influenced. He had left Philip two letters of advice in 1543; one of them for discussion with the Council, but the other so secret that not even Philip's wife must be allowed a glimpse of it. "Since we are all mortal, and God might take you to Himself," wrote the Emperor, "put the document in such safe keeping that it may be returned under seal, to me, or burned in your presence." This letter, so revealing of the mind and policies of Charles at the crux of his reign, was written in Palamos, half way between Perpignan and Barcelona, May fourth and May sixth, 1543; but, like his Memoirs, it remained hidden until the nineteenth century. Philip did not burn it, that much is certain. It is not so clear that he disobeyed his father, as historians have assumed, for there is no proof that he did not return it sealed. At any rate, the paper survived.

Philip was to have much more power as Regent than Henry VIII had suggested for him. His decision was to be final on all subjects, though he was to consider well the advice of his father's wisest councillors, and be guided by it if it seemed good. To aid him in his decisions, Charles gave the boy a brief but penetrating analysis of each councillor.



Quarrels and factions among the ministers were to be discouraged; nevertheless, they existed. Charles had placed the leaders of the two principal cliques at the head of the Council, so that Philip might play off one against the other, and thus avoid falling into the clutches of either. Both would try to monopolize him. One of them, the Cardinal of Toledo, Tabera, was, to be sure, a holy man, who would give good and unprejudiced advice, which Philip would find useful in selecting candidates for office. "But as for the rest, do not place yourself in his hands alone, neither now nor at any time, nor indeed, in those of any other man. Rather discuss business with many councillors, and do not tie or pledge yourself to one, for though it saves trouble, it is not expedient, especially now that you are beginning your career, for men will say that you are governed, perhaps even without truth, and the minister who gained the credit for it would so lose his head and puff himself up that he would make a thousand blunders, and all the rest would grumble in the end."

Cobos, head of the opposing faction, was the chief finance minister, faithful and honest, and until recently without partisan bias, but the Emperor feared this might no longer be true. Old and often in physical misery, he was not so industrious as formerly. His wife wearied and excited him. She had injured his reputation somewhat by accepting gifts. They were of small value, however, and no doubt Cobos would put an end to the abuse, since Charles had mentioned it to him. Cobos knew all the Emperor's business intimately, and no one would serve Philip better, if it pleased God that the causes above mentioned should not taint the mother's milk in his character. Philip should support him against the opposition, but should not let him go beyond his instructions. Like all the others, he would try to gain the exclusive favor of Philip, and as he himself had been given to lechery in younger days, he would, if Philip showed any bent in that direction, rather help than hinder, as a means of getting the Prince into his power. He had been well rewarded by Charles. If he sometimes hinted at a desire for further emoluments, Philip should treat him seriously and with all respect, and assure him that the Emperor would have done more, but for the fear of making others discontented.

The great Alba would have been astonished if he could have looked over the young Regent's shoulder while he read these instructions. The Duke, said Charles, though nearer to Cobos than to the Cardinal, was not in the inner circle of the government, but he would like to be. However, "I do not think that he would have followed either party, but that which best suited his interests. But as it concerns the interior government of the kingdom, in which it is not advisable that grandees be employed, I would not appoint him, and he is much aggrieved over it. Since he has been near me I have noticed that he thinks to advance himself to great things, as much as he can, although he comes in blessing himself, very humble and modest. You have to guard against admitting him or other grandee very far in the government, for you will find that he and the rest will try to gain your will by all possible means, which afterwards will cost you dear, and I see that he will not fail to tempt you, even though by means of women, of which I beg you be much on your guard. Make use of him in war and in foreign affairs; for in this he is the best man we have."

Zuñiga, said the Emperor, was absolutely trustworthy, and if he sometimes seemed harsh to Philip, it was his great love that moved him. "There is nothing especially to blame in you, thanks be to God, but there is room for improvement, if you aim at being perfect, as I beg you to do. . . . If Don Juan had been like your other attendants, all would have gone according to your wish, and that is not good for any one, not even for the old, and much less for boys, who cannot have the knowledge and self-control that experience and age alone can give."

Even Zuñiga had his faults—he was inclined to lose his temper, especially with Alba and Cobos and others of the opposite party, whom he blamed for a fancied lack of advancement. He was a little avaricious too, but that was the fault of his wife and children, who egged him on. Nevertheless he was absolutely honest. Philip was to trust him in all matters pertaining to his personal conduct. Even in his marital relations he was to be guided by the advice of the wise Don Juan, lest he come to the sorry end of Charles' uncle, Prince Juan of the Asturias, whose death at the age of nineteen was believed to have been the result of over-indulgence with his young wife—"on which account," added the Emperor a little sardonically, "I came to be heir of these kingdoms."

As for Siliceo, who had just been made Bishop of Cartagena through Philip's favor, he had been too anxious to please the Prince, and the Emperor hoped it was not for personal reasons. If he was to be the Prince's chaplain, it might be well to have a good friar as confessor, for Siliceo might be too lenient. Thus far no great harm had been done, but there might be in the future. The soul was the important thing, and should be kept good and pure, especially in youth.

The Cardinal of Sevilla was an excellent and holy man, but broken in health. He should be allowed to retire to his diocese if he desired. Watch out for the Count of Osorio, artful, clever, not as honest as he might be. Granvelle was a typical Burgundian, with a strong attachment to his own country, and wished to enrich his sons. But he was capable and faithful, should be employed in all matters concerning Germany, Italy, France and England, and ought to be a member of the Council of Flanders above all things. His son, the Bishop of Arras, would probably make an excellent successor to his father.

For the rest, Philip was urged to be faithful to his wife, and to continue his studies even after marriage, especially in languages, which would help him to know and understand the scattered lands he must rule. "To be a man," wrote the Emperor, "does not consist in believing that we are one and desiring to be one, nor in being large of body, but solely in having much discernment and reason to perform the works of the man who is good, intelligent and honored."<sup>21</sup>

Armed with this wise advice from such a source, Philip set out to rule Spain. Just how much he ruled, and how much he



was influenced by the councillors in spite of the Emperor's warnings, must remain a question. He had his way in the matter of the Portuguese marriage, to be sure; but there remains the possibility that the Emperor was influenced quite as much by Maria's enormous dowry, which freed him from his acute financial stress, as by the arguments of the Prince. At all events, it was agreed that Philip was to marry Maria Manuela. A papal dispensation was obtained, and preparations were made in both kingdoms.

The dispensation was doubly necessary. Maria's father, Juan III, was brother to Philip's mother. Her mother was sister to his father. Political exigency had made inbreeding a custom in the royal families of Spain and Portugal for more than a century. Ferdinand and Isabel were related within the degrees forbidden by the Church. Charles V and his wife were first cousins. But Philip was resolved to marry one who was twice his first cousin, and marry her he did.

All the ancient punctilios of Castilian court etiquette were observed before the ceremony. While Maria rode in a litter, at the head of a magnificent procession, towards the Spanish border, Philip departed on horseback from the beautiful gardens of the Duke of Alba at the Abadía, and cantered over the winding hills to Salamanca. Everywhere the towns and villages were draped with rich and gaudy colors in honor of the bridegroom, and music followed him wherever he went. Meanwhile a great cortège of nobles had ridden to the border to meet the Princess with musicians, eight Indians with large round silver shields, three noted jugglers, and a dwarf.

Doña Maria, at the head of a procession in which even the mules were draped with velvet embroidered with arms and devices in gold, arrived at Elvas late in October. Couriers dashed back and forth. When the two glittering hosts had come within sight of each other, a dispute arose over some matter of precedence, and the Portuguese cavaliers threatened to take the Princess back to Lisbon, until Bishop Siliceo arranged a compromise. While the Castilians massed on one side of the border, and the Portuguese on the other, the bride was carried across a bridge in a litter.<sup>22</sup>

Maria won the love of the Castilians at once. She was "not large in body," and *muy hermosa*; the people found her "very beautiful and *gentil*." She was just sixteen years and twenty days old, and so five months younger than Philip.<sup>23</sup> Her portrait suggests that she was probably pretty, rather than beautiful. Her mouth was rather too narrow, her chin slightly retreating, her eyebrows high and arched; the whole expression nervous, petulant, lacking in vitality and force. She was in white satin, fretted with gold. Over her gown, to the delight of her future subjects, she wore a long Castilian mantle of mulberry-colored velvet.<sup>24</sup> Thus, in great magnificence, and with much joyful music and horse-play, she entered Badajoz.

Philip had already arrived, in disguise. He was waiting somewhere along the road of march for a first glimpse of his bride. As he has left no record of his feelings, one can only conjecture how romantic they were from the fact that he followed the Princess all the way from Badajoz to Salamanca, incognito, now dashing along the street of a town to see her face as she passed, now watching from the window of a house or an inn. The journey was made in short stages, to avoid wearying the Princess, and every day there was some spectacle or feast to entertain her.

When she entered Salamanca in a gown of silver cloth worked with gold, and a jaunty blue bonnet, studded with gold and surmounted by a white plume, she learned that Philip was somewhere about and that he meant to get a good view of her from the house of Doctor Olivares. As she passed the house, she covered her face with her fan, but Perico de Santerbos, famous juggler of the Count of Benavente, pushed the fan aside so that the Prince could see; no doubt to the huge delight of the roaring crowd.

While the Princess went to the houses of Luzo and of Cristóbal Juárez, joined by canopies and tapestry walks, Philip stole out of town, still in his disguise, to lodge at the Jeronymite monastery nearby. The next day, November fifteenth, 1543, he made his formal entry by the bridge of Zamora and proceeded to his apartments in the joined houses.

After nightfall the Prince and the Princess left their separate apartments to go to the salon where the nuptials were to take place. With all the grave ceremony so well understood in Castile, they advanced from the two brilliant groups of personages to meet each other. Philip kissed her hand and embraced her. Then they sat beneath a gorgeous canopy, and the Cardinal of Spain united them in marriage, with the Duke and Duchess of Alba as their *padrinos*. Music sounded, and a ball began. Both courts danced joyously until four o'clock in the morning. Mass was then said, and the Cardinal veiled the bride and the bridegroom, who then retired to their own apartment.<sup>25</sup>

For several days the *fiestas* continued at Salamanca. There were bull-fights, *juegos de cañas*, tourneys, and artificial fires to startle the skies by night. When at last the lovers, for such they apparently became, took their departure for Valladolid, they found every town flamboyant with color and articulate with music in their honor. They tarried frequently for all manner of feasts and dalliance. On the way they stopped at Tordesillas to visit Philip's grandmother, poor *Juana la Loca* who had clung half-naked to the iron gates at Medina del Campo one stormy November night in 1503, shrieking against the wind until Queen Isabel led her away; who had sat in the open fields night after night with the corpse of her husband; unhappy Juana, who had inherited an empire, only to be locked up for more than half a century in that old castle whose corridors now echoed to her sobs as she threw herself on her bed, refusing the consolations of religion, or pulled up her gown to show her ulcerated legs to her noble jailer. Charles visited her often. She had her moments of relief from the curse of her hereditary melancholy. On the day when Philip and Maria called, she seems to have been affable and gracious. She asked them to dance for her, and sat looking on with pleasure while their lithe figures swayed and crossed and circled through the antique hall in some stately

pattern of old times.<sup>26</sup>

The Prince and Princess then went to Simancas, whose streets were carpeted with bright costly cloths wherever they walked, and thence to Valladolid, where the burdens of all Spain were waiting for the young Regent's decisions.

So much for the most important facts recorded of the first sixteen years of the life of the Black Demon of the South. Setting aside all the innumerable conjectures of what he must have been from what he did or was believed to have done at some later time, he seems harmless enough at this period: an erect, shapely, rather majestic young man, made prematurely grave and thoughtful at times, no doubt, by unusual responsibilities, but naturally affable and courteous and fun-loving; frank and affectionate, but already put on his guard by a wise father, and perhaps by some experience, against the wolves and foxes in human form who gathered about a ruler, seeking to control or destroy him; sensitive and high-strung, subject to indigestion, probably irritable and unreasonable at times, but willing to follow the advice or reproof of his confessor and of Don Juan de Zuñiga; lover of birds, especially the nightingale; lover of flowers, especially roses and jonquils; lover of music and sports, who played on the guitar, danced well, sang badly, liked a game of piquet after dinner, hunted with zest, laughed at the antics of dwarfs and buffoons and of odd people, such as querulous old women; was able to hold up his end in a tournament; lover of painting and something of a connoisseur, if not a dabbler himself; well instructed in Latin classics, philosophy, history, logic, and modern languages, though slow in the latter and inclined to be awkward and colloquial in writing his own; deliberate and patient, but extremely determined and even obstinate when he had made up his mind; a lover of the Church and its liturgy, and always respectful to priests and nuns, even when he disliked them—such was Philip in 1543, according to such contemporary records as remain.

The first hint of that dark legend which, for two or three centuries to come, was to frighten little English children in their beds when his name was mentioned, appears in connection with the second great tragedy of his life.

The winter of 1543-4 was probably one of his happiest. Wherever he went he was conscious of the extraordinary devotion of the people, high and low, intensified by a romantic interest in what was believed to be a royal love-match. The Princess was very popular. Nothing was lacking but an heir to ensure the succession. After Philip and Maria had been married a year, this prayer seemed likely to be granted. All Spain waited eagerly for the royal confinement.

It came in the heat of the following July; on the eighth, in the palace where Philip had been born, the little Princess gave birth to a son. The boy had a slightly prognathous look, like the Habsburgs, and was named Carlos, after the Emperor, whom it was hoped and believed he would succeed and emulate. Don Carlos—custom has inconsistently refused to anglicize his name, so that one speaks of Emperor Charles, but of his grandson Don Carlos—long live Don Carlos, cried all Spain. Philip's cup seemed full. He sent the good news to the Emperor on the ninth, by Ruy Gómez, adding that the Princess had stood the ordeal well. But on the fourth day after the birth she died. The rejoicings of the people were turned into mourning.

For this misfortune the sixteenth-century Flemish historian, Meteren, writing at a time when Philip had many enemies in the Netherlands, blames the Inquisition. Many Lutherans were being burned after an *auto de fe* that day in Valladolid, according to this account; all the court ladies were so eager to see the heretics roasted that they rushed out of the palace, leaving the poor little Princess alone. She took advantage of the opportunity to eat a melon, which caused her death. Major Hume cites another version, omitting, however, the Inquisition: the Princess was said to have died from "imprudently eating a lemon too soon after her delivery." It is more likely, of course, that puerperal fever had set in, and that neither the melons, the lemons nor the Lutherans had anything to do with it. The Italian Protestant Leti denies the story of Meteren. There is no record of an *auto de fe* at Valladolid in 1545.

There is, however, a letter of old Secretary Cobos to the Emperor, dated July sixteenth, 1545, whose details sound a little more realistic. On Thursday the ninth, when the Prince wrote, he said, both mother and infant were progressing favorably. The Princess was somewhat feverish all day Friday, but bright and strong, and all thought her doing well. On Saturday morning the fever increased, with occasional spasms and trembling fits, as the bleeding had ceased. This went on all day. By Saturday evening she was intermittently delirious, and remained so all night.

Sunday morning, "seeing that the malady had now become so grave as to be almost hopeless, the physicians decided to bleed the patient at the ankle. This was done, and the Princess again became conscious, and seemed somewhat better. The improvement, however, lasted but a very short time, and the attack became so severe that in a few hours Extreme Unction was administered at the Princess' request. The attack still increased until God took her to Himself on that day between four and five in the afternoon, amidst universal grief, such as Your Majesty may imagine. Her end was tranquil and Christian; and she left a will and codicil, made before her illness.

"The Prince was extremely grieved, as to prove that he loved her; although, judging by outward demonstration, some people thought differently. He at once decided to go the same night to the monastery of Abrojo, where there was a fairly good lodging for him in the house they had repaired. He was so sad that he will allow no one to visit or see him. The Comendador Mayor of Castile, Don Antonio de Rojas and Don Álvaro de Córdoba are with him. The Prince, being in this trouble, has written to Your Majesty briefly; but sent for me, and directed me verbally to send Your Majesty all the details."<sup>27</sup>

Philip remained in the monastery for several days. Then he returned to Valladolid, the cares of state, and small Don Carlos.





## Philip as Regent of Spain [1543-1547]

**P**HILIP'S character hardened and matured rapidly from his eighteenth to his twenty-first year, until, by 1547, he was his own man. Circumstances forced him to make his own decisions by removing his three chief advisers. The Cardinal died soon after Maria (and his loss, said the Emperor, was the greater, for there were plenty of wives to be had, but only one Tabera). Old Cobos followed him to the grave in 1547. Alba had gone to Germany to aid his Imperial master against the Lutherans. It was young Philip's chance to show what he could do. He gave a demonstration that must have aroused in his father conflicting sentiments of pride and disappointment.

Charles was a man of strong contrasts. He was at once pious and carnal, reverent and proud. His spiritual condition seemed to fluctuate with the state of his treasury and that of his health. Regardless of the warnings of his physicians, he would stuff himself with incredible meals, chiefly of meat, washed down with huge flagons of Rhenish wine. He liked his supper at midnight, and his beer at five in the morning. In spite of his advice to Philip to be faithful in marriage, his own affair with Barbara Blomberg dates from this period.

When Charles enjoyed reasonably good health, the pagan in him gained the upper hand. When gout tormented him, he would repent, and make amends with prayer and the discipline. His attitude toward the Church varied accordingly. At times he longed for nothing more than to leave the noisy world for the quiet of a monastery. There were other moments when he gave occasion for fears that his anger and impatience might lead him down the dangerous path of Henry VIII, to the complete ruin of Spain and of Christendom. At such times he took a ruthless view of church rights and church property. The Caesar in him did violence to the Christian, and to the things that were God's.

Still ranking from the Pope's refusal to let him sell all immovable ecclesiastical property throughout the Empire for use against the Turks in 1529,<sup>1</sup> he conceived in 1545 a plan to loot the Church in Spain. "The danger of the utter ruin with which the heretics threaten Christendom is so great that the Roman See must help us with a considerable sum of money against the Protestants," he wrote Cobos on February seventeenth of that year. "Prelates and ecclesiastics should in our opinion contribute most liberally to the expenses of efforts to suppress heresy. From prelates and churches in Spain much money is to be obtained, and we desire you to take the preliminary steps. . . . This must be done with the greatest secrecy; for if the prelates learn beforehand that they are to be thus taxed, some of them might betray the matter to the Protestants, in order to prevent the execution of the measures intended."<sup>2</sup>

In 1546 he was still attempting to make the Church pay for his wars on the ground that they were religious. When Pope Paul III denied his request for the appropriation of half the church plate in all his dominions, and half the annual repair fund of the churches and monasteries, he was very angry. His envoy in Rome told the Holy Father that the Emperor intended to carry out his design, with or without permission. He was highly incensed over Paul's suggestion that he join Francis I in a crusade against the successor of Henry VIII. He declared that he would take the church revenues with a good conscience; Ferdinand the Catholic had done so, and he was as saintly a man as any.<sup>3</sup>

Paul, who did not share the Emperor's high opinion of his grandfather's holiness, had no intention of despoiling the churches to increase a secular power that was already too great in Italy for the freedom of the Church. Perhaps he knew also that Charles' gout was driving him to threats in excess of his real intentions. But he granted the enormous sum of 500,000 ducats on the Spanish monasteries, and paid part of it. This, however, failed to meet the necessities of Charles. Toward the end of 1546 he sent an envoy to Rome to urge the Pope to complete the sum promised. On November twenty-eighth he despatched a letter to Philip, telling what he had done, and what he intended to do. He had decided upon the loot of the Church, whether the Pope liked it or not.



Philip's reply of January twenty-fifth, 1547,<sup>4</sup> is illuminating in several respects. It not only shows the tact, judgment and grasp of affairs the Prince had attained in his twentieth year, but reveals the healthy spirit of independence that checked despotism in Spain, at once the most Catholic and the most truly democratic country in the world.

Philip began tactfully by saying that his joy at the Emperor's success was tempered by sorrow at hearing that His Majesty was suffering from gout again. He begged for constant news of the Emperor's health, and said he would be most anxious to hear. He then noted what the Emperor had done in Rome, and that, since this would be inadequate, Charles intended to ask the Pope to let him appropriate one half of the gold, silver and jewels of all the churches and monasteries of these realms, and half the value of the cathedral fabrics.

"If His Holiness refuses this concession, I note that Your Majesty's confessor is of opinion that in so good and holy a cause you would be justified in taking this contribution on your own authority . . . I summoned to my presence the Marqués de Mondéjar, the Archbishop of Sevilla and the Council of Finance, informed them . . . of Your Majesty's need of help . . . told them to consider the matter well secretly . . . and to report to me for Your Majesty's information . . .

"The Council believe that it would not be advantageous to Your Majesty's service to adopt the course suggested, nor would it redound to the benefit of these realms . . . Much less would this be the case if His Holiness refused his consent, seeing the evil name it would bring to Your Majesty throughout Christendom, especially bearing in mind the action of the King of England towards the churches in his realm. The example cited of the King of France was not considered a sufficient justification for Your Majesty's proposed step, since throughout the world Your Majesty's devotion and fidelity to religion are notorious, and the difference between the actions of the one monarch and the other is recognized everywhere . . . Much scandal would be raised through Spain . . .

"Consider, Your Majesty, what perturbation would be caused in all people's minds, not only to the clergy who are so much a part of these realms, as Your Majesty knows, but still greater trouble would be caused to laymen, who would conclude that no security existed anywhere; since even sacred property devoted to divine service was not spared from attack. Charity and devotion, too, would be lost, and the people would discontinue to benefit the church in the belief that whenever pressing need occurred a similar measure moreover would again be adopted.

"In France people may tolerate such things, owing to the fact that the King of France rules rather as a despot than as a natural overlord (señor natural) and follows his whim rather than his reason, which Your Majesty will not do: and besides this, the French people, as Your Majesty knows, are willing to put up with anything, and the difference between the two nations in this respect is very great. These realms and your subjects in them expect to be treated in a different fashion, in accordance with their character, their valor and their merits in Your Majesty's service . . ."

Those present at the Council voted unanimously against the Emperor's project. "It was resolved that Your Majesty be advised of this with all speed, in order that you should not continue to depend upon this means of obtaining funds . . . and that Your Majesty, in view of all the facts, and having consideration to what is due to your repute, your Christian character, your respect to the Apostolic See, and the preservation of these realms, may arrive at a final solution worthy of your Catholic spirit."

On the whole, in spite of his chronic need of money, Charles had been successful in his undertakings thus far. He had beautifully turned the tables on Francis I and his Lutheran allies in revenge for their treacherous attack on him after his return from the failure at Algiers. About the time of Philip's marriage, he had skilfully snatched victory from defeat in a memorable series of campaigns. First he struck swiftly in Guelders, routing the Duke of Cleves. Then, with the timely aid of Henry VIII, he boldly invaded France and advanced to the gates of Paris.

France seemed ready to fall into his outstretched hand, and might have done so if Henry had cooperated to the extent of his promises. But that monarch had sat down before Boulogne, and refused to budge, in spite of any appeals for assistance, until it was taken; by which time Francis I had saved his kingdom by signing the Peace of Crespy. Charles was thus cheated of the fruits of his victory, but was free to deal with the Lutherans.

It was high time. The Smalkaldic League, organized by the Elector of Saxony, Philip of Hesse and other Protestants as a protest against the election of Charles' brother Ferdinand as King of the Romans (which the Emperor had arranged in 1530), had grown to be a formidable power. As Catholic princes died and were succeeded by Protestant sons (as Joachim I of Brandenburg, for example), its numbers increased, until in 1546, when Luther went to his grave lamenting that Wittenberg had become "worse than Sodom" under the new dispensation, the League had an army of 50,000, which laid waste Catholic sections of Germany with fire and sword, and in particular warred against churches, monasteries and convents. Albert Alcibiades of Brandenburg, known as Albrecht the Burner because of his love for seeing the houses of his fellow-Germans in flames, especially if they happened to be those of bishops or priests, boasted loudly that he had chosen the devil instead of God for his master. No one disputed him.

When Charles moved on Landshut to commence his campaign of retribution, he had only 6,000 men, while the Protestants had 7,000 horse and 50,000 foot. These figures are a sufficient refutation of the charge that the Emperor took the Lutherans by surprise. They also suggest how masterly was the campaign he carried on. Reinforced at Landshut by the Papal army under Ottavio Farnese and Alessandro Vitelli, and other Italian troops, he assembled 28,000 men at Regensburg, under

Alba's command, and made a rapid night-march on Ingolstadt. With further reinforcements from the Netherlands, he was able to take the offensive.

He drove the enemy up the Danube in October (1546), refused to go into winter quarters in spite of the rains, the plague of fever, and his recurring sickness, completed the subjection of southern Germany, garrisoned the towns, sent his best troops to aid his brother Ferdinand in Bohemia, marched to Eger to join the Protestant Maurice of Saxony, who had gone over to his side, and after Easter, 1547, entered Saxony with 26,000 men, while the enemy burned the bridge over the Elbe and retreated down the river to Mühlberg.

Charles marched at midnight, April twenty-third, reached the river bank opposite Mühlberg at nine o'clock in the morning. As soon as Alba's light horse had found a ford, the Emperor, "pale as death and thin as a skeleton," rapidly surveyed the situation and gave his commands. By the bank there hung a maimed crucifix, the arms of the Christ broken by some Lutheran iconoclast. "I will avenge Thy wrongs!" cried Charles. He dashed into the water up to his saddle-girths, and made for the heretic city. The battle raged all day. Charles, ill though he was, was in the saddle twenty-one hours. It was dusk when Alba made his decisive attack. The Saxons fled, leaving a third of their number dead behind them.

"I came, I saw, and God conquered," said Charles.

He was now master of Germany. He gave the lands of the Elector John Frederick to Maurice of Saxony, who had helped him, but spared the Elector's life, for he was magnanimous in victory. At Wittenberg, when urged by some zealot to disinter the body of Luther and cast it to the dogs, he replied coldly, "I war with the living."

The campaign over, Pope Paul III withdrew his troops. Charles was furious. He accused the Pope of having gone over to the French, who had told him the Emperor was seeking universal empire under the cloak of religion. He told the nuncio he knew his duty to God better than the Pope did, and he would go to Rome and tell him so.

Meanwhile Paul, after many difficulties, had at last assembled the needed Council at Trent. While the Protestants refused to recognize it, Charles himself did as much as any one to make it a failure, by his refusal to permit a clean-cut definition of Catholic principles on the points disputed. He would have no discussion of Original Sin or Justification until he finished fighting against the German princes. He wanted only a reform of discipline.

Very reluctantly, then, Paul agreed to a compromise whereby the two would be taken up together. But when he published the decree on Justification in January, 1547, the Emperor angrily threatened to supersede the Council with an Imperial synod. In March, on account of the plague, the Council was transferred from Trent to Boulogne. Charles, indignant, kept the Spanish bishops at Trent, and refused to recognize the Council at Boulogne. This was while he was on the way to Mühlberg.

The following year he published, during the Armed Diet of Augsburg, his mischievous *Interim*, in which he usurped many of the functions of the Church. Intending to maintain the religious *status quo* by some sort of compromise until the Council settled the quarrel, he leaned far toward Lutheranism, in the opinion of Catholics: allowed clergy to marry, for example, and granted the cup to the laity. It was the most fatal of all the Emperor's mistakes, displeasing Protestants as well as Catholics, and avoiding open disobedience to the Pope only because Charles delayed receiving the nuncio who came with the inevitable refusal of the Holy Father until after the ambiguous compromise was passed by the Diet.

The Protestants at Augsburg, according to Sandoval,<sup>5</sup> were dangling before the eyes of the sick and weary Emperor a terrible temptation: the establishment of a state-church over which he and his successors would be supreme, and over which the Pope would have a nominal authority, if any. Even the disciplinary reforms urged by Charles and the Spanish bishops until the suspension of the Council of Trent, a dismal failure, in 1552, tended in this direction. The King would nominate bishops, as in Spain. The bishops must reside in their dioceses, and could appoint the parochial clergy. Appeals to Rome, and interference by Rome, would be minimized.

If Charles and his prelates failed to see the danger in this, it was because the system had worked out fairly well in Spain under exceptional circumstances. It was the system adopted by Ferdinand and Isabel during a great crusade, together with the Inquisition. It had seemed to them necessary, if the Spanish church was to be freed of Jewish influence. It was argued that under rulers so devout and so Catholic at heart as Isabel, the great Cardinal Ximenes, and Charles himself, a strong national church under strong royal discipline strengthened rather than weakened the Universal Church in the then state of Christendom.

But the piety and firmness of Isabel and her immediate successors could not be predicated of all future kings. A Henry VIII, prey to his passions, dominated by a clever irreligious woman, could tear a whole nation from the Church of Christ, under pretext of reform. A Francis I could do infinite harm to Christendom in a hundred ways. The scandals that had occurred in all parts of Christendom as the result of the royal nomination of bishops, and the interference of the State in the affairs of the Church generally, were only too obvious. They were especially so, from the central point of view of the Italian prelates. Some of these, to be sure, had a selfish interest in perpetuating the disciplinary abuses which the Spanish sought to correct, for their livelihoods depended upon them.

Others, on the contrary, were holy men who saw the principle above all; who understood that if all churches were national, the Papal court would lose not merely the material support derived from appeals, pensions and foreign benefices, but



its spiritual authority; and that was an essential matter. Better than the Spanish prelates they understood that, important as discipline was, doctrine came first. Discipline could always be corrected. But once a single article of faith was sacrificed, the whole unified system of Catholic belief was soon lost. An organic living thing cannot be divided.

The health of Charles became rapidly worse after his exertions at Mühlberg. In August he was so ill with a high fever that his death was expected. Mary of Hungary hastened from the Netherlands, and King Ferdinand from the East, to their brother's bedside, while young Prince Maximilian made the opening speech to the Diet. Charles recovered. But the conviction that he had almost reached the end of his life remained with him. He resolved to set his affairs in order.

One thing he wished to be sure of was that Philip would inherit the Empire. It had been understood, when Charles was elected Emperor, that his brother Ferdinand should succeed him; but the succession to Ferdinand had been left in abeyance. It now happened that Ferdinand had sons of his own, and was more ambitious than Charles had suspected. Brought up separately, the brothers had hardly become acquainted until middle life. Charles at first had liked the younger man, with his amiable compliance and his simple piety. But he had lately come to discover something else behind that adenoidal countenance with its shrewd eyes, its beak of a nose, and its retreating chin.

He had learned—at least so he wrote Mary—that Ferdinand and his son Maximilian had been "secretly working on the Diet, raising bogus rumors about the danger in Hungary, perhaps even purposely creating it," to gain a subsidy for that country at the expense of Charles' plans for the pacification of Germany. There were violent scenes, sullen silences. When Ferdinand said he had acted according to his conscience and honor, Charles retorted that when men wished to do wrong they always invoked conscience and honor; but the truth was that Ferdinand wanted everything for himself and his family. Mary had to make peace between them more than once. Both were surrounded by astute men who had reasons for trying to separate them.

It was not merely on Philip's account that Charles wished him to be Emperor. He foresaw that if the Imperial succession went to the junior house, it would lose its European significance and become merely the titular honor of a German prince. As the two branches inevitably drifted apart, France would have an opportunity to strike at either one separately, as it suited her, and to make herself dominant in Europe, to the injury of Christendom, Charles thought, as well as to Spain. The Habsburg empire, united, would be a bulwark against the Turk both in eastern Europe and on the Mediterranean. England, even if it remained Protestant, would be kept in its place, with Flanders as a wedge and a base between it and France. The unity and strength of Christendom depended on Philip's becoming Emperor.

Ferdinand saw the wisdom of this, and so did Mary. As for genial Maximilian, he professed to have no choice. The Emperor, much relieved, decided to send for Philip at once. The Prince's general development and his unexpected grasp of the art of government had won favorable comment all over Europe. It might be well now to have him show himself in the Netherlands and Germany, and make a good impression on the Electors of the Empire. The Emperor therefore bade young Ruy Gómez, who had just come from Spain with Philip's congratulations on the victory at Mühlberg and the capture of John Frederick, to return at once with the Imperial summons. Maximilian was to follow as soon as possible, to marry Philip's sister Maria, and to act as Regent for Spain during Philip's absence. The experience no doubt would be good for Maximilian. Charles was not too ill to see that it would be more convenient for Philip when he appeared in the North, if Maximilian were absent.

Ruy Gómez found Philip late in the autumn at Monzón, where he had gone to preside for the first time at the Cortes of Aragon, Valencia and Catalonia, "to the general contentment," wrote Calvete de Estrella, "of all the inhabitants thereof."<sup>6</sup> The Prince, who had grieved much over his father's illness, was overjoyed to hear of his convalescence, and prepared to obey the summons to Augsburg as soon as the long and difficult session was ended. On December eighth, 1547, he left Monzón with his friend and *mayordomo mayor* and rode west over the mountains.

Philip liked Ruy Gómez da Silva better than any one in the world, except perhaps his father. Alba he respected and feared; but there was something in Ruy Gómez that inspired confidence and affection. The Empress had been fond of him, and had made him page to Philip, five years his junior, while the latter was still in his cradle. He had dressed Philip and undressed him. He had played games with him and helped him with his studies. He had gone with him everywhere, and had slept in the same room. Philip could not remember a time when there had been no Ruy Gómez at hand to help him, to advise him and to divert him, in short, to be an older brother. He trusted him absolutely, not only in boyhood and youth but until the day of Ruy's death, in 1572.<sup>7</sup>

Though Ruy Gómez bore a name frequently found among Spanish and Portuguese Christians of Jewish descent, he derived from the ancient nobility of Portugal, and was devoted to the Church. Dark and handsome he was at twenty-five, intelligent and prudent; in the words of Cabrera,<sup>8</sup> "modest, agreeable, without artifice, and brief of speech. He spoke only what was necessary, and at the right moment." He was notoriously a squire of dames, and he was ambitious. Nevertheless, says Cabrera, he never gained power by evil means, but conquered his rivals by courtesy and by conferring benefactions upon them in a spirit that was "generous and Christian." He was careful not to dress more brilliantly than the King and those near him, even when he had the means to do so. Like Philip, he instinctively preferred conciliation to violence. It was inevitable perhaps that he and Alba should form the focal points of two of those factions that Charles had urged Philip to encourage for his own independence.

So the blond Prince and his dark friend cantered over the wintry roads until they came to Alcalá de Henares, where



Philip's sisters and his two-year-old son were living under the care of Bishop Siliceo. Philip arrived in high good humor, anxious to see his son, and to start preparations for his journey.

Little Don Carlos no doubt had grown tremendously. His resemblance to his father was already striking, but in a grotesque way; he was like a small caricature of Philip, with a head too large for his frail body and a look of suffering on his solemn face.

Philip's elder sister, Maria, was just twenty, and in the full bloom of a beauty that was Germanic rather than Spanish. She had her mother's small mouth, and the same beautiful hands; her blond hair, in Moro's portrait, was much less luxuriant, and arranged more compactly. Her face was fine, spiritual and intelligent.

Juana, eight years younger, had more of the Habsburg look than her sister. Her skin was fair, her hair auburn. Her lower lip was very prominent, with a cleft under it; her nose slightly crooked. The upper part of her face was better, the eyes far apart, fine and brooding, the brow high and wide. If we may trust Moro's brush, she was not as attractive as Maria, but had more character. There was an expression of extreme determination, even stubbornness, in her wide mouth, a mouth like the Emperor's, and in the whole face a suggestion of patient suffering. She was already beginning to have that grave majestic walk that Cabrera noted.

Philip's arrival with Ruy Gómez was the signal for several days of festivities. There were jousts and *juegos de cañas*, banquets and balls by night. Maria and her sister abandoned themselves so joyfully to these last festivities before marriage that gossips and grave elder persons blamed them for too much levity. Cabrera does not make clear, however, what form their levity took. He contents himself with recording, somewhat ambiguously, that "the Prince so loved and accompanied the Infantas that their virtues did not enrich the monasteries with examples of sanctity; indeed none had such seclusion, purity and religion as their palace."<sup>9</sup> We learn also that the Prince "took sides with the ladies" when they were criticized, for, adds Cabrera, "he did not abhor entertainments, and it seemed to him mere humanity and courtesy to mingle in the pastimes of the palace and of the court."

Prince Maximilian was on his way from Germany through Italy. He was to sail for Barcelona in the fleet of Andrea Doria, and make his way overland to Valladolid. It seemed as if he would never arrive.

Alba, however, appeared at Alcalá while the fiestas were still in progress. Nothing stopped him when he wished to go anywhere. Once, while serving with the Emperor in Germany, he had got leave of absence to see his wife, who was ill in Spain, and had ridden pell-mell across Europe and back in an incredibly small number of days and nights. Now he rode into merry Alcalá before Maximilian's ship had even been sighted on the east coast. He brought a package of secret instructions for the Prince. He brought some bad news, too. For the Emperor had sent word that, to avoid offending the taste of his northern subjects, the Prince must transform his court into the Burgundian mode.

Philip was disgusted. Alba likewise, and all the Castilians. Their etiquette was good enough, they thought, and far better than the more elaborate and pretentious ceremony of the gluttonous Flemings. Hitherto, says Cabrera, lamenting the change, Philip had been served after the custom of his crusading ancestors, simply but elegantly; accompanied here and there, or waited upon when he dined, by "grave lords, agreeable and genteel," noble to their fingertips, grandees of Castile. Now he must put up with an interminable mob of upstarts who would get in his way wherever he went, and would never leave him a peaceful moment by himself. It took all the following spring to introduce the new customs, to train the numerous servitors, the lords, and Philip himself. It was not until the Feast of the Assumption, 1548, that he dined in public at Valladolid, to the disapproval of nearly all his subjects, in the full Burgundian style, "with display of mayordomos, gentlemen of the *boca* (mouth), kings of arms, mace-bearers and cross-bowmen, cantors, minstrels, trumpeters, kettle-drummers, and the soldiers of his guard distributed through the palace," adds Cabrera with disdain.

The most important person in his household henceforth was to be his *camarero mayor* or lord chamberlain, who could summon all His Highness' councillors, and held sway over the gentlemen of the household and all the aids and officials thereof.

Even nearer, however, to Philip's person was the *sumiller de corps*, who was always present when His Highness arose in the morning, to hand him his shirt and other articles of clothing, one by one, as he received them from the grooms of the bedchamber. In fact, this functionary was hardly ever to be got rid of, except in exchange for his understudy, the *segundo camarero*. He was present at mealtimes, to hand His Highness the napkin. He slept in Philip's room on a low couch, which was brought in at night by the *ayudas*, and taken away in the morning. It was even prescribed that when the gentlemen of the bedchamber laid out the sheets on His Highness' bed, the *sumiller de corps* must light the way with a wax candle. For these privileged duties he received more than 600,000 maravedis, besides a pension of some 1,000,040, and other emoluments. His responsibility was great, and must have demanded uncommon tact and discretion. He was obliged to follow the King everywhere, even when His Majesty entered the apartment of the Queen, and must at no time lose sight of him, unless His Majesty so commanded; in which case the *sumiller* retired to the next room and waited.<sup>10</sup>

Philip took the greatest care in selecting the officers of his household, according to Cabrera, who adds that the Prince's capacity for administration and the cleanness of his life were apparent from the characters and actions of his subordinates. The Duke of Alba served as Philip's *mayordomo mayor* from then on; and was assisted by Don Pedro de Guzman, Count of Olivares. Don Antonio de Toledo was *caballizero mayor*.

Meanwhile the ship of Maximilian had at last reached Barcelona, and noble lords sent by Philip and Maria were conducting him to Castilla. On the way, unfortunately, he fell ill of a quartan fever. Philip chafed under the delay. He was under orders from the Emperor to see Maximilian married and installed as Regent before his departure; yet the sailing season was slipping by and the autumn tempests would soon be pelting the Mediterranean coasts.



## Philip and Maximilian [1547-1549]

SEPTEMBER was half spent when Maximilian, with a great burst of music and color, at last appeared at Valladolid. Philip received him with the elaborate courtesy prescribed by the new Flemish etiquette, and with every outward sign of the affection due a cousin and a brother-in-law. What he had heard from Germany of the aspirations of Maximilian and Uncle Ferdinand must have put a fine edge on the curiosity with which he inspected this old playfellow who had become his rival for the iron crown of the Lombards and the mantle of Charlemagne. Behind the polite phrases and courteous smiles of the two young men there was a new reserve and distrust.

In some respects the German prince had changed little since the old days when they had played in this very palace together, and had studied with Dr. Siliceo at Alcalá. He was taller, of course, and had a moustache and a faint suggestion of beard; but he was still the slender, ineffectual and debonair Max of former days. He had eyes somewhat like Philip's, and an even more pronounced suggestion of the Habsburgs in the jaw and under lip. Moro's portrait of him in the *Museo del Prado* indicates a considerable resemblance between the two young men. But Maximilian lacked his cousin's dignity and poise. Philip's feet rested firmly on the ground, parallel and deliberate. Maximilian's turned out, with a suggestion of something careless and inconsequential. He was jovial and talkative, charmingly indiscreet, people said, in his confidences, the very pink of good fellowship. The jaunty commonplaceness of his whole person was reflected in the gay colors he wore so well, in the gaudy vertical stripes of his trunk hose and the horizontal slashes of his sleeves.

Philip, though of exactly the same age and much the same stature, was far more a personage. If the Imperial succession had depended on royal appearance instead of on the choice of the Electors, he might have considered the battle won. There was more of majesty in his severe black garments, set off only by a gold chain, than in all the bright feathers of his guest. His face was at once finer and stronger: the eyes more commanding and more alive with that hereditary energy that had taken the form of madness in his grandmother Juana, and of extreme irascibility in his small son Don Carlos; the lips fuller, but firmer and more determined; the face less narrow, the nose less gross, the ears more generous, the hands stronger and more shapely. In the presence of Maximilian a physique that seemed frail beside a rock of a man like Alba took on an appearance of vitality, of well-controlled virility.

If he found his cousin little changed in the outward man, he must have become aware, and that quickly, that the real Max concealed behind so much finery and frankness was different in some subtle intangible way. Two men may dislike each other for reasons of temperament or personal rivalry, and yet feel in each other a common something, larger than either, of which both are part, and on which both may safely stand.

In Europe for centuries most men of their class had shared this common ground, could assume the same principles, could breathe the same spiritual and cultural air. There was something in a Henry IV, even in his most recalcitrant moments, that almost any Christian would expect to lead him to the snows of Canossa, something in a Henry II even in his wrath that made conceivable the baring of his royal back to the thongs at Canterbury. All Christians were members of each other, imperfectly but profoundly. All sensed in one another a common purpose and direction—if not in life, then ultimately, at least, in death.

But a new thing had come into the world—rather, an old thing had returned from exile—which defied even the unity of death. It was a spirit that had been rigorously excluded from the training and the mind of Philip. From earliest childhood he had thought of himself as an integral part of a spiritual entity, unquestionable and indestructible. With Spanish logic and Spanish sincerity he had surrendered the forces of his mind and will so utterly to this unity on whose mighty periphery he stood, a mere human being though son to an Emperor, that he found any deviation from it in others abnormal and incomprehensible. Men who



were not part of that unity were working against it, whether they knew it or not. "He who is not with Me is against Me." The new dogma of private judgment had made each one who accepted it the center of his own universe, cut off from the past and in part from the future. It was this new orientation of the spirit, this traveling in a direction opposed to that of the Church Militant, that Philip felt in Maximilian, must inevitably have felt in him, and resented with all his soul.

Maximilian, on his part, distrusted Philip quite as much. To his more compromising spirit, fed upon the aspiration, so strong among Germans, to be free from any extraneous authority, political or religious, Philip's inflexible adherence to the Catholic idea must have been irritating, suffocating. There was something in that adamant confidence and repose of the mind which thought with the Church, to use the phrase of Saint Ignatius, that was almost a reproach and an accusation to the unorthodox.

Philip's gaze might be called centripetal, that of Maximilian centrifugal. Little wonder, then, that they did not see the same things. Philip saw in the Mass the Body and Blood of Christ offered to the Eternal Father as literally and as actually as on the Cross of Calvary. Did Maximilian still believe what Christians had held in the catacombs, and had died for in many places and many centuries? Or could he see nothing but a ceremony, a symbol?

One thing they saw with common eyes, however: the desirability, or the apparent desirability, of the Imperial crown. Philip seemed, at first view, to be the logical candidate. He was the son and heir of the Emperor. He had more intelligence and personality than Max. He had shown a precocious aptitude for administrative work, for judging and handling human beings and human problems. He himself had a son to insure the succession; yes, little Don Carlos with his big head and small feet might yet wear the mantle of Barbarossa.

It had already been decided that Philip should have the Netherlands. To make it possible to rule them, he must also have Germany and the Imperial prestige. For this he had the voice of Charles, of Mary, and even of Ferdinand. He could, to be sure, give up both the Burgundian lands and the Empire, and rule as a King of Spain whose empire would lie in the New World. This would be easier, more agreeable and less expensive. Spain was rich; Germany poor. With the Peninsula alone, rich and powerful, Philip could turn all his energies to the colonization of the Americas, north as well as south, and to the dissemination of the Catholic culture through the western hemisphere. It is easy to imagine how such a choice might change the history of the world.

What of Europe, though, in the meantime? Spain could hardly expect to remain Catholic forever if all the rest of Europe abandoned the Faith. Whether or not such a wholesale apostasy occurred might well depend upon the convictions of the next Emperor. Philip felt sure of himself. He had grave doubts about Maximilian, and with reason. Although the German Prince still outwardly conformed to the Catholic Faith, he had already become a Protestant in secret. The change in him had been accomplished quietly under the nose of King Ferdinand himself by the court preacher, Pfauser, who still posed as a Catholic. Maximilian's tutor, Wolfgang Severus, had completed the alienation of his mind from historic Christianity.

Whether Philip knew this at the time of his sister's marriage is questionable. But the difference in Maximilian could hardly have escaped his observant eyes. He must have divined that more than the fate of two young men of royal blood depended upon the coming election. The very future of Christianity in Europe and throughout the world might depend on who was Emperor. Under Philip the direction would be Catholic. Under Maximilian it would be Protestant; Protestant at first, and later whatever the new heresy might prove to be in essence.

If this lowered the desirability of Maximilian in the eyes of Philip, it was likely to be to his advantage in other quarters. The number of Protestant Imperial Electors had increased of late. Moreover, there were many persons of influence in the Imperial court who went to Mass and made a show of being Catholics in public, but in private were something quite other. If many were merely indifferent, a few important ones were active and insidious enemies of the Faith they pretended, for business or political reasons, to serve.

Most of the Emperor's councillors, in fact, were but nominal Catholics. His chief minister and adviser, Gattinara, was one of those who adopted the Erasmian heresy that Erasmus himself had fathered and then cast off. His chaplain, the noted Doctor Constantino Ponce de la Fuente, was already in secret communication with the followers of Luther, but at this period was so successful in carrying water on both shoulders that Prince Philip's chaplain, Calvete, could write enthusiastically that he was "a very great philosopher, a profound theologian, and one of the most notable pulpit orators of all time," and his book on Christian doctrine, later condemned by the Inquisition as heretical, was a favorite of the Emperor, to whom it was dedicated. Alonso Fonseca, Archbishop of Toledo, was accused before the Inquisition. Even the Inquisitor-General, Alonso Manrique, was known to have Erasmian tendencies. Juan Gil, who like Doctor Constantino was industriously though privately spreading anti-Catholic doctrines, was exerting a powerful influence at the University of Alcalá; yet Charles wished to make him Bishop of Tortosa, and finally rescued him from the Inquisition in 1550. Another secret Protestant was the Emperor's eloquent preacher, Agustin Cazalla, who went to Germany and the Netherlands with him. And his confessor, Juan de Quintana, had a brilliant young secretary named Michael Servetus, destined to found a new sect of Unitarians, and to be burned at the stake by Calvin for denying the dogma of the Trinity; perhaps instructed in his heresy, conjectures the Jewish historian Graetz, by the Marranos in Spain, if not one himself. Most of the secret friends of Protestantism in the Imperial court were, in fact, "New Christians" of Jewish descent.

Not even the Imperial family was immune from this insidious and disrupting influence. Ferdinand was a sincere Catholic in his blundering and selfish way, but there would be a different story to tell of his children and grandchildren. Indeed, his sister Mary of Hungary, was a conforming Catholic only because Charles had insisted that she give up her Lutheran views on becoming ruler of the Netherlands. Even Prince Philip might have become a Protestant if he had followed his desire at one time to take the great Doctor Constantino as his confessor. But his friend Ruy Gómez, who seems to have been better informed than most people, warned him against the Doctor, and suggested a less famous but more reliable guide.<sup>1</sup> Philip's sister Maria submitted to the spiritual direction of Fray Vicente de Rocamoro, seemingly a very holy and Christian priest; later this man threw off the mask of Catholicism and joined the Jewish community at Amsterdam under the name of Isaac of Rocamoro.

More than a century had passed since Ferdinand and Isabel had expelled the Jews from Spain. The people of the Peninsula were beginning to pay the price for that "purging," as it was called. It was not the price imagined by so many sentimental historians. Spain was not being ruined, as schoolchildren have been told, because the Jews took away their gold and their astute commercial minds. For the number of Jews who left—probably not over 160,000, it is now generally agreed—was small compared to those who remained in the country as Marranos, baptized Catholics, some sincere, others secretly observing the rites of Judaism. These latter kept their wealth and power, made new contacts, remained in communication with the more courageous Jews who were scattered throughout Europe.

The dispersion of the Jewish race, calamitous at the moment though it was, served, as usual, to increase Jewish power after a short time. This power sought and found new channels for its activity. Wherever it worked it strove, as in past times, to destroy Catholic Christianity. Where it could not openly attack, it endeavored to undermine and weaken the structure. Whatever may be said for the immediate political advantages of the expulsion of the Jews in 1492, it had failed in the long run and in a larger sense. Like all persecutions, it had proved of more benefit in the end to the victims than to the persecutors. Instead of expunging the evils for which it was invoked, it had merely translated them to a larger stage or driven them under cover, where they could flourish the more safely.

In short, no panacea had ever healed the Jewish aversion to Christianity, and ended the acts and policies that logically flowed therefrom, save pure undiluted Christianity itself. Saints like Vincent Ferrer had caused the genuine assimilation of thousands of Jews who enriched the Spanish mind and culture with a new vitality and depth; and to such an extent that Pope Adrian VI could speak of the whole Spanish nation as "the Jews." But the politicians with their expedients and compromises had left in the unconverted Jewish heart a natural human bitterness, with a thirst for revenge and a greater determination not to examine the claims of the Church.

Thus, while secret Jews wound themselves into the confidence of Charles and his very family, and sapped the foundations of the Faith he loved under cover of some of the new fashionable opinions from the north, the new Jewish communities at various strategic points in Europe were quietly building up greater empires of economic and political strength to oppose and to plague him and his successors. If the Emperor had put on the strong armor of sanctity which the Church, his wife and his conscience had often urged upon him, the result might have been different. But a Charles dallying with lusty Barbara Blomberg between fits of the gout and spurts of gluttony was no match for the Jews.

True it is, he had more than once taken fitful human steps to protect his dominions from the Jews and Marranos. Returning victorious from Algiers he had wrung from a reluctant Pope Paul III, whose kindness to the Jews was notorious, permission to revive the Inquisition in Portugal in 1531. There had been bad harvests, famine and plague. As the Jewish historian Graetz puts it, "It was commonly said, 'The baptized Jews are grain speculators; they make the necessities of life dear, and export grain to foreign countries.' The person most hated was John Rodrigo Mascarenhas, the farmer of taxes, and through him all the Marranos incurred hatred."<sup>2</sup>

Large numbers of the secret Jews fled to France, especially to those centers where the population already included an unsuspected number of Jews—Bordeaux, Bayonne, Nantes, La-Rochelle, Toulouse, Rouen—cities that had been strangely hospitable to the Albigensian heresy, and now nourished that of the Huguenots, and in time would furnish a good soil for liberalism and communism. Still others made their way to augment the hidden "cells" of Judaism in the Netherlands, and Charles permitted them to settle there. His natural tolerance permitted the Inquisition to lag, and the peace and order he maintained were ideal for commercial activities.

The Jews availed themselves of their opportunity. In less than a generation they had made Antwerp the center of world trade and finance. There at the convergence of great waterways were dumped for their benefit the goods from the rivers of south and central Germany, from the Baltic and the Sound, from the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts, and from the Indies of both Spain and Portugal. The Jewish merchant who came and went as a "Lombard," a "Genoese," and an "Italian," or more commonly a "Portuguese" had found a new earthly paradise. He was not long in rebuilding the Jewish commercial supremacy of the Middle Ages, which had been shattered, or at least greatly restricted, by the rising of the guilds of Christian workmen.<sup>3</sup>

This restoration was hastened, oddly enough, by the expulsion of the Jews from Spain in 1492, and from Portugal in 1496. Jews then fled to England, to eastern Europe, to Africa. Many went to Turkey. On the way thither, through France and Italy, they founded or fortified Jewish communities at Lyons, Ferrara, Rome, Turin, Venice, Ancona. They went to Ragusa, to



Salonika, to Constantinople, and south to Suez and Cairo. This, as Dr. Lucien Wolf reminds us, was the line of the overland trade to the Indies.

"It was largely on the brokerages of that trade," adds Dr. Wolf, "and in some cases on direct imports from their correspondents and coreligionists in Basora and South West Hindustan, that the exiles lived. With the opening of the sea route to India by the Portuguese navigators, these migrations became deflected northward. For the distribution of the great quantities of Indian produce and merchandise which now accumulated in Lisbon, a powerful syndicate was formed in that city by the great Marrano mercantile and banking house of Francisco and Diogo Mendes, who established for the purpose warehouses and 'comptors' in Antwerp under the management of Diogo.<sup>4</sup> The firm and their partners, chiefly the Italian Affaitati, enjoyed a monopoly of the distributing trade in the north, competing with the Fuggers and the Hanseatic League, who had previously enjoyed a similar monopoly in regard to the overland trade . . . The Mendes house flourished exceedingly, and in the wake of Diogo many of his relations and other Marranos settled in Antwerp. It was not long before agents of the 'Spice Trust,' as it was called, were sent to England. The earliest seems to have been one George Añes, formerly of Valladolid, in Spain . . . Commercial relations existed between England and the Mendez Trust before 1525 and they were so important that, when Diogo Mendez was arrested in 1532 for Judaism, Henry VIII intervened for his protection."<sup>5</sup>

This Jewish Spice Trust of Antwerp and Lisbon played so important a part in the history of the sixteenth century that it is difficult to understand the silence of most modern historians as to its activities. From Jewish records, however, it is apparent, even allowing for a little boasting, that they were enormous. Not only did these secret Jews collect a toll on goods consumed in every corner in Europe, and at both ends of the line of distribution, but they exercised an incalculable influence upon the social, political and religious life of the people among whom they moved. "In each important commercial center there must have been . . . a good proportion of merchants from Spain and Portugal . . . Indeed, there were good reasons at that time for suspecting that such a member of the Iberian commercial establishments in Europe or in the colonies was a *Marrano*."<sup>6</sup>

The Spice Trust was also a usury syndicate on a large scale. Money-lending had served the Jews well during the eclipse of their commercial empire in the period of the Guilds, and it remained a source of great profit. Perhaps this partly explains also the commercial bent of the Calvinistic communities. At any rate, a new international bank of world-wide ramifications had arisen. The House of Mendes, or Nasi, as it came to be called, was already encroaching on the empire of the Catholic Fuggers, who had financed the election of Charles and once tore up a note of his when he was in difficulties. The Fuggers were usurers, in the light of Catholic principles, quite as much as the Jews were. But Mendes generally got higher interest.

Diogo Mendes, head of the Antwerp Branch of this banking house, had a wife named Gracia, known as the Esther of her time, and an inveterate foe of the Church Catholic. She had fled to Antwerp with her daughter Reyna and her nephew, João or Joseph Miques. This Joseph was a young man of uncommon charm and adroitness. It was not long before he had many of the most influential young noblemen of the Netherlands in his debt. The Emperor himself owed him a large sum for two years. The Emperor's sister Mary gave him her favor and protection, and threw the weight of her advice against the enforcement of the Inquisition. Joseph Nasi, as he began calling himself after a while, married Reyna. He was on his way to becoming a sort of uncrowned king of the Jews. He and his relatives might be called the Rothschilds of the sixteenth century.<sup>7</sup>

Joseph Miques and his associates in the Spice Trust found it convenient in the then state of Europe to build up a vast and elaborate system of spies, stretching from England to Constantinople, and obviously a weapon of the greatest political as well as economic importance. Spice ships from Portugal, and others laden with immigrants for the Netherlands, would first land at an English port, where Jewish messengers from London with the latest news from the continent would meet them and tell them whether the coast was clear. If not, they would disembark, usually at Hampton (now Southampton), proceed to London, and wait a favorable chance to continue their journey to Antwerp. The chief link in the chain of espionage at London was a Marrano merchant named Christopher Fernandes. A money-changer named Antonio de Loroingue conducted a brisk trade selling bills on Antwerp to the voyagers, for they were not allowed to carry Portuguese money out of England.

When the Emperor at last saw what was going on in his northern dominions, it was too late to do much about it. Indeed, he himself had played into the hands of the Jews only too effectively when, under severe financial stress in 1529, he had mortgaged his interest in the Moluccas, whose wealth Magellan had opened up for him. The monopoly of the spice trade thus passed to Portugal, and thence to the power of the Jews. As late as 1548 the Castilian Cortes petitioned Charles to resume this great alienated treasure; but Charles' necessities forbade.

In 1540 Charles was alarmed by information reaching him that the Marranos he had allowed to settle in Antwerp were proselytizing against the Christian religion. He ordered his officials there to arrest all "New Christians" suspected of judaizing, and to punish any who failed to denounce them. At the end of the year a group of Marranos, men, women, and children, were tried at Middelbourg, and compelled to take an oath that they were truly Catholics and would remain so. The international character of the movement under investigation is illustrated by the fact that one of the accused, Thomas Fernandes of Viana, had been born in Ireland. In 1542 the Bohemian Diet banished all Jews from Bohemia on the ground that they were supplying to the Turks information about Christian military preparations. The exiles went to Poland or Turkey. Three years later, during his siege of Metz, Charles was informed that Marranos from Spain and Portugal were secretly shipping arms and munitions to the



Turks, for use against Christendom and the Empire. He ordered the arrest of suspected merchants in Germany, Italy and elsewhere, and the confiscation of the goods of the guilty.<sup>8</sup> In 1549 he expelled the Marranos from Antwerp. Many, of course, remained as "Catholics." Others migrated to England as "Protestants."

Philip, even at this period, saw the Jewish situation more realistically than Charles did. Hence it was already believed among Jews and Protestants that, when he succeeded Charles, the Inquisition would come to life again both in Spain and in the Netherlands. It is still the fashion for historians to explain gravely that this was because Philip was Spanish in temperament and education while Charles was cosmopolitan. It would be nearer the truth to say that the Prince was beginning to see the two cosmopolitan forces at work in that sixteenth-century world: the internationalism of the Catholic Church, and the internationalism of the Jews.

Philip, growing up under the eyes of the most intelligent and uncorrupted clergy, on the whole, in the world, thought more with the Church, and less in grooves suggested by the Jews. His precocious distrust of the Marranos may have owed something to the teachings of Dr. Siliceo. At any rate, one of the first acts of Philip's old tutor on becoming Archbishop of Toledo had been to exclude all priests of Jewish descent from the chapter of the Holy Church there. "For this race," explains the contemporary chronicler Sandoval, with a strange mixture of prejudice and charity, "is so malignant that it takes scarcely one to unsettle many. Christian charity does not forbid us to embrace all who may sin mortally, and I know that in the sight of God there is no distinction between Gentile and Jew, for One Alone is Lord of all. But who can deny that there persists and endures in the descendants of Jews the evil tendency of their ancient ingratitude and ill understanding, as in the Negroes the inseparable accident of their blackness? For if these mate with white wives a thousand times, the children are born with the dark color of their fathers. So with the Jews it is not enough to be three parts *hidalgo* or Christian of the old stock, but the slightest provocation serves to pervert them and make them to all intents and purposes Jews, extremely dangerous in communities."<sup>9</sup>



## PHILIP II

BY TITIAN, NOW IN THE MUSEO NAZIONALE, NAPLES.

Thus the Spanish patriot, even in the stress of his age-long struggle with Mohammedan and Jew, saw clearly the mind of the Church—"in the sight of God there is no distinction between Gentile and Jew"—but often did violence to the principle in the name of expediency. To justify what must appear to the modern Catholic as an unchristian discrimination, he would plead that it was better to exclude a whole race than to allow an entire community to lose the Faith. He seems to have been singularly blind to the possibility of ousting any priest who became heretical, whether of Jewish descent or not, on that safe ground alone, without reference to race. This, in fact, is what the Inquisition attempted.

The newly founded Society of Jesus had the same dilemma to face. Saint Ignatius made no racial distinctions. His secretary Polanco, the only person present at his deathbed, was of Jewish descent. So was Lainez, one of his first and greatest converts, who brought back thousands to the Catholic Faith, and succeeded the Saint as General of the order. In a short time, as the young Jesuit organization became a power for Catholic reform and propaganda, Jews were attracted to it, as they are always attracted to centers of influence, in such numbers that it was found difficult to keep out those who wished to destroy the order and the Church under pretext of working for them. Thus a nephew of the great and Catholic Jew Polanco followed him into the Society, and caused such difficulties and dissensions that for years he nearly drove his superiors to despair.<sup>10</sup>

Philip at twenty-one took the traditional Spanish Catholic view of this problem. The world in his view was divided into two principal parts: Christendom, the kingdom of Christ on earth, of which Spain had been, was, and would be the chief defender; and the kingdom of antichrist, growing up like tares in the field of wheat, a tacit federation of Jews, Marranos, Mohammedans, the various squabbling sects of Protestants, and the lukewarm or fatuously blind or hypocritical Catholics boring from within to the advantage of the enemy without. It is probable enough that he considered his cousin Maximilian in this hostile camp, and therefore separated by a great spiritual gulf. Nevertheless, it was the Emperor's wish that the German prince be married to Maria as soon as possible. Philip, putting his own feelings aside, hastened with all courtesy to arrange a magnificent royal wedding.

As soon as he learned that Maximilian had reached Olivares, five leagues from Madrid, he hurried to meet him, and to give him, according to Calvete, "one of the greatest receptions that any prince ever received." On September seventeenth, 1548, he escorted him back to the city "with fitting love and courtesy." That evening, in the ancient palace where Ferdinand and Isabel had been married in defiance of King Henry IV, Maximilian and Maria were pronounced man and wife by Cardinal Madruccio of Trent, a Prince of the Empire, with Philip and Juana as the *padrinos*.<sup>11</sup> Next morning the Cardinal said Mass, and veiled the bride and bridegroom. The usual feasts, tourneys, bull-fights, games and gorgeous Renaissance banquets followed, with all the new Flemish ostentation that Philip detested. Three or four days after the wedding a comedy of Ariosto was presented—possibly *La Cassaria* or *La Lena*. It was the first recorded performance of an Italian comedy in Spain; and the first known use in Spain of the scenic contraptions of the Renaissance. Hence, perhaps, the failure of Calvete to tell us the name of the play. There is no evidence at this period of that dislike for the theatre which has been attributed to Philip.<sup>12</sup>

While he was entertaining Maximilian, and covering with Castilian courtesy both his dislike and his eagerness to be off on his journey, he was making preparations to depart. More than once he must have retired to his own chamber, safe from the prying eyes of majordomos, chamberlains, and varlets of sundry degrees, to read over a letter written by the Emperor during the summer and delivered at Alcalá during the *fiestas*. It was a long document, covering several pages of parchment, sealed with lead: a document of utmost importance. It contained the advice of the ablest ruler of his time, at a moment when he believed himself face to face with death. For all Philip knew, his father might even then be dead.

"Son," the Emperor began simply, in his vigorous colloquial style, "since the labors I have passed through have brought back upon me certain diseases, and lately I have found myself in danger of my life, considering what might befall me according to God's will, it has seemed good to me to advise you in this letter what I should wish in such a case. . . . For the chief and firm foundation of your good governing you ought always acknowledge that all your being and welfare come from the infinite mercy of God, and submit your desires and actions to His will . . . And that He may enlighten you and be most propitious, you ought to hold always very dear the observance, support and defense of Our Holy Catholic Faith . . . favoring due justice, and commanding that it be enforced scrupulously, without respect of persons, and against all suspicious and guilty ones, taking care to oppose by all ways and means you can with law and reason the heresies and sects contrary to our ancient faith and religion." . . .

He advised Philip to cultivate the friendship of his Uncle Ferdinand, who would be next Emperor, and to labor with him for a General Council of the Church; always to be obedient to the Holy Apostolic See, and to respect it; and if under pretext or shadow of it there should be any abuse or encroachment to his prejudice, to seek redress "with due reverence and without causing scandal." He should take great care that the churches, dignities and benefices whose nomination belonged to him should be filled with "persons of learning, experience, good life and example . . . And since the thing that God has most commended to us is peace, without which He cannot be well served, besides those other infinite troubles that wars bring and are followed by, you ought always to avoid them by all possible ways and means, and never enter upon them except by compulsion, and when God and the world know and see that you can do no less."

This was all the more necessary for Philip because the kingdoms he would rule were now weary and exhausted by the recent wars, "to which I have always been forced for their defense, and to prevent their oppression." And because this alone



was Charles' motive, "God has aided me so that I have not only kept them, but have added to them." He had always been careful not to drain money from his lands, and he charged Philip to avoid it absolutely, except perhaps in Flanders, which was rich and should aid against the Turks and the Lutherans.

As for the five-year truce with the Mohammedans, which the Emperor had arranged with the General Council in view, Philip should observe it scrupulously on his side, and keep good faith with all men, whether they were infidels or others. He should not rest content with keeping the Turk out of his own lands, but should help to exclude them from Germany, and especially from Italy, "so that the French will have no excuse to disturb and trouble Christendom as they have done in the past." As for Pope Paul III, Charles complained of his bad treatment in the past war, and in the matter of a General Council. But Philip should treat the Pope "not according to his acts, but with the respect due his office."<sup>13</sup>

Such were the considerations that filled the mind of the sick Emperor. All the problems that had tormented him for thirty years were now reduced to a few tremendous necessities: serving God and the Church; the reform of the Church, with the end of German Protestantism, especially, in view; the need of peace, and its improbability; a just balancing of the rights of the Holy See and those of the Spanish Crown; and money—always money. There was nothing, however, about the situations that would give most trouble to his son: the financial and economic affairs of Spain; the danger to arise from the permanent alienation of England from the Catholic unity; the danger that France, already more deeply penetrated by heresy than Charles realized, might also join the enemy; the simultaneous growth of heretical and Jewish powers in the Netherlands. Nothing was said of any opposition to Philip's being Emperor after the death of Ferdinand, or of the tremendous anti-Catholic forces which would pit his cousin Maximilian against him in the hope of transferring all Middle Europe and Germany from the Catholic to the anti-Catholic side. Charles could not foresee all this. Neither, at that time, could Philip.

The galleys of Doria, in which Maximilian had come from Italy, were waiting for him at Barcelona. The season of storms had come, and people were saying that it would be better to wait until spring. But Philip refused to consider a postponement. While the marriage festivities were still in progress, he sent his fine stud of horses, his pages, "and other household *impedimentos*" ahead to the eastern coast, and with them orders that fresh mounts be held in readiness at each post.

One more difficulty remained to dispose of before he could leave. The Cortes was in session in Valladolid, and Philip had to ask the *procuradores* for the money to pay for his journey. They objected to the expense, they objected to the loss of trade his absence would cause, and, above all, they objected to absentee rulership. It was bad enough that Charles had spent so much on his Burgundian court and his wars, but even worse that he had lived so much out of Spain. They hoped Philip was not going to follow his bad example. Spain was good enough for them. They wished a Spanish monarch who would live in Spain and attend to its affairs.

It required all of the Prince's tact and insistence to get what he wanted. If he had not been so popular he might have asked in vain. It was October first before he was able to send his *correo mayor* ahead with the news that he was about to leave. Next morning at the head of a gallant and sparkling company, he rode through the gates of Valladolid and down into the open country. With the best horses in Spain, fresh at every post, it took him five days to ride at top speed from Valladolid to Zaragoza, and twelve to reach the port of Barcelona; one day, in the teeth of a drenching rain and a howling tempest. On the night of the fifth day they entered Zaragoza.

On October tenth, in the afternoon, they came within sight of the monastery of Our Lady of Monserrate, clinging to the green-covered side of that holy mountain where the Blessed Virgin had appeared to the eyes of men, and had confirmed her apparition with marvels and cures. A miraculous statue of her and the Child Jesus had been venerated there for centuries, except in those moments of peril when the monks hid it away from the Moors, as they were to do from liberal-masonic foes in the nineteenth century and from communists in the twentieth. It was at the feet of that statue that Ignatius Loyola laid his sword, and first dreamed of his Company.

Philip was in a tremendous hurry, but it would never have occurred to him to rush by so holy a place without stopping to pray and to confess his sins. "Offering gifts and alms, he commended himself to Our Lady, and begged for good success for his voyage," and left for Barcelona. They went for supper and entertainment to the house of Dona Estefania de Requesens, a widow lately married to Philip's old fencing master, Don Juan de Zuñiga; "a woman so excellent and rare," adds Calvete, "that she needed only to have lived in past times to be celebrated and kept in perpetual memory." After three days in Barcelona Philip went to Rosas, where the fleet was waiting.

His father had once said that he never felt so much like an Emperor as when going up that grand sweep of stairs in the Alcázar at Toledo. Philip must have realized what it meant to be born to rule when he saw glittering and rolling in the afternoon sunshine, the great Imperial fleet, drawn up in battle order. Over the dark hulls of the vessels of many nations fluttered a multitude of banners, standards, pennons and streamers and gonfalons of crimson damask worked with gold and silver, and of divers other colors, and over all the arms of the Holy Roman Empire and of Holy Spain. The admiral of the fleet, Prince Andrea Doria of Genoa, with many other Genoese gentlemen, came ashore to receive him. Cabrera, who otherwise follows the narrative of Calvete, puts in here on his own account that Doria was so impressed by the majestic and handsome appearance of Philip that he turned his eyes to Heaven, and cried, "*Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, quia viderunt oculi met salutare tuum!*"

The artillery of the fleet welcomed Prince Philip with firing "so fast and furious that it appeared that Heaven and earth were being overwhelmed with thunder and fire."<sup>14</sup> Trumpets and clarions then sounded from one end of the fleet to the other, "with much concert and harmony." As Philip arrived at the *bastarda*, he heard "a very soft music of minstrels and other instruments without cease," until he stepped on the tapestried deck, to review the whole fleet. The sea was as calm and smooth as a mirror. But that night a furious wind blew up, with heavy rain, "so that it appeared the elements had conspired to prevent the voyage." The sea ran so high that many of the ships were in danger of foundering or crashing on the rocks, and had to seek harbor where they could. Many of the crews went ashore, but found the rivers and arroyos in flood, cutting off the roads and leaving Prince Philip marooned in Castellón for eleven days. "His Highness did not waste the time, but gave his constant attention to carrying on and finishing many matters pertaining to the public good of the kingdoms of Spain."<sup>15</sup>

Not until October thirty-first did the sea grow quiet enough to permit embarkation. It was no simple task to store a fleet of fifty-eight galleys with the supplies, luggage, accoutrements and accessories of a whole court. "One might say with truth that this assembly was a great part of the young cavaliers of Spain and sons of her grandees and chief lords and knights." The Prince's sixty horses and his wardrobe required a separate galley, his chapel and his pages a third. Each of the great lords had a galley. The Cardinal of Trent had one for his person and another for the gentlemen and attendants of his household. There was much shouting of men, blowing of horns, neighing of horses. In less than forty-eight hours the huge fleet was loaded and ready to sail.

A glance at the list of Duarte, the Commissary-general, which Calvete prints in fragments, would give a good cross-section view of the whole life and culture of Spain almost at the height of her glory. If the noblest and most ancient houses were represented, so were the trades, arts, and professions, and all that vast and teeming intellectuality which made the Spanish universities so illustrious. Soldiers, sailors, scientists, poets, theologians, musicians, sculptors and painters, a Papal nuncio and other bishops, the blind organist Cabezon; a painter and illuminator of surpassing cunning, Diego de Arroyo, "whom none of our age surpass in illumination and painting"—and many others of whom Calvete forbears to write, "for their excellence is such that the other nations understand that today in Spain there flourish not only military science and skill in arms, but also letters and the liberal and mechanical arts,"—all the world, it might be said, was represented on those galleys of the Emperor, including not a few distinguished Marranos, such as Doctor Constantino. But at last the men, horses and provisions of various sorts were safely stowed, the wind was favorable, and all made ready. On November first, All Saints' Day, Philip heard Mass at the church of Castellón. "The divine office was rendered with great solemnity, and Doctor Constantino preached as excellently as ever."<sup>16</sup>

The slender sickle of a new moon was in the western sky, over the Catalanian mountains. The scene was lovely and peaceful. But old sailors saw in the moon certain signs, says Calvete (without telling what) that the weather would not be favorable. On November second, the sea was calm enough, and the huge galley of the Prince spread her brown wings and floated majestically out into the open sea, with all the others following. It was the custom then, as it has been even in modern times, for Spanish sailors, in whatever waters they chanced to be, to chant in chorus the beautiful *Salve, Regina*, as a vesper hymn to the Blessed Virgin, when daylight left the sea. So it was with Philip's first day on shipboard.

It took him twenty-five days to go from the eastern coast of Spain to Genoa. He narrowly escaped being killed by a falling rock at Elna. On November seventh the weather was so foul that the galleys had to use their oars, and the prospect was so bad that old sailors wished either to wait for the storms to pass or to return to Spain. Philip alone was determined to go on, knowing that the delay meant the postponement of his voyage until the following spring. "The royal spirit of the Prince was well revealed, for only his constancy and firmness that day gave them all courage to continue the voyage . . . And they all knew much more the grandeur of soul with which God had endowed him, when, as the sea became very high and furious, and the *galera bastarda* began to roll so badly that it was necessary for other galleys to throw out ropes to her, and three on each side of her shielded her from the waves, steadying her lest she overturn, he, although warned and implored to pass into another galley, refused to leave the one in which he was."<sup>17</sup>

At the isles of Eras they ran into more stormy weather, which continued so long that their food ran short, and even hardtack became scarce. When they passed Monago, the winds began to howl again, and they had to row furiously in the teeth of a storm to make Portomorisi. But on November twenty-fourth a Genoese galley appeared. On the following Sunday a cry of joy arose from ship after ship as the beautiful shore of Genoa appeared, with gardens full of orange and olive trees, and little villages and pleasure houses standing out amid the greenery.

The fleet entered the harbor in battle order. As guns thundered from the castles and the city walls, Philip descended a ladder into a small boat, and went ashore to the gorgeous palace of Doria, the King of the Sea. At every street he passed under a triumphal arch emblazoned with the sententious wisdom and fulsome Roman flattery of the Renaissance. He saw a representation of himself riding in a triumphal car with Virtue, to whom he was saying,

"Virtue, where goest thou without me?" while some old men, kneeling before him, answered,

"His deeds befit the words!"

And at the feet of the armed Prince were none other than Venus and her blind bow-boy, with the inscription,

"True Domination."



It does not appear whether this referred to the rumors of negotiations for a second marriage with another Portuguese cousin or with Mary Tudor, or to those whisperings (still unverified) that he had a mistress, or a morganatic wife, named Doña Isabel Osorio. There were added to this picture, for good measure, the persons of King Artaxerxes of Persia, Publius Scipio, the nymph Amalthea, some Centaurs, and Hercules, killing one of them.

Doria's palace, with its magnificent view of the harbor and the sea, was undoubtedly one of the most beautiful in the world. Its gardens were rare, its fountains exquisite, its marble walks and monuments marvelously wrought by the most cunning artists. Deep within its almost oriental luxury and quiet, Prince Philip had an apartment adorned with incredible tapestries of gold and silk, "on which were worked all the stories that the poets tell of Jupiter."<sup>18</sup> There was a canopy of mulberry-colored velvet bordered with brocade and fringed with gold, and in the midst, the Imperial escutcheon with the royal arms of Spain, worked on cloth of gold and silver. Within there were chambers and antechambers "and a wardrobe with its closets"—all soft with silks and splendid with cloth of gold. The Duke of Alba's quarters, adjoining those of the Prince, were similarly hung with tapestries and cloth of gold, and the silks there were of Moorish manufacture, from Granada.

The chroniclers considered it worthy of mention that Doria would allow his guests to use nothing but of his provision. And they marveled especially at the service, which was "so silent that the men who performed it were not heard or felt, but it appeared as if the service was done by itself; as they are wont to tell of the time when tables were set by enchantment."<sup>19</sup>

The objectivity of these sixteenth-century narrators is irritating to the modern reader. A few pages from a diary by Philip, setting down what he thought of all this Arabian Nights atmosphere, would be more than welcome. But there is no diary. What is known is that Philip, at every period of his life, manifested a hearty dislike for vanity and effusion of all sorts. He hated flattery and flatterers. His own tastes and habits were simple. It may be legitimate to imagine him, therefore, sighing wearily as he sank into the silks of his gilded couch, and wishing for the comparative but rich simplicity of the palace at Aranjuez, where he used to hear the nightingales in the orange trees on summer nights; or for the severe dignity of Valladolid.

During his fifteen days in Genoa there were continual feasts and fireworks. Potentates came from all parts of Italy to visit the son of their overlord. Papal nuncios called to observe and went away to report. Rich gifts of beasts, jewels, silks, velvets accumulated, and 13,000 *scudi*, a most useful present, arrived from Messina. Ottavio Farnese brought from his uncle, Pope Paul III, a sword and hat blessed by His Holiness on Christmas Eve, with the hope that Philip might one day be "the true champion of Holy Church."

Yet all this while Philip was in a sense a prisoner in his gilded cage. He was so busy receiving the countless ambassadors, prelates, lords, friends and petitioners that he could not leave the palace until December sixth. Besides, Calvete adds naively, the Seignory asked him not to appear in public until they had finished the triumphal arches being raised throughout the city for his reception! Possibly, too, the Imperial visitor was not as welcome among the Genoese as the Emperor was led to believe. Many Italians hated the lordly Spanish quite as much as they detested the French. The depth of this resentment became apparent the first week in December, when one of the Spanish soldiers killed a native of the city. The citizens seized their arms and poured into the streets with a furious uproar. Two or three riots resulted. One of them almost developed into a pitched battle between the Spaniards and the Genoese; but Prince Philip appeased the latter by having a young Spanish noble arrested and sent back to Spain.

He was not sorry to get away from Genoa. Milan was better; the people welcomed him with almost delirious ostentation December twentieth. Although he was ill there for two days, he appeared very happy during the round of Christmas festivities, danced with evident enjoyment, and won all hearts by his graciousness and liberality. The Princess of Ascoli, wife of the Governor, gave a splendid ball in his honor. Philip showed his appreciation by sending her a diamond worth 5,000 ducats, with a string of rubies, pearls and diamonds for her daughter. Wherever he went, indeed, his liberality was praised. Even the Italian Protestant chronicler Gregorio Leti, whose account of Philip is not always flattering, marvels at his "infinite acts of generous beneficence."<sup>20</sup>

To most Italians he seemed the very perfection of a humanist prince. They spoke of his gracious manners, his unfailing patience, his grave but good-humored courtesy on all occasions, his temperance in eating and drinking, his courage in moments of danger and his intense dislike of all unnecessary violence, his intelligent appreciation of music, architecture and painting, his joy in the comedies of the Divine Ludovico that were presented for him at Milano, his tact in turning bores and office-seekers aside with polite but non-committal replies when they begged him to get the Emperor to do this or that. In a youth of twenty-one such qualities, united to a sincere but unostentatious piety, seemed to promise a future Emperor who would love and understand Italy better than Ferdinand or Charles had done. On the first day of the New Year the Milanese showed their admiration by giving him 20,000 *scudi* in gold. Venetian observers criticized his gravity; but that was to be expected. After another short illness, he left the Lombard city, January eighth, 1549, and continued the tiresome journey on horseback, with an escort of Imperial troops, to Mantua and Villafranca. Thence through the Tyrol he proceeded to Namur.

It was a different world into which he was going, and one of which he had had no experience. With his Latin distaste for German, a barbarous jargon to his ear, and with his Englishman's awkwardness with all foreign tongues, he was isolated, to a degree unforeseen by the Emperor, from the minds of the northern men he was to rule. Though he held his own audiences and made his own decisions, speaking in Latin and being answered in French, which he understood well, Alba had to be always at



his side on public occasions. This pleased the Flemings very little. The very virtues that endeared him to well-bred Italians and Spaniards won him the dislike of the Netherlanders, and even more so of the Germans.

The glib assumption of so many prejudiced historians, repeated with parrot-like stupidity from century to century,—"he was never seen to smile," "his aspect was sour and forbidding"—may be dismissed as inconsistent with much reliable contemporary evidence to the contrary. There was some lack of sympathy between Philip and his father's northern subjects, and it is more to his credit than to theirs. We have Luther's word for the orgies of gluttony, drunkenness and lasciviousness that followed his liberation of the northern man from the trammels of Roman culture, and there was not much exaggeration in the report of a Venetian ambassador that, among the Germans, overeating was considered a virtue, and cupidity, among the Calvinists especially, a synonym for superior industry; and that when a German was sober, he was thought to be ill. To Charles, born and reared in the Netherlands, this was all natural enough, and the Flemings liked him all the better for his huge feeding and drinking, and his hearty familiarity.

But Philip, to whom beer was an unknown and sour concoction, and wine something to take a little of with one's meals, found men very offensive who urged him to try what he detested, and to drink more than he wanted of what he liked. Not only was he Spanish in his temperance; he had literally no stomach for that sort of thing. Nothing but a remarkable filial devotion could have overcome his disgust. When Charles told him he ought to drink more wine in public, he obediently made the attempt, and was sick in consequence. It is no wonder that the Flemings, as Cabrera ruefully acknowledges, liked him less than they liked the Emperor. The very popularity of his father made the son less agreeable, by contrast, to good fat Dutchmen and Walloons with skins stuffed out like sausages.

Another disadvantage which is overlooked by Prescott and his imitators, even to our day, was the knowledge, which gossip had carried before him, that in religion, then a burning issue in the north, Philip was already an uncompromising Catholic who could be depended upon, if he became Emperor, to use all his influence against Protestantism. What is commonly forgotten is that the spirit which hated the Catholic Church used the same means then as today to draw men of influence and power within its circle. Failing to proselytize them, it turned upon them an extraordinary power of calumny, working through many channels of public and secret propaganda, exaggerating their faults, misrepresenting what was good in them, and so, if possible, preventing impartial or neutral minds from giving them even a hearing.

It is hardly to be imagined that this spirit, so evident in every age, failed to undermine Philip's reputation as soon as he appeared on that northern battlefield of religious ideas. The Jews and Marranos who had become a political and financial power there, who had influenced Mary of Hungary against the Inquisition, and "had offered mountains of gold to the Flemings"<sup>21</sup> to suppress it throughout the reign of Charles, were hardly likely to welcome the pupil of Dr. Siliceo, or to make smooth his path any more than expediency demanded.

They were already in control of a great part of the new printing industry. They were already publishing thousands of Protestant Bibles and tracts in the Netherlands, for secret distribution in France, Italy, and even in Spain. And they were already circulating whispers discreditable to Philip. Add to this the denunciatory powers of the "reformed" preachers. Add to it the political animus of the French ambassadors, to whom some of the slighting remarks about the Prince at Brussels are surely traceable. Add to it also the strong undercurrent of German Protestant intrigue, which already sensed the utility of placing Maximilian rather than his cousin on the Imperial throne. Add all this, and it becomes evident enough that the cards were pretty well stacked against the visitor before he arrived, and that the warmth and magnificence of his public receptions were a tribute to the Emperor rather than to him.

This was especially noticeable when he entered Brussels on the first day of April. The Emperor had recovered sufficiently to leave Augsburg, and had come to establish his capital there for the nonce. The whole court was with him, to the joy of tradesmen and moneylenders. With him also were his sisters, Queen Mary of Hungary and Queen Eleanor of France. The whole city, therefore, made a Roman holiday of Philip's arrival. The crowds that surrounded him were so large and affectionate that it took him until night to make his way to the palace. There he was greeted by his royal aunts and subjected to the usual family inspection of a grown-up nephew last seen in skirts. It is hardly to be supposed that he enjoyed this, especially as the attitude of his aunts was somewhat critical. "He seemed to them small of body, compared to the Germans," wrote Cabrera, adding, with Spanish loyalty, "as if the human body were not a cage, which the soul inhabits so briefly and narrowly, and yet on taking flight, finds the circuit of the sky itself too small!"<sup>22</sup>

Queen Mary of Hungary, in particular, with her shallow views of a "broad-minded" Catholic, must have made Philip wish that he was back in Spain, where he could talk and laugh freely and not be misunderstood. One imagines him taking refuge in silence, and giving her more than one of his oblique looks, like those of an artist studying the lines and colors of some new and interesting object. She was a very small, spare woman of forty-five, with a thick underlip and a dark fringe of moustache on her upper one; always moving, talking, never at rest; with a mannish walk and a mannish voice, and a pontifical assurance in expressing opinions. She had read widely but not thoughtfully. An expert horsewoman, she hunted much, and had an unerring aim with a cross-bow. She was almost everything that Philip disliked in a woman.

So he was not as large as the Germans! This did not make him esteem either the Germans or his Aunt Mary any better.

He made a great effort, however, to please the people of Brussels, and seems to have succeeded. The populace,

strongly Catholic, liked and admired him, even if he said little and laughed less.<sup>23</sup> According to Gregorio Leti, he was received there with extraordinary affection, "and all the more since they saw him at the age of twenty-two, endowed with grave discourse, skilful in his replies, mature in his deliberations, easily comprehending the most difficult matters, prudent in speaking his opinion in affairs of importance, judicious, and no less informed of the intrigues of the world than any other politician of long experience, possessing, in fact, all the qualities of a great king; on which account the Emperor, from that moment when he found him thus advanced since they had last met, began to take counsel with him on all the most weighty affairs of the Empire and the monarchy."<sup>24</sup>

Philip was naturally at a disadvantage with heavier and stronger men in tournaments, yet he played his part with courage and spirit. On two occasions, in the great park of the palace beyond the gardens and the labyrinth, he received the prize for jousting. He won the splendid ruby offered in the Tourney for the Ladies, in which he broke lances gallantly with the German Count Manzfelt, one of the most renowned soldiers of Europe, "the shock flinging the pieces high in the air, while the people roared approval, and the Emperor and the Queens rejoiced, seeing his son so good a cavalier."<sup>25</sup>

At another tourney Philip was knocked off his horse by a young man whom he later raised to high command: Don Luis de Requesens, son of his old tutor Zuñiga and the incomparable Lady Estafania. To the consternation of the Emperor and the great crowd, the Prince lay stretched on the field as if dead, and was carried away unconscious. He came to, none the worse, and returned to the tilting yard on various occasions, notably on March fifteenth of the following year, when he won another prize in the palace park at Brussels, "breaking his lances," says Cabrera, "with gallantry and skill."

Notwithstanding all this, the prejudice that was beginning to create a black legend about his name has curiously persisted in misrepresenting his conduct in the tournament. Major Hume, relating the praises of "his courtly chroniclers," such as Calvete, says that "less partial judges do not scruple to say that at one of the tourneys during his stay in Germany on his way home 'no one did so badly as the Prince,' who was never able 'to break a lance.'" He neglects to add that this was part of a spiteful report by the French ambassador, who had a political interest in depreciating Philip's stock.

Prescott is more fair in warning the reader against the animus of Marillac; but he cannot resist putting in gratuitously, "Whatever may have been Philip's success in these chivalrous displays, it is quite certain that they were not to his taste. He took part in them only to conform to his father's wishes and to the humor of the age. Though in his youth he sometimes hunted, he was neither fond of field sports nor of the athletic exercises of chivalry." Thus the sinister picture of the great antagonist of Protestantism (who went hunting every year until after he was seventy) as one who preferred the gloom of dark chambers where deep intrigues were laid and poisonings planned is kept consistent, even if the truth has to suffer a little.

The truth is, on the contrary, that the Prince's youthful love of sport and pleasure surprised and even disturbed the Emperor's councillors. Although Granvelle admitted to Queen Mary that the German lords did not welcome his coming, and took his taciturnity and retiring manners for ignorance, "Our Prince," he admitted, "is doing his best with the Electors and the German princes. He speaks Latin with them . . . If this goes on, it looks as if all may yet be saved. He often goes out to join their sports, and is to take part in a tourney next Thursday, to be present at which the Duchess of Lorraine (Christina, daughter of Christian II) will have to remain here two days over. The sooner she goes the better; and I shall do the best I can to send her off, though I fear my zeal will not best please the lovers."<sup>26</sup>

Philip enjoyed the art treasures of Brussels, and spent much time wandering about its beautiful old churches, studying their architecture and history. He was especially interested in the collegiate church of Saint Gudule, with its great clock whose gilded dial, between the two high towers was "so large that one could count the hours from the farthest end of the town." Inside there was a chapel of "*singular edificio*," on whose stained-glass windows the Prince saw images of his father and his two royal aunts; and yonder, as large and natural as life, his own form and face, and those of his dead wife Maria.

High above the royal figures were other windows unfolding the story that made Saint Gudule's unique, and the peculiar object of a hatred that would end some years later (1579) in its desecration. It was the explanation of a much-visited altar in the adjoining main chapel, where, in a *custodia* of gold, were three consecrated Hosts. On every Feast of Corpus Christi they were borne at the head of a procession through the city, while clergy, nobles and members of various guilds followed, and knelt in the dust before them, in reparation for their theft and desecration by some Jews in Holy Week, 1370.

Under the paintings representing this event was a Latin poem, in letters of gold, ending:

*Invida Iudaeum, quam dum laniare laborat  
Impietas, meritis ignibus ecce ruit.  
Quare age, divinos huic funde viator honores,  
Funde Deo dignas supplice mente preces.*

In translating this into Spanish, Calvete adds a little on his own account. His Iberian fervor against the Jews leads him to render "*Invida impietas*" as "*los envidiosos y crueles judios*,"<sup>27</sup> throwing in the "cruelty" for good measure; thus illustrating the human process by which the iniquities of Jews were often magnified in the course of time. On the other hand, it is



impossible for an honest historian to ignore the whole account, as Jews desire, when many generations of Belgians accepted it, and when so much real evidence exists, unfortunately, to prove that such crimes against the Blessed Sacrament were committed.

Of all the experiences of Philip in Brussels, his meeting with his father after a separation of six years must have been the most moving, and as painful to him in a way as it was agreeable to the Emperor. Philip had become such a man as Charles might have wished. Charles had changed visibly and terribly. At forty-nine he was prematurely old, his gouty foot perpetually on a chair, death's hand already plain on his wasted and ashen face. His protruding lower jaw, with its bad teeth that failed to meet the upper ones, seemed sharper. His mouth hung perpetually open, especially when he was tormented by asthma. His wars were almost ended. Barbara Blomberg had been pensioned off, and her child sent secretly to Spain. Caesar's thoughts were turning once more to the monastery where he hoped to do penance for his sins, in the short time that remained to him.

His one aim now was to establish Philip as his successor in the Imperial chair. To that end he devoted much of the next year. He had summoned the Diet to meet in Augsburg June twenty-ninth, 1550, with the hope that Philip would be named his coadjutor. He obtained the consent of Mary and Ferdinand to a compromise whereby all would urge the Electors to make Philip King of the Romans (a title then held by Ferdinand) and, after Ferdinand's death, Emperor; with the understanding that Maximilian should then be King of the Romans, and should succeed Philip as Emperor. It all depended on the Electors. Ferdinand and Maximilian apparently knew them better than Charles did. It was not until the Emperor began to carry out the first steps of the scheme that he learned to what extent his compromising with Protestantism had undermined his power, until it was hardly more than a shadow of what he had once held.<sup>28</sup>

He and Philip and the two queens left Brussels for Augsburg at the end of May. Scarcely had they arrived when Maximilian suddenly appeared. Quietly notified by his father, he had ridden pell-mell from Spain to protect his claim. Just what happened in the next few crucial weeks is not wholly clear. Mary is said to have seconded Charles' proposal to make Philip his coadjutor; on the other hand, Sandoval reports that Ferdinand told her that if Philip had the Empire, in addition to Spain and Italy, "the weight of it would be too great," and "he had the limitations of a human being"; and that she passed this argument on to Charles.<sup>29</sup> Calvete had eyes for little except ceremony and exterior display.

Cabrera, however, who had access to first-hand information, gives the impression that Queen Mary (still perhaps half a Lutheran at heart), was playing a double game with Charles and Philip. Together with some of the Emperor's trusted ministers (unnamed), she "worked very secretly," he says, to defeat Philip and place Maximilian on the Imperial throne. The argument with which she finally prevailed was that Philip's election would be fatal to German peace on account of the religious disputes. In other words, Philip seems to have lost the Empire chiefly because he was a staunch Catholic, and because the anti-Catholic forces were working together with more purpose and organization than either Charles or his son suspected. As a German, Maximilian had a further advantage among German Electors.

When Philip set out at last for home, his chances of being Emperor seemed slight to many, but good to him. He trusted in the promises of Ferdinand, Maximilian, and Mary. Homesick, however, for Spain, where the very atmosphere was Catholic, and heresy feared to parade its arrogance in the sunlight, he liked Germany and Flanders even less than before. This is not to be wondered at, perhaps, when the finest spirits of the north confessed to habitual feelings of despondence, as if the world had already entered upon a beginning of sorrows.

In the northern countries that had thrown off allegiance to Rome—in fact, in every northern country except Ireland—there was a veritable epidemic of fornication, gluttony and suicide, concomitants of despair such as Europe had hardly known since the Black Death; and there were wholesale manifestations of hysteria which found expression in the insanities of the communistic Anabaptists, and seemed to involve even physical nature. In this past year of grace, 1549, huge swarms of caterpillars had devoured the foliage in all parts of northern Europe. There was a heavy mortality of cattle in Germany, and in the northern part of the country a malignant petechial fever among men; and there were reports of mould spots and bad water. There was an extraordinary Aurora Borealis on September twenty-first. And from England early in 1550 came news of stinking mists along the Severn, and on April fifteenth a new outbreak of the English Sweating Sickness. The next year there were fogs, floods, tempests and earthquakes in various parts of the Continent.

As soon as the Diet of Augsburg came to its unsatisfactory close, with both Protestants and Catholics detesting the sickly compromise of Charles' *Interim*, Philip mounted his horse, and attended by the same escort in yellow cloaks, began his journey homeward. He went as rapidly as possible, making few formal stops except at Trent, where the Council was still in ineffectual session, and the arrival of the Emperor's first-born was an event to be celebrated with *fiestas* and performances of Ariosto. Weeks and months of travel still remained. It was late in July when he reached Barcelona from Italy. August had come when he rode up the blessed hills into Valladolid.<sup>30</sup>

Maximilian was there before him, having posted back from Germany as soon as he had made Philip's defeat certain. He was more a cock-of-the-walk than ever. His pretty wife was pregnant a second time, and they both proudly showed to Philip the tiny girl born to them at Cigales on All Saints' Day of the previous year. As the Prince bent over the cradle of his niece, or held her in his arms, he may have wondered, as people often do, what life held in prospect for this mite of royalty. No doubt Providence kept from him the slightest intimation that on growing to womanhood she would share his matrimonial bed, bear



him children, and die with his name on her lips.

It was good to be home. The farms were teeming. The fairs were crowded with men and with goods. The peasants sang at their work. Hidalgos in bright vesture rode about on business or pleasure. Life moved easily. The sun shone and the birds sang. The silver bells pealed over the sandy hillsides. Even a woman could ride the roads in safety. No man killed another for the cause of religion. It was holy Spain he came back to, and holy Spain was happy and at peace. Who could ask for more than to rule such a country? Yet Philip hoped to be Emperor.



## Philip Looks Toward England [1553]

**P**HILIP was now King of Spain, in fact if not in name. He brought with him a letter from Charles to the Cortes, stating that His Imperial Majesty, unable though desirous to undertake so long and costly a journey to visit his beloved people, had decided to send in his place the Most Serene Prince Don Felipe, whose "great virtue, lofty character and praiseworthy habits, together with his love for those realms" had caused the Emperor to vest him "with absolute power and royal majesty, as king and natural lord, recognizing no superior in temporal affairs."<sup>1</sup> Not even Charles himself? This was the implication. No doubt the Emperor felt that he was taking no risk with one so devoted and obedient. In his correspondence with Philip from 1551 to 1553 he usually made his suggestions, and added that the Regent would of course make his own decision. In his letters to his sister Mary one occasionally finds, "We have *instructed* Our son—." When money was the subject of discussion, as only too often it was, the Imperial tone became more obvious.

Philip began to rule, as Leti remarks, with a caution that did credit to his twenty-four years. He freely consulted Alba and other ministers, and if still in doubt sent to Germany for the Emperor's opinion. A year or two later, however, when his father had been plunged by a revolution of the wheel of fortune from the glory of Muelberg to the armchair of a sick, defeated and world-weary old man, the Prince stood definitely on his own feet. "My father needs help more than being bothered," he would say. "Let us attend to the business ourselves, with God's help and our own good will."<sup>2</sup>

The fragmentary accounts of his early twenties lend little support to the northern legend of a morose and gloomy introvert, spinning his webs in the dark. On the contrary, he seems to have been a pretty normal young man who knew enough not to talk too much, especially to those who wished to use him, devoted himself with intense earnestness to the business committed to him, and managed at the same time to enjoy life with a great deal of energy and gusto.

The solitary ghou of Protestant tradition managed to derive an extraordinary amount of pleasure at this period from music, painting, dancing and the society of women. He was beginning to assemble a chapel soon to be known as the best in Europe. His generosity to his singers and composers was proverbial. Palestrina, Cabezón, Guerrero, Flecha, Pisador, Castillo—the list of the great musicians he helped is long. Modern music owes him something, surely, for his patronage of Vitoria.

He was even more a patron of art. Painters could get money from him when he was on the verge of bankruptcy. His attitude to them, almost invariably, was more of friendship than of condescension. The reserve which courtiers and politicians found impenetrable was never noticeable to such men as Titian, Sancho Coello, or Antonio Moro.

This last, who looked more like a great noble than an artist, this Moro with the clothes and manner of a courtier, had been the protege of the younger Granvelle ("the painter of the Bishop of Arras") when Philip had met him in Brussels in 1549. Perhaps it was his dwarfs and buffoons, perhaps his study of Granvelle's dwarf Pejeron, that first commended him to the Prince. More likely it was the penetrating fidelity of his characterizations. At any rate, Moro would have been brought to Spain in 1551, if the Prince had had his way. But the great artist had a commission to execute in Rome, and another afterwards in Portugal for Queen Mary of Hungary. Later he visited Philip several times at Madrid, went to the Netherlands to paint some portraits for him, and returned to Castile to do that full-length of his patron which is still in the Escorial.

And Titian—Philip's admiration for his father's venerable protege who had painted him when he was a boy, was unbounded; and he still wrote to the great man with a sort of childish exuberance. Acutely disappointed because Titian, then in Venice, had been unable to visit him in the Netherlands, he had written to the Imperial ambassador at Venice from Augsburg. When Don Juan Hurtado de Mendoza replied that Titian would leave as soon as the dog days were over, and the August rains had fallen, Philip replied, "I should be very glad if he came as soon as possible. So I charge you and I pray you that if he has not already left when you receive this, you shall hasten his departure by telling him how great a service he will do me and how

much pleasure I shall receive by his coming."<sup>3</sup>

Titian never made the long journey. Two years later he sent Philip two pictures in care of the Bishop of Segovia. "They are like all the works of your hand," wrote the Prince gratefully, at the end of 1552, "and you have given us great pleasure by sending them. The one you spoke of as a picture of a Persian queen has not arrived. Send us information as to whom you entrusted it to; and if there is anything in which We may show you favor and grace, be assured that you have our entire good will. Don Juan de Benavide will say to you what I shall refrain from setting down here."<sup>4</sup>

Even after Philip's death, when old artists no longer had anything to hope from him, they recalled the simplicity and lack of condescension with which he dealt with them, and the warmth of his friendship for some of them. In 1600, for example, Gaspar Gutierre de los Rios wrote of his *mucha humanidad y suavidad* with men of the brush and the chisel, and added with fervent Latin hyperbole, that if one could collect all his infinite favors to them, one would be drowned in the deep gulf they would make.<sup>5</sup>

In the autumn of 1551 Philip and a gay company of cavaliers escorted his sister Juana, then sixteen years old, to the Portuguese border, there to deliver her to another cortège with waving plumes and cloth of gold, who conducted her to Lisbon to marry the second son, and now the heir, of King John the Third. She was the favorite sister of Philip; "rarely beautiful, discreet and virtuous," wrote Cabrera. Her going at this time was a great loss.

Philip was thinking that it was high time he himself married again. His only son, deformed and delicate and slow of development, was not a person on whom to pin all hopes of the Spanish, perhaps the Imperial, succession. There was some vague talk of his marrying his cousin Mary Tudor. Charles was incensed by her treatment at the hands of the upstarts who controlled the young Edward VI. He had hardly lifted a finger for her when she was believed to be in daily danger of death by poisoning, but now it suited his diplomatic purposes to consider drawing a chivalrous sword on her behalf.

His sister Mary wrote the Bishop of Arras an astonishing letter, October fifth, 1551, proposing that the Emperor launch a great armada against the shores of England. The seizure of an English port which would dominate the Netherlands, she said, was one of her *Chasteaulx en Espagne*. Division and poverty would make England easy to conquer; young Edward could be released from his evil councillors, and his sister Mary could be married in the Imperial house. It would mean war with France, but that would be inevitable sooner or later in any case. The war must be short, however, for a long one would be too expensive. This seems to be the first hint of an attempt by a Spanish armada to conquer England.

Whether she had Philip in mind as a possible husband for Mary is doubtful. But Philip had fairly definite ideas of his own on the subject, and they seem to have turned again toward Portugal. He considered seriously marrying his aunt Maria, sister of John III, and aunt also of his own dead wife. In 1551 he sent his friend Ruy Gómez to Portugal to open negotiations. The sequel indicates that his interest this time was hardly a sentimental one.

Philip's private life has been a subject of warm controversy. It would be just as rash, perhaps, to accept the judgment of Major Hume that as far as women were concerned "he was an angel in comparison with most of the contemporary monarchs, including his father"<sup>6</sup> as it would be to set him down as an unconscionable libertine on the testimony of his two bitterest enemies, William of Orange and Antonio Pérez, both of whom had good personal reasons to infer that all men were fornicators, and even better reasons for wishing to blacken the benefactor against whom they had turned.

Curiously enough, it is your modern left-wing publicist, nine times out of ten preaching a sentimental tolerance for "free love," who professes to be most shocked and scandalized by Philip's amorous adventures. Much has been made of the reports of the Venetian ambassadors, his father's enemies, that he was of a sensual and passionate nature, and loved women. This was probably true. It is not necessarily to his discredit, and there is abundant evidence of his self-control.

To be a Crown Prince of considerable personal attractions and to have beautiful women constantly throwing themselves at his feet; to live in an age that condoned what was virtually a form of polygamy, so numerous and so esteemed were the bastards of great men; to have before him the pagan examples of his great-grandfather Ferdinand the Catholic, of his grandfather Philip the Handsome, and of his own father; finally, to have been married by the barbarous royal custom of the time at sixteen, and left a widower at eighteen, with the sex instinct fully aroused in him—here was a set of circumstances little conducive to chastity, even with the best intentions in the world. No one with any knowledge of human nature would expect that Philip came through unscathed, yet the grace of God makes all things possible, and some Spanish apologists have attempted complete exoneration. What is the evidence?

Gregorio Leti appears to be the chief accuser of Philip for the period in question. He declares categorically that after the death of his first wife, Philip loved Dona Catherine Lenez, daughter of one of his secretaries, "with extraordinary passion," but gave her in marriage in 1553 to Antonio de Casores, who took her to Naples. Even Leti offers no proof that there was anything here more culpable than in Philip's romantic attachment for the Duchess of Lorraine, of which Granvelle dropped a hint in 1550. The Prince's connection with Doña Isabel Osorio, sister of the Marqués of Astorga, is equally obscure. He was said, on no trustworthy evidence, to have had several children by her. Thirty years later, in 1581, William of Orange declared in his bitter *Apology* that Philip had married her secretly even before his marriage with Maria of Portugal. Major Hume has pointed out the absurdity of the accusation that a boy as obedient as Philip would have dared, before he was sixteen, to marry without the Emperor's consent.



On the face of it, it seems unlikely that even so prudent a youth as Philip could have concealed many such amours from so many prying eyes for decades; or that if he had had all those illegitimate children assigned to him by his enemies, there should have been no other contemporary references to them, of a trustworthy character—especially in an age that took so casual a view of such matters. There is much to be said for the verdict of "not proven," in which Ballesteros and other Spanish historians concur.

Human nature is inconsistent enough to allow us to suppose that in Philip's personality at this time there met two powerful impulses of the period: the pagan aspiration of Renaissance men for liberation of the flesh and its passions from the restrictions imposed upon it by Christ and his Church, and a counter-influx of sanctity which forced the mind to admit Christ's truth, even when it shirked the consequences of this avowal. The madness of lust and selfishness that assailed all Christendom, and Italy especially, is notorious enough. The eternal sanity that reasserted itself in the most astonishing array of brilliant saints in all history is less often noted. Both these forces existed side by side in society, as they do today. In the *cinquecento* they united in single men to find an apparent equilibrium difficult for the modern man to understand. If a twentieth-century artist committed the crimes unblushingly acknowledged by Benvenuto Cellini, we should be greatly astonished to find him retiring to a monastery for three days of prayer before commencing a major work; but no one thought of calling Cellini a hypocrite.

Lust was not the only means, or the most subtle, by which a man and a king could be corrupted. Philip had little vanity, but considerable pride, which is worse. Once he had made up his mind, it was almost impossible for him to retreat and acknowledge himself beaten. He could forgive injuries, and often did; but there were unchristian limits to his forgiveness. For example, like many who trust too much, he could never sufficiently punish a man who had betrayed his confidence.

He had imbibed, almost with his mother's milk, a sense of the importance of the King of Spain in the general scheme of things, especially when the King was Emperor. The peace and happiness of a whole people, perhaps of a whole world, depended upon him. More than that, where would the Church of Christ be without the strong sword of the Kings of Spain to defend her? Had any other monarchs ever shown such outright and consistent devotion to the Holy See? English kings might fall away. French kings might ply their treachery. But there was one King in the world on whom the Vicar of Christ might always depend. Thus into the pride of race, the pride of a splendid monarchy, the pride of a new nation, all perhaps inevitable and to a certain extent necessary and good, entered the more subtle and deadly virus of spiritual pride. What a good Christian the King of Spain was! Even God looked to him for help in His vast regiment of the world.

This temptation, which came to Philip with power, was so subtle that his love of God and his love of himself must have been inextricably entangled, even more than in most individuals. The vine of self-interest had begun to wind itself so cunningly about his piety that, if it did not choke the flower, it might never be possible to distinguish between the two. The very title "the Catholic King," which he would soon inherit from his father, was almost a contradiction in terms: Caesar and God, Christ and the World, power and love, pride and humility, the lion and the lamb lying under the same bush, oil and water, combined in one poor lonely human entity. The resolution of this discord might happily be accomplished in the person of a Saint Edward, a Saint Louis, a Saint Ferdinand, a Saint Henry; but not in a well-meaning sensual Charles V, seeking by force and compromise to realize the uncompromising peace of the City of God.

Philip still hankered strongly to be Emperor, in spite of all his rebuffs in Germany. There were good reasons to believe that this would be the best thing for the Church and for Christendom; that nothing else could stay the rapid spread of Protestantism in the north. It was also pleasant for a man of twenty-five to contemplate the glorious image of himself ruling over so large a portion of the world, impressing his ego upon the course of history, undoing all the blunders and misfortunes of his fathers.

When he sent his aunt Mary a request for some German troops, at the beginning of 1552, he apparently asked that the negotiation for his election be kept alive. The Regent passed the information on to Charles. The Emperor replied, February twenty-fourth, that as for sending the Germans, "I am sure that if he were here he would be able to answer himself, for the spectacle of our want of money would make clear the impossibility of satisfying his demands. You will find it easy to reply to him, giving him these reasons, so that he may do his best to get together a good sum of money, for you well understand that unless he does so he will have all he can do to hold his own, which is quite a different matter from being able to take the offensive. The present state of Germany is eloquent enough in answer to the second point, namely the campaign for his election, and shows how far we are at present from being able even to think of it. Indeed I fear the fact that we once put it forward has proved a weapon in the hands of the ill-disposed, and aided them to further their schemes."<sup>7</sup>

Charles had gone to Innsbruck on November second, 1551, partly to be near the Council of Trent, which seemed likely to accomplish something in spite of the lack of French participation. In February, 1552, the Council was at a deadlock. War completed the wreckage of its hopes, and once more delayed the reform of the Church. At the same time it played havoc with the ambitions of Prince Philip.

His request for German troops was probably part of a very bold plan, whereby he evidently meant to rid Christendom of a great menace and to win such prestige that his election as Emperor would be inevitable. Almost immediately after his return from the Netherlands he began assembling a fleet for an offensive on the Mohammedan pirate nest in Algiers. The withdrawal of Doria's fleet to bring him back to Spain and conduct Maximilian back to Germany had given the Turks a chance

to break their truce with Charles and seize Tripoli, one of the two vital Christian bases in the Mediterranean. The loss to Spain and Christendom was serious. Yet there was shortsighted rejoicing in Germany and in France. Indeed, the French ambassador, Aramon, was with the Moslems at Tripoli, and urged them to strike another blow in western waters.

Both the Lutherans and King Henry II (a more subtle enemy of Charles than his father, Francis I, had been) were waiting to catch the Emperor at a disadvantage. The Lutheran preachers prepared for the onslaught by laying down a barrage of foully abusive pamphlets and vilifying sermons. The Lutheran princes were carefully preparing. At the right moment they were joined by the King of France.

While the French started the conflict in a small way in northern Italy, it burst furiously in Germany. Maurice of Saxony, whom Charles had virtually made, turned on him and joined his fellow-Protestants. Charles found himself alone, betrayed, and weak in the midst of his enemies. He suspected even his brother Ferdinand, though perhaps unjustly, of conniving with his foes. Even his daughter Maria, Maximilian's wife, seemed to have turned against him. She seized this unlucky moment, when he was assailed on all sides and desperately in need of money, to press him for payment of her dowry. The young woman undoubtedly was under her husband's thumb. Maximilian, at least, was secretly on the side of the enemy. There were fears in Spain that the work of perversion begun by her Jewish confessor years before was almost complete and that she was on the point of giving up the Faith. The correspondence of Charles in 1553 reveals the anxiety he felt about her confession. "I have written her to do as she pleased," replied Philip.<sup>8</sup>

In 1552 Charles was beset on every side. It was the most calamitous year of his life. In May he barely escaped capture by the traitorous Maurice of Saxony. The world was astonished to hear of the Holy Roman Emperor fleeing from Innsbruck in the night, and being borne over the Alps in a litter, sick, old and defeated.

Philip's loyalty to his father never wavered. He gave up his naval plans on the Mediterranean. He helped his father with money and troops that he could have used to better advantage at home. Mary of Hungary thought he ought to go to Italy, to attack the French in Piedmont. But the Emperor vetoed that suggestion. Philip would have no money, and it would be a disgrace to him to see the kind of life the Imperial ministers had to live. His going would do no good, continued Charles, in fact it would make matters worse. Every one would ask him for money, and he would have none to give. Furthermore, without his presence the Cortes of the three kingdoms of Aragon, Catalonia and Valencia could not meet at Monzón, and the Emperor depended upon them for a subsidy to pay for a loan Mary had taken up on exchange at Antwerp. "Those Cortes are of such a disposition," he added, "that it will be impossible to get them to do their work in less than four months, though all were to be lost for it."<sup>9</sup>

All that year Philip was pestered with appeals for money from Charles, Mary and the Imperial ministers. In April Charles wrote his sister that he had "instructed" his son to let 300,000 or 400,000 ducats in gold or otherwise be taken from Spain to Flanders.<sup>10</sup> No more money was to be had from Fugger. Fugger had none himself, as he said, but would furnish his credit. Matters went from bad to worse after the flight from Innsbruck in May. By December the situation was almost desperate.

After a brief triumph at Augsburg, Charles had undertaken the siege of Metz, pitting Alba against the Duke of Guise and the French army. Mary rushed gold to him by post, and silver in wagons. She wrote that it was all she could scrape up. "I am amazed myself at the quantity I got, after my pockets have been cleaned so often." Money must be sent from Spain at once . . . "Merchants in Spain fear the Prince will not pay out the money for the 600,000 ducats I took up on exchange, though I trust to your Majesty's assurance . . . If he does not pay, it would mean the utter ruin of your affairs here and in Spain, and I, my Lord, would be at my wits' end." She urged that Philip hurry to the Netherlands to save his reputation, which was being depreciated by the systematic slander and misrepresentation of his enemies.<sup>11</sup>

Time after time Philip scraped up the enormous sums demanded of him. He had changed his capital from Valladolid to Madrid in 1551. The reason is not clear. He presided at the Cortes of Castile, obtained a good subsidy—the chief interest that Charles had in the matter—and what was more to his own credit, had some excellent laws passed. At least so they appeared to him and to the Cortes. One of them forbade the export of wool. There was a great demand for Spanish wool abroad, and this raised the prices at home. Philip and his Cortes would have considered the modern economist's attempt to promote prosperity by deliberately raising prices a little insane, if not positively wicked. They took it for granted that low prices were a good thing. The same Cortes forbade the export of manufactured articles to the Colonies, on the ground that it raised prices in Spain, "whereby we who work here cannot live." Another of Philip's sumptuary laws attempted to diminish the use of luxuries, of which the *hidalgos* were altogether too fond. As the Jews and Marranos were the chief dealers in these, it was to their interest to have higher prices, thus conflicting with the policy of the kings and the people.

Modern economists have generally blamed Philip for favoring the consumer rather than the producer, on the ground that this tendency caused in the end stagnation of trade, unemployment, and loss of wealth and markets. The problem is not quite so simple, however, as it appears to these theorists. One unusual factor in the situation was the huge decrease in the population of Spain from 1500 to 1550. In some parts of the country it amounted to fifty per cent; and this in a virile and fecund race with a high birth-rate. The reason, of course, was the colonization of the New World, which had proceeded on a gigantic scale during the lifetime of Charles. Not until 1591 did the population return to the level of 1491, the year before Columbus sailed.

After the Cortes of Castile, Philip rode to Aragon, where, as his father had anticipated, he had to argue for months with



the delegates at Monzón. He was still there October twenty-eighth, with the Cortes at a deadlock. In the end he obtained the money that Charles desired, and returned to Castile. Ruling the richest country in Europe, with the gold from the Indies pouring into Sevilla, he found himself almost bankrupt. The wars of Charles had drained the Peninsula and nearly ruined the Empire and the Spanish crown. Toward the end of 1552 Philip wrote his father a protest against this suicidal policy.

The Emperor, from his camp before Metz on Christmas Day, sent a defensive letter in which he admitted, "We are spending very large sums here, and little can be done to help Us in Spain because all the ordinary sources of revenues are exhausted, down to the end of 1554 and for part of 1555, while We remain without funds for current expenses in Spain for this and the coming years. We did everything that was in Our power to avoid this present war . . . but the King of France and the German rebels forced Our hand." As the 500,000 ducats Philip had paid for Mary's debt on exchange had been insufficient to pay wages due, "We have been forced to take up a further sum at exchange in Flanders, assigning payment in Spain, as you will have heard from Queen Mary, my sister, and from a private letter I wrote you on the eleventh instant . . . We beg you affectionately . . . to see that the merchants are paid . . . for which purpose the gold and silver from Peru must serve." Philip must also allow 625,000 ducats to be sent from Spain. The Emperor promised to disband the army as soon as possible. "There is nothing in this world," he added, "that gives Us greater pain than to overburden Our Spanish kingdoms, and one of Our main objects is to establish Our policy on a firm basis enough to enable Us to afford them some relief."<sup>12</sup>

Dutiful Philip obeyed as usual, and commandeered the gold arriving at Sevilla, most of it consigned to private individuals. The worst of it was that after all his sacrifices, after he had begun his rule by aiding his father to perpetuate that vicious system by which his country was to be systematically drained of its new wealth, for the enrichment in the end of international bankers—after all this, Charles was obliged to give up the siege of Metz. Alba was beaten by that other good Catholic, the Duke of Guise. The Lutherans, the French and the Turks were overjoyed.

The crisis came in 1553. Charles was ruined, the Empire little more than a name, and Philip's chances of being Emperor hardly worth discussing. He accepted the blow without complaint. After all, he would still inherit the Low Countries, then at the height of their wealth and prosperity, and could count upon using them as a buffer against France, England, and, if need be, his cousin Maximilian.

At this time it does not seem to have occurred to Philip that, without the Empire, it would require almost superhuman powers to hold the Netherlands. But the astute organizers of some of the northern Protestant intrigues were well aware of it. They were using all means, therefore, to discredit him in Flanders. Their propagandists were saying openly that Charles had not long to live, and that it would be a calamity if Philip succeeded him as ruler of the Low Countries, especially as Maximilian was his superior in every way: as a linguist, as an affable man, as a masterly statesman. It was whispered more quietly that Maximilian had an understanding with the German Lutheran princes, and no doubt would turn Protestant after the death of Charles and Ferdinand. Thus all Northern Europe would become Protestant.

Mary, more loyal to her family than to the Church, saw the danger, and warned Charles (December, 1552) to send his son to the Netherlands with all possible haste. The longer he delayed, she said, the greater would be Philip's loss of reputation. She repeated this advice to the Prince himself early in 1553; if he wished to make sure of inheriting the Netherlands, she said, he had better get there by September. The Emperor wrote in similar vein, and shortly after his letter came Francisco Duarte with a personal message from members of the Emperor's Council in Flanders, a message of warning too important to be committed to writing. The Prince, said Duarte, should lose no time in getting to Flanders, and should take with him a large sum of money. All this was discouraging, under the circumstances. What Duarte reported about the Emperor was even worse.

Charles' physicians feared he could not survive another winter in the north. Besides the torments of the gout, which crippled him hand and foot, he had sunk into that lethargic melancholy that had been the curse of one branch of his family. The mother of the great Isabel had succumbed to it. Isabel herself had almost fallen prey to it at one time. Every one knew the story of *Juana la loca*. Charles was now a victim of this insidious malady. He seemed incapable of action, abhorred all business, would listen to no one but his Spanish secretary, Francisco de Eraso, and to him only on the gravest military matters. Foreign ambassadors waited many days for an audience with him, and then were suffered to remain in his presence only the length of a *Credo*.<sup>13</sup> So little was the Emperor seen, in fact, that many said he was dead. Tongues were already buzzing with the merits of Maximilian and the limitations, real or imaginary, of Prince Philip.

Meanwhile the Emperor hardly ever slept. In his less supine moments he was diverting himself, day and night, by taking all his clocks to pieces and putting them together again. He was trying to make them all keep the same time.<sup>14</sup> It was almost a symbol of that world of time that was slipping away from him so fast, that complex world whose elements had seemed to lie in his Imperial hand a few years ago, waiting to be harmonized and adjusted. Charles began to see himself drawn into timeless eternity and leaving behind him more voices than ever, harsh, unreconciled, bewildering, to proclaim, each in its own forsaken tempo, the folly of kings and the incurable futility of a world of clocks.

Things were in this state when Philip moved his capital back to Valladolid early in the summer. Money, money! They all asked him for money, and more money. How could he go to the Netherlands without money? What would be the end of all this expense, this warfare, this constant intrigue? It would be a comfort if he could choose to be King of Spain only, and let the rest of the world go hang. But he could not leave his father in the lurch, nor could he abandon Christendom to its enemies. What



could be done without money?

At this dark moment there came a letter by Imperial courier that changed everything. History had been in the making in England. A door of opportunity had opened for Philip and for Spain. Sickly young King Edward VI was dead; poisoned, wrote Vargas to Philip on July twenty-seventh.<sup>15</sup> The resulting situation presented so favorable an aspect to Charles that it caused a marvelous change, overnight, in his health and spirits. On July thirtieth he wrote the Prince of the idea that had come to him. The Northumberland rebellion against Mary Tudor had been crushed. God had given the victory to the Catholic side. A way was now open of compensating Philip for the loss of the Empire.

It had been suggested, wrote Charles from Brussels, that he himself take Mary Tudor for his wife. The English disliked the idea of a foreign match. If their prejudice could be overcome, "they would more readily support me than any other, for they have always shown a liking for me." He had no desire, however, to add to his estates; but "as it is well to consider all things, it has occurred to me that, if they were to make a proposal to me, we might delay in such a manner as to suggest to their minds the possibility of approaching you. The advantages of this course are so obvious that it is unnecessary to go into them, and we need only consider that negotiations have already been opened with the Infanta Doña Maria." The Emperor suggested that Philip consider the matter and make up his mind. It would be well to write Ruy Gómez in Portugal as to whether he had committed Philip to the Portuguese princess.<sup>16</sup>

Faithful Ruy Gómez! Without knowing anything of this, he was already posting back from Lisbon. The news he brought seemed providential. Let Philip tell the story to his father in his own words. Imagine him, lean and self-contained, dignified even when alone, dressed with great care in a rich but plain dark costume set off by a simple gold chain at the neck, making his blond hair and beard look lighter, by contrast. He sits at a great carved desk, very old and cunningly inlaid, with a piece of parchment before him, some long quills at one side, and a small box of sand to dry the ink. Perhaps he knits his fine brows thoughtfully a moment, and then begins to write, in his nervous but determined hand, a revealing letter. If his words unintentionally reflect something of that huckster mentality which debased the royal matrimonial negotiations of the period, it also clears him of the charge that he jilted the second Maria of Portugal.

"I will first kiss Your Majesty's hand for what you say to me," he wrote, "for I very well see the advantages that might accrue from the successful conclusion of this affair. Your letter arrived at just the right moment for I had decided to break off the Portuguese business in view of the reply brought back to Ruy Gómez to the effect that the King could not possibly give his sister more than the 400,000 ducats of her dowry (and from that sum would have to be deducted the 80,000 ducats still owing to my sister for her dowry and also the two large properties Your Majesty gave her in those kingdoms; and the Infanta would bring about 45,000 ducats in jewels, silver and gold, the rest to be paid within one year; and I calculated that we might be sure of obtaining that sum fairly soon by the means that were suggested); but when I read Your Majesty's letter I thought I had better keep the negotiations alive by answering that, as the King could do no more for his sister, and as Your Majesty had been led by what the King had said to the Most Christian Queen to believe that he would be more liberal, I thought I had better inform you, as you will learn at greater length from Don Inigo de Mendoza. All I have left to say about the English affair is that I am rejoiced to hear that my aunt has come to the throne of the kingdom, as well out of natural feeling as because of the advantages mentioned by Your Majesty where France and the Low Countries are concerned."

If Mary suggested a match with the Emperor, and Charles was willing, it would be, continued Philip, "the best thing possible. But as Your Majesty feels as you say about the question, and if you wish to arrange the match for me, you know that I am so obedient a son that I have no will other than yours, especially in a matter of such high import. Therefore I think it best to leave it all to Your Majesty to dispose of as shall seem most fitting. . . . I am well, and my son the Infante also, thanks be to God! My sister the princess is with child."<sup>17</sup>

About the time Philip penned these lines he signed his name to another paper establishing the first University in the New World, the one at Mexico City. His horizon, which had appeared to be closing in upon him like a doom, had suddenly expanded again to include in its possibilities nearly all the world. The more one thought of this English business, the fairer seemed the prospect. To the Catholic heart of Philip, it must have appeared as if an instrument of infinite good had been placed unexpectedly within his reach. He could see himself in imagination ruling by Mary's side as King, hailed by the Catholic majority of Englishmen as savior of their country, and winning over or suppressing the little handful of upstarts who, for their own enrichment, had violently torn the country from the Catholic unity.

Mary was twelve years older than he, to be sure (she was then thirty-eight), but still of child-bearing age. If she had a son (and why not?) any lingering resentment of the English against a Spanish ruler would be forgotten in proud loyalty to a half-English heir, and to his father. After all, Philip himself had English blood in him, deriving on both sides from the House of Lancaster. England would be part of the Spanish, if not of the German, Empire. France, the disturber of Christian peace ever since she had become a despotism under Louis XI, would be isolated and encircled by Spanish possessions, and either absorbed by another felicitous Habsburg marriage, or at least reduced to comparative impotence.

Merely to bring back one nation to the Church of Christ would be glorious enough. But to have power to keep all Europe in the Catholic fold, to expedite the reform of the Church, to make good and salutary laws for all men, to defeat the Turk with the united powers of Christian Europe—it was something like a millennium that rose and glittered before the mind of

Philip. It is no wonder that he grasped eagerly at the vision. What need he care now for the moribund German Empire? Let Maximilian have it, and be overshadowed by Don Felipe, King of Spain, England, Naples, Milan and the Netherlands, King of North and South America—most of them, at any rate—and of God knows how much of Asia!

It must be admitted, and it has been admitted by all impartial students of this man's life, that he always thought of power in terms of service to God. Coolly, and without the slightest manifestation of the temperament of a fanatic, he reasoned from Catholic premises that it was a king's duty to serve God first. He concluded that the greater the monarch's power, the greater his opportunity for service.

It does not seem to have occurred to him that in trying to serve the Omnipotent a man might employ methods or seek particular ends not entirely to the liking of God; or that God might have other instruments and other methods more to His taste. Perhaps he overlooked the corrupting influence of a power so great that no one could safely hold it save from heights of sanctity where there must also be suffering and desolation: in short, no one but a man who did not want it. But Philip, at twenty-six, passionately loyal to Christ but hungry also for the delights and glories of this world, stretched out his eager hands for the shadow of his father's dream.

A shadow it was, however substantial it appeared from across the Bay of Biscay and the hills of Spain. Both Philip and his father might have learned why, if they had paid more attention to the Vatican and less to the politicians. Pope Julius III saw plainly enough that, so long as the Church property stolen by Henry VIII remained in the hands of the new upstart nobility, it would be used by the beneficiaries to prevent any real Catholic restoration. The wolves must be deprived of their spoils. The lands of the Church must be given back to her.

If ever there was a favorable moment for such an attempt, it was now, when persecuted Mary was at the height of her popularity after the heroic stand she made against Wyatt and Northumberland; when the vast majority of Englishmen, outside of London, were still Catholic at heart; and when the little group of anti-Catholic conspirators who had mastered the boy Edward and were ready to deceive his sister at the first opportunity were cowed, in fear of their lives.

The Pope's chief adviser on British affairs was Cardinal Pole, saintly and scholarly descendant of English kings and son of the noble Countess of Salisbury who had given her head for the Catholic cause under Henry VIII; and Pole was convinced that the Catholic religion could never regain its freedom there until the Church lands were restored. But the Emperor, adept at political compromises and none the wiser for the failure of his *Interim* in Germany, was resolved not to risk another Protestant rebellion. Mary was ruled by his advice. . . . Pole and Pope Julius III might say what they would. Charles knew better. As for Philip, he left himself entirely in his father's hands in these larger international affairs. He had some notion in the fall of 1553 of marrying Queen Mary at Brussels, in this way protecting his interests in the Netherlands and in England at the same time. The Emperor said no.

In one of several long admonitions, dictated to Eraso November thirtieth (for his hands were still crippled by gout), he advised Philip to wait in Spain until Count Egmont got the formal consent of Mary and all was settled. Meanwhile, however, he should prepare a fleet for his voyage. He would not need many troops, for England could not refuse to welcome him. He should choose the grandees who were to accompany him, and impress upon them two points: (1) they must practice moderation in England, living in a style they could afford to keep up, and not "spend all their money immediately as they are wont to do, thus being obliged to return", and (2) they must take honest servants with them, and do all in their power to gain the goodwill of the English, who did not like strangers. "And although I know it is not necessary," added the Emperor, "I will ask you to be especially careful, if God favors this match, to demonstrate much love and joy to the Queen, and to do so both in public and in private."

As for money, the impecunious lord of half Europe and the Indies was prepared to stake all on this great matrimonial gamble. The treasure ships from the Indies had arrived, "and I am sure you have arranged to take over a good part of what belongs to the merchants, wealthy men and passengers, giving them the best possible terms." Philip was to bring with him a cool million in gold coin. In his absence the government of Spain might be trusted to the Duke of Albuquerque or the Constable of Castile; only he must be sure to employ members of all the great houses, to avoid letting everything get into the hands of a few.<sup>18</sup>

Philip gave orders, obedient son that he was, to carry out the Imperial wishes, including the disregard of the Vatican's advice and the violation of the right of private property. Then he went hunting in the woods at Aranjuez. It was there that an Imperial courier found him at Christmas, after seeking him first at Valladolid, with news that all had been arranged in England. He spurred immediately to Valladolid to prepare for his departure. The tidings had gone before him. The good people of the capital had decked their houses and streets with flamboyant colors, in his honor, and everywhere he heard music and felicitations.

In the midst of the festivities came word from Portugal that Prince John had died on the second of January, leaving his young wife pregnant; and Juana had borne a son, Sebastian, just three weeks later. The Spanish court changed its trappings of joy to weeds of mourning. Appropriately, too, it appeared, in more than one sense: for now a second courier from Brussels brought word that the previous intelligence had been premature, and that Count Egmont would have to return to England in March to get the treaty ratified. What had happened?



It was the old story: the Emperor's *bête noire*, France, had taken a hand in the game. Indeed, no sooner had his intentions become known than the bitter controversy between Spain and France was transferred to English soil, where it took the form of one of the most intense diplomatic duels in history between the Emperor's adroit and courtly ambassador Renard and the unscrupulous and obtuse Frenchman, de Noailles. This latter spared no pains to prevent the alliance of England with his master's arch-enemy. He had already conspired with the Protestants to keep Mary Tudor from the throne. Now he plotted with them to discredit Philip and to prevent Mary from marrying him. The Black Legend that had begun in Protestant Germany and spread to the small but influential anti-Catholic clique in the Netherlands now assumed monstrous proportions in the propaganda of the envoy of His Most Christian Majesty. Something worse was feared at one stage: Renard wrote the Emperor that the French were fitting out a fleet of twenty-four warships to keep Philip from crossing the Channel.<sup>19</sup>

But the Emperor's man won at last. Mary wavered a long while. She had as little love for Philip as he had for her. The oft-repeated tale of her passionate yearning for him, and his cool response, is unhistorical nonsense. The truth was that both were sacrificing themselves for what they believed to be the good of the Catholic Faith; Mary perhaps with more simplicity and sincerity than her cousin. At the time when she was examining his portrait by Titian, sent her by the Queen of Hungary, and complaining to her Council that "ill-disposed persons," bent on using the proposed marriage as a pretext to attack the Catholic religion, were spreading "many false, vile and untrue reports of our said cousin and others of that nation," she was earnestly searching her misgiving soul for help in her dilemma. It was after much weeping and many sleepless nights that she finally sent for Renard and told him she wished to make a decision.

"She went on to say," he wrote the Emperor, "that as the Blessed Sacrament was in the room, and she had always invoked It as her protector, guide and counsellor, she would on this occasion also willingly ask It to help her. And kneeling down on both knees, she recited the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, there being in the room only myself and Mistress Clarence, who did the same." When she arose from her knees, she said that she would marry Philip if he would "agree to all the conditions necessary for the welfare of the kingdom."<sup>20</sup>

These conditions reached Philip in the following April. They were as unwelcome as those the great Isabel had imposed upon Ferdinand, on which, in fact, they were based. But, after all, one had to take some chances. So Philip agreed to all the stipulations in which Gardiner, who had been in Edward's cabinet and remained in Mary's, sought to protect England for foreign domination.

He agreed to respect the rights and privileges of all classes, to exclude foreigners from public offices, to make no claim upon English ships, munitions or treasure, not to involve the country in the war between the Emperor and Henry II, but on the contrary to do all in his power to promote peace between England and France. If he and Mary had issue, their child, and not Don Carlos, would inherit the Netherlands and Burgundy; and if Mary died before her husband, he must allow this child to be brought up by English guardians. In case Philip's son, Don Carlos, died without issue, his hypothetical offspring by Mary should inherit Spain and Sicily, Milan and all the rest of his dominions in Europe and in America. This arrangement was clearly a sacrifice of the interests of Don Carlos; but the Emperor insisted, and Philip's objections, if he made any, were overruled. That he made them is probable; for he refused, after his father's death, to consent to a similar agreement. Mary was to share all her husband's titles, honors, and dignities; these to be mentioned in all documents after their titles as King and Queen of England; and to have a jointure of 60,000 pounds a year if she outlived her husband.

This triumph of English diplomacy made the Protestant *nouveaux riches* safe from any danger of domination by a fervent Catholic who might force them to restore the loot of the Church. While opening up the possibility of English world dominion at the expense of Spain, it served as a counterpoise to the marriage of Mary Stuart to the French Dauphin, another threat to the Protestant party in England and to English independence. Mary of Scotland, since Elizabeth had been declared illegitimate by two Acts of Parliament, was the heir-presumptive to the English throne. If she succeeded Mary Tudor, England would become an appanage of France; a prospect no more pleasing to Englishmen than domination by Spain.

To Philip, too, the absorption of England by his chief enemy France would have been disastrous. France, possessing England, could cut off Spanish commerce in the Channel, encircle the Netherlands, and ultimately gobble them up. Mary Stuart, guided by French policy (her mother was a Guise), was made to appear an obstacle to the aspirations of Catholic Spain. The Protestant minority in England, who would soon become leaders of international Protestantism, skilfully played off against a Catholic princess and the Catholic prince of Spain the honest nationalism of Catholic Englishmen.

As soon as Philip heard that the English Council and Parliament had accepted the treaty, he sent his first gifts to Mary. They were magnificent, even for those days. There was a great table diamond, mounted as a rose in a superb gold setting, worth 50,000 ducats; a collar of eighteen brilliants, worth 32,000 ducats; and another huge diamond worth 25,000 ducats, with a fine large pearl pendant from it. There were other valuables for the Queen and for her ladies; the total worth some millions of our money.

All Castile was now astir with preparations for the Prince's voyage. Philip had first to meet his sister Juana, whom he had decided to bring back from Portugal to rule in his absence. Leaving Valladolid on May fourteenth with almost 1,000 horsemen, glittering with crimson and yellow livery, burnished steel and cloth of gold, he rode to Alcántara, on the Portuguese border, to meet the young widow of nineteen, and to conduct her back to the capital. The journey back required five days, for



the princess, mother of a four-months old baby, was borne carefully in a litter. Philip, with characteristic thoughtfulness, stopped at Tordesillas to say good-by (and it was his last) to his maundering old grandmother, Crazy Jane.

There was some further delay while he gave detailed instructions to his sister for the conduct of his government. He might have made a worse choice. Juana had good judgment, understood public affairs and was sincerely Catholic. Her greatest weakness was a certain timidity. When receiving ambassadors in audience, she kept her face covered with a veil. This displeased some of the astute observers who knew so well how to devour a face and to interpret every slight change of expression. One of them appears to have objected that he could not be sure of the identity of the person behind the veil. Thereafter Juana would first uncover her face and ask, "Is this the Princess?" Then she would replace the veil and continue the conversation.<sup>21</sup> Martyr to the convention of royalty, she left her son, Don Sebastian, in Portugal to be brought up by relatives, and spent the remainder of her life in serving the interests of Philip, to whom she was utterly devoted. Her husband's death had freed him from the necessity of depending too much on the *grandees* whom his father had taught him to fear.

All was ready at last. Philip left Valladolid for the north, arriving at Benavente on June third, 1554. Don Carlos was waiting for him there. Next day they went together to see a bull-fight: the blond king, as he was now called, who had discarded his customary simple garb for the gay colors of a bridegroom, and the motherless boy of nine with his slightly humped back, his great head, his legs of unequal length, his face strained by fevers and by the epilepsy that he had inherited from the Emperor, the curse perhaps of so much inbreeding. An especially fine bull had been chosen for the royal sport that day, but he proved too wild even for that occasion, and held the plaza against all comers, until Don Felipe and Don Carlos had to leave by a rear door.

Next day they went hunting, (for how could Philip know that so many of his unborn historians would insist upon his despising the chase?). Then there were jousts and *juegos de cañas*; and after supper some extraordinary "inventions" which the two princes watched from a high scaffold draped with rich cloths, amid scores of flaming torches: huge elephants made of cardboard, with men and horses inside to move them; a ship with the flags of England and Spain on it; a girl in a coffin complaining of Cupid, who came riding behind on a horse, and on reaching a point before the royal stand, was lifted into the air by a rope around his waist, to set off fireworks over the heads of the people. After the "conceits" occurred what has been called the birth of the great Spanish drama. Lope de Rueda staged a play with comic interludes: his first recorded performance. It is tantalizing not to have a description of it, but the chroniclers were more interested in the elephants and fireworks.

Cervantes, as a boy of twelve, met the showman three or four years later, probably in Valladolid, and left an account of him. All of his properties were contained in a sack or *costal*: four white *pelices* trimmed with golden leather, and "four beards and wigs, with four staffs, more or less." The plays Cervantes saw consisted of colloquies between two or three shepherds and a shepherdess; set off by two or three interludes, played by a Negress, a Ruffian, a Fool, or that growing favorite of the infant stage, The Biscayan. Rueda used none of the *tramoyas* or machinery of Italian importation that astonished later audiences with manufactured thunder and lightning. His stage was as simple as Shakespeare's, the only *adorno* consisting of an old woolen blanket drawn by two cords from one side to the other, behind which was the *vestuaria*, or dressing room, where musicians, invisible to the audience, sang old ballads, without even the accompaniment of the guitar. All the actors wore false beards.<sup>22</sup>

The next night, after taking an affectionate leave of Don Carlos, Philip departed for the north. At Astorga the people had prepared a fine reception for him; but, hearing that the English commissioners were already at Compostela, he went on without stopping. Arriving on the Vigil of Saint John, he rode directly to the Shrine of Santiago.

In all of Spain, with its astounding history of crucifixion and resurrection, there was no church of which it could better be said, "Terrible and holy is this place." When Philip approached the shrine, he brushed aside the seat and cushion offered him, and knelt bareheaded on a stone floor, worn by the knees of so many thousands of crusaders. After confessing his sins, and receiving Holy Communion with great devotion, he prostrated himself before the mausoleum of the Apostle, "patron and defender of Spain and captain of its people," to ask a blessing on his journey and his enterprise. The monks offered to take him down to the vault where the body rested. He declined, out of reverence, and gave orders that it should never be opened.<sup>23</sup>

Philip was neither a Cid Campeador nor a Saint Fernando; but he was too sincere a Spanish Catholic to have any but the purest motives in that consecrated place. To think that here lay the mortal remains of one who had seen Christ in the flesh, who had witnessed His transfiguration and His Passion, who had broken bread with Him after the Resurrection and had seen Him ascend into Heaven, the greater James, one of the Boanerges—this was a thought to banish all selfishness from minds less noble than his. The tradition of Saint James' preaching in Spain was almost as strong in the Spanish consciousness as that of Christianity itself. He had founded the first church in Spain, at Zaragoza, where Our Lady had appeared to him in the flesh. After his martyrdom in Jerusalem, his body had been carried across the seas by other Jews, his disciples; had been forgotten during the centuries of Visigoth and Moorish invasions, until, after seven hundred years, it was miraculously discovered in a wood, and placed in the shrine at Compostela, where numerous cures and miracles made it the resort of pilgrims from all parts of Christendom, especially after the apparition of Saint James on a white horse at the battle of Clavijo, leading the soldiers of Christ to victory against fearful odds.

Philip's historian Cabrera indulges in none of the sneers with which Prescott and others of the English Protestant tradition treat the story of Santiago. To him it seems clear enough why Christianity (which no one denies appeared in Spain in

the first century) was first preached in the Peninsula by the greater James. Of the three favorite Apostles of Christ, Saint Peter, as head of the Apostolic college, had to go to the capital of the world to establish his See and his Primacy. "Saint John, apostle of acute intelligence, eloquent, loving, should preach in Asia to people of good judgment, affable and of peaceful conversation. And Saint James, as Son of Thunder, powerful preacher, of great valor and eloquence, who with the power of his word could cause the hard stone to crumble, must make war and bring to the yoke of the Gospel the warlike Spaniards, fierce and indomitable."<sup>24</sup>

The Church has never adopted this ingenious explanation officially. But Pope Leo XIII, in his bull *Omnipotens Deus* of November first, 1884, affirmed that the body of Saint James was then in the shrine at Compostela. Absolution from a vow to make a pilgrimage to Santiago is still reserved to the Pope alone.

While Philip passed along the streets of Compostela toward the shrine, some English lords were watching him very curiously from an upper window, their mantles held over their faces to prevent their discovery. They were the commissioners sent by Queen Mary to conduct him to England; but it would be a breach of etiquette to speak to the Prince before he visited the shrine. Next day, however, he received them with great affability, holding his hat in his hand. On their producing the marriage contract, he signed it without more ado, having already learned its contents through diplomatic channels.

The chief of Mary's commissioners was none other than John Russell, who had put down a gallant uprising of Catholics under Henry VIII, but was so adroit at explaining matters that he still remained, with a few others of his sort, in the government of Catholic Mary. It was he who founded the wealth and power of the great English house of Russell on a goodly share of the loot of churches and monasteries. He had been canny enough to oppose Lady Jane Gray. Now, as First Earl of Bedford, he seemed to the Spanish at Santiago to be "a grandee and a good Christian." They would have been surprised had they known that instead of being descended from Henry de Rosel, as obsequious genealogists were busily discovering, he was more recently sprung from certain wine merchants of Weymouth, who in turn derived from some Rossels or Roussels of Gascony, possibly, like many of that name, of the stock of Spanish or Portuguese Jews.<sup>25</sup>

He had become a Catholic again under Mary. When the marriage with Philip was first broached, and with it the suggestion of restoring the plunder of the Church to its rightful owners, he flew into a passion, tore his rosary beads from his girdle and flung them into the fire, declaring that he valued his sweet abbey of Woburn more than any fatherly counsel from Rome.<sup>26</sup> But this was a passing mood. He was not the man to oppose the inevitable. Nothing could have been more Catholic than his deportment at Compostela. He and his friends seemed delighted with the appearance and manners of Prince Philip. "Oh, God be praised," one was heard to say piously to another, "for sending us so good a King as this!" The earl, at least, had substantial reasons for valuing his new acquaintance, for Philip gave him a solid gold statue, cunningly worked, a yard high, and containing 6,000 ducats worth of gold; the workmanship worth another thousand.<sup>27</sup>

Another interesting member of the English party was Sir Thomas Gresham, a sly, plausible fellow, of a family of usurers, who had made himself indispensable to Henry VIII as an agent in Antwerp, where he was always able to obtain a loan when it was needed. For this Henry had knighted him. Under young Edward VI he had received, as his share of the loot of the Church, lands worth perhaps \$50,000 a year in our money. He had justified the confidence his employers had in him by relieving Edward's government, in its final year (1551), of a serious embarrassment. In fact, he saved the Council from bankruptcy by a piece of financial chicanery often imitated by modern state financiers.

On Mary's accession he was among those notorious enemies of the Catholic Church whom the new Council resolved to dismiss. There was some one at hand, however, to point out that in the wretched financial circumstances of the new government, it would be wise to employ a man so skilful in raising money, especially when he professed such an ardent desire to serve the Queen. His present mission was to take charge of the million ducats in gold that accompanied Philip to England, of which 300,000 were Mary's, borrowed on bills of exchange payable at the Spanish fairs.

It was significant of what was imperceptibly coming over the world that, while the Prince wore all the trappings of power and authority, and received the salvos of guns and the handkissings of lords, it was the money-changer who took charge of the twenty carts of treasure, and saw that the gold was safely stowed in the Tower of London. The sudden withdrawal of so much gold played havoc with the Spanish markets, especially in Sevilla, where a disastrous panic occurred after Gresham's departure. Prices rose, merchants were ruined, and the poor suffered. But Gresham gave himself no concern on that account. He had the gold.

After four days at Santiago, Philip rode on to Coruña, where the fleet lay. His flagship was a huge merchantman, the *Espiritu Santo*, with high carved and gilded poop, draped from stem to stern with fine scarlet cloth, and over her the royal standard of Spain, thirty yards long, with Philip's arms painted on its crimson damask.

After a day of hunting Philip went aboard on July twelfth. On the next day, Friday the thirteenth, he set sail. There was a slight wind and a swell, followed by a calm. On the third day there sprang up a delightful fair breeze, and the cumbersome fleet of well over a hundred sail bore bravely across the bay. The following Thursday they anchored at Southampton. Philip dined and slept on board, and landed the next day.





## Philip's Second Marriage [1554]

WHEN Philip stepped ashore at Southampton, he was a man to look at twice. His white skin and flaxen hair and beard, more like an Englishman's than a Spaniard's, seemed all the fairer in contrast to his suit of black velvet and silver, and his dark cap with its gold chains and gallant plume. Gems worth a king's ransom sparkled on his head and at his throat and wrists. Around his neck hung the gold chain of the Order of the Garter, which the Earl of Arundel had just given him. He looked like a king, and he was a king. Charles had made him King of Milan, that he might meet Mary on equal terms. He rode through the town on an Andalusian genet, sent him by his bride, to the Church of the Holy Rood, where he heard Mass and gave thanks to God for his safe voyage. The English nobles and people liked him well. They noticed his erect and manly carriage, his fine horsemanship, and his smiling affability.

Philip, who had thought much over the advice of the Emperor and Renard, was resolved not to give them the slightest excuse to say what his enemies had said in Flanders and Germany, that he was too reserved and ungracious. As soon as he arrived at the house prepared for him, he made an earnest speech in Latin to Mary's privy councillors, saying that he had come to live among them not as a foreigner, but as a native Englishman, and not from any lack of men or of money, but because God had called him to marry their virtuous sovereign. He thanked them for their expressions of trust and loyalty, and promised them in return that they would ever find him a grateful and loving Prince.

Turning then to Alba and the other Spanish lords who stood gravely about the state chair of crimson velvet that had been set on a daïs for him, he expressed the hope that, so long as they remained in England, they would conform to the customs of the country, in which he would give them an example. With that he lifted a flagon of English ale, and drank it off with a gusto that would have done credit to Henry VIII. It was his first taste of that bitter beverage. There is no contemporary evidence of the shuddering disgust with which Froude and other prejudiced historians have adorned the tale. If he disliked it, he certainly concealed his feelings. Of one thing he had left no doubt in the minds of his own attendants: he was determined to go to all lengths to please the English, and he expected them to do likewise.

Mary and her court meanwhile had repaired to Winchester, whence she despatched the Earl of Pembroke and an escort of 200 gentlemen in black velvet, with a company of English archers in the yellow and crimson of Aragon, to escort the King to her presence. When they arrived early on the morning of the twenty-third, it was pouring rain. Philip set out nevertheless, wearing a great red felt cloak over his costume of black velvet and white satin embroidered with gold, and a great beaver hat pulled over his eyes. Before he reached Winchester he was as wet as his horse, but he pressed on, being met along the way by other gentlemen in black velvet, and entered the city on "a fair white horse" at the head of a cavalcade of thousands.

After changing his wet clothes for a suit of white velvet with a surcoat of black, both covered with gold bugles, he proceeded to the splendid Cathedral, to kneel in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, while the choir and the Lord Chancellor sang the *Te Deum Laudamus*. Then he was escorted by torchlight to the Dean's House, for supper. When he had finished, about ten o'clock, there came a message from the Queen, begging him to visit her privately with very few followers.

Philip must have been tired after his long ride in the rain, but he immediately changed into doublet and trunks of white kid embroidered with gold, and a French surcoat worked with gold and silver, and set out. He looked very magnificent as he strode, followed by Alba, the Duke of Feria and a dozen or more of others, along a narrow lane between two gardens, into a third garden with arbors and fountains that reminded the Spanish cavaliers of the tales of Amadis de Gaul and King Arthur. Guided by two English *milords*, they went through a little back door, and mounted a narrow winding staircase to the long room where the Queen was waiting, with the Bishop of Winchester (Gardiner) and several ladies and gentlemen.

It was Philip's first glimpse of his second wife. She was walking up and down the great hall as he entered, a short,



slender woman in a black velvet gown with a petticoat of frosted silver, and a jeweled girdle, and collar. Her complexion was red and white, her hair reddish, her face round, her nose rather low and wide, the whole expression indicating great benignity and clemency; and, adds the Venetian ambassador Sorranzo, to whom we are indebted for this description of Mary at thirty-eight, "were not her age on the decline, she might be called handsome rather than the contrary."<sup>1</sup> A trifle faded then, this pathetic little lady in her finery, and small wonder, considering the sorrows she had known in her tragic life.

When she saw Philip, she went quickly toward him, and took his hand. Philip, mindful of Renard's instructions, kissed her on the mouth, after the English fashion. The austere Duchess of Alba was shocked when the Earl of Derby greeted her somewhat later in this hearty fashion. Such a thing was undreamt of in Spain. Mary took it as a matter of course, even when Philip, cap in hand, gave each of her ladies a similar salute as they were presented, two by two.

While the Admiral, William Lord Howard of Effingham<sup>2</sup> cracked some of his broad and garrulous jokes, very highly seasoned for Castilian taste, Mary sat under a brocade canopy and talked a long while with her handsome young husband-to-be. There is no complete record of the conversation. Philip seems to have asked her to teach him English, in spite of the fact that she could converse well in his own language. She began with the words, "Good Night." After several attempts Philip managed the uncouth words tolerably well, and was praised for it. In taking his leave, he obeyed a sudden impulse to try his English on the ladies in waiting. The best he could do was, "*God ni hit!*" The following day, Tuesday, he was formally received by Mary in public, afterwards going to the Cathedral for Evensong, and thence by torchlight to his lodgings.

The marriage was on Wednesday. It must have seemed a good omen to Philip and the Spaniards that it was July twenty-fifth, the Feast of Santiago. Before an immense crowd Philip entered the door of the gold-draped Cathedral, at eleven o'clock, a striking figure in white doublet and hose, with mantle of gold cloth studded with pearls. There was a great blast of trumpets. Half an hour later Mary appeared, also in gold and white, sparkling with diamonds.

Philip and Mary were shriven. They then stood together by the rood while the beautiful and solemn ceremony proceeded as it had through all the Catholic centuries. It seemed fitting that Gardiner—who, as he said on his deathbed, had sinned like Peter under Henry VIII, but was now making amends, like Peter—should pronounce the blessing. "Then all the people gave a great shout, praying God to send them joy, and the ring being laid upon the book to be hallowed, the Prince laid also upon the said book, three handfuls of gold, which the lady Margaret (Clifford) seeing, opened the Queen's purse, and the Queen smilingly put up in the same purse."

The King and Queen then walked hand in hand under a rich canopy to the choir, where they heard Mass until the Gospel, when they went out and knelt before the altar until after the Consecration and Communion. Mass over, one of the four Kings-of-Arms cried out, in Latin, in a high voice: "Philip and Mary, by the grace of God, King and Queen of England, France, Naples, Jerusalem, Ireland, Defenders of the Faith, Princes of Spain and Sicily, Archdukes of Austria, Dukes of Milan, Burgundy and Brabant, Counts of Habsburg, Flanders and Tyrol, in the first and second year of their reign!"<sup>3</sup> It was three in the afternoon when the procession left the Cathedral, and the King and Queen, with all the English and Spanish lords, went to a sumptuous banquet.

After a formal entry to London, where Philip's reception by the Calvinist tradesmen was noticeably cooler than elsewhere, the royal bride and bridegroom proceeded to Windsor Castle to spend their honeymoon. For Philip it must have been an exceedingly trying summer—"must have been," one says, for no complaints from his lips have been recorded, though the testimonies to his courtesy, his kindness and his good breeding are numerous and convincing.

Amadis de Gaul could have paid no more unfailing deference to the loveliest lady of those romantic regions that the young Spanish lords associated with England than Philip paid daily to this little woman withering visibly into middle age, while he, at twenty-seven, felt the eyes of young girls upon him wherever he went. It probably made his course no easier to find that Mary, true granddaughter of Isabel, was very much in love for the first and only time in her sad life, and with all the sincerity of a loyal and passionate nature. Nothing is more boresome to a young man than the unwanted affection of an older woman.

Philip's initial objection, says Cabrera, had been to her age. A year after the marriage we find Cardinal Pole reporting significantly to the Pope that Philip could not be more devoted to Mary if he were her son. This probably expresses the truth underlying a contemporary report, perhaps by one of Philip's train, that, "Their Majesties are the happiest couple in the world, and are more in love with each other than I can say here. He never leaves her, and on the road is always by her side, lifting her into the saddle and helping her to dismount. He dines with her publicly sometimes, and they go to Mass together on feast days . . . The Queen . . . has no eyebrows; she is a saint; dresses very badly."<sup>4</sup>

The Venetian ambassador Bodaero wrote that Philip hated his wife. But another envoy of the Doge, Michaeli, reported that his conduct toward her was enough to make any woman love him; "no one else in the world could have been a better or more loving husband." In any case, as Major Hume has it, "Philip acted all through the business like an honest high-minded gentleman."<sup>5</sup>

It would have taken a cruel nature indeed not to feel sympathy for Mary, whose life for twenty years had been a slow martyrdom. Even in the happier days before the arrogant tones of Anne Boleyn rang through the palace, there had been griefs and disappointments, which the very presence of Philip served to recall.

Mary, at the age of six, had been engaged to his father the Emperor. She was a pretty flaxen-haired child. She had met him at the gates of Greenwich, and learned that he had solemnly contracted to marry her as soon as she was old enough, and that when she was twelve she must go to Spain to complete her education and prepare herself to be Empress. Charles must have occupied a great place in her imagination. Three years later, in 1525, she sent him an emerald with a message, in which certain fears of her mother are perhaps reflected; "Her Grace hath devised this token, for a better knowledge to be had, when God shall send them grace to be together, whether his Majesty do keep himself as continent and chaste as with God's grace she will, whereby ye may say, his Majesty may see that her assured love towards the same hath already such operation in her, that it is also confirmed by jealousy, being one of the greatest signs and tokens of hearty love and cordial affection."<sup>6</sup>

But Charles, having no longer a motive for playing off England against France, and being attracted by the larger dowry of Isabel of Portugal, had lost interest in his little cousin. Soon he found a way to induce Henry VIII (by promises not kept) to break the engagement.

Mary's education, however, was good enough for any Empress. It was certainly equal to Philip's. It had been directed in part by her mother, whom Erasmus had called "egregiously learned"; in part by her governess, the martyr Countess of Salisbury; most of all, by the Spanish humanist Juan Luis Vives, her tutor from her ninth to her fourteenth year.

Vives had gone to Oxford to fill a chair established by Wolsey. He was not only the greatest scholar at the University, but one of the greatest of all time, a man so far ahead of his age that modern education has yet to catch up with some of his ideas. He had his royal pupil read Cicero, the Dialogues of Plato, Seneca, Saint Jerome, Saint Ambrose, Saint Augustine and Saint Thomas. He ridiculed the slavish and sentimental veneration of the classics that had done much to distort the viewpoint of the Renaissance European, and insisted that the modern mind was as good as, and might even be better than, the ancient. His plan for the education of boys included football and other exercises, but carefully regulated. Corporal punishment was allowed only as a last resort, and only to instructors chosen for their humane understanding. It was Vives' theory that, as no two boys are exactly alike, each must be studied and taught individually. In proposing an outline of universal history, he insisted that wars must not be emphasized, "for these are largely mere brigandage, and should be treated as such." Finally, it has been well said that to Vives, rather than to Francis Bacon, "must be ascribed that awakening of European thought which was to produce results so prodigious in the realms of the arts and sciences. Vives was peculiarly Spanish in his moderation, his comprehensive eclecticism and his sincerity.

"Clearly, this *vir in omni litteratura singularis*, as Erasmus calls him, was a worshiper at no shrine but that of truth, to which he would pave a way freed from corrupt texts, foolish commentaries and the ignorance and narrow pride of the various schools. One must brush aside these petty authorities . . . and get back to independent judgment and investigation. Nature was not yet exhausted, and observation might yet yield results truer than those of Aristotle, Plato or any of the ancients."<sup>7</sup> This was the very essence of the method exploited by Lord Bacon, three-quarters of a century later. It is typical of the bias of modern propaganda that the Protestant sage who doubted the Copernican theory has been given credit for the achievement of a devout Catholic from the benighted country where a telescope had been invented before Galileo's day.

It was Vives who wrote Mary's Latin manual, Vives who dedicated to her those 213 "mottoes" with paraphrases of each, which she memorized *in toto*, Vives probably who corrected her translation of a famous prayer of Saint Thomas,<sup>8</sup> made in her eleventh year. It was about that time that the shadow of Anne Boleyn began to fall upon her happiness and that of her mother. The same darkness was also to obliterate the kindly face of Luis Vives. In 1529 King Henry expelled the distinguished scholar from England for refusing to approve of the divorce.

Vives belonged to the remote world of her childhood. Four years after his departure all was changed. Deprived of her station, her property, even the necessities of life; separated forever from the mother she loved so much; insulted, tricked, threatened and neglected; made to serve the child of the woman she believed to be her mother's murderer, she had explored all the mysteries of mental, physical and spiritual suffering. The cold fury of Anne had fallen on both mother and daughter after Mary's refusal to buy her friendship by saluting her as Queen. Catherine cooked her own meals for fear of poisoning. When Mary was violently ill early in 1535, Chapuys wrote the Emperor of a current suspicion that a slow poison had been given her. Her health was never fully restored, though fear and anxiety must have been partly responsible. All through 1535 and 1536 she was in daily danger of the fate of which her mother warned her:

"Daughter, I heard such tidings today that I do perceive, if it is true, the time is come that Almighty God will prove you; and I am very glad of it, for I trust He doth handle you with a good love . . . I set not a rush by it; for when they have done the uttermost they can, then I am sure of the amendment . . ."<sup>9</sup>

Catherine did not underestimate the malice of her enemies. Her own martyrdom came to an end with a five-weeks' illness at the end of 1535 and the first days of the following year. When she died, Mary did not learn of the event for four days, and then only through Chapuys. Meanwhile a sort of autopsy was performed by Henry's orders, eight hours after the Queen's death. But, as Chapuys wrote the Emperor, no surgeon was present, nor any member of Catherine's household. The heart, he reported was "completely black and of hideous aspect. After washing it in different waters, and finding that it did not change color, he (Henry's representative) cut it in two, and found that it was the same inside, so much so that after being washed several times it never changed color." He found inside the heart "something black and round, which adhered strongly to the



concavities." The Queen's physician, asked by the ambassador whether he thought Catherine had died of poison, said, "In his opinion there was no doubt of it."<sup>10</sup>

Of all this Mary heard. She heard too of the fiendish joy of her father and Anne: how Henry had given thanks to God because he no longer needed to fear a war with Charles on Catherine's account; and how, on the following day, he appeared in public dressed in yellow from head to foot, save for a white feather in his cap; and how, when the little bastard Elizabeth was taken to church with a great blare of trumpets, the King took her in his arms and showed her with fond pride to various people. Even this was not the worst. Mary had known that she would some day have to part with her mother, but one thing she had hoped to keep in life and in death. When she was utterly alone, defenseless and crushed, in the black months after her mother's death, when she had been stripped even of Catherine's relic of the True Cross, Cromwell, fearful of losing his own head if he displeased Henry, found a way to inflict upon her the final humiliation.

He pretended to be her friend, to intercede for her with the King. When he had gained a certain measure of her confidence, he began writing letters for her to copy and sign, letters full of the sort of filial respect her mother had always urged her to show her father, and seemingly innocent enough. The missives became more abject and groveling until Mary grew frightened, and asked the Emperor, through Chapuys, what she should do. While the Council met and held over her the threat of death if she refused, she received the opinion of Charles, her only adviser, that to save her life "she must do everything, and dissemble for some time," for "if she came to court, she would by her wisdom set her father again in the right road . . ."<sup>11</sup>

Mary signed, without looking at it, the paper submitted to her; declared her mother incestuous and herself illegitimate; and added those other words that she so bitterly repented, "I do recognize, accept, take, repute and knowledge the King's highness to be supreme head in earth under Christ of the Church of England, and do utterly refuse the Bishop of Rome's pretended authority, power and jurisdiction within this Realm heretofore usurped . . ."<sup>12</sup> In return for this betrayal of Christ and His Vicar, for which she never ceased to reproach herself, Mary received her father's blessing and was invited to court.

When Henry died in 1547, Mary had become a rather bitter-looking, disillusioned woman of thirty-one, whose eyes were habitually heavy and red from weeping, and whose health was bad. In her portraits of that period there was certainly little evidence of the beauty that had been praised in her at eighteen. Under Edward she was better treated, on the whole. The sickly little king was fond of her, so much so that Somerset, who ruled him with William Cecil at his elbow, finally separated them for fear the Princess would lead her brother back to the Catholic Faith, against which he had been so carefully prejudiced. Toward the end of Edward's reign she had been permitted to ride through London attended by fifty knights. After the execution of Somerset she could practise her own religion, privately, in peace.

Edward died on the anniversary of Saint Thomas More's death in 1553; poisoned, in the opinion of the Emperor and many others. While he lay dying, the envoys of France and the Empire descended upon London like vultures, those of Charles to advance the cause of Mary, those of Henry II to exclude her in the interests of Mary Stuart.

The sequel has often been told: how Northumberland conspired to seize the Princess and set up the Protestant Lady Jane Gray in her place; how even the Council—Cranmer, Paulet with his pawnbroker's face, John Russell, Earl of Bedford; cunning Secretary Cecil who had sold out his benefactor Somerset, and the rest—had defied her and called her a bastard, concluding their insolent letter with, "and thus we bid you most heartily well to fare"; and how Mary, with no money or powerful friends, but with the love of the English people, displayed a resolution and a vigor like her grandmother Isabel's, riding through the countryside, raising troops, and boldly advancing to London in spite of the fact that her enemies had the Tower, the crown jewels and the Treasure; how she arrested the chief conspirators and touched the hearts even of Protestant Londoners by her fearless and queenly bearing; and how Cecil, when he saw she had won, sent her an abject and groveling note, concluding piously with, "God save the Queen in all felicity."

Then was the time, if ever, to make a complete restoration of the Catholic Faith in England. The people, except in money-ridden London, loved it and wanted it. It cannot be said too often that Protestantism was not a popular thing, not an English thing, during most of the sixteenth century. Though it appealed everywhere to nationalistic interests and prejudices, it was essentially but a form of the international opposition to the international Church: an imported thing that had to be hawked up with propaganda for generations. It had to be "sold" to the English people. It was for them to find out later that it was they who had been sold.

Among the Protestant minority, too, there were many loyal Englishmen who were beginning to understand that they had been deceived by the Reformers into supporting something quite different from what they wanted. There were many in 1553 who agreed with the learned Dr. Richard Cox, one of the earliest Lutherans in England, and tutor to Edward VI; his reforming zeal had been so great that he had destroyed, as government commissioner, some of the most valuable books at Oxford, "from a notion that they encouraged popery and superstition." But he was thoroughly disillusioned when he saw that the vaunted suppression of the monasteries had not only failed to correct religious abuses, but had increased them; besides which, it had led to wholesale corruption of public and private life, and to economic disaster on a wide scale.

A whole class of decent Englishmen, of whom too little has been remembered in history, was swept off the church lands and doomed to poverty, vagabondage and often crime: mostly small farmers and farm laborers with their families, dispossessed because the new owners found it more profitable to raise sheep and needed only one shepherd instead of six



tillers of the soil. Those men and their families were dumped on the roads at the very time when the machinery which the Church had built up for the relief of poverty was also destroyed, with nothing adequate to take its place. The Catholic hospitals were crippled or handed over to politicians. The monasteries and convents that had fed the helpless and cared for the sick were now in private and greedy hands. Since the *nouveaux riches* no longer believed in Purgatory, they had not even the motive of helping their own souls to urge them to leave money to charity. As for education, it was wrecked for centuries. Well has it been said that the much vaunted "public schools of Edward VI" were those that he did not destroy.

Cox was in an excellent position to see the working-out of the glorious experiment. Even before the death of Henry VIII he wrote to his friend Sir William Paget words which might have cost him his head had they fallen into less friendly hands. He mentioned the "great lack in this realm of schools, preachers, houses and livings for impotent orphans, widows, poor and miserable, and what lack there shall be utterly intolerable if there be not a sufficient number of ministers, priests established in parishes of great circuit and of great number. . . . There is such a number of importune wolves that be able to devour colleges, chantries, cathedral churches, universities and their lands, and a thousand times as much. . . . Our posterity will wonder at us. This realm will come into foul ignorance and barbarousness when the reward of learning is gone."<sup>13</sup> Paget made light of all this, for he was one of the wolves, having absorbed church lands worth 20,000 pounds a year. Cox, however, had the courage to reply:

"Our forefathers, who bestowed so plentifully upon their parsons and curates, thought little that the greediness of a few should devour their godly liberality contrary to their godly intent and meaning. . . . I am sorry with my heart when I remember that ye be linked with them, though it be but in one benefice."<sup>14</sup> Later, as Bishop of Ely under Elizabeth, this man was hounded to death by others of the wolves; but not before he wrote sadly, "They look and contend vehemently for a more pure reformation; but if the church lands were dispersed, their reformation would soon be at an end."

This spirit of disillusionment among English Protestants was so general on Mary's accession that it required a great effort on the part of French agents and Protestant pamphleteers in the pay of the church looters, to work up sentiment in support of Wyatt's rebellion. One of the reformers who most loudly opposed the marriage with Philip found it necessary to declare that "We should lie in swine's sties and in caves, and the Spaniards should have our houses. If the marriage should come to pass, we should drink no drink but water, and pay a penny for a quart pot full." But few believed him. Even with the organized wealth of the new nobility behind it, the propaganda failed when Mary, penniless though she was, placed herself at the head of her troops and met the rebels in the open.

Not even the Spanish marriage weakened her position essentially. Englishmen generally disliked France, but rather liked Spain. The opposition to Philip was largely artificial, synthetic, the work of Noailles and the pamphleteers. At the beginning of the reign, there were many to read and applaud John Heywood's panegyric, "A Balade specifieng partly the maner, partly the matter, in the most excellent meetyng and lyke marriage between our Sovereigne Lord and our Sovereigne Lady." In the first stanza Mary is a rose. "The Eagle's bird hath spread his wings, And taken his flight from far," to light lovingly on this English flower. In the next stanza she becomes, however, a lion. Lest the reader think it odd for a bird to mate with such a beast, the author hastens to explain that she is

*"No lion wilde, a lion tame  
No rampant lion masculyne,  
The lamblike lion feminyne."<sup>15</sup>*

Popularity is irresistible at the moment but is easily lost. In the long run it tends to lose against material wealth, particularly if that wealth be organized. This was something that neither Mary nor Philip seems to have understood as well as their enemies did. With the fanatical Wyatt dead, and the Princess Elizabeth in the Tower (Wyatt had corresponded with her through Francis Russell, only son of that amiable Earl of Bedford who had gone to Spain to meet Philip), they were able for the time being to carry everything before them. They entered London again in September (1554) and were better received than the first time. A Parliament was summoned. Pole was on his way to England as Papal Legate. He was the logical man for the place, and without him no restoration of religion was possible. But Philip, at his father's instance, sent Renard to detain him in Brussels for awhile, until the arrival of a bull from Pope Julius III permitting the absolution of England without the restoration of the stolen property of the Church. When at last it was apparent that Pole could do no harm with his notions of justice, which the Emperor considered impractical, Philip sent a commission to meet him and escort him to London with all due ceremony and respect. The commissioners were Paget and Hastings. William Cecil went along in an unofficial capacity.

Of these three worthies, Paget held church lands worth 20,000 pounds a year, or in terms of modern purchasing power, \$2,000,000, if one accepts the conservative estimate that money has depreciated twenty times in nearly four centuries. Cecil's share of the loot had been originally more modest. He had reinvested his father's blood-money in church lands, and was already beginning to lay the foundations of the Cecil family wealth and power on the ruins of the See of Peterborough. He had the choice properties of Putney, Mortlake and Wimbledon. King Philip wanted him excluded from the government as a

reconciled heretic, according to Cabrera.<sup>16</sup> Yet he allowed him to meet Pole and to court his favor. Can it be possible that Philip could not see the irony of this situation?

Cecil was then about thirty-five, with a mask-like face and small ferret eyes that could assume a look of gentleness and innocence. He had a first-rate intelligence, enormous industry, a veritable genius for business and negotiation; patience and judgment; a devotion to the teachings of Machiavelli and to astrology; a hypocrisy so plausible that it deceived many even of the elect. The name of God was always on his lips, even in the most despicable affairs of his long life. When an end was to be sought, he had no scruples at all.

He had first attracted the attention of Henry VIII by arguing with two Irish priests against the supremacy of the Pope. Under Edward VI he was the right hand of the Protector Somerset, whose secretary he was. Men thought of him almost as equal to Somerset. Warwick wrote him, for instance, that he would sign anything that he and Somerset "and the others" might agree upon.<sup>17</sup> He could be suave or insolent as he chose. Pole wrote a long and indignant complaint in 1549 of a letter he had received from Somerset's secretary (presumably Cecil), "full of gibes and scoffs and discourtesies . . . derision and mockeries."<sup>18</sup> And once when Mary, as Princess, received a letter from her brother King Edward, urging her to abjure the errors of popery, she is said to have cried, "Ah, Mr. Cecil's pen has taken great pains here!"

He betrayed his patron Somerset to Buckingham. As one of the Buckingham conspirators he signed the insolent letter of defiance that called Mary illegitimate. Yet as soon as Buckingham was beaten, he sold him out to her. Openly a Protestant under Henry and Edward, on Mary's accession he professed Catholicism. Men wondered nevertheless why he did not lose his head. Many attributed his safety to the enormous string of rosary beads he rattled so piously every morning in the church at Wimbledon. Others may have conjectured that his phenomenal memory, stuffed with useful facts about all sorts of persons and affairs, had been made to appear indispensable to the too credulous and merciful Queen.

While this worthy was speeding to the Low Countries to fetch the Cardinal, Parliament met on November twelfth to consider allowing Pole to enter the realm as Papal Legate, and removing the attainder which had been a threat to his head since Henry's reign. After Bishop Gardiner had opened the session, King Philip made his appearance, and addressed to the members a speech of which Cabrera gives the substance. Prescott casts a doubt on the authenticity of this plea for Catholic unity, on the ground that the English could not have understood Spanish! He seems to have overlooked the fact that Philip often made public addresses in very good Latin, and probably did so on this occasion.

"Your ancestors lived and died," he said, "in the profession of the Catholic religion, and in obedience to the Roman Church, that Christian brotherhood whose multitude are joined as witnesses of the name of Jesus Christ in unity of Faith, legitimately ordained, which unites the people to the priest as the flock of sheep to the shepherd. This, according to the evidence of the New Testament, is our Catholic Church, which had its origin in Jerusalem, and scattered through the world, increased, glorious and manifest, mingling the good and the bad, (yet) holy in faith and sacraments, of apostolic origin and succession, with catholic amplitude, one by union of its members, of perpetual duration, and governed as elect by the Holy Spirit."

Even kings were subjects of the spiritual kingdom over which the Pope ruled. "This Pontiff, successor of Saint Peter, is truly Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth . . . as the temporal viceroy to his natural lord, named to govern the realm in his absence. Thus in the ancient law the Hebrews were commanded to place on the forehead of the High Priest the ineffable name of God graven in metal. The Church militant is divinely a counterpart of the triumphant; and Saint John saw descend from the sky a new and holy Jerusalem. As in the latter there is one prince, God, under whose obedience it is perfectly subjected, so in the militant there is one Roman Pontiff as a spiritual prince, who takes precedence of all and exceeds as chief in dignity, power, and authority. . . . To obey him and his decrees is necessary for the safety of souls. . . .

"The temporal government," Philip continued, "is not fit for divinity, like the divine worship and the keeping of the heavenly precepts, which make the being and power of the king participants . . . of the being and power of God; and he, to sustain it worthily, asks favor of Heaven, and to keep it obeys the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the Roman Pontiff. Of the king's ruling function and office the only end is not majesty, wealth and dominion; but rather God and His holy law, and the accomplishment of his precepts, dying for it if necessary.

"The mercy of God now calls you to return, through obedience to the Roman Pontiff, to the flock of Jesus Christ, incorporating yourselves in His Catholic Church. Vote for this measure, and may God enlighten your understanding and move your hearts."

Four hundred and forty Englishmen, members of both houses of Parliament, listened to this appeal from a foreigner. When he had finished, all but two of them voted for the admission of Pole as Legate.<sup>19</sup>

At last on the twentieth of November the Cardinal reached Dover, was welcomed at Westminster by Gardiner, and thence was conducted to the presence of Philip and Mary, who arose from dinner to receive him at the top of a great staircase. A venerable man he was, with grave eyes and long beard and patriarchal presence: scholar, statesman, grand Catholic and grand Englishman. He might have been Pope had he been ambitious. The sovereigns welcomed him, says Cabrera, "with much honor and demonstration of love, saying they had not thought he would come so soon, else the King would have gone forth to receive him outside of London."



Perhaps it was Mary who made this remark. Could Philip have been ignorant of the movements of the great man his father's agents had watched assiduously for months and had kept waiting a year for an audience in Brussels? It would not be the first time the kings of Spain had tempered their welcome of a papal messenger with a little well-bred frigidity, to keep him in mind of their wishes.<sup>20</sup> But the young King's courtesy, as usual, was flawless. When Pole presented letters from the Pope, Philip insisted that Mary open them and read them first. This gesture was highly praised by the English. "Certain of them were churlish," wrote Cabrera, "but he gained them with his prudence, his courtesy, his honors and his thanks."

Part of his method was to scatter gifts of money among important people. The Emperor had a low opinion, on the whole, of human nature. It was not altogether unjustified. Once it was understood that no demand for the return of stolen goods would be made, the last opposition to the complete restoration of the Faith fell silent. When Parliament met again in the last week of November, the Cardinal made a memorable address. The next day, the twenty-eighth, both houses drew up a formal supplication to the King and Queen:

"We, the lords spiritual and temporal and the commons in this present Parliament assembled, representing the whole bodie of the realme of England and dominions of the same in the name of ourselves particularly, and also of the sayd bodie universallly, offer this our most humble supplication to your Majesties . . . We do declare ourselves very sorry and repentant of the long schisme and disobedience committed in this realme, and the dominions of the same, against the said see apostolique."  
...

After humbly begging Their Majesties to intercede for them and obtain absolution, the petitioners continued with the request "that we may, as children repentant, be receyved into the bosome and unitie of Christes church, so as this noble realm, with all the members thereof, may, in this unitie and perfect obedience to the see apostolique and popes for the time being, serve God and Your Majesties to the furtheraunce and advauncement of his honour and glorie. Amen."<sup>21</sup>

This was delivered by the Bishop of Winchester to Philip and Mary, who in turn handed it to the Cardinal. The formal reconciliation of England and the Church took place on the Feast of Saint Andrew, November thirtieth. When Gardiner repeated the petition for absolution, and asked the members of Parliament and the rest of the brilliant assembly if they ratified their words, and desired to return to the unity of the Catholic Church, a mighty shout of assent answered him. All fell on their knees before the Pope's Legate, who sat enthroned with the King and Queen, while in solemn tones he pronounced the words of absolution, and restored them to the communion of Holy Church, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Shouts of "Amen!" from every part of the house answered him. All, including the King and Queen, began singing the *Te Deum Laudamus*. Thus, in procession, they all walked into the chapel, giving thanks and praise to God for His mercy, and so back to the palace.

Philip was so happy over the success of his mission that he wrote to Pope Julius III about it that evening:

"Very Holy Father: Today I wrote Don John Manrique to say or to write to Your Holiness in what good state the affairs of religion remained in this kingdom . . . Our Lord has been served, to Whose goodness alone it ought to be attributed, and Your Holiness also, who have had such care to gain these souls, in the fact that today, the feast of Saint Andrew, in the afternoon, all this kingdom, by the unanimous agreement of those who represent it, and with great repentance for the past, and contentment over what they were about to do, have given their obedience to Your Holiness and to that Holy See, and the Legate, at the Queen's intercession and mine, absolved them . . . The Queen and I, as such true and devoted children of Your Holiness, have experienced the greatest joy, beyond the power of words to convey, knowing that besides the service of Our Lord, a realm like this should return in the time of Your Holiness to place itself within the pale of His holy and universal Church."<sup>22</sup>

Philip also notified all the Christian princes of the good news. Apparently it was not until six weeks later that he got around to writing his sister Juana, who was carrying on the government of Spain for him (perhaps, however, the Emperor or one of Philip's entourage had informed her). His letter was long and enthusiastic, and in supple and euphonious Spanish.

"Our principal purpose," he wrote, "was to give assent in the affairs of religion, with great hope that Our Lord, whose cause it was, would aid Our good desire" . . . He gave a summary of Pole's address to Parliament, and told how the Legate went to the Palace on Saint Andrew's Day to address Their Majesties in Latin, and then to absolve all present. The following Sunday, the Cardinal was received at Saint Paul's by the clergy of the whole city bearing crosses.

"There was a great concourse of all the population," continued Philip, "and signs of universal joy." Then the King and the Legate went to the balcony of the church, near the plaza of the city, where the Chancellor preached to an audience of knights, citizens and people, giving thanks to God for this blessing. (This must have been Gardiner's famous sermon on the text, "It is the hour to rise out of sleep," exhorting all who had fallen with him to rise with him and return to the religion of their fathers.)

Philip concluded: "We hope in Our Lord that things will go from good to better each day. I have wished to inform you so particularly of everything, and of the joy We feel over finishing this, and over the happiness it will give you and the people of Spain generally. And so We ask you affectionately that prayers and sacrifices be offered in all the monasteries and churches there, giving thanks to Our Lord for the good success this business has had, supplicating that He preserve it and carry it on."<sup>23</sup>

There was great joy in Rome when the Pope received the news on December fifteenth. "*Pater noster, qui es in coelis,*"



he exclaimed, "*sanctificetur nomen tuum!*" He ordered cannon fired from the Castle of Sant' Angelo, and the Vatican and all of Rome lighted up. He offered a Mass of thanks-giving in the chapel of Saint Andrew in St. Peter's. There were great processions of prelates and townspeople. On the following Sunday His Holiness said a solemn Mass in the chapel of Saint Peter, granted the *jubileo* to the English hospital, and on the way back to the Vatican scattered silver in great quantity among the poor. He sent Mary the Golden Rose, and Philip the hat and sword blessed on Christmas Eve. He wrote them "with love and satisfaction, like a shepherd who has found his lost sheep."<sup>24</sup>

Philip felt amply compensated for the sacrifice he had made in marrying his "aunt." Only five months in England, and so much done! It was more than he could have expected. And now, to fill his cup to the brim, Mary told him what he was longing to hear: she was to have a child. Was anything more needed to show that God had entered into the clever scheme of the Emperor, even to the last detail? Of the Emperor's sincere desire that England be Catholic there can be no doubt. But he was not adverse to killing two birds with one stone, and making it part of the Spanish Empire also. This could be accomplished only if Philip and Mary had a child. Everything had been staked on that. The chests of gold and all the expense of the expedition had been risked on that one chance. Indeed the many millions of church loot in England had been poured into the pot of this huge gamble against the one miserable chance that God might possibly deny a child to Mary: a son preferably. Even a daughter in England would do. And now Mary felt sure.

An heir, half-English by blood, and brought up in the Spanish Catholic tradition, would be the sole unanswerable argument to the Russells, the Cecils, the Bacons, the Pagets and all the rest. It would unite Catholic England against them and with Spain so firmly that in spite of themselves they would be drawn into the Catholic—or should one say Imperial?—scheme of things. Even their descendants would become sincere Catholics, whatever they themselves were. All would be well. Pope Julius and Cardinal Pole might live to see how shortsighted they had been in demanding a foundation of ideal justice in so important an affair of the practical world. So reasoned the Emperor.

Small wonder that Philip and Mary spent a happy and glorious Christmas that year—the first and last Christmas they would ever spend together. The Queen was a little anxious because some of her councillors wanted her to weed out of Church and State a few of the prime heretics who were now professing Catholicism purely for political reasons. Philip, still following the Emperor's ripe experience, pooh-poohed the idea. Let there be no persecution in England, and all would turn out well.

Meanwhile industry everywhere had picked up after Mary's accession. There was a new feeling of joy and prosperity in the country. Though Edward had left nothing but debts, and Mary herself was in dire straits financially, the future seemed promising. Chancellor Gardiner was able and honest. Pole was a rock of sanctity and good sense, though his long absence from England made him less useful in a way than the Bishop of Winchester. Churches reopened, college property was restored, nuns and monks began to resume their historic function of teaching and caring for the poor. Most Englishmen prepared to celebrate Christ's birthday with a new realization that they still lived in merrie England.

The Queen, with characteristic trust, commissioned Nicholas Udall to prepare the Christmas shows at court that year. He was well known to have Protestant sympathies, and had written heretical theological works under Edward. His morals were none of the best. Indeed he had served time in prison for "a heinous offense with a certain cheney, a scolar of Eton" (where he taught) "sundry times." He had written some very dull verses for the coronation of Anne Boleyn, but his *Ralph Royster Doyster*, presented probably in 1552, had given him a certain standing as a play-wright. A special warrant, December third, 1554, directed the Office of the Queen's Revels to deliver to him such apparel as he might require for the "setting foorth of Dialogues and Enterludes" before the Queen's Majesty, for her "regell disporte and recreacion." As a Protestant, full of proselytizing zeal against the Scarlet Woman of Babylon, the poet was in a ticklish situation; but with considerable tact he managed to present "divers plaies," the "incydents" of which were very "innocent." Among them were "a mask of patrons of gallies like Venetian senators, with galley-slaves for their torch-bearers; a mask of Venuses or amorous ladies with 6 Cupids and 6 torche-bearers to them," and some "Turkes archers," "Turkes magistrates" and "Turkie women"; besides "6 lions' hedds of paste and cement," and other like paraphernalia.

How Philip and Mary liked all this pagan "disporte and recreacion" in honor of Christ's birthday, the chroniclers have not revealed. But the employment of Udall was symptomatic of something still rotten in the State, and not very far under the surface.



## Philip, Mary and Elizabeth [1555]

**P**HILIP thought, and his father agreed, that the English venture had gone as well as could be expected, or better. There were, however, other opinions. The Spanish lords at Hampton Court (where their Majesties had lived since summer) were thoroughly disgusted, most of them, with English people and English manners. They deemed the language barbarous, the women plain and badly dressed, the shopkeepers disposed to seek as much profit as possible at the expense of the strangers, the climate vile. In short, they made all the complaints that people commonly make in foreign countries.

Perhaps they had expected too much. Willing at first, out of loyalty to Philip, to do everything possible to please the English, they were not without hopes of ruling the country sooner or later. When they discovered, after months of self-control enforced by royal orders, that they were still forbidden to serve their own King in public, and that Mary had no intention of turning over the Kingdom to him, they experienced a natural reaction. Four-fifths of the five hundred who had come to the wedding asked and received permission to cross to Flanders to enlist in the Emperor's wars or to return to Spain. Alba was not sorry to go to the Low Countries on a mission, and thence to Italy as viceroy (April, 1555). He and his wife could never be happy in a country where Spanish grandees were not properly valued, where the Lord Admiral felt free to kiss a lady on the mouth. The manners of bluff King Hal were still fashionable in some quarters, and the Spanish, from Philip down, found them abominable.

On the other hand, a Spanish infantryman, conscious of belonging to the best army and the most powerful nation in Europe, could be very irritating to a free-born Briton. Street brawls began to occur. Philip handed the offenders over to English justice, as he had threatened. Before he had been in the country six months, two of his men were hanged, in the stark unsentimental English manner, for crimes against citizens: one of them for running a man through while two other Spaniards held his arms. The Spanish complained that Englishmen who assaulted or cheated them got off scot free. Philip, however, was adamant: whatever the English did, no offense must be given by Spaniards. He forbade his men to carry arms. He issued a proclamation to the effect that the first Spaniard to use a weapon should have his hand cut off; and if any one cried "Spain!" even in defense, he was to be hanged.

A much worse situation was developing, however, at the turn of the year, and one which gave Philip no small anxiety. The vocal propaganda which usually precedes political action against the Catholic Faith was again in motion, especially in London. Lampoons on the Spanish marriage and vile pasquinades on the Queen's pregnancy were published. Preachers emboldened by Mary's leniency were beginning to thunder against the Mass and Purgatory and the Scarlet Woman of Babylon. Books as fanatical and treasonable as John Knox's *Blast Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women* were openly circulated in large numbers. A girl named Elizabeth Crofts attempted an impersonation of the Holy Ghost, to warn the people against Philip and the Mass. A boy named Featherstone was made to impersonate the dead Edward VI, to cast a doubt on Mary's title. "Certain knaves in this country endeavor daily to disturb the peace and quiet, and present state of the Kingdom," wrote the Venetian ambassador, "so as if possible to induce some novelty and insurrection." An Italian who had taught his language to the Princess Elizabeth after Mary released her from the Tower was arrested on suspicion that he was author of a certain *Dialogue* reviling the King and Queen and the Catholic religion. The charge could not be proved, and the man was released, while Milady Elizabeth remained under surveillance at Woodstock. All these occurrences seemed to presage a repetition of the attempts against Mary's authority and her life that had ushered in her reign. After a preacher named Ross held a midnight service on the last day of 1554 to pray for the Queen's early death the Council decided to act.

Early in January the extreme English Catholic party in the Council decided that the time had come to suppress heresy with a firm hand. Gardiner hesitated, but finally agreed. Even Paget, who was at first opposed, came around to the majority



view. On the twenty-second, the Chancellor summoned before him six of the most notorious of the heretics who were denouncing the Church and the Queen. Two of them recanted. The other four were sentenced to be burned. The first victim was Rogers, who went to the stake on February fourth. Hooper, who had loudly proclaimed that every Catholic priest ought to be drowned, was executed on February ninth, at Gloucester. Thus there began in England the persecution that would cost the lives of more than 200 Protestants in the next four years, and would be used to justify the slaughter of many thousands of Catholics during the years to come, in England, in Ireland and elsewhere.

Who was to blame for this shocking destruction of human beings who did not share the religious convictions of their rulers? Was it "Bloody Mary," as that unhappy woman was henceforth to be known by many generations? Was it Philip, who came from the land of the Spanish Inquisition, where 2,000 secret Jews had been burned under the great Ferdinand and Isabel? Or was it the Catholic Church?

Three loud affirmative replies were promptly framed by Protestant propagandists, and cast into concrete, dramatic and at times highly readable form by John Foxe, whose *Acts and Monuments*, full of accounts of real and imaginary sufferings of Protestants, would furnish a text for preachers and schoolmasters for centuries to come. It would make no difference to zealots, or to the powerful interests they served, that "many who were burnt under Mary lived to drink sack under Elizabeth," or that Persons could point out more than 120 lies on three of its pages. Foxe's gigantic slander on English Catholics and their Church would be chained in hundreds of meeting-houses. Long after the best historians had repudiated its bigoted errors, it would continue to cry out against the Church Catholic. Puritans would yet slay women in Ireland, bidding them remember Bloody Mary. Communists of the twentieth century would scream the names of Philip and the Inquisition at the nuns they were about to violate and butcher in Barcelona.<sup>1</sup>

A Protestant's indignation over the burning of Protestants is easily understandable, and is undoubtedly shared today by most Catholics. But if ever there was a persecution that deserved to be called political rather than religious in essence, it was this one. It is of no slight interest to the student of human nature to notice that of all the persons involved on the side of the State, the most innocent in fact were those most vilified in the Protestant tradition: Philip and Mary, and the responsible ministers of the Catholic Church.

Philip was utterly opposed to religious persecution. He shared the Emperor's opinion at this period that no heretic should be punished, as such, for his religious beliefs. If he had committed acts of treason, or had otherwise disturbed the order of the State, let him be tried; and, if found guilty, punished as a traitor. Charles had employed this policy in Germany, and, it seemed to him, with all the success that could be expected. The inactivity of the Inquisition during his reign, both in Spain and in the Netherlands, was notorious. In England there was even more reason to avoid making religious martyrs. The same ends could be achieved without so doing. Many of the Protestants burned under Mary for heresy would have been punished in the ordinary course, under the rather harsh laws of the kingdom, for murder, for breach of peace, for high treason, or some other criminal offense. Most of them were engaged in subversive activity which would have been construed as treasonable under any government of the period.

Philip, indeed, urged these considerations strongly upon Mary and the Council. To make his own position clear he had his confessor, Fray Alonso de Castro, preach publicly against the persecution on the very day after the burning of Hooper, and with such good effect that a court order suspended further executions for several weeks.<sup>2</sup> Prescott's supposition that Fray Alonso acted on his own initiative, perhaps even in opposition to the King's wishes, is naive, considering that Philip continued to employ this man as confessor and general factotum, and later offered him a bishopric.<sup>3</sup> Major Hume is nearer the truth when he says that "For nearly six months Philip's efforts stayed the storm of persecution, and his active intercession saved many condemned to the stake."

Not only were Philip and the Spanish priests all against the persecution of the Protestants, but Cardinal Pole, the Pope's Legate and Primate of all England, would not permit any one to be burned for heresy in his diocese. If any one in England could be said to represent the official attitude of the Catholic Church toward the whole business, it was Pole. As for Mary, she seems to have sided with the English Catholics of her Council rather than with her husband in this instance; but there is no evidence of the "fierce bigotry" of which Green, among other English historians, accuses her.<sup>4</sup> The autograph letter she sent her Councillors while they were debating the enforcement of the heresy laws is far from being either fierce or bigoted.

"Touching punishment of heretics," she wrote, "me thinketh it ought to be done without rashness, not leaving in the meanwhile to do justice to such as by learning would seem to deceive the simple: and the rest so to be used, that the people might well perceive them not to be condemned without just occasion, whereby they shall both understand the truth, and beware to do the like: and especially within London, I would wish none to be burnt without some of the Council's presence, and both there and everywhere good sermons at the same." Mary approved of the persecution because it seemed to her by far the lesser of two evils. The peace and order of her kingdom were menaced; the lives of thousands seemed more important than the lives of a few disturbers.

"The real truth about these 'Martyrs'," wrote the Protestant historian, Cobbett, "is that they were generally a set of most wicked wretches, who sought to destroy the Queen and her government, and under the presence of conscience and superior piety, to obtain the means of again preying upon the people. No mild means could reclaim them; those means had been tried: the

Queen had to employ vigorous means, or to suffer her people to continue to be torn by the religious factions, created not by her, but by her two immediate predecessors, who had been aided and abetted by many of those who now were punished, and who were worthy of ten thousand deaths each, if ten thousand deaths could have been endured. They were, without a single exception, apostates, perjurers or plunderers; and the greater part of them had also been guilty of flagrant high treason against Mary herself, who had spared their lives, but whose lenity they had requited by every effort within their power to offset her authority and government. To make particular mention of all the ruffians that perished upon this occasion would be a task as irksome as it would be useless; but there were among them three of Cranmer's bishops and himself. For now justice at last overtook this most mischievous of all villains, who had justly to go to the same stake that he had unjustly caused so many others to be tied to; the three others were Hooper, Latimer and Ridley, each of whom was indeed inferior in villainy to Cranmer, but to few other men that have ever existed."<sup>5</sup> If there is some exaggeration in this, there seemed to many a beautiful poetic justice in the death of Cranmer, who had so cold-bloodedly caused to be burned large numbers not only of Catholics but of Protestant dissenters from the Church of England.

The method of execution, so abhorrent to the modern imagination, has been attributed to the influence of Spain and its Inquisition. The truth is that even this was a domestic and not an imported custom. The medieval English apparently thought burning more merciful than hanging, and small wonder, considering what death on the gallows implied for a traitor: the ripping out of his entrails while he still breathed and suffered, the hacking off of his arms and legs, and other indignities. This was the death ordained for a man convicted of treason. For the same offense a woman was burned.<sup>6</sup> In the light of English jurisprudence, then, Cranmer and his fellows were being let off with a woman's punishment, in comparison to that of the monks and gentlemen who were hanged alive, disemboweled, castrated and quartered under Henry and Edward.

The whole Marian persecution, in short, must be considered an English, not a Spanish affair. The English people were generally for it. Perhaps it was natural that, after enduring so much bloody injustice from a small, wealthy and organized minority in the last two reigns, they now welcomed the chance to turn upon the oppressors and give them a taste of their own medicine. It was an English Council that decided upon the policy. The whole Parliament approved of it. It surely must have had the support of public opinion to keep it in force during the whole of Mary's reign. For she was notoriously lacking in money and other material resources that her enemies commanded; yet they dared not oppose her openly, because the people were with her. It is an interesting question whether, if she had had the full support of Philip and the Emperor and Cardinal Pole, she would not have established a solid and permanent unity in England, as her grandmother Isabel had done by uncompromising measures in Spain.

Philip still hoped to win over the English by kindness, and spared no pains to do so. On March twenty-sixth (1555) he ran so many courses in a tournament that the Queen was alarmed and sent to ask him not to risk his life further since he had already done his full duty.<sup>7</sup>

In April he took Mary to Hampton Court to await her confinement. Did he have any suspicion that she was not really pregnant but was already victim of a disease that cruelly flattered her passionate desire for a child? Others knew it not long after this, and the astute and watchful Philip was not likely to be the last. The moment was critical for him. Everything depended upon his having a child, preferably a son. Granted an heir, and with ordinary perseverance and good fortune, success seemed almost certain. His enemies would have no legitimate royalty around which to rally opinion against him. The next legitimate heir would be Mary Stuart. The Protestant rich would go to her only as a last resort, for she was Catholic and in the French sphere. Elizabeth was their only other hope; a slender one if Mary bore a child. But let it be established that Mary could never have a child, and Elizabeth, bastard though she was, would become a person of tremendous importance.

In that case the influence of Spain and the Empire, added to the overwhelmingly Catholic sentiment in England, could easily throw the succession to Mary Stuart, and thus keep England within the Catholic family of nations, in obedience to the Pope. But it would also mean that France would dominate England, and sooner or later the Netherlands. Thus France would become a great European empire, overshadowing Spain.

This, to the Emperor, was an intolerable thought. To avoid the very possibility he decided upon the desperate alternative of supporting the claim of Elizabeth. Philip as usual followed his father's wishes. Neither was aware, perhaps, that such a policy involved the staking of the welfare of Christendom upon a slender chance. French domination would not necessarily mean a Catholic England in the long run. French kings had too often sacrificed the interests of the Church to selfish personal or national interests. It might have been denied, too, that the only alternative to French influence through Mary Stuart would be a Protestant England under Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was little more than a girl and could doubtless be handled by the right person. The Emperor apparently thought that Philip was that person. It seemed very simple. Marry her to some good Catholic attached to the Imperial House, and she probably would become a Catholic. On Mary's succession she had professed, with tears, that she saw the errors of what she had been taught to believe, and wished to return to the Catholic Faith of her fathers. She had gone to Mass with her sister, opened a chapel in her own house, and sent to France for a chalice, cross and vestments. Renard doubted the sincerity of her conversion, and the Wyatt rebellion had confirmed his suspicions. But Philip induced the Queen to release her from the Tower and keep her at Woodstock. She was only a girl, he argued, and had been deceived by others.<sup>8</sup>



Mary still feared and distrusted her half-sister; at one time she thought of sending her to a convent in Spain, at another of placing her under the tutelage of Philip's aunt Mary, Queen of Hungary. Philip again urged her against any such action until their son was born, lest the opposition have a chance to say that the heirs to the throne were being sent out of the kingdom.<sup>9</sup> Besides, he had a better plan, the plan of marrying Elizabeth to his friend the Duke of Savoy; and he had Philibert Emmanuel come to England for the purpose in the last days of 1554. The plan might have succeeded if the French ambassador had not got wind of it and advised Elizabeth not even to see the Duke.

It was probably at Philip's suggestion that Mary sent for her sister to come to Hampton Court on April seventeenth, 1555. Elizabeth arrived on the twenty-ninth, still under the guard of Sir Henry Bedingford, and was lodged in the apartment just vacated by the Duke of Alba, next to that of Philip. She was still strictly guarded, and was not allowed to see the Queen. It was Philip, and not Mary, who went to visit her two or three days later; though the Queen sent her word to array herself richly for the King's coming, if we may believe the French accounts.<sup>10</sup>

It was Philip's first meeting with Elizabeth; a momentous one. What did the King of twenty-eight, married to a fading and sickly woman of almost forty, think of the girl of twenty whom he had already saved from exile and perhaps from death? Elizabeth was tall and stately, and at that time had a great deal of the mysterious attraction her mother had had for certain men. Fortunately she had escaped some of Anne Boleyn's abnormalities—the sixth finger, for example, and the goiter at the neck which had brought high ruffed collars into fashion. Nevertheless there was a great deal of the famous concubine in her, a great deal of the same energy and charm; the same long face; the same hint of courage and insatiable vanity; qualities that showed especially in a mouth as yet marked by bitterness in unguarded moments only, and apt for lies or kisses that could make men forget the coldness of her green and hazel eyes, and the remote suggestion of something like death in the mask-like marble of the upper face.





## MARY I OF ENGLAND

BY ANTONIO MORO, NOW IN THE PRADO, MADRID.

*Photo by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

Elizabeth was probably far more attractive, and certainly more majestic in her bearing, than Mary. It was not difficult for one who knew her history to have a great deal of sympathy for her. She resembled Mary only in that deep mannish Tudor voice and in her reddish-brown hair. Yet her life had been even more wretched. She had been introduced to misery and neglect almost from her cradle.

As if it were not bad enough to be born out of wedlock to a syphilitic brute and a mother whom he sent to the block a year later for adultery and incest (accusations that Elizabeth never attempted to disprove when she became Queen), imagine the feelings of a little girl cast off by this same father and proclaimed a bastard by Act of Parliament, seldom visited by her royal progenitor, and not even provided with decent clothes. "She hath neither gown nor kirtle nor petticoat," wrote her guardian Lady Margaret Brian Cromwell, "nor no manner of linen for smocks, nor kerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor rails, nor body-stitchets, nor handkerchiefs, nor mufflers, nor biggins." . . Her great teeth "came very slowly forth" and caused her great pain and yet, according to Lady Brian, she was a gentle, agreeable child. She was precociously intelligent, read a great deal, became proficient in Latin and Greek, and was introduced to Christianity by Protestant preachers of various factions of a new religion that was already changing rapidly.

If her logical mind came to profess a certain contempt for religion in general, it was probably for this reason and not because she was naturally indifferent. On the contrary, she went to great pains at the age of twelve to translate the pious, if unorthodox "*Miroir de l'ame pêcheresse*" with which Marguerite of Angoulême, in whose corrupt court Anne Boleyn spent much time in her youth, perhaps quieted any scruples she felt over the pagan impurities of her *Heptameron*. Elizabeth's publisher called it "a godly medytacyon of the Christian soule concerning a love towards God and Hys Christe, compyled in Frenche by Lady Margarete, Quene of Naver, and aptely translated into Englysh by the ryght vertuose Lady Elyzabeth, daughter of our late Soverayne Kynge Henri the VIII." She herself acknowledged that the translation was "all imperfect and incorrect," but it bears witness at least of a normal sense of reverence.

It was Philip's idea, and one not without evidence to support it, that Elizabeth, God knows by what means, cherished in her heart a conviction that the Catholic Church was the only true form of Christianity. Her father had once demonstrated this fact, and died believing himself a Catholic. It is inconceivable he could have been anything else if passion and self-interest had not prevailed over conviction. The same was true, Philip thought, of Elizabeth. She had said so. It was remarkable that, surrounded by Calvinists as she had been since babyhood, she clung all her life to a belief in the celibacy of the clergy, and even went so far, years later, as to insult the wife of Arch-bishop Parker, her own creature, as a rebuke to clerical marriage. "Concerning the Cross, the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, she had no contemptuory opinion," wrote Camden, "nor ever spoke of them but with reverence, nor suffered others patiently to speak unreverently of them." In 1559 she told the Count of Feria there were only three or four things she objected to in the Mass; and she believed "that God was in the sacrament of the Eucharist."<sup>11</sup>

Perhaps she was dissimulating then. But in her childhood, surely, she would have become as staunch a Catholic as Mary if she had had a Catherine of Aragon at hand to protect her from the tales of Catherine Howard's adulteries and the coarse jests of Henry about Anne of Cleves; and from corruption at thirteen by the Protector Somerset, whose wife found them in each other's arms. The seven years since then had probably developed in her that strong sexual craving which was to torment her all her life, and which, apparently because of some physical abnormality, could never be satisfied.<sup>12</sup> She was therefore unfit for marriage. This was the decisive factor, then, in the whole situation, and one of which the Emperor and Philip knew nothing. While Elizabeth was meekly going to Mass with the Queen, the Imperial politicians were erecting a future for all Christendom on the foundation of a marriage which could never take place.

Whether Philip at this first meeting gave his sister Elizabeth any intimation that he would support her claim to succeed Mary, in case his own hopes of an heir were disappointed, will probably never be known. Neither of the discreet principals left any record of the conversation. It is safe to say, however, that he was gracious and reassuring, the Emperor's son offering his powerful protection to the girl in disgrace; and that Elizabeth, perhaps playing with her rings, as she often did, to call attention to her beautiful white hands, added nothing very definite to that cryptic record she had carved with a diamond on a pane of glass at Woodstock:

*"Much suspected by me,  
Nothing proved can be,  
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."*

This visit of Philip's was the opening of a small but valuable door for outcast Elizabeth. Two weeks later (probably through his aid) she was allowed to see her great-uncle, Lord William Howard, and through him to obtain an interview with some of the Privy Council—Gardiner, Arundel, Shrewsbury and Petre—who went to see her. The Chancellor knelt before her "and requested that she would submit herself to the Queen's grace. In so doing he had no doubt but that her Majesty would be good to her." Elizabeth replied with a haughty denial of any guilt on her part. "And therefore I say, my lords, it were better for



me to lie in prison for the truth, than to be abroad and suspected of my prince."<sup>13</sup>

This was play-acting, in which Elizabeth excelled. At the same time she was writing to various friends, asking them to use their influence to get her freed. Gardiner made a second attempt to reconcile the sisters, but with no better success. Some one, however—was it Philip?—interceded with Mary so effectively that a week later the young princess was summoned at ten o'clock at night, and led up a dark stairway by torchlight to the Queen's bedchamber.

"It is thought that Philip was there, behind a cloth, and not seen," adds Foxe, the contemporary but not very reliable chronicler, "and that he showed himself a very friend in that matter." If this be true, the young King must have witnessed a memorable scene from behind the arras: Elizabeth kneeling before Mary, and the two women, daughters of bitter enemies and rivals for a throne, regarding each other in the soft candle-light. Foxe reports the conversation thus:

"Her grace kneeled down and desired God to preserve her majesty, not mistrusting but that she should try herself as true a subject towards her majesty as ever did any; and desired her majesty even so to judge of her; and said that she should not find her to the contrary, whatsoever report otherwise had gone of her. To whom the queen answered, 'You will not confess your offence, but stand stoutly in your truth. I pray God it may so fall out.'

" 'If it doth not,' quoth the lady Elizabeth, 'I request neither favor nor pardon at your majesty's hands.'

" 'Well,' said the queen, 'you stiffly still persevere in your truth. Belike you will not confess but that you have been wrongfully punished.'

" 'I must not say so, if it please your Majesty, to you.'

" 'Why, then,' said the queen, 'belike you will to others.'

" 'No, if it please your majesty,' quoth she. 'I have borne the burden, and must bear it. I humbly beseech your majesty to have a good opinion of me, and to think me to be your true subject, not only from the beginning hitherto, but for ever, as long as life lasteth.'

"And so they departed, with very few comfortable words of the queen in English; but what she said in Spanish, God knoweth."<sup>14</sup>

Philip knew also. A week later, Elizabeth was set free. The event passed almost unnoticed, but it was highly important; not only to Elizabeth but to all mankind. The history of the world would henceforth be different.

The course of Philip's domestic affairs seemed to justify the pains he had taken to make an ally of the Lady Elizabeth. Mary's physicians had at last decided that the swelling of her body was pathological, but at first they could not convince her of the fact. Were not the cradles and swaddling clothes of the baby all ready, and even toys provided? Had not public prayers been offered throughout the realm for her safe delivery? Had not the Parliament petitioned Philip to rule during the minority of the heir "should it happen to the Queen otherwise than well?" Were not the joyful letters of announcement ready to be sent to the far corners of the earth, with blank spaces for the date and the child's sex to be filled in?

It was not easy for a woman to believe that she was already standing in the shadow of death, and then to admit that it was all illusion. There is a little prayerbook of Mary's in the British Museum that still speaks eloquently of what this renunciation must have cost her. It opens of itself at a page much thumbed and stained yellow with tears: a page containing two prayers, one for the unity of the Catholic Church, the other for the safe delivery of a woman with child. After some tears and prayers the Queen accepted the situation as the will of God. Philip took her to Oatlands while Hampton Court was being cleansed of the filth that had accumulated for years in the straw covering its floors. When they returned in August, no trace remained of her disappointment.

"The Queen shows herself," reported Michiel to the Doge, "and converses with everybody as usual, her health being so good, as perhaps never to have been better, to the universal surprise of all who see her, but of delivery or pregnancy small signs are visible externally, and no one talks or thinks of them any longer."<sup>15</sup>

Had Philip suspected what the result would be? Cabrera de Córdoba says flatly<sup>16</sup> that Mary had only pretended to be pregnant to keep the English in hand until Philip won their love and obedience. This cynical Spanish judgment is not supported by English accounts, useful though it might be to explain Philip's precautions in regard to Elizabeth. He had already decided to leave England in September. The Emperor, warned by ill health of his approaching end, had decided to abdicate and retire to a monastery. It was necessary, therefore, that Philip go to Brussels to be invested with the sovereignty of Spain and of the Low Countries, while the Imperial Crown passed to Ferdinand.

As early as August eighteenth the observant Michiel wrote to Venice that Philip was making preparations for the voyage, "having already adroitly broached the topic to the Queen, who will acquiesce; so it is said he will leave in eight or ten days, postwise, leaving the greater part of his household, for the sake of convincing the Queen by as many signs as he can that he purposes returning speedily; though on the contrary, it is said more than ever that he will go to Spain, and remove hence his household, and all the others, by degrees."<sup>17</sup>

Their Majesties went to London on the twenty-sixth, and thence after dinner to Greenwich, there to wait for the fleet.

"His Majesty," wrote Michiel, "had determined, when passing through London, to show himself in public to the people on horseback, leaving the Queen to follow him at leisure, by water as usual, but her Majesty chose to give the City the satisfaction of seeing her likewise in his company, she having made the determination when in the very act of embarking; so,



having herself carried in an open litter, she went accompanied not only by the English and Spanish nobility now at court, but also by the Cardinal Legate and the ambassadors, the Lord Mayor and all the aldermen . . . with the royal insignia and all the other solemnities as customary when the Queen appears in public.

"It is not to be told what a vast crowd of people there was all along the road, which is a very long one, nor yet the joy they demonstrated at seeing their Majesties, which was really great, and the more as the London populace were firmly convinced that the Queen was dead; so when they knew of her appearance, they all ran from one place to another, as to an unexpected sight, and one which was well-nigh new, as if they were crazy, to ascertain thoroughly if it was she. And on recognising and seeing her in better plight than ever, they, by shouts and salutations, and every other demonstration, then gave yet greater signs of their joy, inasmuch as, to their great comfort and that of her Majesty, they saw her come *with the King on one side of her and Cardinal Pole on the other, both of whom are universally popular, by reason of the reported kindness of their nature, and of which daily proof is afforded by facts*, so that the determination to make this display, most especially at the present moment, has been very useful."<sup>18</sup>

Meanwhile Mary was disconsolate, "though she conceals it as much as she can, and from what I hear," added Michiel, "mourns the more when alone, and supposing herself invisible to any of her attendants."

After an affectionate farewell to his wife, who suppressed her obvious grief as well as she could, Philip embarked in the first week in September. When Mary had returned to her apartments, and had placed herself at a window overlooking the river, to see him pass, Philip "mounted aloft on the barge in the open air, in order to be better seen when the barge approached in sight of the window, and moreover waved his bonnet from the distance to salute her, demonstrating great affection. Now, whilst his Majesty is at Canterbury, not only every day but every hour, expresses are on the road from the King to the Queen, and in like manner from hence to his Majesty, the gentlemen-in-waiting being always booted and spurred ready for a start."

Philip did not know that after leaving him and going to the window, "not supposing herself any longer seen or observed by any one, it was perceived that she gave free vent to her grief by a flood of tears, nor did she once quit the window until she had not only seen the King embark and depart, but remained looking after him as long as he was in sight." He sent back many loving messages from Canterbury, where contrary winds detained him for five days; and at last he set sail.

It can hardly be supposed that he was sorry to go. All his life, so far, he had followed obediently in the paths marked out by his father. Now there opened before him the prospect of being himself. England meanwhile could get along without him. Mary was no more unfortunate in a way than his mother the Empress, when Charles had left her for years at a time to fight his wars. Kings and queens had to consider their public duties before their private desires. That was an axiom. And fortunately the Lady Elizabeth seemed to be repaying his kindness in the coin he best desired. She was often seen at Mass, and on the very day of Philip's departure, "the Queen's grace and my lady Elizabeth and all the Court did fast from flesh, and took the Pope's Jubilee and pardon granted to all men."<sup>19</sup> With Elizabeth Catholic, all would be well, the unity of Christendom would be preserved, and France would be kept out of England.

Just before his departure, Philip had sent for Cardinal Pole and the Lords of the Council, "and in very suitable language recommended the government of the kingdom to them during his absence, alluding especially to justice and religion, leaving a writing, in which, as I was told by the Legate," wrote Michiel to the Doge, "were noted all such warnings as he deemed most important and necessary, with a detailed list of such persons as could be trusted and employed for any necessary business or office, a matter which, although discussed previously, surprised every one by the judgment and tact displayed in it by his Majesty, who then, thus in public, turning towards Cardinal Pole, besought him very earnestly in his own name, and that of the Queen, to assume this charge, in conformity with his own patriotism and the wish of their Majesties, desiring all the others to defer to him in everything. This same office had been performed by the King with the Cardinal the day before, they being alone together, his Majesty for this purpose having gone very privately in person to the Legate's own apartment, taking him quite by surprise."<sup>20</sup>

Six weeks after Philip left England, Gardiner, though a dying man, opened Parliament with a most impressive speech. The Queen had herself carried to Westminster in an open-horse litter, "to be seen of every one," and heard the Chancellor enumerate the debts she had inherited from her father and her brother, and those she had had to incur herself—"with regard to which he did not omit to say that King Philip, whilst in England, had spent much more than her Majesty," who meanwhile "had not chosen to avail herself, as she might have done, of the taxes and subsidy conceded by Parliament to her brother King Edward, amounting to upwards of 1,200,000 ducats, but remitted that sum, for the sake of not burdening any one. Neither did she choose, as she might and ought to have done in justice, to avail herself of the revenues and estates of many of her rebels, amounting to a very considerable sum, but to demonstrate thoroughly her benignity and clemency, she made them a free gift both of their lives and lands."<sup>21</sup>

This magnanimity was wasted on men who understood no principles but those of money-changers. When the Queen on November twentieth (after the irreparable loss of Gardiner on the twelfth) made the enormous sacrifice, as proof of her utter sincerity, of giving up the first-fruits and tenths of the Church, wrongfully appropriated by her father, the Parliament raised no great objection. The Lords passed the bill on November twenty-third, after a speech by the Queen herself on the nineteenth. They voted her a million in gold, to be levied in four years. The sum was so inadequate that she was soon compelled to pay the

City of London 12 per cent for a loan of 20,000 pounds.<sup>22</sup>

"The Queen had a much greater design which she hoped to have executed by this parliament," continues the historian of Parliament quaintly, "which was getting an act for restoring all such lands to the church as belonged to it, and was devolved upon the Crown; and from the Crown into the hands of private persons. 'Certain it is,' says Doctor Heylin, 'that many who were cordially affected to the Queen's religion, were very much startled at the noise of this Restitution; insomuch that some of them are said to have clapped their hands upon their swords, affirming, not without some oaths, that they would never part with their Abbey-Lands as long as they were able to wear a sword at their side.' Which resolution being told the Queen, she thought proper to drop that affair and only set them a good example, by giving up to the church what was really her own to give, the first-fruits and tenths aforesaid."<sup>23</sup>

It was one thing for the Queen to sacrifice her own share of the church loot; it was quite another to ask the new nobility to restore theirs. The Parliamentary opposition was quiet, but was solid and well organized. Its leader was Sir William Cecil, he of the rattling rosary beads, who knelt with his wife in a Catholic Church at Christmas that year to receive the Holy Eucharist with unbelief and hatred (to judge from his later actions) in his unfathomable heart. He kept himself well in the background, biding his time; in frequent communication with the Lady Elizabeth, but careful to destroy their correspondence.<sup>24</sup>

Mary's failure seemed to confirm the practical judgment of the Emperor; but Philip shared in it, for he sent his reluctant consent after leaving England. As it was, however, much was accomplished. The Franciscan and Dominican exiles returned from Flanders and were received with honor by the English. The Franciscan convent was reopened at Greenwich, the Benedictines returned to their monastery at Westminster, the Carthusians to Sheen, the nuns to Syon.<sup>25</sup> The libraries at Oxford and Cambridge were restored to orthodoxy by the labors of the Queen's confessor, a Dominican friar named Bartolomé de Carranza, who had come from Spain for the purpose. Meanwhile, to supply the urgent need of priests, Pole established seminaries for boys. His plan was adopted by the Council of Trent a few years later in its decree on seminaries, so beneficial to the modern Church.

Philip reached Brussels on September eighth. The Emperor, who had been waiting impatiently for him for months, received him at the Casino near the Louvain Gate, doffed his bonnet, and, when the young King knelt to kiss his hand, begged him earnestly to rise. In getting up, Philip kissed his father's left arm. The Emperor "embraced and kissed him so lovingly that tears came into his eyes." Philip then presented his English companions, the Admiral Howard and the rest. A round of festivities followed. On the third day after Philip's arrival, obsequies for the Emperor's mother, Juana the Mad, were held. While the bier was being erected at the Church of Saint Gudule, Queen Mary of Hungary was arranging for a grand hunt in honor of her nephew. She was still, at fifty-two, an admirable horsewoman, never quiet for a moment, and determined if possible not to return to Spain with her brother but to remain as ruler of the Netherlands. One of the Venetian ambassadors was cynical enough to see in this the real motive for her writing Mary Tudor, the following April, to lay aside all timidity and have Philip crowned King of England; otherwise he would remain in Flanders, which was just what Aunt Maria feared.

Philip found his father shockingly altered, repentant one day and angry the next, a shattered column of a great man, at times hardly able to stand. The heartbreaking climax, so often described by poets and preachers as well as historians, came on the afternoon of Friday, October twenty-fifth. Charles himself chose the day after many long conferences with his son, in which all the ramifications of his enormous problems of government were gone into thoroughly for the last time. On the twenty-fifth, both arose early, heard Mass, and spent several hours in discussion. At three o'clock they went to the great hall of the palace (Charles mounted on a small mule, for he was too weak to sit on a horse) and took their places on the dais, two dark dramatic figures against the rich cloths of gold and divers royal colors, with the two Queens, Eleanor of France and Mary of Hungary, Charles' sisters, and William of Orange, on whose shoulder the Emperor leaned as he faced the assembly of nobles, deputies, cavaliers of the Golden Fleece, ambassadors and burghers.

It was hugely and ironically symbolical of the Emperor's character, of his principal mistakes, and of the Pandora's box of State problems he was preparing to bequeath to his son, that on this final momentous occasion he singled out for an especial mark of favor to his beloved Flemings this particular young Prince of Nassau. Astute, able and garrulous, he was then, at twenty-two, high in the Emperor's favor. Now seemingly a Catholic, he had been a Protestant, and would be again when it suited his purposes. Charles refused to listen to those, including his sister the Queen of Hungary, who questioned the man's sincerity. "Many told him he should curb this man's arrogance, and believed that his astuteness would prove very destructive to his interests; he was fattening a fox that would eat up his chickens, as the proverb goes. But Charles disregarded the prediction and the warning, honored him further, made him great, sent him with the Imperial Crown to his brother, and commended him to the King when he went away, saying that he (Philip) should avail himself of his counsel."<sup>26</sup> After the introductory explanation in French by the President of the Council of Flanders, it was William of Orange who helped the Emperor to his feet when, with evident difficulty, he arose.

There was a profound hush as Charles put on his glasses with trembling hand, and fumbled with a little memorandum of what he was to say. Speaking slowly, he began reviewing his life from the day when, in that same place forty years before, he had been released from his minority. Since then, in the interests of his people, he had exhausted himself with wars and journeys. "I have gone nine times to Germany, six to Spain, seven to Italy, and I have come ten times here, to Flanders; I have



traveled, in war and in peace, four times to France, twice to England, and twice again to Africa; making in all forty expeditions, without counting the shorter journeys I have accomplished to visit my different countries. I have journeyed eight times upon the Mediterranean, three times on the Ocean, and this will be the fourth, when I return to Spain to find my sepulchre . . .

"I have had to bear the burden of many wars, and this, as I can testify, against my will. Never have I undertaken them except under compulsion and with regret. Even today I grieve that I cannot on my departure leave you in peace and quiet . . . You may easily imagine that I have not undergone all this without feeling the burden and the fatigue. It is easy to judge of these by the condition to which I am reduced . . . I have done what I could, and am sorry I could not do better. I have always known my insufficiency and incapacity . . . and feeling this to have increased in my present state, I have been obliged to adopt this resolution which has been communicated to you. The obstacles to it, moreover, no longer exist. The queen, my mother, is dead; my son has arrived at man's estate. I trust that God will grant him the talents and the strength to fulfill, better than I have done, the obligations imposed upon a king.

"I beg you not to read into this resignation any thought of withdrawing myself from the eventualities of trouble, danger and toil; believe me, I have no other motive than the inconvenience attached to my powerless and crippled condition. I leave my son in my place, and commend him to you. Render to him the love and obedience which you have already shown towards me; preserve zealously that union among yourselves that you have never abandoned; sustain and maintain justice. Above all, do not permit the heresies which surround you to penetrate these lands, and if any such there are let them be rooted out.

"I know well that in my day I have committed many faults, as much from youth as from ignorance and carelessness or other causes. But I can say truly that I have never done violence, wrong or injustice wittingly to any of my subjects. If I have done any, it has been not with my knowledge, but in ignorance. I am sorry for it, and ask pardon for it."

By this time there was not a dry eye in the whole great assembly. Charles himself was weeping, and so was Philip. Even the English money-changer, Sir Thomas Gresham, who made it his business to be on hand for most important occasions, appears to have shed a few cautious tears. He has left a quaint description of Charles in the moment of his self-abasement: "And here he broke into a weeping whereunto, besides the dolefulness of the matter, I think he was much provoked by seeing the whole company to doo the lyke before; beyng in myne opinion not one man in the whole assemblie, stranger or other, that during the tyme of a good piece of his oracion poured not abundantly teares, some more, some less." Sir Thomas' sense of measurement never wholly deserted him.<sup>27</sup>

Then, turning to Philip, the Emperor continued, in a voice half-choked with sobs, "My son, always honor religion; keep the Catholic Faith in all its purity; respect the laws of the country as sacred and inviolable, and never attempt to trespass on the rights and privileges of your subjects; and if you desire at any time, as time goes on, to seek as I do the repose of private life, may you have a son to whom you may deliver the sceptre with as much joy as I give mine to you."

Philip threw himself on his knees and covered the old man's hand with kisses and tears. When at last he was able to control his feelings, he arose and said:

"You lay a heavy charge upon me. Yet in obedience to your Majesty, as ever, I will continue to conform to your wishes by accepting the rule of these countries. I pray you to aid them and take them under your protection." Then, turning to the assembly, he went on, in French: "I should like very much to have learned to speak French sufficiently to be able to express to the Estates and to the people all the interest I take in them and all the love I have for them. But since it is not possible for me to do so in French, and even less in Flemish, the Bishop of Arras, who knows my sentiments, will do so in my place. Please hear him as you would hear me." Granvelle in his polished and eloquent French explained the desire of the new monarch to serve the country and maintain its liberties as the Emperor had. The meeting ended with a few modest words by Queen Mary, who after twenty-five years as governor, planned to retire with her brother.

Thus there fell upon the shoulders of Philip, in his twenty-ninth year, one of the heaviest burdens that any mortal had ever been called upon to bear. True, the Imperial title went to Ferdinand, and after him would go to Maximilian; both of them so jealous that he felt obliged to send a messenger to assure them he wished them well and had no designs upon the Empire. But he would still be the most powerful monarch in the world, King of Spain, the Netherlands and England; virtually master of Italy; lord of such parts of the Western Hemisphere as had been explored (except Brazil, which was Portugal's) and the Philippines; right arm of the Church, Caesar in fact if not in name.

It was not a responsibility that he desired. He told his father that he would not consider taking it except to prolong the Emperor's life.<sup>28</sup> If he had consulted his own preference he would have been better pleased to be simply King of Spain, and to live nowhere but in his own country, where he understood the people and they understood him, and the stench of heresy was comparatively unknown. All his life he had been accustomed to ask himself "What is my duty under the present circumstances?" and then to do it without murmur or complaint. In such a spirit this quiet and peace-loving young man now bent to take upon his back the burden of a great part of the world. It was to prove even heavier than he supposed.





## Philip Wars Against the Pope [1556-1557]

**P**HILIP was now *the* Catholic King in his own right, by tradition and inclination the strong right arm of the Church. Yet—irony of ironies!—the first important event of his reign was his war against the Pope. Nothing could be more symptomatic of the mad state into which the world had fallen, nothing more eloquent of that divine justice which will not tip the scales even in favor of its avowed friends, nothing more full of portent of the vast human tragedy of which it was the puny curtain-raiser, than this wicked and unnecessary conflict. To the chief actors, however, few if any wars in history seemed so just.

When he took over his father's sceptre, Philip certainly had no more need of wars than the Pope had. Huge though his revenues were, he began to rule under a crushing burden of debt. His income was about 5,000,000 ducats a year. He could depend upon a million and a half from Spain, half a million from the Indies, a million from Naples, a million from Milan and Sicily, and a million from Flanders and the Low Countries.<sup>1</sup> In 1556, by good fortune, there was a large yield from the newly opened silver mines, one in the Sierra Morena and the other near Aracena. His Council realized from them (by the shortsighted policy of farming them out) half a million ducats.<sup>2</sup>

This large income, however, was already heavily mortgaged to usurers. Charles and his wars had taken care of that. The Emperor, at the time of his abdication, owed the equivalent of a year's income.<sup>3</sup> He had never been entirely out of the clutches of the international bankers. He commonly paid from 14 to 20 per cent for long-term loans, and much higher rates for temporary accommodation. Besides, he had seriously impaired his credit and exhausted his resources by seizing the precious metals from the Indies in times of crisis.

When Philip mounted the Spanish throne he was urged by some of his Council, according to Cabrera, to repudiate the debts of his father. The laws of Spain did not compel a son to pay his father's debts, nor did the moral law require an heir to ruin himself at the start in order to fatten usurers. The new King refused to take this easy way out of the difficulty. He replied that, in taking over his father's assets, it was only just that he should also assume the liabilities. Repudiation would be unjust not only to the money-lenders, but to a large number of "widows, orphans and people of low degree" who would be involved in the crash that would undoubtedly follow. And the sanctity of contract would receive a staggering blow. So Philip, to avoid giving a bad example to his subjects, calmly shouldered a load from which he would never again be wholly free.<sup>4</sup>

He was becoming a king, it now appears, at the very moment when the institution of monarchy, which in the Middle Ages had been on the whole a bulwark to the people and often to the Church, was mortally stricken, almost visibly dying. Despite all the awe which tradition still attached to the king's person and the divinity which hedged his throne, he held in his weakened grasp a power already limited by a revolutionary rival whose soldiers were gold coins and whose ministers were promissory notes. This kingdom of Mammon had been held in subjection to a great extent by the Catholic Church during the magnificent thousand years of her free expansion and dominance, from the time of Constantine in the fourth century to the Black Death in the fourteenth. And if, even during that period, the Church did not succeed in abolishing usury, which she proclaimed everywhere to be one of the vilest of sins, it was because monarchs, less faithful to principle than to expediency, protected the money-lenders, who depended on them for their very lives.

It did not occur to the kings that if the money-lenders ever got power enough, if they ever got from under the public-spirited repression of the Church, they would destroy their own masters. Kings were not generally as far-sighted as money-changers, and much less so than priests. This is not to deny that clerics sometimes condoned usury and profited by it, or that some kings repressed it. Human affairs are never so simple as that. But there was a line of cleavage: the Church on one side hostile to usury, the kings compelled to make use of it on the other.

As the moral influence of the Church was weakened in the political and economic spheres, in consequence of a series

of calamities for which she was not to blame—the Black Death, the papal exile at Avignon, the Great Schism, the return of paganism with the Renaissance—usury began to accumulate wealth and to organize its influence. With canny insight it threw its influence, by and large, against the power of Church and State, supporting now one, now the other, until, by a see-saw process, it succeeded in weakening both.

It early identified itself with the forces of heresy in religion and liberalism in politics, until Protestantism at last gave money-lending a certificate of respectability, until a Lord Bacon could write a serious defense of it, and Harrison (in Holinshed) must chronicle the capitulation of the new Protestant England to "usury, a trade brought in by the Jews, but now perfectly practised almost by every Christian, and so commonly that he is accompted but for a fool that doth lend his money for nothing."<sup>5</sup>

It was an ironic coincidence that during the period when Protestantism began undermining the prestige of the Church and opening the way to the forebears of the Rothschilds and the Warburgs, the Popes under whom the deadliest wounds were inflicted upon the mystical Body of Christ were of the House of Medici, descendants of obscure money-lenders in Florence who had risen to power by financing rebellions against the nobles they wished to supplant. Under Pope Leo X the Lutheran heresy lost northern Europe to the Church. Under Pope Clement VII, England slipped away.

The first effect of the weakening of the Papacy was the enormous enhancing of nationalist monarchy. But even in the heyday of Charles V, Francis I and Henry VIII, this new power contained the seeds of its own destruction and had but a century or two to live. The growth of democratic institutions (first in Spain, second in England, and last of all in France) tended to throw the king into the hands of the money-lender. Parliaments, jealous of encroachment, kept down taxation. Taxation lagged behind wealth in general. Hence, money accumulated in private hands faster than in those of the kings; and when the kings went to individuals for loans, they had to pay usury.

All over Europe prices had begun to increase, even before the flow of gold commenced from the Indies; afterwards, the process was accelerated. In Spain, there was not enough currency for ordinary needs. It was inevitable, then, that money, and with it political and economic power, should shift gradually into the hands of those who loved it most. Nothing could stop this process but a whole-hearted turning of the masses to the guidance of the Church. It was to the interests of usurers, or so they thought, to prevent this by all possible means. Division and corruption in the Church were favorable to them. The multiplication of sects, factions and opinions would in time throw all power into their hands, bringing about the situation described by Pope Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno*.

When Pope Julius III died in 1555, the election of the holy Pope Marcellus II seemed to augur that early and complete reform of ecclesiastical abuses which must be the prelude to the restoration of balance and health to the whole Christian world. The new Pontiff abolished all special favors to Cardinals, excluded his relatives from appointments, did away with useless display and expense, and gave half the money he had saved to the poor, the other half to the Church. He told the Emperor's ambassador that he intended taking no part in politics except to urge peace on Christian rulers. The Roman people trusted him so much that they disarmed. The Sign of the Cross, said Marcellus, was a better defense for any Christian Prince than arms, and "the Vicar of Christ requires no sword for his defense; it would be better . . . that he should be murdered by wicked men than that he should give an unseemly example to the Christian world."<sup>6</sup>

He planned to reconvoke the Council of Trent as soon as possible, for "the best way to stop the mouths of the Lutherans is by reform." For this purpose he intended to use the new Society of Jesus, for he was a warm friend of Saint Ignatius, and loved him and the sincere and simple men who followed him, for the same reason that worldly men hated and despised them: because, like the Pope, they loved Christ and took His words quite literally.

A wasted figure of a man was Marcellus, with a pale ascetic face and a long black beard. To him, the Papacy was not a dignity, but a burden and a servitude. Literally, he was the servant of the servants of God. In short, he was a typically modern, as well as apostolic, Pope, a little in advance of his time. As if the foul spirit then bent upon the destruction of the Christian social order of Europe resented this hint of a general return to first things, Marcellus was stricken down suddenly after a brief tenure of twenty-three days. Palestrina, at the request of Saint Charles Borromeo, wrote his beautiful *Missa Papae Marcelli* in his memory.

The next Pope was the very last man in the world that Charles V wished to see in the Chair of Saint Peter. If it were the design of Providence to raise aloft a Nemesis with whom to scourge and punish the House of Habsburg for the sack of Rome in 1527 at the time of Philip's birth, and for the other offenses of Charles against the Holy See, Carafa was the ideal choice. He was of a noble Angevine family which had long regarded the House of Aragon as interlopers and usurpers in Italy. As nuncio to Spain during Charles' residence there, he had apparently found no reason to regard either the young Emperor or the Spanish more favorably. A man of strong likes and dislikes, perhaps he exaggerated the number of Spanish Catholics of Jewish descent who used their religion as a shield and pretence for exploitation. Perhaps he overlooked the number of Christian Jews who were a credit to the country and the Church. At any rate, he appeared to believe that the great mixture of Jewish blood in the Peninsula had given even the Church there a turn dangerous to the health of Christianity, and he allowed himself to speak of the whole nation as "the vile spawn of Jews and Marranos."

If anything more were needed to fan his displeasure almost to fanaticism, he was in Rome in 1527 and saw the



members of the Theatine order he had helped to found scattered in flight, their work of charity undone, their hopes of reform shattered; the Pope fleeing for his life; murder and sacrilege, like an abomination of desolation, in Saint Peter's. From that moment, he lived almost to be an instrument of retribution. His antipathy to the Emperor and his family were so well known that, when his name was mentioned among the candidates in 1555, Charles sent special instructions to his ambassadors to prevent the election of Carafa by all possible means. When the Cardinal heard of this, he remarked that if God wanted him to be Pope, neither the Emperor nor any one else could prevent it; and if elected without the Imperial aid, he would be all the more free. Elected he was, and took the name of Paul the Fourth. If he owed something more to France than to Spain for his elevation, he regarded them almost impartially. "They are all barbarians," he said, "and it would be a good thing if they remained at home, and nothing but Italian were spoken in our country."

Seventy-nine years old, a typical Neapolitan, huge and vigorous, with massive head and heavy beard, with dark glowing eyes deep set in a grave determined face; noted for his pure life and incorruptible honesty; a student and theologian who knew most of the Bible by heart, often studied most of the night, sometimes arose before dawn; frugal in his habits, though often garrulous over a little dark Neapolitan wine after dinner; impulsive, changeable, impractical in worldly affairs, rough in speech and violent in gestures, especially when crossed; self-insulated from reality by his unwillingness to consider his own opinions in the light of others'—it was time that such a man should sit upon the Papal throne, if the Papacy was to represent a complete cross-section of our human nature.

Of the fundamental justice of Pope Paul's position there can hardly be a doubt. For half a century Europe had been embroiled and Christendom had been poisoned, by the rivalry of France and Spain in Italy. On the pretext of a crusade in the Holy Land, France had seized Naples. Spain had driven the French out under the pretext of defending the Pope, and then had kept the country as a Spanish dependency, worth twice as much in revenue as all the New World. Charles V, if not the author of the wrong, was willing to profit by it under the plea of hereditary right and the danger of French domination. It is odd that the Emperor, troubled on his deathbed by his grandfather's conquest of Navarre, did not suffer any qualms over the other conquests of Ferdinand.

Pope Paul IV might, however, have avoided a dangerous crisis if he had not made his nephew, Carlo Carafa, a Cardinal. This swashbuckler and adventurer, whom Cabrera calls "a rebel to the Catholic King, a knight of Saint John and a French soldier who lost the gates of Hercules, this man of *turbido ingenio*, this lover of innovations, homicides, revenges, unworthy of the red hat that Paul gave him,"<sup>7</sup> was soon opening the Pope's mail, dictating the policies of the Vatican, and craftily advancing his own ends by playing upon the hopes and fears of the unworldly old man who wore the tiara. Both the French and Imperial ambassadors helped Carlo in his intrigue for the Pope's confidence.

The sincerity of Paul's determination to reform the Church is beyond question and makes all the more tragic his betrayal by his relatives. Just before Christmas, 1555, he startled the Christian world by appointing several new Cardinals, all noted for their holy and unselfish lives, because, he said, he could not trust the others, since they were members of factions attached to France or to the Empire. One of the new Cardinals was Philip's old tutor, Dr. Siliceo, Archbishop of Toledo. "His Holiness' nephews are dissatisfied with him," wrote the Venetian ambassador, "because they were unable to obtain one single nomination of those desired by them, and thus it seems to them a loss of repute, the inference being that they are not of much authority with him. The French Cardinals likewise were unable to obtain even one of those who were very earnestly demanded by them."<sup>8</sup> In the end Carlo obtained what he wanted, chiefly by frightening his uncle into believing that Charles V was planning another invasion of Rome and that only a French alliance would avert the disaster.

At the time he appointed the Cardinals, Paul found vacant the See of Triani, worth 10,000 crowns, and in the domains of Philip. It was the first to be available under Philip's reign. According to the vicious custom that had grown up, the King felt entitled to nominate the new bishop. Paul, however, bestowed the benefice on Bernardo Scotti, without consulting the King. Philip sent him a remonstrance, respectful enough, and then made his own appointment. Cardinal Pole entered the situation as a peacemaker; he wrote Philip on January twenty-fifth that he was taking the matter up with Cardinal Carafa; but that he knew the man the Pope had appointed to be "of rare virtue and goodness, possessing every other quality becoming a worthy and good prelate," which Pole naively supposed to be sufficient in Imperial politics.

Philip was not as angry with the Pope as the Emperor thought he should be. The evidence is clear that, left to himself, he would not have rushed into the unhappy situation which the anger of Charles and the anger of Paul was preparing. Soranzo wrote his government on November twenty-seventh, 1555, that King Philip was "very desirous of peace" with France and the Pope. Mary meanwhile was pleading with the Pope, who in turn was urging her to have the church property restored. Pole was making heroic efforts to bring about a good understanding.

At this time the Pope was doing everything to heal the breach between Spain and France. Through his efforts and those of Pole, a peace conference was held in November, harsh words were withdrawn, there was talk of the marriage of Don Carlos to the eldest daughter of Henry II, and Pole highly praised the efforts both of Philip and of Mary in the direction of peace. The conferences ended, in fact, with the Truce of Vaucelles, in February, 1556. Even Henry II seems to have been impressed with Philip's sincerity, saying, "One can in truth say nothing but the utmost good of him." At that very moment, however, the Venetian ambassador who reported this asserted that Philip had sent to his wife a message demanding his

coronation and war against France! Perhaps the French king should have praised Philip's precocious powers of dissimulation, instead of his sincerity.

Philip's actions generally at this time support the theory that he was as much a victim of his father's policies as the Pope was of Carlo's. In fact, there were many who thought that the Black Demon of the South cared for little except having a good time. For example, on December fifth, Badoer wrote the Doge that there had been a wedding in Brussels three days before, and Philip had gone, masked, to dance at the marriage entertainment, remaining there until 2 a.m., "when he betook himself to the residence of the Duke of Savoy, who was asleep, so he had him roused, and remained a long while with his Excellency, laughing and joking."<sup>9</sup> This, by the way, is the period Major Hume refers to<sup>10</sup> when he gravely assures us, in the best English tradition, that Philip "considered it unfitting in him to exhibit any of the usual emotions of humanity. On his marble mask anger, surprise and joy left no sign."

The observant Venetian ambassador, however, wrote on December eleventh that King Philip had gone again to dance at a wedding at the house of Madame d'Aler, "with whom he seems much enamoured."

On the fourteenth there arrived from England three chamberlains of Queen Mary. Mary had learned that Philip was in bed with a fever for three days in November, and sent all her sympathy and good wishes. Philip sent them back on December fourteenth "with loving messages." One of the chamberlains told one of Philip's attendants, who in turn apparently told the Venetian ambassador, that "he did promise not to give the account of His Majesty's having gone abroad twice masked in this wretched weather, as he feared lest the Queen, who is easily agitated, might take it too much to heart."<sup>11</sup>

Three days later Philip went hunting with his aunt, Queen Mary of Hungary, and the Duke of Savoy. In the evening, "His Majesty masked himself, to go out to his usual amusements." His favorite companions were the Duke and Ruy Gómez. The latter had been ill, and looked like a ghost all that winter.

Some said that the Emperor was very dejected "from finding himself deceived in his preconceived opinion that his son was capable of bearing so great a burden, he now knowing that the King of England takes delight in frequent maskings, rather more than becomes the present troublous times, and that his most intimate servants not only do not apply their minds to the study and performance of serious business, but cause their master to devote himself to other similar pleasures."<sup>12</sup>

Three days later the Emperor was still angry at Philip. More than half his anger was nothing but gout, wrote Badoer. He relented to the point of allowing his son and the court to wear silk, though he himself would remain in mourning for his mother for the rest of his life. "During the last few days, the King of England does not dare suggest to him that he despatch any business, however important, seeing himself scowled on, and certain angry and rather pungent words addressed to him." This was on January sixth. Two days later it became known in Brussels, to Sorranzo at least, that the Pope had made a secret league with the King of France. The Emperor fumed mightily over reports of French plots on the frontier.

Philip apparently continued his amusements with Ruy Gómez and the Duke of Savoy. The Duke, whose estates had been seized by the French, was constantly beseeching Philip to go to war on his behalf, since he was a vassal of the House of Austria. Philip, though not desirous for war, gave him assurances that his property would be restored. When Savoy learned of the Truce of Vaucelles, on February second, he flew into a rage, and demanded that King Philip consider what the world would say. Philip replied that he had not formed so momentous a resolve merely in conformity with his own opinion, but also with that of the Emperor. The duke was "struck dumb" at this. However, in the evening the two friends went to an entertainment and tournament.

Ruy Gómez, who "spoke only what was necessary and at the right moment," was Philip's most trusted and intimate friend. It was not long after this that Suriano wrote, "The King makes great profession of goodness, and shows himself vastly inclined towards clemency; he wishes rather to enjoy his States than to increase them, and if he wages war, he does so against his will . . . Of greatest authority is Ruy Gómez, . . . who does all he can to please' the King, and never thinks of anything else, and is therefore with reason so dearly beloved by His Majesty." Philip's absolute confidence in this man certainly belies the legend that he could trust no one. He had given him in marriage the hand of the Princess of Eboli, Ana de Mendoza, a lady lacking one eye, but with a powerful fascination for men in the remaining one, as we shall note later; and Ruy Gómez, now rich as he was suave and powerful, was so much in his master's confidence that some called him *Rey* or "King" Gómez.

If we may believe a document in the Venetian archives, dated that year (1555), Ruy Gómez was not much different from most of the Machiavellian statesmen of the age in some of his methods. According to a deposition before the Council of Ten in Venice, by one Marco of Pisano, the latter was engaged by Ruy Gómez in Brussels, October 18, 1555, to get rid of young Courtenay, a nephew of Cardinal Pole, whom the English Protestants had plotted to place on the throne with Queen Elizabeth. Marco deposed that Ruy Gómez had asked him to do a service "which will be very agreeable to me. If thou wilt perform this service, I will give thee a thousand crowns, and obtain for thee the favor of King Philip, who will cause thee to obtain more than thou hast had from the Emperor. A certain individual is going to Venice, named Courtenay, who expects to be king of England." Ruy Gómez would send a man to show Marco where Courtenay lodged. This man would have companions, and Marco was to find boats and ferries for their escape. "They are good men and true and carry three harquebuses, each with three balls. When they shall have done the deed, assist them, and escape with them into Puglia, where thou shalt see what I will do for thee." Marco said he promised to help, but added virtuously, "God forbid I should kill any one for money, were they to give



me Naples!"

Whether Philip knew of all this does not appear. It is certain that after he and Mary had released Courtenay with others arrested in the Wyatt rebellion, they advised him to travel for the improvement of his mind. He went first to see the Emperor in Brussels, and was graciously presented by the Duke of Alba. He then continued his travels in Italy, perhaps under Imperial encouragement. Having some reason for alarm in Venice, he asked the Ten to allow his servants to carry arms, which they did. Shortly afterwards he died suddenly in another Italian city, evidently from poison.

Philip, at the Emperor's insistence, went to Antwerp early in 1556 to cultivate the goodwill of the people. He put off the journey as long as he could, once to mourn for the death of his uncle Don Luis of Portugal. When at last he arrived before the gates of the New Jerusalem of the north, several salvos of artillery were fired in his honor. All the foreign merchants had put up triumphal arches to welcome him, but they were all of small cost, adds the Venetian ambassador, save those of the Genoese. These last had set up hollow balls full of gunpowder, as fireworks. On Philip's arrival at the gate, two of them were ignited. Seven or eight persons standing about Philip were killed, including one of his archers, one of his gentlemen, and several people of the town; and some merchants were maimed. Philip stopped where he was and "sent orders to the Genoese to let off no more fireworks," while the corpses and the wounded were being carried away. Not a very cheerful reception after all; it was more like a portent of the future relations of this city of trade and Calvinism with Philip II.<sup>13</sup>

Philip made pathetic efforts to win over those people, as his father had commanded. Two weeks later (February fourth) we find him supping with the Portuguese merchants, having invited himself, to show them his favor; "and passing through the street where the English reside, he inquired in the hearing of many persons where they dwelt; but as they are few and not wealthy, they turned a deaf ear to the honor intended them."<sup>14</sup>

Later in the season Philip went to Louvain to meet his sister and her husband, King Maximilian, who had come at the request of the Emperor. Charles was desirous of leaving his family united and at peace, before he went to Spain, and was perturbed by reports that Maximilian was showing much favor to Protestant preachers and Protestant doctrines. Philip conducted them to Brussels, Mary riding on horseback between her husband and her brother. After their arrival, on July eighteenth, there were gorgeous feasts and entertainments, in which Christina, Duchess of Lorraine and the two Imperial sisters, Mary and Eleanor, vied with Philip in making the visitors welcome. When Badoer, curious to know the reason for the unusual visit, ventured to ask Maximilian, that affable monarch greeted him bonnet in hand, and made a very characteristic reply:

"In truth I purpose remaining here a few days, and have come to give satisfaction to the Emperor, he having very earnestly requested me; and to speak freely with you, as is my nature, which has moreover done me harm, and as I think I may be confidential, I may perhaps stay yet longer, in order to learn the cause of my coming; and I know that great things are said, but I believe I may say, '*Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*.'"

Then he added, "The world is in great agitation; I do not find this court in the state in which I have so often seen it. The Italian affairs are ill-managed, and by persons full of pride and caprice, so that I am accustomed to call them dwarf Spaniards, and when I heard that the King, my brother-in-law, had made the marriage with the Queen of England, I said that if his Majesty were so fortunate as to have the Spaniards and the English on good terms with each other, as the Queen had been with him, his power might be considered greater than that of any Prince of Christendom, but (and this he said with a loud laugh) from what I hear, the Spaniards have been enlightened by the English."<sup>15</sup>

Maximilian was garrulous, but not badly informed. His apprehensions about Italy were shared by no less a person than the Pope. "These wretched Marranos," said Pope Paul IV to Navagero, "are plotting to give Rome another sack, as if this city were one of their forests, in which to come and fell timber periodically, after a lapse of so many years." The Holy Father believed that many of Charles' advisers were only pretended Christians of Jewish descent.

The Pope wanted peace. Even the Marqués of Sarria, Philip's ambassador, was convinced of that, and so reported. But when Alba went to Naples, Paul was persuaded, doubtless by Carlo, that his worst suspicions were confirmed. Why should the best general in Spain have been sent there, if not for war? Although Paul himself had helped to bring about the Truce of Vaucelles, he was now convinced that the Emperor had arranged matters with France only to leave himself free to invade the Papal estates and to send another army to sack Rome. His fears of the Imperialist plots so worked upon his imagination that he made several indiscreet utterances. He could say for example, to the Venetian ambassador,

"If war comes, we shall pronounce such a fearful sentence that the sun shall thereby be darkened, and the Emperor and his son, who have been found guilty of felony and rebellion, shall be made our vassals, deprived of all their kingdoms, their subjects released from their allegiance, and their kingdoms divided . . . We shall then invest the French King with Naples."

This last threat was sure to arouse Philip's keenest resentment. But he could not share the Emperor's casual attitude toward a war with the Pope. It was all very well to say that Alba would be dealing with Paul only as with a temporal prince. The fact remained that this temporal prince was also the Vicar of Christ. So Philip had recourse to the expedient of Henry VIII: he fortified himself in advance with opinions of theologians. Now, a theologian is not the Church. He can either soar selflessly on the wings of truth, like Saint Thomas, or he can lead astray both himself and those who look on him as an oracle. In short, theology is a divine science, but theologians are only men. But it was always comforting to be able to quote them.

Philip was more inclined to agree with his father when an opinion came from the University of Louvain assuring him that he had a right to defend his possessions from the Pope as a temporal prince; and that if he had good reason to believe the Pope meant to attack him, he could begin hostilities himself and consider them defensive. Melchior Cano, the famous Dominican humanist, the redoubtable foe of the Jesuits (whom he regarded as innovators and heretics, and called "the precursors of the Antichrist") sent a letter heavily weighted with arguments and precedents; but not so unfavorable to the Pope, or so caesaropapistical in general as it has appeared to some historians.<sup>16</sup>

Theoretically, Cano admits Philip's right to attack the Pope, if convinced that the latter means to attack him. In fact, if his possessions are really menaced, it is not only his right but his duty to protect them. If he neglects to do so, heretics and others will suspect him of weakness and cowardice, and will rend all Christendom with strife. Even the fear of inconvenience or scandal should not keep a king from using force, if this is necessary to avert greater evils. And the fact that the Pope is raising troops is proof of his intention. "But should His Majesty take the means at his disposal, on the advice of soldiers who are not learned men, to punish the injustice done him by the Pope, all the costs being borne by the Pope and his vassals, let him take notice that the chastised person will be our father and superior the Vicar of God, and mistreatment of him will open the door to reproach for the Catholic Faith, and contempt for ecclesiastical authority."

For the good of the Church a king must sometimes correct her abuses by force, says Cano; and he should take advantage of the opportunity to come to an understanding with the Pope "that all the benefices of Spain should be patrimonial; there should be a tribunal of His Holiness in Spain to decide ordinary cases without recourse to Rome, leaving only very grave and important ones open to appeal." The taxes on the property left by a prelate at death, and the fruits of vacant sees, should not be levied in Spain . . . The Spanish prelates and other clerics in Rome should be ordered home, to look after their sees or churches and the welfare of souls, each bishop residing in his diocese. Finally, if the King "wishes to have his royal authority proceed free and independent, let him leave alone the subsidies of the Church, which his ministers then will find for him, and his estates will give him more than the Roman Curia would grant him."<sup>17</sup>

It was after reading this letter, says Cabrera, that Philip decided to make war before "the Pope and his Carafas could fortify and arm themselves any further."<sup>18</sup>

Cano's opinion, however, was not universally accepted in Spain. It must have been a rude shock to the King to find no less a personage than his old tutor, Dr. Siliceo, whom he had elevated to the primacy as Archbishop of Toledo, and who was now a Cardinal, taking sides with the Pope against him. The Emperor had once found Siliceo too gentle and compliant. Now Siliceo was not only giving his moral support to Rome, but was actually raising a great material contribution of horses, mules, and money for the Papal army.<sup>19</sup>

Even the Spanish Council of State wrote the Emperor, begging him not to make war on the Pope. Paul's threats, they said, should not be taken too seriously, for he was old, could not live long; and any possible successor would be easier to negotiate with, and might go so far as to grant the *sussidio* and *cruzada* to Spain, while the Colonnas could be compensated for the loss of Paliano. Why, then, go to the expense of war?<sup>20</sup>

Charles was too angry to take this very sensible advice. Both Philip and the Spanish Council reluctantly accepted his decision. The first consequence was that the whole onus of royal displeasure began to descend upon Cardinal Siliceo. Alba got wind of his activities, and wrote the Regent Juana about them from Italy, suggesting a rigorous embargo against all the Pope's friends in Spain. The Princess believed she could gain the good old Cardinal for the King's cause, and with this intent invited him to see her at the royal palace in Valladolid.

But the Royal Council decided, in Cabrera's words, "that it was not fitting to waste any more time on him" . . . and taking the view that he was encouraging a revolt of the clergy against the King, served notice on him that he was not to "cajole the Princess"; in fact, he must not appear in the palace or at court, he could speak only in his own city of Toledo, and must refrain from having any more of the briefs of Pope Paul translated and communicated to the people. They wrote King Philip that when the Pope's brief arrived, revoking the grant of the subsidy and crusade money to the Crown, Cardinal Siliceo had dared to set himself up as a judge of whether it should be published, and they advised the King "not to believe what Siliceo wrote him."<sup>21</sup>

Spain was divided into two parties, the *realistas* and the *pontificales*. It was a great relief to the *realistas* when Cardinal Siliceo died on May eleventh, not long after the Pope had made a threat (not carried out) to excommunicate the King of Spain. He referred to Philip in almost unprecedented language as "the son of iniquity, Philip of Austria, offspring of the so-called Emperor Charles, who passes himself off as King of Spain, following in the footsteps of his father, rivaling and even endeavoring to surpass him in infamy."<sup>22</sup>

Small wonder, with the Catholic King and His Catholic Imperial Majesty denounced by the head of Christ's Church, that men almost withered away with "fear and expectation of what was to come upon the world" when a great comet appeared in Italy, Germany and Africa on March third. Cabrera gives a detailed account of this and other strange natural phenomena of that spring. The comet was "pale and obscure in the center, with glittering rays of golden color . . . It was seen until April fifteenth, especially in Germany, where there were fearful torrents of rain. In Augsburg the sky was rent asunder, and it



appeared the fire would consume the earth. In the County of Betz, after a great tempest, armed squadrons were seen fighting in the air. In Constantinople a great earthquake destroyed the port of Andrinopoli with many houses, and three days later something like a star of extraordinary size and brilliancy was seen near the moon. In the town of Hervingen, near la Schafustia, it rained blood; in lower Germany locusts devoured the fields. Not far from Augsburg a lion and a bear were seen fighting in the air. Rumor added to the people's fear, for they did not reflect that this meant good for the good, and evil only for the evil."<sup>23</sup>

About this time, when Philip, in desperate need of money to pay Alba's army and the troops in the Netherlands, was sending his faithful Ruy Gómez to Spain to attempt some high-pressure financing, Paget came from England with bad news. Queen Mary was badly shaken by the discovery of the Dudley plot, which fortunately had been revealed to Cardinal Pole almost at the moment of execution. London was to be set afire, and under cover of the confusion, Philip's gold was to be seized in the Tower, Elizabeth and the worthless Dudley to be crowned, and Mary to be assassinated, with Philip, if he appeared in England.

There were good grounds for suspecting that Henry II of France and Elizabeth were involved in the conspiracy,<sup>24</sup> and that Paget was in communication with both at the very time of his mission to Philip II. Although Elizabeth denied her guilt, the governess of her establishment at Hatfield and three others of her attendants confessed to being involved. Mary and her Council, convinced that there could never be peace in England while she lived, were prepared to have her tried and executed for high treason. Philip was consulted. Couriers sped daily between London and Brussels. In the end he managed to save Elizabeth's life. Once more he persuaded the Queen to dissemble with her and to place her in the household of two trusted Catholic gentlemen, Pope and Gage, for careful watching. Cabrera assumed that Philip gave this advice for his wife's sake rather than his own, for he well knew that "the prince who puts those of his blood in the hands of the executioner sharpens the knife against himself."<sup>25</sup>

The English Catholic nobility did not share the Spanish King's confidence that the Lady Elizabeth would yet be found upon the side of the angels. With appalling suddenness the Dudley plot had revealed to them how serious the Protestant menace still was in England; not because the Protestants were so numerous, but because their international affiliations gave them a tremendous striking power when it was concentrated in any one place. Catholicism was always united in principles, too often divided in action. The enemy's theories were legion, but his cohorts could stand together, organize, hate and strike with the canny cooperation of the children of this world.

Even Mary, survivor of so many miseries, was beginning to lose some of her courage as old age and sickness pressed upon her. She feared for Philip, she was afraid herself to appear in public, and she feared for Pole. When the Cardinal was consecrated on March twenty-fifth, just after his ordination as a priest, he could not preach in his own church, for fear of assassination. When he did speak at Saint Mary of the Arches, he voiced his apprehensions and those of many others, when he quoted, with a tenderness that moved his hearers to the depths, the sad words of farewell that Christ addressed to Jerusalem:

*"If thou also hadst known, and that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace; but now they are hidden from thy eyes."*<sup>26</sup>

Pole stopped, overcome by emotion. Then he added, "You know what has passed. I pray you guard against the future."

Elizabeth, who regularly showed herself at Mass, protested her innocence to the Queen in a letter, which, for all its wordy hypocrisy, reveals some interesting qualities:

"When I revolve in mind (most noble Queen) the old love of Painyms to their prince and the reverent fear of the Romans to their Senate, I can but muse for my part, and blush for theirs, to see the rebellious hearts and devilish intents of Christians in names, but Jews indeed toward their anointed King." She went on, in Latin, to recall that the Devil goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, and to attribute her present situation to the hate he bore her. But she thanked God for having saved Mary from "their Basanbulls," and wished "that there were as good surgeons for making anatomies of hearts that might show my thoughts to your Majesty," that Mary might know, despite her foes, that "the more such misty clouds obfuscate the clear light of truth, the more my tried thoughts should glister to the dimming of their hid malice. But since wishes are vain, and desire oft fails, I must crave that my deeds may supply that my thoughts cannot declare." She ended by committing the Queen piously "to God's tuition."

On June first, Soranzo wrote the Doge that he had heard the Emperor planned to take Madame Elizabeth home to Spain with him, to marry her to Don Carlos. But Charles never understood Elizabeth.

Meanwhile Philip's relations with the Pope had almost reached the point of open war. On May fourth, Paul issued a bull depriving the Colonna, friends of Spain, of their estates, and giving Paliano to his own nephew John Carafa. He denied audience several times to the Marqués of Sarria. He had letters addressed to Alba intercepted. He told Garcilasso de la Vega that he was compelled to arm so that Charles and his minions "would not kill him with steel, as they had attempted to do with poison, and rid him ignominiously of his estates as they had Clement VII."<sup>27</sup> He even threatened to call a Lateran council to have Charles and Ferdinand deposed for consenting to the Confession of Augsburg at the last Diet. When the Emperor heard this, he was in a violent rage, and boasted loudly of what he had done to former Popes. This got to the ears of Paul, and undoubtedly seemed to confirm his worst fears.

On June twentieth, speaking to Navagero, the Pope referred to the Emperor as "this heretic and schismatic, who has

always favored false doctrine in order to oppress the Holy See, to make himself master of Rome, for he not only regards this city as his own, but the whole of the states of the Church, and indeed all Italy, including Venice." He felt sure that the Emperor, surrounded as he always had been by crafty men who made only a pretence of Christianity, would openly make war on the Holy See, and in the end refuse obedience in purely ecclesiastical matters.

"Woe to him, however, if he attempts this," cried the venerable Pontiff. "We shall then raise the whole world against him, deprive him of his Imperial tide and his kingdom, and let him see what we are able to perform by virtue of the authority of Christ."<sup>28</sup> He had a hearty contempt for Alba's army, for, he said, "being Lutherans and half-Jews, they are odious in the face of Heaven, and detested by mankind, as tyrants and insufferable."<sup>29</sup> A few days later he added to this that no worse man than Charles had lived for a thousand years, and that the devil had chosen him as his tool to paralyze the papal efforts at reforming the Church. "The Imperialists may deceive others, but not us, for we have taken precautions, and God's protection will not fail," he said.

On July third, 1557, he spoke of Charles as "this miserable and sorry creature, this cripple of body and soul." Four days later he caused a courier of Spain to be arrested and searched. Among the letters found on the man was one from Garcilasso de la Vega to the Duke of Alba, saying that *the best way to get anything out of the Pope was to send the cavalry, with 4,000 Spaniards and 8,000 Italians by forced marches on Rome*, and have warships set sail for Nettuno and Civitavecchia to support the army.

Naturally the Pope saw in this a complete confirmation of his worst apprehensions. In his mind's eye he could see the Lutherans and the Moriscos storming the Holy City as in 1527, burning convents, profaning the Host, violating nuns, butchering the citizens. On July ninth he had Garcilasso arrested and conveyed to Sant' Angelo. Two days later he said he feared that "the secret Jews intended to do worse than in 1527."

On August fifteenth some twelve hundred of the Pope's Gascon troops, lent him by Henry II, arrived in Italy, laying waste the countryside like any heathen. They looted even churches and convents. On the thirtieth they were in Rome. Already, on the twenty-first, Alba had sent the Holy Father an ultimatum, declaring that under the circumstances there was no recourse for an obedient son but to take the weapon from the hands of his angry father. While Paul was discussing with the Cardinals what reply to make to this, news came on September fourth that the Duke had crossed the frontier without a formal declaration of war, and had occupied Pontecorvo.

There never was much doubt how this pathetic war would end. Alba had only 12,000 men; but they were the best disciplined force in the world, under one of the greatest military leaders of all time. The papal troops were more numerous but were scattered under various inferior commanders. The only match for Alba on the other side was Duke Francis of Guise, brother of the Cardinal of Lorraine and uncle of Mary Stuart; a gallant and fearless soldier, the first man, next to the King, in France. Parisians loved to see him riding like a madman through the Bois de Boulogne, in a cloak as crimson as the swift doom that hung over his head and the heads of so many of his family. He had once defeated Alba and the Emperor in Germany, and would certainly have given a good account of himself in Rome if his recall at a crucial moment had not left the Pope without any respectable military leadership.

Cardinal Carlo Carafa, just back from France, was no genius in the field. In fact, he was worse than useless to his uncle. While Alba was advancing on Rome with cold and logical precision, never needlessly sacrificing one of his own men, never losing a point for mere display or theatrical effect, sparing even the enemy's blood unless some military advantage was to be gained, the Pope's nephew and chief adviser, foreseeing the inevitable result, was secretly negotiating with agents of the Emperor to get some of the loot of the Church for his own family when the Holy Father should be defeated. He sent word to Philip that he was ready to go over to the side of Spain for a consideration—the investiture of Siena for his brother. Thus the Vicar of Christ, baited by foes and betrayed by friends, sadly saw the crumbling of his splendid scheme for the reconstruction of Christian Europe, as the Spanish and German *tercios* approached the gates of Rome. Like Peter, he saw the sword turned into a rebuke in his hand.

Philip appears to have felt as keenly as the Pope that justice was on his side. His letter to his sister Juana, in 1556, bitterly complaining of Paul's conduct, is probably an accurate expression of his private feelings.

"Since writing you of the proceedings of the Pontiff and of the news from Rome that it is understood he means to excommunicate the Emperor my lord and me, and place an interdict and cessation of divine worship on Our kingdoms and estates, I have consulted grave and learned men on the case and find it all null and without foundation, and Our position justified, while His Holiness proceeds in Our affairs with notorious passion and rancor . . . and We shall not be obliged to observe what may be fitting in his regard, for the great scandal it would be to make Ourselves seem guilty when We are not.

"And now, when I have rid this kingdom of sects and reduced it to the obedience of the Church, and have gone forward increasingly with the punishment of the heretics without the contradictions that exist in England, he has wished and notoriously wishes to destroy and change it, without any respect for his own dignity . . . I will write to the prelates, grandees, cities, universities and heads of the orders of the kingdoms, that they may be informed of what has passed, and I will command them not to observe the interdict or cessations, or other censures (of the Pope), for all are and will be of no validity; null, unjust and without foundation, for I have obtained opinions of what I can and ought to do. If by chance meanwhile there should come from



Rome anything pertaining to this, it is necessary to see that it be not observed or complied with, and . . . that great and exemplary punishment be inflicted on those who may bring them, for now the time for further dissimulation is past . . .

"It has since become known that in the bull published on Holy Thursday it was announced that the Pope would excommunicate those who should take and did take lands of the Church, even though they be Emperors or Kings, though nothing further was said; and that on Good Friday it was ordered that they leave out the prayer in which they supplicate for His Majesty, though the others were left in for the Jews, Moors, heretics and schismatics. So each day worse things are expected; and so all the more the above ought to be carried out, and an account given to His Caesarial Majesty."<sup>30</sup>

When Henry II broke the Truce of Vaucelles in July, after a visit from Cardinal Carlo Carafa, Philip decided to attack the Pope without waiting for the Gascons to invade Naples, and gave orders to Alba accordingly, with the sequel already indicated. When the Duke received no reply to his ultimatum after six days, he sent a long letter to the Pope outlining his master's grievances in urgent but respectful terms. "I have desired to beg and importune Your Holiness, throwing myself at your feet, that you be pleased to notice the infinite labors and blows with which Our Lord has permitted Christianity to be exercised, and show paternal love to the Majesty of the King my lord."

After reminding the Pope that his office was to pacify the sheep of Christ, "as a true shepherd" and not to allow them to be devoured, Alba suggested a truce in which Christians may find "the hope of perpetual peace . . . His Majesty claims no interest and asks nothing else of Your Holiness, nor has he the intention of diminishing by a hair the dominion and estate of the Holy Apostolic See, and he and his servants and friends desire nothing but to remain assured that Your Holiness will not disquiet or molest His Majesty in his estates and kingdoms; and so I protest to God and to Your Holiness, and to all the world, that if Your Holiness, without further delay, does not wish to remain served by doing and executing the aforesaid, I intend to defend the kingdom of His Majesty in such ways as I can, and the evils which may result will be charged to the soul and conscience of Your Holiness."<sup>31</sup>

This pious and veiled defiance probably expressed Philip's mind as well as he could have set it down himself. Years ago his father had warned him that Alba always "came in, blessing himself." It was useful now to have a man in Italy who could take so lofty a moral position even in the face of the Pope himself. Did any one ever make war on another without claiming pure motives and the necessity of self-defense? Philip and Alba were no exceptions. Their ultimatum, reduced to its lowest terms, meant this: Naples belongs to Spain, and she will fight to keep it, even against the Pope. The right of Spain to possess Naples and to dominate Italy was not discussed; but it was precisely what the Pope was challenging.<sup>32</sup>

While Alba was advancing against Rome, the friends of the Pope, (more accurately, the enemies of Philip) were not idle in France. Henry II, after breaking the truce of Vaucelles, was raising an army under Duke Francis of Guise to send to Italy, and another to defend Artois and Picardy until Guise could join the papal troops and confront Alba with overwhelming numbers. Philip had to act quickly. He must force the fighting against the French and win a victory before Guise could dispose of Alba. Before the end of 1556 he began assembling a huge army in Brussels. This was a task requiring all his energies. At the same time he was constantly being pulled, so to speak, in two other directions. Mary was imploring him to come to England, and the Spanish Council was almost commanding his presence in Spain.

Mary was ill all summer, for the heat was greater than any living man remembered. She had lost much weight. She could hardly sleep at all. Her need of money was so acute that she had to beg her nobles—usually in vain—to contribute anything from 40 pounds up to her support. Philip could send her nothing more substantial than promises. However, in October he sent his pages, his stable and his armory across the channel, evidently intending to follow soon. Mary and the English Catholics and tradesmen rejoiced.

Just then Ruy Gómez returned from Spain. The Cortes and the Royal Council demanded the immediate return of their King to his own country. His affairs, they notified him in a special petition, were being ruined. The government was unwieldy and needed reorganization. Lawyers had grown too numerous and influential, and were practising all manner of shifty tricks under pretext of the letter of the law, to the loss of citizens. The military orders and the chancellory of Valladolid were without presidents, and the King should choose good men for those important posts.

There was a great deal of criticism also of Philip's sister, the Regent Juana. She had obediently followed the advice of the men her brother had recommended to her in State affairs, but in certain other matters she had pleased them less.<sup>33</sup> Though discreet, religious and conscientious, she was too much inclined, in the opinion of the politicians of the Royal Council, to keep on good terms with the Pope. When the Holy Father sent some reformers to visit the monasteries of the "black Benedictines," the rich abbeys proudly refused to admit them; but the Princess, acting on the advice of the papal nuncio, arranged for their admittance under certain limitations. Then, however, "the Council of State, more suspicious and forehanded than she, overruled her." They did not wish to allow the Pope any opening wedge in the Spanish system of royal control and supervision of the Church devised by Ferdinand and Isabel. The Spanish monasteries, they declared, were so strict in their observance that, if perchance they should relax a little, it would be easy to correct them without any outside assistance from the Pope or anybody else. "And so the monks sent them away with little satisfaction."<sup>34</sup> Poor Juana was having other difficulties too. She had incurred the bitter resentment of her warped nephew, Don Carlos, by having one of his gentlemen imprisoned for an affront to a lady of the court. All restraint was irksome to the Prince. People were saying that he was getting badly out of hand, and needed

the strong corrective hand of his father.

When the Emperor arrived in Valladolid on October twentieth, 1556 (after several enforced stops while he waited for Juana to send him money for debts and expenses)<sup>35</sup> he met his grandson and namesake for the first time. Don Carlos was standing with his aunt on a stairway in the house of the Count of Mélito; an irritable tortured-looking boy of about eleven, with a large head and a crooked back, gazing down upon the broken and gouty conqueror.

The Emperor immediately took a dislike to his grandson. Why was he so small? Why were his manners so bad? Why was he so reckless in his conduct generally, so ill-behaved toward the Princess his aunt? The most important thing for them all now, said Charles decidedly, was the correction of this boy. This was easier to suggest than to do, as the Emperor soon discovered. Before long he had concluded that "a faulty nature and education, together with an attack of the plague at Burgos" had left such permanent effects that the best course, perhaps, would be to keep the Prince "in retirement" at Tordesillas, where Charles had kept his mother locked up for nearly half a century.<sup>36</sup>

The Emperor and his two sisters, whom he took to Spain with him, must have been a considerable trial to Juana. Eleanor of France and Mary of Hungary took offense immediately because she received them unceremoniously in the *patio*, instead of on the stairs. They were both growing old and crotchety. From living in Flanders so long they had become accustomed to the effusive ways of the north. The quiet stately manners of Spain displeased them. They in turn offended the Spanish grievously by having their ladies leave off their Spanish toques of black and tan, and by installing various Flemish ceremonies and amusements in the sedate palace at Valladolid, "that they might feel their old age less."<sup>37</sup>

There was a long discussion as to where they should be permanently established. Some one proposed Placencia. The Emperor, exhausted from his voyage and suffering from gout (though "he paid no attention to getting well") vetoed this suggestion, "because he did not want their importunities so near to him." Finally Guadalajara was decided upon, apparently with some idea of economy. But "the cost of supporting six royal persons was heavy when there was so little money," and the Council protested to Philip against the added burden. To make matters worse, the Queens were highly displeased because the Duke of Infantado would not give them his palace to live in, as a patriotic duty. And "they were so absolute that when an attendant of Queen Mary was imprisoned for a crime by the court *alcalde* she had him (the *alcalde*) arrested with great *enojo*. And the courtiers were saying that if the King gave them so much rein, they would cause plenty of noise in the Kingdom."<sup>38</sup>

Having disposed of his sisters, the Emperor went to the monastery of the Jeronimites at Yuste in the warm south. There he spent the few months remaining to him in prayer and penance, putting on the new man that he had aspired to be long ago when the soft and holy eyes of his wife were upon him. Yet now and then the old man broke through the new with a gluttonous meal, or a camp oath, or a muttered, "*O hideputa bermejo!*" when one of the chapel choristers sang off key.

There was no one left to rule Spain properly, and the Council wanted Philip to return at once. He took advantage of their request to ask them to send him 300,000 ducats for his expenses. To this the canny councillors replied that the Emperor's expenses had used up all the available money. If Philip did not care to return, they threatened to invite Maximilian and Mary to come from Hungary to govern Spain. Finally, after further grumbling, they suggested that the Princess Juana ask her father-in-law, the King of Portugal, for a good consignment of pepper from the Indies, to be sold in Flanders for Philip's naval expenses.<sup>39</sup> In Spain the usurers were eating up everything. As far back as 1518 the Cortes had complained that nearly all business in Spain was in the hands of the "Genoese."

Philip the despot, with his foot on the neck of his prostrate country, does not appear in these contemporary accounts. Neither does the cold and indifferent husband. "Considering that his coming does not proceed from neglect nor from little will, but from necessity, owing to the nature of the times and his important business," wrote Michiel to the Doge, "the Queen has of late been pacified, and, hope remaining to her, she endures this delay better than she did."<sup>40</sup>

Throughout the unspeakably hot summer of 1556 Philip went about the arduous business of raising an army of 50,000. All over northern Europe that autumn the grain crops failed, and presently death, as if too impatient to wait for the French and Spanish to begin slaying one another, commenced operations himself under the hideous mask of famine.

Philip, desperately in need of money, had to feed not only his growing army but the civil population of Flanders. This, however, was a sort of work more congenial to him than the fighting of battles to destroy life. He entered with zest into the combat with famine. He rode here and there inquiring into the needs of the suffering people. Soon he proceeded to put into effect a remarkably efficient system of relief. He had wheat brought from Spain and other far corners of Europe, from the Hanse towns, from Denmark and Sweden, and distributed under his supervision. Besides his army, he fed 3,000 of the civilian poor every day. Prelates and secular lords followed his example and adopted his methods so effectively that almost the whole population of the Low Countries survived.<sup>41</sup>

Ruy Gómez made possible the financing of this relief work. By appealing to the patriotism of the nobles and clergy, he had wrung from them even their annuities. Princess Juana, for example, sacrificed her pension. Others did likewise. Ruy Gómez asked Cardinal Siliceo to give some of the money he had collected for a crusade to recover Bugia from the Moslems. The Cardinal resisted; before the issue could be settled, he died, on May eleventh, and the Council confiscated his estate.<sup>42</sup> Thus Philip's first war was saved; but the famine postponed its opening until the spring.



Recruiting was difficult. Kings did not enjoy, or even claim, the power of modern liberal governments to conscript a whole population, but had to hire men where and when they could. In Spain the dying Emperor bestirred himself. In Burgundy the Duke of Savoy recruited archers. The civil guards of Flanders were mustered in, and a large force was raised in Germany.

It was March, 1557, before Philip was able to get back to England. On the way he had touching proof of the eagerness with which Mary awaited him: at each place he was met by two of her gentlemen, one of whom stayed with him, while the other posted ahead with the latest news about her lord. Landing at Dover at 10 o'clock on the night of the eighteenth, he went on to Canterbury Cathedral to give thanks for his safe journey. A student noticed that he forgot, in his haste, to remove his spurs, and claimed the traditional fine. The King smiled, and emptied his purse, full of gold pieces, into the young fellow's cap.<sup>43</sup> These English—one must know how to handle them.



## England at the Death of Mary Tudor [1557]

MARY was waiting for him at Greenwich. Two days later, they rode through London to Whitehall, Philip on horseback, the Queen beside him in a litter. The streets were lined with crowds apparently affectionate and loyal. But something had changed since he was last in England. Suriano reported to Venice that the Spaniards were much hated, and "neither his Majesty nor the Queen is well looked on by the multitude." The King felt sure, however, of the Privy Council and other personages. He had seen to that by bribing them. Paget, Admiral Howard, even rich William Cecil, were on his list of pensioners. "When last here," wrote the Venetian ambassador, "he spent and gave a considerable quantity of money, and distributed vast revenues in Spain and Flanders, to propitiate the leading people here, and he found by experience that what my father used to say of this kingdom was perfectly true, that all, from first to last, are venal, and do anything for money."

Philip went to England resolved to obtain material aid for his war against France and the Pope. True, in his marriage treaty, he had solemnly agreed not to involve the country in any of the wars of Spain or the Empire. But England also had an old treaty with the House of Burgundy which pledged her to aid in the defense of the Low Countries. Under this covenant he requested the Council to lend him men, money and ships.

The English had no direct interest, of course, in the war. Catholics were bewildered and scandalized. Mary, dismayed at finding her husband engaged in actual warfare with the Vicar of Christ, sent Sir Edward Carne to Rome to endeavor to make peace. Cardinal Pole's position was most awkward. As legate of the Pope in England, he was compelled to retire to his See to avoid meeting his King in public. However, he did what he could to bring about a reconciliation.

But Pope Paul had made up his mind about Philip. In a memorable conversation with Navagero in the preceding October, he had declared that "To retract what We have done would be to betray Christ, *cuius vicem gerimus*; this We will not do, We will die first." . . . Growing more and more angry by degrees, he said of the Imperialists, "You will soon see them open heretics, as they are now secret ones; but why do We say secret ones, if, in addition to this honorable undertaking of making war on Us, Philip eats meat in public on the eves during the Ember weeks and in Lent; but he says, 'Oh, the weakness of my stomach compels me to do so.' Eat in your chamber, scoundrel; and as thou knowest that this is one of the tenets of the Lutherans, do not give the world this scandalous example. But who forbids the son to resemble his father, who, as we have told you, encouraged those heresies to make himself master of Rome? and when he saw that it was intended to apply a remedy, he ordained something worse, which was the *Interim*." The Pope repeated that Charles was "diabolical, soulless, thirsting for the blood of Christians, schismatic, born to destroy the world."

May of 1557 found the aged Pontiff unrelenting, even after the visit of Carne. He said to Navagero:

"The Queen's ambassador, who for a native of those regions is modest and very intelligent<sup>1</sup> has been to Us in the name of the Queen and of the kingdom, to pray Us not to abandon them, but to remember that it has lately come to Our obedience. We answered him that We love the Queen for her own sake, as she is good, and has done good works; for the sake of her mother, who honored Us extremely, when We were sent to that kingdom by Pope Leo, and for the sake of her grandfather, the late Catholic King, to whom We are much obliged for the love he bore Us, and he was assuredly a worthy King, nor could We ever have believed that his descendants would have degenerated so much as Charles and Philip; but We told the Ambassador that We would willingly separate the Queen's cause from that of her—We know not whether to call him husband, cousin or nephew—and have her as daughter, bidding her attend to the government of her kingdom, and not let herself be induced to do anything to Our detriment nor to that of Our confederates, as for instance the King of France, for We would spare neither relations nor friends, but include in Our maledictions and anathemas all those who shall desert the cause of God." He added that Philip was hard of heart, "and We believe that he will not reform until his head has been soundly beaten."<sup>2</sup>



Philip meanwhile had rejected an offer of Henry II to submit the case to arbitration.<sup>3</sup> By May he had persuaded the Council to promise him 5000 foot and 1000 horse for four months, under the ancient treaty; a fleet to be sent, if need be, with half the cost paid by Philip. The deciding factor was English indignation against Henry II at the discovery of his participation in the Stafford plot, and the rash attempt of the Dudley faction, aided by Lady Elizabeth, to seize the government of England in April, and to deliver the English fortresses of Hammes and Guisnes to the French. This treachery of both English Protestants and French conspirators played directly into Philip's hands. Once more he was able to place Elizabeth in his debt for her life. Whatever happened, there was one person on whose friendship he could always depend. So he thought.

Although at first the war was not popular in England, the country warmed up to it more than is generally admitted. As Suriano wrote on May thirteenth, 1557, "The soldiers who are going to serve his Majesty increase in number daily, and great part of the nobility of the kingdom are preparing, some from a longing for novelty, which is peculiar to this nation, some from a rivalry and desire of glory, some to obtain grace and favor with his Majesty and the Queen; and the general opinion is that upwards of 10,000 troops will pass into Flanders, although the number fixed was only 5,000. In addition, there will be a considerable force on board the fleet and in Calais and on those frontiers, so that some 20,000 men will go out of England."<sup>4</sup> When the conspirator Stafford landed in Yorkshire and called on all Englishmen to join him in defeating "the devilish devices" of Mary and the Spaniards, not a man answered his proclamation.

Philip, having accomplished the chief object of his journey, returned to Flanders on July third. Mary went with him to Dover, a pathetic little figure, grown old and shriveled since her marriage. Her eyes were often red those days. Tears came easily to them. During the five months of Philip's visit she had once more imagined herself pregnant, and once more had to admit herself deluded. It was plain enough now even to her that she could never have a child. She wept when Philip boarded his ship. He looked back and waved his hand until she had faded into the English shore. He never saw her again.

Philip decided to take the offensive and strike boldly at France before Guise could get back from Italy. Within a month he had 50,000 men on the way to Saint Quentin, a strategic position in Picardy, guarding the road to Paris; among them some seven or eight thousand Englishmen under Lord Pembroke. The commander of this host was the Duke of Savoy, who still cherished hopes of marrying the Lady Elizabeth when the wars were over. The Council had objected to Philibert Emanuel, the choice of Philip, on the ground of his insufficient experience. He had been a cavalry general in Piedmont, and had commanded Charles' army at Metz, but he had never had such an important command as this. Philip, however, insisted, for he had promised to compensate his friend for the losses inflicted on him by the Truce of Vaucelles.<sup>5</sup>

The Emperor was keenly disappointed. He had hoped that Philip would keep up the family tradition, the medieval tradition, by placing himself at the head of his troops, as Ferdinand the Catholic had done in the Moorish war, and as Charles himself had done in Africa and Germany. But Philip knew himself, apparently, better than his father did. He had no illusions about his military prowess, nor was he cursed with that vanity which was one of the ingredients of the Emperor's heroism. Of military experience, too, he had had far less than Philibert Emanuel; only that brief campaign in Perpignan with Alba. Courage he had, and of that rare and rather sublime sort that can carry on a struggle against great odds for years, quietly, without applause or personal glory. But to make sound decisions on a battlefield in a split second, with the world crashing about his ears, did not belong to the temperament of a man who got diarrhoea under the stress of any sudden anxiety, and was likely to have a high fever after a joust.

Temperament, however, may not have been the deciding factor. The changed conditions of warfare had perhaps more to do with it. Infantry had supplanted cavalry and artillery had been improved so much since Ferdinand's time that a king in armor was not much more valuable in the front rank than any other man; whereas he had a unique function to perform in a safe place behind the lines. Why should a king be such a fool as to get himself captured like Francis I? Philip, in this respect, was the first modern king.

The Duke of Savoy justified his friend's confidence. He was "of medium height, choleric and austere in temperament, all nerve, little flesh, graceful in his movements, grave and lofty in his actions, born to command."<sup>6</sup> He had under him Alonso de Caceres, commanding the right wing of Spanish and Germans; on the left the *tercio* of Navarette and some Walloons; in the center the romantic and resourceful fire-eater, Julian Romero, with Spaniards, Burgundians and English; the cavalry remaining free to scour the countryside and protect his rear and communications. He advanced swiftly toward Saint-Quentin, while the French army under the Constable Anne de Montmorency was still far away. The Admiral Gaspard de Coligny, with only a few hundred Frenchmen, threw himself into Saint-Quentin and prepared to defend it.

When Philip moved his headquarters to Cambray in order to be near the scene of action, he received from Paris, of all places, a complete horoscope of his life, with an account of what the stars held in store for him in the coming engagement, and what he should do under various circumstances. The author of this prognostication was no less a person than Nostradamus, favorite astrologer of Catherine de' Medici, whose ambitions he had already whetted by his famous prophecy that all five of her sons would sit on thrones. Cabrera calls him "a noted French astrologer." As such he was known throughout Europe. Actually he was one of those versatile Jews who combined a certain medical knowledge with an enormous aptitude for quackery and political intrigue and were to be found close to so many kings and other persons of importance in the sixteenth century.

Philip told his secretary to send the man 500 *scudi* and thank him kindly for his trouble. He then burned the horoscope without reading it, "lest superstition make him either timid or rash," and deprive him of his judgment and prudence or his courage. He was a good enough Catholic to believe that God had hidden the secrets of the future from the knowledge of men so that they might use their free will. Kings especially were meant to employ reason and prudent management, rather than to consult the stars.<sup>7</sup> In this attitude Philip resembled his great-grandmother Isabel, who had a supreme contempt for all superstition; and in this regard he was exceptional among the noted men of his time.

It is amusing to read the strictures of such historians as Prescott on "Popish superstition" or "priestly credulity," and then to find, in contemporary accounts, that superstition flourished always in inverse ratio to Catholicism. The chief practitioners of magic and astrology were Jews. The most credulous believers were such militant Protestants as William Cecil and Lady Elizabeth (in her later character) or such lukewarm and questionable Catholics as Catherine de' Medici and her weakling sons, all of them infected with heresy—while the king most held up to scorn by Jews and Protestants as an ignorant and superstitious bigot calmly burns a horoscope on the eve of a momentous battle, preferring to trust in God and his own reason.

The event gave him no cause to repent his decision. Montmorency was approaching timidly, afraid to venture a battle with only 18,000 troops. Ordered by Henry to relieve Saint-Quentin, he advanced, arriving outside the walls on the feast of Saint Lawrence, August tenth. There Savoy and Egmont, with part of Philip's army, immediately attacked him, outgeneraled him, and won a crushing victory. Six thousand of the French were left dead on the field. Two thousand others, including the Constable himself and four princes of the blood, were captured. The Spanish lost only a handful—80 men, according to some accounts.<sup>8</sup>

Philip, in armor from head to foot, arrived on the battlefield the following day, to receive salvos from the artillery and to have the captured French banners laid at his feet. He lifted up Savoy when the Duke attempted to kiss his hand, and embraced him, thanking him for the outcome. He especially praised Egmont, "principal author of the victory."<sup>9</sup> He then went at the head of a procession to the nearest church to kneel before the Blessed Sacrament and give thanks to the God of Battles, and to promise to build a monastery in honor of Saint Lawrence, on whose feast the triumph had been won.

In this, his first great victory, Philip showed himself humane and magnanimous. He immediately set free all the French prisoners of humble rank, on condition that they would not bear arms against him for six months. When he entered Saint-Quentin sixteen days later, after his troops had taken it, and when he saw what his German mercenaries had done the night before, he was shaken with anger and disgust. The Lutherans had sacked the place in the most barbarous manner. Among the charred ruins lay not only dead soldiers, but the torn bodies of women and children.

The Duke of Savoy and many others now urged Philip to march on Paris before Henry could assemble another army or get Guise back from Italy. With so large an army, well-disciplined and victorious, at his back, what could keep so powerful a king from becoming master of France, and lord of the best part of Europe? Certain modern historians have fallen in with the assumption that Philip might have easily done so. They hold that there was something reprehensible in his failure to wrong the sovereignty of another Christian country and to advance upon the dangerous path of universal conquest. Prescott observes rather contemptuously that "Philip was not of that sanguine temper which overlooks, or at least over-leaps, the obstacles in its way,"—as though there were anything necessarily admirable in "overlooking or at least overleaping" obstacles. Professor Merriman tells us that "So incapable was Philip of utilizing his opportunity that the battle remained almost barren of advantage to the Spaniards."<sup>10</sup>

These historians have overlooked, or at least overleaped, the reasoning of Philip himself. It had never been easy, he said, to conquer France. His own revered father "had marched into the country eating peacocks, and marched out eating turnips." Philip had no desire to emulate him in that. Though there was no army in the field between him and Paris, there were several small but strongly fortified places, connected one with another, which could later be used by the French as bases, to cut his communications behind him; he must first mop up these places to protect his rear. The most important of these was Saint-Quentin, "well fortified by nature and by art," protected by some hills, a lake, the River Somme, a thick wall and a deep moat. Julius Caesar had once sought its natural strength out for his winter quarters. Coligny now defended it vigorously against Philip until August twenty-sixth. By the time Hammes, Jatelet and other places were taken, September was half gone. A swift march on Paris then might have succeeded. But, as Cabrera shrewdly notes, "any one who resolves to go against Paris needs much time, much money, and much luck."<sup>11</sup> Cabrera blames Philip for delaying with the small places, attributing this to bad advice, and for his habit of waiting for the decisions of the Emperor. On the whole, however, he seems to conclude that the young King showed good sense in going into winter quarters at Brussels before the October rains made troop-movements difficult and hazardous. Besides, as Merriman concedes, "Philip's financial resources were completely exhausted"<sup>12</sup>—rather a good reason for postponing a march on Paris.

Even the Emperor agreed, after his first disappointment, that Philip had done the right thing. The Council in Spain were overwhelmingly against any attempt to conquer France, which would impose a long and crushing burden on the already overtaxed Spanish people. They did not hesitate to point out to Philip that the expenses of his army amounted to 250,000 *scudi*



a month; and that "the interest charges of the Genoese merchants were very high, and credit was scarce."<sup>13</sup> Nevertheless they were so proud of their young King's first victory that they opened their purse-strings, to the extent of sending him 80,000 *scudi* in the fleet under Pedro Menendez, with some new recruits; and 650,000 *scudi* and some bronze cannon with cargoes of wool from Sevilla.<sup>14</sup>

So Philip went to Brussels and proceeded to have a thoroughly good time. The reports of his nocturnal activities at this period by the Venetian ambassadors have given rise to most of the gossip about his private life. Too much has been made, perhaps, of Badoer's statement that "In the enjoyment of ladies he is incontinent, taking delight in going about masked at night, even in time of important negotiations; and he takes great pleasure in various games."<sup>15</sup> But Sorranzo wrote, three years after this, that "While in Flanders he had by a girl in Brussels a daughter, who was brought up in that country very secretly; and after he returned to Spain he had another by Doña Eufrosia de Guzman, a lady of the Princess his sister, who was brought up modestly, and the mother married with *dote onorata* to the Prince of Ascoli." This, however, as Ballesteros argues, is not documentary proof. In the Venetian reports there is a great deal of demonstrably false gossip. They are valuable only when supported by other evidence (which is lacking here) or when they recount what the ambassadors themselves saw or heard.

At this time Philip probably had no serious intention of returning to live with his wife. Yet if her English advisers had been as devoted to her true interests as he was, she might not have had her last days saddened by the loss of Calais. Immediately after Saint-Quentin he wrote her that the place was not as impregnable as the English imagined, that the garrison was weak and kept a careless watch, and that the French might make an attempt to take it by surprise. He offered to help in the defense (as he afterwards reminded Lord Clinton). The English refused his aid.

The victory at Saint-Quentin had several startling repercussions in various parts of Europe. As soon as the news reached Italy, Pope Paul, now completely disillusioned about his nephew the Cardinal, surrendered to Alba, who entered the Holy City, on strict orders from Philip, with quiet and reverent triumph, throwing himself at the feet of the Holy Father and begging his forgiveness for the show of force. There were none of the atrocities of 1527 that the Pope had feared. Alba was no Ugo de Moncada or Constable de Bourbon, but a commander whose army was always kept well in hand; whose men knew from experience that the violation of a woman would be followed at once by a hanging. The war in Italy, that huge sham battle, was over.

The Duke of Guise, who had arrived too late to keep Alba out of Rome, raced back to France by forced marches to help in the defense of Paris, if necessary. While Queen Catherine de' Medici was feverishly raising troops and suppressing heretics in Paris, this brilliant soldier saw the need of doing something spectacular to raise the morale of the French people. On January eighth, after careful preparations, he did just what Philip had warned the English against: he seized Calais, and his troops sacked the city. Thus, as a net result of Philip's first campaign, the work of Saint Joan was completed, and France was free at last.

The blow to Mary and to English prestige was of course tremendous. With the growth of the anti-Catholic, anti-Spanish tradition, most of the blame was placed, as usual, upon the shoulders of Philip and the Catholics. The success of this propaganda has been extraordinary, when one considers that the loss of Calais was due principally to the treachery of Protestant Englishmen, who sacrificed patriotism and honor to their hatred for the Catholic Church. "Certain people of Calais, ill-content because the Queen of England persecuted the heretics, and desirous that her sister Elizabeth should rule, or that the French should possess it . . . for they would let them live freely" treacherously surrendered, without firing a shot, a post that had been in English hands for two centuries; and Cabrera adds that "the *Infanta* Elizabeth was a party to this conspiracy."<sup>16</sup>

John Highfield told the Duke of Savoy that Calais had been delivered by treason. The same version was transmitted by the papal legate at Paris. Not only Philip had warned against this. Cardinal Pole had advised Mary to garrison Calais with Spaniards; and so had the Duke of Feria, saying that "the place was full of heretics."<sup>17</sup>

Not long after this Philip sent another warning to Mary, through Lord Clinton, of the possibility of a French invasion of England through Scotland. Negligence there might be as fatal as at Calais, "whereof His Majesty gave warning," wrote Lord Clinton later, "and offered aid which was refused. His Majesty commanded me to put the Queen's Majesty in remembrance of this" and to admonish the Privy Council "to have foresight of the defense of the frontier and the forts of the border, he saying that rather than such a chance should happen as of late to Calais, he would be at the defense in his own person . . . His Highness at my departing specially commanded me to declare his displeasure and grief" at the hinderance of his intended journey "to see the Queen's Majesty."<sup>18</sup>

Philip offered to recapture Calais from the French, if the English would furnish half the money and men needed. The Privy Council again declined, preferring to fortify the channel against a possible repetition of the Stafford invasion. For several months thereafter Philip postponed making peace with France, though strongly urged to do so by his own Council in Spain. He felt bound in honor to insist upon the restoration of Calais, which the French would not hear of. Even after Egmont's hard-won victory at Gravelines, supported by the English fleet, in July 1558, with the slaughter of 5000 French, he sacrificed an opportunity to make very favorable terms rather than break faith with Mary on this point. As long as his wife lived, he continued to demand Calais for the English, at great inconvenience and expense to himself.

It was apparent in the spring of 1558 that Mary's health was completely broken. Philip sent her affectionate messages, and promised repeatedly to visit her; but he never did. It is not quite clear how much sincerity there was in his promises. It would seem that he could have managed to get across the channel for a few days at least, had he really desired to do so; though, to be sure, the journey from Brussels to London sometimes took three weeks or more, especially in bad weather.

Philip's friend, the outspoken and vigorous Count of Feria, who married the English lady Jane Dormer, went in his stead, and sent back long reports, refreshing in their honesty and directness. Mary, he wrote, had lost prestige tremendously with the capture of Calais, and, being ill, was no longer able to rally public opinion about her as in the days of the Wyatt rebellion. Besides, she was in dire financial straits, as usual. Philip's absence grieved her, but she was patient, understanding the urgency of his affairs. She had a fleet cruising constantly between Dunkirk and Dover to welcome him should he come. In July, she was feverish and unable to sleep. At the end of August she retired to her chamber, never to come forth again.

The real mission of Feria in England, however, concerned Elizabeth rather than Mary. Now that it was certain the Queen would soon die, it became important to Philip, as to the English Protestant lords, to see that Elizabeth succeeded to the throne. Otherwise, too horrible to imagine, the kingdom might pass under French influence through the accession of Mary Stuart and her husband the Dauphin.

France! France! This word had rung like a funeral bell through the wary consciousness of Philip since his early childhood. France must not be allowed to grow great. She could not be trusted to protect the Church, as Spain could. She must be kept out of Italy in the south and England in the north. And so Philip coolly plans, almost over the body of his dying wife, to take a desperate chance with Elizabeth, in spite of all he knows of her character and her past, rather than allow Christian France, to raise her head beside Spain. He counts on Elizabeth's gratitude, perhaps, because he has saved her life and it will be he who now places her, the bastard of a vile woman, on the throne of Saint Edward. Feria, before leaving England, has a long conversation with her, doubtlessly promising her his master's support, and receiving her assurance that she will be a friend of Spain and a good Catholic Queen. There is even some further talk of her marrying the Duke of Savoy, faithful prop of the House of Austria. Elizabeth is too wary to commit herself to that extent. She has other friends to advise her, very secretly.

One serious obstacle remained: Mary's determination that Elizabeth, of whose hypocrisy and veiled malevolence she had had only too much proof, should not succeed her. She was willing to forgive and forget the attempts on her own life and crown, but her conscience would not allow her to place in power one who might undo all the work her reign had accomplished in restoring unity, at least of faith, to western Christendom. This she was determined not to do. And this Philip was determined she should do.

Toward the end of September came news from Spain of the death of the Emperor at Yuste on the twenty-first, gazing at a plain small wooden crucifix that his wife had held in her agony; lucid in his mind to the last moment, full of sorrow for his sins and dismay at the state in which his negligence had left Europe; murmuring at the end, as his dying eyes clung to the form stretched upon the cross, "*Ay, Jesus!*" Alas, Jesus!

Charles had a dismal premonition of the future on his deathbed. A war with France now seemed, in the shadow of eternity, a small unworthy thing. He sent Philip word that he should make peace as soon as possible, and devote his energies to the defense of Christianity against heresy. Ruy Gómez and the Princess Juana also urged peace. An even more impressive appeal came from Pope Paul IV in the last months of his pontificate. It was only too clear to his octogenarian eyes that his war with Philip and the Emperor had been a golden opportunity for Protestants, especially for Calvinists, in all parts of northern Europe. In England they were waiting for Mary to die. In France they were holding public meetings and carrying on an effective propaganda with intense energy. In the Netherlands they were winning over whole towns and cities. Poland seemed on the point of becoming Protestant.

At this momentous conjuncture, or rather about ten days later, Philip learned that his wife, already weakened by many bleedings and purgings, had taken a turn for the worse, and was probably dying. He was deeply grieved, according to Suriano's report. He immediately sent Feria back to England to console her—and to make sure that she would not die without naming Elizabeth her successor. Even granting that he had no romantic love for his faded wife, this action must continue to bear the reproach of coldblooded calculation with scarcely a parallel except the treatment Mary's mother had received from her own father Ferdinand. The dying woman, tortured by pain and anxiety, with no one on whom she could depend for disinterested advice (for Cardinal Pole also was dying) was still unwilling to leave the crown to Elizabeth. Finally, on Feria's insistence, she sent commissioners to ask her half-sister what her religious beliefs really were.

Elizabeth answered, "Is it not possible that the Queen will be persuaded that I am a Catholic, having so often protested it?" and swore and vowed she was a true Roman Catholic—if not, she prayed God the earth might open and swallow her. She made a similar avowal to Feria, declaring that she believed in the Real Presence, and would make no important religious changes if she became Queen. Feria so wrote the King.<sup>19</sup>

Mary lingered until November seventeenth. When she became convinced that she was dying, she sent two members of her Privy Council to Elizabeth, to say that she would leave the Crown to her on two conditions: first, that she would promise to maintain the Catholic faith and worship in England, and second, that she would have Mary's debts paid. Elizabeth accepted both conditions.



Mary had left with her only an Italian physician (afterwards accused of having poisoned her) and a few faithful friends, including Jane Dormer, the betrothed of Feria. At the mention of Philip's name she smiled. She was too weak to read the letter he had sent, explaining why he could not go to England. Feria went from her bedroom to the Chamber where most of the members of the Council were waiting. One of the first persons he saw there was a close friend of Lady Elizabeth, that same Sir John Masone who had refused to get off his horse to receive King Philip in Brussels three years before, and had been spoken to so contemptuously when he went to make a lying apology.

There was a strong current moving here. Feria felt it necessary to trim his sails and travel with it, politician that he was. He said in a loud voice, so that all might hear, that his master King Philip was extremely glad that the Princess was to succeed her sister, and that he would do all he could to help her mount the throne.<sup>20</sup> The next day he went to see Lady Elizabeth, and found her less gracious, now that she was sure of the crown. To flatter her vanity, he told her that King Philip had always been very sensible of her charms, and would be disposed to seek her hand in marriage, if she continued faithful in the Catholic religion. Elizabeth replied a little sharply that the King had wanted to marry her to the Duke of Savoy only a little while ago, and that she could not forget that her sister had lost the affection of many of her people by marrying a foreigner. Feria wrote all this to Philip, adding that Elizabeth was surrounded with heretics and would probably follow the evil example of her father.

This disappointing news came to Philip with the intelligence of his wife's death. Mary had died a most Christian death at dawn on the seventeenth. A priest was saying Mass in her room. The Queen, who had been having dreams of seeing many little children playing before her, like angels, and singing music of unearthly beauty, was able to follow attentively, and even to answer "Miserere nobis" when the priest said, "Agnus Dei—" As he held up the Blessed Sacrament, saying, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world," Mary died, looking at the Body of her Lord with unutterable tenderness. At her sumptuous funeral on December twelfth, many of the lords of the kingdom, and some Spanish attendants of Philip, followed the corpse from Saint James by Charing Cross to Westminster Abbey. A hundred poor men in black gowns were present, carrying torches. It was noticed that Sir William Cecil was not among the mourners.

Philip was so grieved that he shut himself up for several days at the abbey of San Grumandola. While he was there he must have received two more discouraging letters from Feria. On the twenty-first the Count wrote a brief account of the Queen's death. The English would soon realize what a good Christian she was, he said, "for since it was known she was dying they have begun to treat the images and religious persons disrespectfully." While she was unconscious, the morning before she died, the Council went to her room to hear her will read. When the Master of the Rolls came to the part about her bequests to servants, he was ordered to pass on without reading any of them. "They tell me this is the way the wills of the Kings of England are always fulfilled; that is to say, just as the Council likes."

It was still early to talk of marriage, the ambassador went on delicately, but "the confusion and ineptitude of these people in all their affairs" make it "necessary for us to be the more circumspect, so as not to miss the opportunities that are presented to us, and particularly in the matter of marriage." Everything now depended on the husband Elizabeth would take. "If she decides to marry out of the country, she will at once fix her eyes on Your Majesty, although some of them here are sure to pitch upon the Archduke Ferdinand . . .

"Really," Feria went on, "this country is more fit to be dealt with by sword in hand than by cajolery, for there are neither funds nor soldiers nor heads nor forces, and yet it is overflowing with every other necessity of life . . ." Tongues were already beginning to wag, even before the Queen's funeral, saying that Mary had sent great sums to Philip, and that Feria had just forwarded 200,000 ducats. "They say that it is through your Majesty that the country is in such want, and that Calais was lost, and also that through your not coming to see the Queen our lady, she died of sorrow. The sorrow I feel is that your Majesty should have allowed so much favor to be shown to this scurvy Lord Chamberlain Hastings, for it is he who is publishing these things." However, he added, the new Queen still went to Mass.<sup>21</sup>

About Elizabeth's Catholicism Philip could have had no illusions. He was well aware that she was an opportunist in religion, with no firm convictions of any sort. Nevertheless she had a sentimental tenderness for Catholic forms and symbols, and could be led in a Catholic direction if it could be shown that it was to her interest. There were two dangers to be feared: first (as Feria pointed out), that the French would influence the Pope to declare her illegitimate, which would tend to force her into the arms of the Protestant faction; secondly, that the holders of church loot would make her their instrument.

Philip thought the suggestion about the Pope a good one, and immediately began using what pressure he could at Rome against any action unfavorable to Elizabeth. He was even willing to marry Elizabeth himself, if necessary. He has been represented as a rather ardent suitor of his wife's half-sister. Prescott suspects that "very probably feelings of a personal nature" were involved in his policy.<sup>22</sup> His real sentiments are best to be inferred, perhaps, from his frank letter to Feria just before Elizabeth's coronation.

"As regards myself," he wrote, "if they should broach the subject to you, you should treat it in such a way as neither to accept nor reject the business altogether . . . Many great difficulties present themselves, and it is difficult for me to reconcile my conscience to it, as I am obliged to reside in my other dominions and consequently would not be much in England, which apparently is what they fear, and also because the Queen has not been sound on religion, and it would not look well for me to

marry her unless she were a Catholic. Besides this, such a marriage would appear like entering upon a perpetual war with France, considering the claims that the Queen of Scots has to the English Crown.

"The urgent need for my presence in Spain, which is greater than I can say here, and the heavy expense I should be put to in England by reason of the costly entertainment necessary to the people there, together with the fact that my treasury is so utterly exhausted as to be unable to meet the most necessary ordinary expenditures, much less new and onerous charges: bearing in mind these and many other difficulties no less grave, which I need not set forth, I nevertheless cannot lose sight of the enormous importance of such a match to Christianity and the preservation of that which has been restored in England by the help of God. Seeing also the importance that the country should not fall back into its former errors which would cause to our own neighboring dominions serious dangers and difficulties, I have decided to place on one side all other considerations which might be urged against it, and am resolved to render this service to God, and offer to marry the Queen of England, and will use every possible effort to carry this through if it can be done on the conditions that will be explained to you.

"The first and most important is that you should satisfy yourself that the Queen will profess the same religion as I do; which is the same that I shall ever hold, and that she will persevere in the same and maintain and uphold it in the country, and with this end will do all that may appear necessary to me. She will have to obtain secret absolution from the Pope and the necessary dispensation, so that when I marry her she will be a Catholic, which she has not hitherto been. In this way it will be evident and manifest that I am serving the Lord in marrying her and that she has been converted by my act.

"You will, however, not propose any conditions until you see how the Queen is disposed towards the matter itself, and mark well that you must commence to broach the subject with the Queen alone as she has already opened the door to such an approach.

"In my marriage treaty with the late Queen it was stipulated that my Netherlands dominions should pass to any issue of the marriage, but as this condition would be very prejudicial to my son, it must not be again consented to.

"Nothing has been said to the Pope, nor is it desirable until the Queen's consent has been obtained."<sup>23</sup>

This is hardly the letter of an ardent lover. It is the letter of a sincere but slightly sanctimonious Catholic, who has inherited, with all the trappings of royalty, a lively sense of his own importance to God. He is already beginning to shake himself free from some of the trammels of his father's policy. Now that he is master, he will no longer sacrifice Carlos. He sees the folly of a perpetual war with France. He sees much, but not enough.

On emerging from the abbey in the last week in November, Philip returned to the palace at Brussels, whence he walked, on the twenty-eighth, to the Church of Saint Gudule to attend the obsequies of the Emperor. Seldom in history has filial devotion found expression in a more imperial funeral. At the head of the long procession walked priests and friars, the singers of the royal chapel, prelates, bishops, lawyers, deputies of the Netherlands, two-hundred poor men in long black gowns and hoods, carrying tapers of white wax; attendants, artists, *porteros*, *alguaciles* of the court with black truncheons, servants, guards, surgeons, pages, hostlers. Then came four kettledrums covered with black taffeta, embroidered with gold eagles; then the trumpeters with black banners draped over their right shoulders; then the Kings-of-Arms of Artois and Henaut, with a black flag between them.

There followed a gorgeous Renaissance pageant. First there was a ship draped with the Imperial banners and arms, with a figure representing Charity on the poop deck, and another, standing for Hope, in the prow. The chronicler does not tell us where Faith was, or whether she appeared at all. He adds, however, that the Triumphs were on the sides of the ship; and there followed a sea with two light-houses and two marine monsters, and then a horse caparisoned in yellow, violet and gray, the colors of Caesar, "on which went the painting of Santiago on horseback" as at Clavijo.

Each of the dominions of the dead ruler was represented by a horse draped in black. Flanders and Gueldres, Brabant, Burgundy, Austria, Sicily, Mallorca, Toledo, Granada, Jerusalem, Galicia, Naples—these and many other places were represented that day by steeds in trappings of grief. After the mace-bearers and other kings-of-arms, there walked great men of the Empire: a Spanish lord carrying a red cross; a German count bearing the Golden Fleece on a cushion of gold cloth; the Marqués of Aguilar with the Imperial sceptre; the Duke of Villahermosa with the sword of justice; Don Antonio de Toledo with the Imperial crown; and William of Orange with the globe of universal sovereignty. Last came the Duke of Alba and the grandees of Spain.

Arriving at the famous church, now alight with 2500 tapers held by burghers, they advanced to a magnificent catafalque that had been built in the ionian style, symbolizing courage. There the sceptre was placed on the tomb, with the globe at the right, the crown at the head, and the sword on the altar.

The next day Mass was said for the Emperor, and a funeral sermon preached in French by a bishop. Philip had similar obsequies held for his wife; but the decorations for her catafalque were corinthian, symbolical of beauty, as more fitting for a woman.<sup>24</sup>

Men spoke of the great things Charles had done: he had put down conspiracies in Flanders, Spain, Naples, and Peru; he had fought several wars with the French for the sovereignty of Italy and the overlordship of Europe; he had fought with the great Sultan, Solyman the Magnificent, and had been victorious and defeated in Africa; he had invaded Rome; he had increased his father's estates in the Netherlands; he had built cities there; he had added Mexico and Peru to his estates in the New World;



he had kept the Empire intact, especially in Germany, by compromising and tactful statesmanship. These were the chief things that preachers and eulogists were saying about the great man who had vanished.

Hardly anyone, except Pope Paul IV and a few other discerning religious, said the one truly important thing about the reign of Charles, which gives it its peculiar significance in history: under him Christendom was divided into hostile camps, and the heresy to which Charles had given political freedom would envelop and poison the whole world. Protestantism was destined to lead to Capitalism and Communism, as surely as Judaism was bound to fulfill itself, with the coming of Christ, in the Catholic Church. Charles himself saw the cleavage and the danger only in his last days. One of his bitterest reflections on his bed of pain was that he had not had Luther put to death when the monk was in his power at the Diet of Worms some thirty-seven years before. Now it was too late. The world on which Philip ruefully gazed from his dispatch-littered table in Brussels was very different from what he had expected.



## William Cecil and His Friends [1559]

**P**HILIP was well informed—too well for his own peace of mind—of what was going on in various parts of Europe. Geneva, mystical city of revolt, where Rousseau would be born and Lenin find refuge and the League of Nations make its home, had become under Calvin a world-capital of the powers seeking the destruction of the Catholic Church, and was sending out preachers and agitators to every Christian country—to England, at the request of Cecil's government; to France, at the instance of Admiral Gaspard Coligny; to Germany, Poland, the Netherlands, Austria; even to Spain. Of these activities Philip sent warnings to his cousin King Maximilian of Hungary, and to his late enemy King Henry II.

There was a tremendous sensation in Paris when it was discovered that members of several of the great families of the realm—Bourbons, Vandômes, and Chatillons among them—were attending nocturnal meetings of what appeared to be secret societies propagating Lutheran or Calvinist dogmas. In 1558 France seemed on the verge of civil war. Calvin's chief lieutenant, Theodore Beza, and William Farel, eloquent and ruthless, were already in Paris, preparing for revolution. Heretics flocked there from England, Germany, Italy and the Netherlands. The enemies of Christendom seemed working, by common consent, for the subversion of France during the interval of exhaustion following a war.<sup>1</sup>

What Philip had not been prepared for, and what shocked and disturbed him beyond measure, was the discovery that, while he had been hunting the dragon of unbelief on the edges and outskirts of the world, it had been hiding within his own house. Soon after the victory at Saint-Quentin he received information which convinced him that no less a person than Fray Bartolomé de Carranza—whom he had taken to England and later to Louvain to purge university libraries of heretical books, and who had been Queen Mary's confessor, humble Carranza, whom he had caused to be made, against his will, Archbishop of Toledo—was himself accused by the Inquisitor-General Valdes of having Lutheran opinions. It made no difference that, in the opinion of Cabrera<sup>2</sup> and other contemporaries, Valdes was jealous because the Primacy of Spain had gone to another. Valdes, like Carranza, was a Dominican, and not the only one by any means who suspected the famous Marrano preacher. King Philip took the charges so seriously that he had the Archbishop arrested and held *incommunicado* while the Inquisition looked into the matter.

His rigor against Carranza was probably sharpened by his anxiety over what was happening in Spain. In his absence the doctrines of Luther and Erasmus had been secretly disseminated with such success in the larger cities that the country seemed in danger of going the way of north Germany. In wealthy Sevilla, which had been almost a Jewish city before Ferdinand and Isabel established the Inquisition, there were strange tales of sensual and corrupt priests, even in the most respected religious orders. The discipline of the rich Jeronymite monastery of Saint Isidore, for example, had become so relaxed that vice had crept in, to be followed by heresy, which then, as from a focus of infection, spread throughout the city.

Secret nocturnal meetings of men and women were held in the homes of some of the leading Catholics of Jewish descent. An investigation by the Inquisition showed that the moving spirit in the dissemination of anti-Catholic books and ideas was no less a person than the great Dr. Constantino Ponce de la Fuente, the favorite court preacher of Charles V, and almost (but for Ruy Gómez) the confessor of Philip. Investigation disclosed further that this holy priest, whose voice had somewhat the effect of music on his congregations, had two wives living.<sup>3</sup> Arrested by the Inquisition, in prison he committed suicide with a knife.

In Valladolid, where the long residence of the gay court had had its effect, there had been a similar relaxation among religious and similar nocturnal meetings of what appeared to be secret societies. The wife of one Juan Garcia, a silversmith, becoming jealous over her husband's nightly absences, followed him and saw him enter the house of the widow of Pedro Cazalla. She saw others go, both men and women. Later, the meetings were held at the home of the distinguished Marrano, Don



Agustin Cazalla, doctor of the University of Salamanca and chaplain of the Emperor. Garcia's wife, suspecting orgies of licentiousness, told her confessor. On his advice, she reported the matter to the Inquisition. Investigation showed that many prominent persons and many nuns and priests were involved. Cazalla had been zealous in scattering the seeds of heresy also in Toro and Palencia.<sup>4</sup>

This situation is undoubtedly what Philip referred to in his letter to Feria, speaking of the urgent need of his presence in Spain. He wrote Juana and Valdes to punish the delinquents rigorously and to stamp out the evil, for the honor of God.<sup>5</sup> This was especially needful in Spain, at a moment when the Turks, responsive to invitations from Henry II and Cardinal Carafa, were planning a new invasion. Philip's war, as Sultan Solymán remarked, had given them their chance. They had advanced their outposts in Hungary, launched a fleet of 100 galleys in the Mediterranean, carried fire and sword in 1558 along the coasts of Sicily and Naples, scourged Minorca, plundered Nice, and taken Tripoli from the Knights of Saint John, leaving Malta in a precarious position.

It was vitally necessary for Philip to make peace with France and get back to Spain. When the commissioners of Spain, France and England met on January seventh, 1559, he was prepared to go to any reasonable length to come to an understanding; yet, faithful to his promise to Mary, he demanded the return of Calais to England. If the English had been as determined as he was, something might have been accomplished. Elizabeth, however, agreed to accept a cash compensation. The long quarrel of Spain and France was finally ended, thanks especially to the efforts of Granvelle and of the Cardinal of Lorraine.

Don Carlos, according to the treaty, was to marry Henry's daughter Elizabeth. She was thirteen, he was twelve. Before the treaty was published in April, Philip decided to expedite the reconciliation, and increase his influence in French affairs at so critical a time, by offering himself, though he was more than twice as old as the Princess. Thus the peace of Cateau-Cambresis was concluded. Paul IV held solemn procession in Rome, giving thanks to God for the return of peace.

So much for France. It was not so easy to patch up matters in England. It now began to dawn on Philip that he had created there a monstrous something far different from his desires or intentions, and already beyond his power to control.

Elizabeth, it was now clear, must have had a secret understanding with William Cecil even before the death of Mary. Her first official act was to appoint him secretary of her Council. He was with her at Hatfield the day after Mary died, if not before. He had his program ready in advance. There are extant some loose sheets of memorandum in his handwriting, noting all the steps to be taken by the new government;<sup>6</sup> the first of which, after the appointment of Cecil himself, was to be the removal of Queen Mary's two Catholic secretaries.

Cecil, however, was too astute to make a radical change. He advised Elizabeth to keep as many as possible of her sister's councillors, most of them time-servers who had shown great dexterity in changing their religion. Only the most uncompromising adherents of Rome were to be dropped. The more pliant "broad-minded" Catholic, in fact, was of real value as a stalking-horse to keep the Catholic population off-guard until the ground could be cut from under their feet.

The Secretary was too wise to destroy a man if he could buy, corrupt or intimidate him. Thus he handled Arundel and Norfolk, the only two members of the Council who might have checked him at the start. He dazzled Arundel with the hope of marrying the Queen. He whetted Norfolk's anger against the Pope for refusing him a dispensation to marry a kinswoman. Then he used these two, with his friend Walsingham, to pack the incoming Parliament with Protestants. The elections of knights and burgesses were carefully manipulated.<sup>7</sup> New lords were created. Cecil had a further advantage in the upper house in the fact that the twenty-five Catholic abbots of Henry's time were no longer there to vote. All this was done as secretly as possible.

Elizabeth was consecrated with a Mass, after the Catholic manner. She continued to attend Mass publicly, and did not begin to order the priest to discontinue elevating the Host and the Chalice until about six weeks after her sister's death. She did nothing without consulting Cecil, even in her personal affairs. Only when it was too late did Catholics realize what had happened, and to wonder "how Master Secretary Cecil could so easily forget his Beads and his Breviary, wherewith he so exquisitely counterfeited a Catholic in Queen Mary's time that Cardinal Pole himself was deceived by him."<sup>8</sup>

In the long history of the anti-Christian Revolution (of which Protestantism was but a phase, even though the vast majority of Protestants were tricked into thinking it something else) nothing is more obvious than the fact that each of its victories was won by a small highly-organized and partly secret minority in the midst of a large but poorly-organized Catholic majority. It had been so in Germany and in France. It would have been so in Spain but for the prompt vigilance of Philip. It was so now in England because the Catholics had no leadership comparable to the skillful and patient direction of Cecil.

Yet Catholics were in an overwhelming majority in England. In 1558 Doctor Nicholas Sanders had told Cardinal Morone that "The English common people consist of farmers, shepherds and artisans. The two former are Catholic. Of the others none are schismatic except those who have sedentary occupations, as weavers and shoemakers, and some idle people about the court. The remote parts of the kingdom are still very averse from heresy, as Wales, Devon, Westmoreland, Cumberland and Northumberland. As the cities in England are few and small, and as there is no heresy in the country, nor even in the remoter cities, the firm opinion of those capable of judging is that hardly one per cent of the English people is infected."<sup>9</sup>

If there is exaggeration in the claim that ninety-nine per cent of the English people were still Catholics, it is significant that the classes mentioned as Protestant were precisely those among whom were large groups of aliens: Huguenots from

France, Calvinists from the Netherlands, including not a few descendants of Spanish Jews. These last-named were numerous in London. The Reformation was not an English affair. It was an importation. "The Catholics are in a great majority in the country," wrote Count de Feria to Philip in 1559, "and if the leading men were not of so small account things would have turned out differently."<sup>10</sup> As late as the year 1570 Contarini could write to Venice that the people of Scotland and of northern England were almost all Catholics, the persecuted Catholics of the south having retired to the frontiers and the border.

Cecil therefore had to walk softly for a time. With no army to speak of and with an inadequate navy, with insufficient funds, with no factories for making arms or munitions, and hardly any supplies, and finally, with English public opinion against him, though not very articulate, and with the possibility of an invasion by Philip II to fear, he walked on quite thin ice during that first year. He had the advantage of working in the dark, and he had a complete organization of his own ready to take over gradually the functions of government.

The so-called English Reformation had begun at Cambridge. It was in no sense a continuation of the work of Wyclif. That sour priest, with the face of a discontented rabbi, had been almost forgotten when Erasmus came from Holland to sow the first seeds of revolt as Lady Margaret Professor in the University in 1511.

The New Testament of Erasmus, with Tyndale's Bible (also a Cambridge product, which Saint Thomas More called "the father of all the heresies, by virtue of his false translating"), became the inspiration of Thomas Bilney and other students who used to hold secret meetings at the inn called the White Horse, entering privately by the back door on Mill Street from their various colleges. There were twenty-seven in the group. It included Barnes, later the apostate prior of the Augustinians; Hugh Latimer, Ridley, Cox, Skip, Harmann, Frier, Akars, Sygar Nicholson, Shaxton, Godman, Dominick, and Matthew Parker. What the rank and file of Cambridge students thought of all this may be judged from the fact that they derisively called the White Horse Inn "Germany," and the conspirators who sneaked in by the back door "Germans." Protestantism first appeared in the light of a foreign, un-English thing.

Thomas Cromwell was chancellor of Cambridge. Thomas Cranmer, tutor to Anne Boleyn, was a fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, at the time when he fell in love with Black Joan, the niece of Mine Hostess of the Sign of the Dolphin, and suggested that Henry VIII get opinions from universities, commencing with Cambridge. Erasmus fled from Cambridge to escape the plague. Tyndale fled to escape the indignation of Catholic opinion. The "cell" of anti-Catholic intrigue at the White Horse Inn carried on, multiplied,<sup>11</sup> and formed the bridge by which Lutheranism passed from the stage of theological controversy to that of political action.

Cecil himself was a fine classical scholar at Cambridge, where he was noted for a habit of getting up at four in the morning to study. It is interesting to notice how many of the men through whom he ruled England for a long generation were from Cambridge, and how closely the group was united by intermarriage and by the economic bond of the church loot. Cecil's Cambridge friends, who now appeared in his government, included the following:

His brother-in-law Francis Russell, second Earl of Bedford, descended from Gascon wine merchants, enriched by the loot of churches and monasteries.

Nicholas Bacon, son of a head shepherd at the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds; a fat lawyer, an atheist, whose wife was sister to the second wife of Cecil; a creature first of Cromwell, who had made him clerk of the Court of Augmentations, which registered the loot of the monasteries, and later of Cecil; enriched by the possession of the lands of Thetford Abbey, Our Lady of Walsingham, Bury St. Edmunds and five villages of the Abbey of Bury; father of Lord Francis Bacon and Anthony Bacon, of whom more anon.

Thomas Sackville, later Lord Buckhurst, author of *Gorbuduc* (1561); a lawyer; a shallow, parsimonious man, but useful for certain kinds of diplomatic errands; a relative of Queen Elizabeth on her mother's side (his mother was Margaret Boleyn, aunt of Anne Boleyn); twenty-two years old on the accession of Elizabeth.

Francis Walsingham, "of an old Norfolk family," went to King's College, Cambridge, but left without a degree. Of the same age as Sackville, he was highly useful to Cecil because he was facile in languages and had an extraordinary gift for spying and other sorts of backstairs work. A fanatical Calvinist, he enjoyed setting traps for Catholics. He was almost alone in this group in having no great passion for money.

Matthew Parker, fifty-four years old in 1558, was son of a Norwich woolen-calenderer; had studied at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, succeeded Cranmer as chaplain to Anne Boleyn, and was chosen by Cromwell to preach at "Paul's Cross"; a shrewd man of no real religious principles, and therefore, although his marriage displeased Elizabeth, just the man for Cecil and Bacon to make Archbishop of Canterbury, with a view to the Book of Common Prayer and the Thirty Nine Articles. He preached against the wealth of the Old Church, but was not averse to accepting his share of it. He died rich.

Thomas Gresham, forty years old, also "of an old Norfolk family," though his coat-of-arms, like those of most of these gentlemen, was one of those that Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, may have had in mind when he cynically observed that "heralds make their books of adventure, and not by the records,"<sup>12</sup> and Paulet ought to know. His father was a merchant, knighted for raising money for Henry VIII and enriched with the spoils of the Church. The site of the Abbey of Fountains, Yorkshire, the demesnes of the priory of Nun Kelynge, the site of the priory of Swinhey, the hospital of the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem at Battisford, a religious house of the Knights-Hospitallers at Carbroke, a house of the White Friars in New



Castle, and the Benedictine priory at Hoxon—these were a few of the plums that fell into this money-changer's hands.

His son Thomas, though at Caius College, Cambridge, for a while, followed the paternal example; was an apprentice; joined the Mercer's Company, a secret society which presently had more lords and knights in it than mercers (Queen Elizabeth herself was a free sister of the organization) and later the Merchants Adventurers, also a secret society, whose members virtually monopolized the commerce of the country and had a huge trade with the Levant. Most of the mercers, in Elizabeth's time, had switched from wools to silks. According to Strype most of them lived in Cheapside, Saint Lawrence Jewry, and the Old Jewry. Thomas Gresham had a house in Lombard street, where, even after he was knighted, he continued as goldsmith, money-lender, smuggler, and general financial factotum and thimble-rigger for Cecil.

Like Cecil, he was always complaining of his unselfish and patriotic poverty. He took it ill that Elizabeth paid him only 20 shillings a day for expenses when traveling. He preferred not to speak of the rich church properties he had received from Edward, and even from Mary.<sup>13</sup> These, with the loot Elizabeth allowed him, enabled him to leave his wife an estate paying over 2,388 pounds a year—a tidy income that would be worth today, at the most conservative estimate, nearly \$180,000 annually. The emblem on his coat-of-arms was a grasshopper, later to be immortalized on the Royal Exchange, which he founded. He gave his bastard daughter, Anne, in marriage to Anthony, son of Nicholas Bacon. His stepson married one of Cecil's family. His wife and Nicholas Bacon's wife were sisters.

Two others of the Cambridge group were Sir Thomas Smith and Sir John Cheke, Cecil's brother-in-law. As tutor the latter had corrupted King Edward, yet died a Catholic in prison.

Paget and Petre were moderates who would have supported a Catholic administration, but not whole-heartedly. Both were well provided with, property of the Church. Paulet, who had dexterously survived so many administrations (in his own words, he was not an oak but an osier), hated Gresham, and tried to ruin him more than once with charges that he was cheating the Queen. Cecil quashed every inquiry, for both men were useful to him. Likewise he kept Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in hand, even when Elizabeth was most infatuated with that ignoble son of a craven Earl of Northumberland, whom Cecil himself had betrayed.

Of this powerful political machine Cecil was always the master-mind. When Elizabeth came to the throne he was thirty-eight years old, a small wizened man weighing 135 pounds (as he carefully wrote in his diary), cautious, deliberate, with great self-control, enormous industry, and an almost diabolical knowledge of human nature and of the faults and secret scandals of particular men. Like Philip II, whose adversary he was henceforth to be, he left a tremendous correspondence, most of it in his own handwriting.

Nothing was too small to command his careful attention. It is curious to see such historians as Professor Merriman, and even Von Pastor, jibing at Philip for his "niggling" habits and his too great attention to the details of administration, and saying nothing of Cecil, who was even more a slave to his desk, if possible, and never too busy to set down minute particles of gossip, or an inventory of his wardrobe, or some astrological curiosity. He was highly superstitious. Although he had prayers ostentatiously said at eleven and six every day, and never lost an opportunity in his letters or speech to make pious references to God, it is a fair guess that his enemies were right when they said he had no real religious convictions, except a deep-seated hatred of the Catholic Church, and was no more sincere in his Protestantism than he had been when he went from the parsonage at Wimbledon, which was part of his share of the church loot, to receive Holy Communion from a Catholic priest in 1556.

Like Philip II, he loved flowers and gardening, and spent much time cultivating an orange tree. He lived very simply, and pretended to be poorer than he was. He spurned a bribe from Catherine de' Medici, but apparently did not scruple to be on Philip's list of pensioners for a huge sum. Under Cromwell he had enjoyed the *Custos Brevium* salary, in Common Pleas, the equivalent of \$20,000 a year in our money.<sup>14</sup> As Master of the Court of Wards and Liveries, he also played a part in one of the worst abuses of Henry's reign. He bought up two of those lucrative wardships which King Henry sold so profitably to his favorites, usually with the result that the estate was sucked dry by the time the ward reached the age of twenty-one. By this means the nobility was impoverished for the benefit of such upstarts as Cecil.

One of his wards was young Edward de Vere, son of the Earl of Oxford and Margery Golding. Cecil married him to his daughter Anne.<sup>15</sup> This was no doubt a profitable venture. But Cecil was skilled at concealing from his left hand what his right hand took in. To say truth of him, he worshiped power rather than money. He was a figure such as Annas must have been, cold, ingratiating, far-sighted, skeptical, implacable, full of such worldly wisdom as appears in those precepts to his son, which may have suggested the maxims of Polonius to Shakespeare; thoroughly devoted to Machiavelli's principles, and more successful than most in covering up his traces: a foeman worthy of any Renaissance statesman's steel.

Such were the men who arose out of obscurity, most of them, to destroy the Church, the ancient nobility of England, and the English peasantry; to gain world power for their class, at the expense of better Englishmen who were systematically deceived by them; and above all, to throw the weight of England, on the eve of her emergence as a world power in trade and politics, on the anti-Christian side.

How did it happen that at that precise favorable moment there were so many of them, of the same astute and avaricious sort, with the same bitter resentment toward the Catholic Church, and acting with a remarkable spirit of collaboration, to rise up, seize or steal power, and build an empire on the ruins of the English Church? Why were these men so anti-Christian in the

direction they took, when the vast majority of their fellow-citizens loved the Church and its dogmas and revered (in spite of some abuses) most of their priests?

The hypothesis attributed to James Russell Lowell that the Cecils and Russells were of Jewish origin is too vague and unsupported to be taken seriously. As far as the Russells are concerned, there is a degree of probability. There were Jewish Russells in England in the Middle Ages; but this family was more recently sprung from traders and middlemen in French places and in occupations where Jews abounded.

William Cecil had a *nouveau-riche* interest in heraldry and genealogy. Sycophantic historians have passed on the word that the Cecils were of an old noble family (though somewhat impoverished). When Major Hume joins their ranks, his natural honesty leads him to a curious contradiction. He accepts the Hatfield House pedigree, annotated and continued by Cecil, and tells us that it "proves, *so far as such documents can*, that the statements made by his opponents to the end of his life that he was of 'base origin' were entirely untrue." Yet on the same page he adds, "but its interest *and trustworthiness* really commences (*sic*) with Cecil's own continuation of the pedigree from his great-grandfather to himself."<sup>16</sup> The beginnings of the new nobility of Protestant England are still shrouded in mystery.

It is more certain, however, that the facile assumption that no Jews lived in England from the end of the thirteenth to the seventeenth century needs to be revised, in the light of researches by such able Jewish investigators as Sidney Lee and Lucien Wolf. Jews were very numerous and influential in the early Middle Ages. They married Christians, and there were always enough of them to constitute the core of an anti-Christian sentiment. William of Normandy borrowed the money to conquer England from the Jews of Rouen, and took many of them with him to serve as tax-gatherers. William Rufus farmed out vacant bishoprics to Jews, evidently as a joke on the Church, which he hated. Henry II also was a friend to Jews. Cardinal Langton, who liberated England with the Magna Charta, restricted their activities. Edward I, one of the greatest English Kings, devoted to the Church and to his people, expelled them.

In the twelfth century the chief complaint was their exploiting of the people with usury. Bishops and monks were frequently in their debt. Nine Cistercian monasteries and the Abbey of Saint Albans, for example, were built on moneys borrowed at high interest from Aaron of Lincoln. When the interest-rate was fixed by law, it was rarely below forty-three and one-third per cent in England, as in Germany.<sup>17</sup> In King John's time most of the nobles had mortgaged their estates to Jews. The Chronicle of Jocelin (1176) tells of a debt of the monastery of the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds to Jurnet the Jew for sixty pounds, which the monks had great difficulty in paying. When Richard de Anesty appealed a suit to the Pope, he borrowed money for his litigation (1159-1163 A.D.) from Jews, who charged him 3 pence to 4 pence in the pound per week—a rate of 85 per cent *per annum*.

When all Jews were ordered to leave England in 1290, 16,000 left. As is usual in such tragedies, large numbers probably remained as pretending Catholics. In London alone, for example, there had been 2,000 Jewish families a short time before, and there was probably more assimilation than has been supposed. During the following centuries, Jews returned secretly to England as Spanish, Portuguese, or Italian merchants. There were undoubtedly many Jews among the so-called Lombards who collected the Peter's pence all over Europe, and did business of all sorts (including usury) in Lombard Street, London. When the Jews were expelled from Spain in 1492, large numbers went secretly to England; so Ferdinand and Isabel complained to Henry VII.<sup>18</sup> Under Henry VIII, England was so crowded with foreign artificers that Parliament passed a law complaining of them, and asserting that they were "practising deceits and falsehoods in their handicrafts, to the loss and damage of natives"; that they outwitted officials who tried to enforce laws against them, by warning one another, and that after making money dishonestly they took it out of the country to invest abroad.<sup>19</sup>

Is it unlikely that some of these "foreigners" were Jews? The inter-mixture was incalculable, but it was there. The Cromwell family had Jewish characteristics and connections. Oliver Cromwell's grandmother was a daughter of Horatio Pallavicino, one of the Italian money-lenders and advisers of Elizabeth and a close friend of Benedict Spinola, another Italian known to have been a Jew. Both these "Italians" became conspicuous for their violent Church of England views at a time when such views were profitable.

All in all, there is probably some truth in the claim of Joseph ha-Cohen ha-Sefardi that enough Jews remained in England after the expulsion to prepare the way for the Protestant revolt of the sixteenth century.<sup>20</sup> But even if all that has been conjectured of the background were true, Cecil and his fellow-conspirators could probably never have succeeded without the co-operation of the most prominent Catholic layman of the time, Philip II of Spain.

With the assurances that Elizabeth (and probably Cecil) had given him before the death of Mary, Philip felt pretty confident, in November, 1558, that he could steer them both safely back into the family circle of Christendom, without any advantage to France. But just a week after Mary's death, Feria wrote him from London, "I am very much afraid that if the Queen do not send her obedience to the Pope, or delay doing so, or if he should take into his head to recall matters concerning the divorce of King Henry, there may be a defect in the succession of this Queen." He suggested that Philip write to Rome about the matter at once.<sup>21</sup>

The King did so. Before the end of 1558 he must have known that Elizabeth had deceived him. Feria wrote that she was



"a young lass who, although sharp, is without prudence, and is every day standing up against religion more openly." She was more feared than Mary, added Feria, and gave orders as her father did. Of Cecil's importance in the government Philip had knowledge, for his ambassador wrote him of it as early as November 26, 1558.<sup>22</sup> Neither Feria nor his master understood the true character of Cecil. They vastly underestimated his abilities.

On Christmas Day, 1558, the Queen, at Cecil's instance, showed her hand by forbidding the elevation of the Host at Mass. When Feria wanted to see Elizabeth to get an explanation he was obliged to talk to Cecil, with little satisfaction. He was still imperfectly informed, too, for he naively spoke of Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, as "a good servant of your Majesty," advised Philip to have the Spanish commissioners at Cateau-Cambresis side with the English, and, although he admitted that things were going badly, concluded with the optimistic advice: "Your Majesty must get the affair in your grasp. We must begin at once to see that the King of France does not get in and spoil the crop that Your Majesty has sown here."<sup>23</sup>

When Elizabeth was crowned on January sixteenth, 1559, Cecil's plans for cutting the country loose from Rome were complete. At first he did not attempt to legislate against the Mass, or to have the Queen declared Head of the Church, but he appealed to the self-interest of those who had church lands, and to all who might fear new taxes, by having an act passed, January thirtieth, restoring to the crown the first-fruits and tenths of the Church, which Mary had relinquished.

Cecil was now almost confident enough to throw off the mask of friendship for Philip. He was allowing English sailors to seize ships of Philip's Flemish subjects, with their cargoes, and was refusing to make restitution. Philip, on January twenty-eighth, sent to Feria the names of eight merchants who had complained to him that their ships and cargoes had been seized by English pirates. "Although the Queen and Council are well aware of the justice of the case, no restitution can be obtained. . . . Do what you can, but if on receipt of this letter you think the broaching of the matter will be injurious to our principal affair, you can postpone it till a more favorable opportunity."

Elizabeth was allowed to see the Spanish ambassador only once in the last ten days of January. Then she conversed with him very gaily. But Feria was becoming alarmed. On the day after the First-Fruits Bill was passed he wrote the King,

"The Catholics are very fearful of the measures to be taken in this Parliament. The members of the Council who are foremost in upsetting things are Cecil and the earl of Bedford (Russell). . . . I understand that the councillors are beginning to understand that she does not wish to marry in the country, and this is causing them to hurry on the heresy business. But after all, everything depends on the husband she chooses. . . . The Catholics in this country, who are many, place all their hopes in Your Majesty."

Philip was still a possible suitor of Elizabeth. On February twelfth he wrote earnestly that he was pained to hear of the change in religion proposed in Parliament, and saw the harm that might result, "both in England and the rest of Christendom; and the danger being so imminent, we must use all speed to obviate the evil which threatens unless God should ordain otherwise. . . ." Feria must see the Queen, "and tell her from me that as a good and true brother who really wishes her well both on account of our relationship and because I desire to see her firmly and peacefully established on the throne, I must warn her to ponder and consider deeply the evils which may result in England from a change of religion. . . . You will carry this out with all the good arguments and most persuasive words which you can employ. . . . If that fails, tell her that all idea of my marriage must be broken off, and if she has any thoughts of marriage this may be efficacious."<sup>24</sup>

More than two months after this Feria discovered the incapacity of Elizabeth for marriage and wrote his master of it. Philip was no longer interested. He had already decided to marry Isabel of Valois. But he could not be unconcerned about the possibility that Elizabeth might become his enemy, when Feria wrote, February twentieth, that he could see the heretics had been turning her against Philip. At that time he was still considering the possibility of marrying her.

Feria, however, had already lost the battle. Parliament was made up of "persons chosen throughout the country as being the most perverse and heretical." The Queen had packed the upper house as never before. "She has made many of her suitors barons to strengthen her party, and that accursed Cardinal (Pole) left twelve bishoprics to be filled, which will now be given to so many ministers of Lucifer instead of being worthily bestowed."

On February twenty-ninth he wrote, "Yesterday the House of Commons decided that the supreme ecclesiastical power was attached to the crown of England. Some of the members spoke of reason so strongly that it was necessary for Cecil to get up a wrangle in order to carry out the wicked plan, and the bill was then passed. Tomorrow it goes to the upper house, where the bishops and some others are ready to die rather than consent to it. . . . Not a few people are beginning to be dissatisfied with the Queen. . . . She is wrapped up in the idea of getting popular, but she has no party but the heretics."

She had Cecil, however. Master Secretary was gradually approaching his objective of peaceful preliminary subversion before attempting a reign of terror. The Act of Supremacy was passed on March eighteenth. Elizabeth had assured Feria through Sir Thomas Parry that she would not accept the title of Head of the Church, but he was not able to have a satisfactory talk with her until after the vote, "which Cecil and Vice-Chamberlain Knollys have managed to bring about for their own ends," and then after half an hour Knollys came in to say supper was ready—"a new thing, and as I think arranged by those who are working this wickedness, for there is nothing that annoys them so much as that I should speak with her."

Feria reported the conversation in some detail to Philip.<sup>25</sup> Elizabeth was coy. "She said after a time that she could not marry your Majesty as she was a heretic. I was much surprised to hear her use the words, and begged her to tell me the cause

of so great a change since I last discussed the subject with her, but she did not enlighten me. These heretics and the devil that prompts them are so careful to leave no stone unturned to compass their ends that no doubt they have persuaded her that your Majesty wishes to marry her for religious objects alone, and so she kept repeating to me that she was heretical and consequently could not marry your Majesty.

"She was so disturbed and excited and so resolved to restore religion as her father left it, that at last I said I did not consider that she was heretical, and could not believe she would sanction the things which were being discussed in Parliament, because if she changed the religion she would be ruined, and that your Majesty would not separate from the union of the Church for all the kingdoms on earth. She said then much less would you do it for a woman. I did not want to be all rigor, so I said that men did more for a woman than for anything else. She said she could not take the title of Head of the Church, but that so much money was taken out of the country for the Pope every year that she must put an end to it, and that the bishops were lazy poltroons.

"I replied that the poltroons were the preachers she listened to, and that it added little to her honor, and was a great scandal, that so many rogues should come from Germany and get into the pulpit before her to preach a thousand absurdities. . . . Cecil is very clever, but a mischievous man and a heretic, and governs the queen. . . ."

On March fifteenth the heretics brought in a compromise, apparently to meet the Queen's objections. A month later Elizabeth told Parliament she could consent to be called the Head of the Church. Thereupon Cecil arranged that she should be called "Governess of the Church—and so it was agreed. Refusal to take the Oath of Supremacy meant loss of place, dignities or benefits, and put the offender's life at the Queen's mercy. . . . Elizabeth was willing to sacrifice Calais for a settlement of the Scotch business. She knew how insecure her position was. Cecil had no doubt frightened her with the name of the lawful heiress, Mary Stuart.

Feria now saw that the game was lost, and grew angry. "The Catholics say your Majesty must help them," he wrote on March nineteenth. . . . "All the bishops here are determined to die for the Faith, and your Majesty would be surprised to see how firm and steadfast they have been and are. If I had money and authority from your Majesty, I would willingly rather give it to them than pay the pensions of these renegades who have sold their God and the honor of their country. I am sure that religion will not fall, because the Catholic party is two-thirds larger than the other, but I would that the work were done by your Majesty's hands and that God should not be delivered over to the enemy. . . ."

"Three or four Spaniards have arrived here from Geneva, full of false doctrine. It would be well to have some precautions taken on the coast of Flanders to prevent such vile rabble from coming over, at least Spaniards, as the heretics greatly congratulate themselves on their coming. Those who have arrived say that some forty more Spaniards and one Antwerp man are still in Geneva and are expected to come here. I have decided in accord with Friar Juan de Villagarcia and Doctor Velasco to try to seize them, their wickedness having been proved, and throw them into the river. I must do it dexterously and secretly, to give no ground for complaint to the Queen or her people."

About this time Feria gave to Quadra, Bishop of Aquila, a memorandum of astonishing boldness to transmit to King Philip:

"To remind His Majesty that his Lordship (Feria) wrote from England last year how his Majesty's interests were imperiled in England. What might probably be feared from the incapacity of the late Queen, notwithstanding her excellent intentions, and the disaffection and deceit of the Cardinal (Pole) which were clearly seen then, but which have since been palpably proved to be directed against his Majesty's interests and the small benefit of religion. . . . All the faithful Catholic people, although blaming the Queen and the Cardinal, cast the principal blame on His Majesty for not occupying himself as he might have done, in their affairs. . . ."

"The indifference with which His Majesty treated the Queen; to which cause they ascribe her illness and death. To this must be added the war in which the Catholics have adhered to His Majesty, and the hopes they base upon him. How His Majesty has not a man really devoted to him in all the country, but that the Catholic party understand that the welfare and preservation of their religion depend on his Majesty's assistance, and appear to place thereupon all their hopes. They understand that if the King of France gets his foot in, the country would be ruined spiritually and temporally, as he would only take care to spend their substance and keep them in subjection, without attending either to religion or to the good of the country."<sup>26</sup>

The Bishop transmitted this to Philip, with an account of Feria's last interview with the Queen, in which she laughed about the marriage question, and said she had been told that if Philip married her he would go off to Spain directly. "She said this with great laughter, as if she could read the Count's secret thoughts. She is so well informed about this that it looks as if she had seen his Majesty's letters. . . . His Majesty must be informed of the character of the Queen. She is acute, depending upon the favor of the common people, detested by Catholics, known to every one. . . . These heretics that surround her seem to influence her by two ideas: first, by the heresy that she had been taught from her childhood; secondly, by persuading her that she has sufficient strength of her own to defend herself against the French."





## WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURGHLEY

BY M. GEERAERTS THE ELDER. IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

*Photo by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

Philip's reply to the strictures of his agent (March twenty-third) is characteristic. Without any display of rancor or irritation, he wrote Feria that his letter had been forwarded by the Bishop, who "has related at great length what you have confided in him, and I was glad to hear so detailed an account of the state of affairs in England, as I was very anxious to know the exact position. I also highly approve of the manner in which you have proceeded in all things, and the prudence, moderation and zeal you have shown in your dealings with the Queen and the rest, for which I thank you, and charge you to continue the same care, diligence, and good will. . . ."

Having consulted the Council of State, the King had arrived at the following conclusion:

"All your efforts should be directed to smooth matters down as much as possible and use every means that the Queen should not proceed so rigorously as she seems to intend, to enforce the oath that Parliament has determined upon. In case this cannot be managed, you will try to keep in the good graces of the Queen and lead her to rely upon my friendship implicitly, so that no opportunity shall be presented for the French to be appealed to in case of necessity, although it seems most unlikely. . . . You will use for this object all the fair words, arguments and compliments you may think fitting and efficacious, but at the same time you must be very careful not to let the Catholics despair of our friendship, but rather seek opportunities of favoring them with the Queen, giving them to understand that you will always do so.

"The main end and aim that you must have in view in all things is to obstruct and impede, by every way, form and means, any rupture between the Catholics and heretics in England, this being the best course for the pacification of the country, and for the welfare of our interests, as it will deprive the French of any excuse for putting their foot in the country, which is the thing principally to be avoided. . . . If you see the Catholic side strong, and firmly established and the heretics weak, you will not fail to secretly favor the former and supply them surreptitiously with money, whilst on the other hand you will give fair words to the heretics to put them off their guard and prevent them from calling in the French.

"For this, and for the payment of the pensions, you must have a supply of money, and I have ordered, in addition to the 20,000 ducats that were sent you the other day, another 40,000 to be sent to you, 20,000 at once by way of Antwerp, which will arrive as soon as the Bishop, and another 20,000 in a few days. . . . I have thought it wise to publish that I have for the present abandoned my voyage to Spain, with the excuse that I await here the arrival of the Prince my son for his marriage. Spread this in England. . . . I have also ordered money to be got to fit out a fleet soon, so that it may be ready to carry men over to England if required. I have not had it done at once so as not to arouse the jealousy of the English, and in order that people may not think it is for my voyage to Spain. Men will also be got ready . . . can be sent to the place where they may be wanted."

Philip wrote a separate letter for Feria to show the Queen, so that she would not think he was offended.<sup>27</sup>

For some weeks in 1550 he toyed with the idea of invading England. The alternatives were either to support Elizabeth in the hope that she would return to the Faith, or to support Mary Stuart. This last could not even be considered without repudiating the life-work of his father and the Spanish diplomatic traditions of a century. Mary Stuart was now wife of Francis II. The success of her claim to England would mean French dominance there, and the French dominance of Europe; for France and England together would sooner or later acquire the Netherlands. The price demanded of Philip for keeping western Europe Catholic was the sacrifice of Spanish imperialism. It was a price he could not bring himself to pay.

The invasion of England was a more attractive project, and it was what Cecil dreaded most. Philip would have gone as champion of the Faith, defender of the English culture and the rights of legitimacy against a bastard and a usurper. The English Catholics, terrified by the Act of Supremacy, would have welcomed the Catholic husband of their beloved Catholic Queen, and made short work of Cecil and his friends. So at least Philip was tempted to believe.

But the assertion of the rights of legitimacy would mean the support of Mary Stuart. Otherwise the French would ally themselves against him, even if they had to support Elizabeth. It would not be the first time French policy had aided the anti-Catholic side; and the Protestant faction of Coligny would welcome it. Philip could not be sure of success against both France and England at any time; much less so now, when Spanish unity was threatened by heresy, and his treasury bare.

There was a fourth possibility, but one so simple, so Christian and therefore so practical that no one seems to have thought of it. So it did not enter into his dilemma. This was that the Catholic rulers of Spain and France unite in an entirely unselfish spirit to free the Catholic population of England from their oppressors, and make sure that Europe would be Christian, no matter who might lose; trusting in Divine Providence to equalise the loss. No diplomat could ever believe that anything so simple and direct could be practical; least of all when all the loss was obviously on his side. If only Mary Stuart were not Queen of France—!

So Philip continued to support Elizabeth. No other course seemed feasible to a mind entangled in the unforeseen subtleties of opportunist policies inherited with his power. In placing Elizabeth on the throne he had walked through a spacious portal; but the door had closed behind him, and was locked on the other side. Yet the vista before him was not altogether black. Cecil might yet be bought. Fear of the French might hold Elizabeth on good terms with Spain, making it possible to keep the seas open between Santander and Flanders. And Elizabeth might not be as bad as she appeared to be. What promises had she made, what oaths had she sworn, what spell woven about him, that made him reluctant to face the truth about her long after it had been proved?

It was certainly evident from Feria's dispatches in the spring of 1559 that Philip had been sold and outwitted in



England. Lord Howard, after taking Spanish pension money, had spoken in Parliament in very different vein from what he had agreed upon. "All was to the effect that the Queen's wish should be complied with, as they were all her subjects, and she could very well be Head of the Church, as King Henry and King Edward had been." Elizabeth was then pretending to be reluctant, but Feria's opinion was that "The country has fallen into the hands of a woman who is a daughter of the devil and the greatest scoundrels and heretics in the land."

The Pope would probably take action against her, but he should be reminded that "in the time of Henry VIII the whole Parliament consented without any contradiction whatever, except from the Bishop of Rochester and Thomas More, whereas now not a single ecclesiastic has agreed to what the Queen has done, and of the laymen in the lower chamber and in the upper, some opposed on the question of schism and a great many opposed the heresies." The Pope should except the Catholics from the excommunication.<sup>28</sup>

Cecil and Bacon arranged a disputation between the Catholic bishops and the heretics, in which every unfair advantage was given to the latter, while two of the Catholic bishops were thrown into prison, the first cautious step in the policy of repression. "The heretics of our time," wrote Bishop Quadra to Philip, with the news that any who opposed the Queen's religious views would be deprived of property, and, on a second offense, put to death, "were never such spoiled children of the devil as these are, and the persecutors of the early Church were surely not impious enough to pass such unjust acts as these. To force a man to do a thing whether he likes it or not has at all events some form, however unjust, but to force him to see it in the same light as the King sees it is absurd, and has no form, either just or unjust. Religion here now is simply a question of policy, and in a hundred thousand ways they let us see that they neither love nor fear us."<sup>29</sup>

In one of the last letters Philip received from him before sailing, the Bishop said, "I have lost all hope in the affairs of this woman. She is convinced of the soundness of her unstable power, and will only see her error when she is irretrievably lost. In religious matters she has been saturated, since she was born, in a bitter hatred of our Faith, and her one object in life is to destroy it. If your Majesty were to give her life and all in it, as you did once before, she would never be more friendly than she is now, and she would, if she had the power, sow heresy broadcast in all your Majesty's dominions today, and set them ablaze without compunction. Besides this her language (learnt from Italian heretical friars who brought her up) is so shifty that it is the most difficult thing in the world to negotiate with her. With her all is falsehood and vanity."<sup>30</sup>

He went so far as to warn the King that Elizabeth would raise religious revolts in France and in Flanders if she could. Great flocks of heretics were coming from Flanders to spread propaganda. He heard on good authority that Elizabeth was quite sure Philip would have to defend her for his own interest, "and this is the main foundation of all their deliberations and decisions."<sup>31</sup>

As Philip read these disquieting comments and forecasts almost on the eve of sailing for Spain, he must have had some uncomfortable moments. It was all too true. The Bishop saw more deeply into men and affairs than Feria had. Nevertheless Philip continued to cultivate the friendship of Elizabeth with pathetic earnestness, and to use his influence at Rome to prevent Pope Paul IV, in his last days, from excommunicating her.

One of his last letters to Feria seized hopefully at the straw of Elizabeth's refusal to be called the "head" of the Church, "because it looks as if there were still some hopes of salvation. Seeing this, and how damaging it would be if the Pope were to declare her a bastard, which he might decide to do since I am not to marry her, I thought it time to approach His Holiness, and I sent a dispatch on the subject to Rome advising His Holiness of the state of things there and of the hopes still entertained of an amendment, which I was trying my best to bring about, and asking him not to make any change until the result of my efforts were seen, of which result I would inform his Holiness. This step was thought very desirable in order to keep His Holiness in hand and delay the matter as was in all respects to be desired."<sup>32</sup>

Philip wrote this before he received Quadra's letter. He continued even afterwards to follow the policy he outlined. Under cover of his protection, Protestantism made itself secure in England without interference or remonstrance from Rome.

He had no evidence yet of the truth of the Bishop's suspicions that Elizabeth would stir up trouble for him in the Netherlands, and might have doubted that she could go so far in her ingratitude. Yet there was a great deal of unrest in certain quarters, apparently stirred up deliberately by secret and skilful agitators from other countries. There was much complaint about absentee bishops, and about clerical laxity.

The vast majority of people believed in the Church, and wanted no change. They did not like Philip especially. They grumbled over his keeping 4,000 Spanish troops in the country after Saint Quentin; chiefly, it appears, because he had not money enough to give them their arrears of pay. But in all other respects he had gone out of his way to conciliate all opposition, including that of the tiny Protestant minority. Not Philip, but Charles, had established the Inquisition in the Low Countries, and one of Philip's first official acts had been to moderate some of the Emperor's special laws against heresy. But there was evidently a small and influential group determined to find fault with him, whatever he did, for reasons of their own.

It was highly important, under the circumstances, that he should choose the right person to rule the northern kingdoms in his absence. In the minds of several, including the man himself, the logical candidate was William of Orange. He was six years younger than Philip and a year older than Queen Elizabeth; just twenty-six in the spring of 1559. The truth about his character is probably half-way between the idealization of the Motley and Prescott school and the extremely low opinion entertained of him

in Spain. The best contemporary Spanish historian of Philip II admits that the protegee of Charles was capable, industrious, accommodating and affable when he chose to be, especially toward powerful people, "and in council he gave his opinion with sagacity; but generally he was unfaithful, untruthful, a flatterer, a dissembler and a hypocrite."<sup>33</sup> Yet, though arrogant and sometimes morose, "he was loved and respected by the people," and had added to his popularity by giving sumptuous banquets and magnificent feasts in his splendid home, where he entertained ambassadors, prelates, lords and others who had or might have influence.

When Philip made peace with France, William was one of the hostages sent to Paris. There he ingratiated himself so successfully with Henry II, that the French king opened up his heart to him, especially on the subject of the alarming growth of heresy. According to one version, Henry said he was going to slaughter all the heretics in France and the Netherlands—a rather improbable statement, considering that Henry had no authority in the latter country. And William tactfully concealed his horror, and said nothing. Cabrera's version (and he is usually well-informed on such matters) is that the Prince of Orange urged Henry to destroy heresy in France, and so won his favor that the King permitted him to return to Flanders; where he immediately warned the Protestant leaders.<sup>34</sup> From that time on, according to both stories, he was known as William the Silent, though he was by nature loquacious rather than taciturn.

One of the first fruits of his return was an agitation in the assembly of the Estates. The delegates had been accustomed to giving Philip 900,000 florins a year. Now they imposed conditions: he must withdraw the foreign troops, a source of irritation anywhere; and he was to maintain the perpetual confederation the Emperor had allowed in 1548 between them and the German kingdoms. Even the episcopal reforms for which Philip had striven so hard were represented as part of a scheme of persecution. "Orange," in the opinion of Cabrera and presumably of Philip, "was the author of these murmurings."<sup>35</sup>

Philip "did not show that he was offended," but quietly resolved not to withdraw the troops until the country was safely under the hand of some one he could trust. He felt that the connection of the Estates with the Empire was full of danger. Charles had been Emperor. Philip was not. It offered a chance for Ferdinand and Maximilian to interfere in the Low Countries, and the secret inclination of Maximilian to Protestantism might raise a serious menace to the Faith in Philip's dominions. He was less inclined than ever to let Orange take the reins of government. Granvelle, Bishop of Arras, whose father, like the Emperor, had conferred many favors on William, felt that he could be bought, and that Philip would do wisely to buy him. If he gave 150,000 *scudi* each to Orange and to the Counts of Egmont and Hornes, the three chief men of the Low Countries, they would serve him faithfully. Philip thought well of this, and sent to Spain for the money. As it was not forthcoming, he gave promises in lieu of cash.

In a conversation with William, before sailing for Spain, Philip asked him how the border countries would remain secure.

"Have strong fortified castles in Fregelingas, Groningue and Antwerp," replied the Prince.

"Very good," said Philip, "but the true fortification will be your authority and fidelity, and those of the Counts of Egmont and Hornes. I have not been deceived about that."<sup>36</sup>

He now decided to bring Feria from England and made him Governor of the Low Countries, with Vargas and Eraso, both Spaniards, as his secretaries. But the Flemish lords objected to being ruled by Spaniards.

The next plan was to place a person of the blood royal (which the Flemings respected) in the position of viceroy. Philip sent Ruy Gómez to Spain to fetch Don Carlos, then fourteen. But the incapacity of the Prince was painfully evident.<sup>37</sup> His father's patient letters to him and about him had failed to check in him the fatal consequences of inbreeding. He was becoming more and more unmanageable. He had greatly delighted the Emperor by declaring that, before he would let anyone else have the Low Countries, he would make war. The Venetian ambassador Badoer reported to his government, about this time, that the boy's character was cruel and unstable; he enjoyed seeing hares roasted alive after a hunt, and once when a turtle bit his finger, he crushed its head between his teeth. He was very proud, and inordinately fond of splendid clothes. He called the Emperor his "father," and Philip his "brother."<sup>38</sup>

The Count of Egmont put forward a compromise suggestion that one of the sons of the Emperor Ferdinand be chosen. Philip liked Egmont, who had served him so well at Saint-Quentin, and who "unlike Orange, was truthful, not at all suspicious, a good Catholic, true to his prince, military, the friend of all honor, of good person and countenance, of great family, in the king's favor for his deeds of valor." Thus speaks a Spanish historian of him.<sup>39</sup> Yet the King feared that any of the brothers of Maximilian "would establish himself, gain the affection of the Estates, and be difficult to remove."<sup>40</sup> As for Egmont, he had no reason to distrust him except his close association with the Prince of Orange.<sup>41</sup>

In this quandary Philip reverted to the policy of his father, who had always ruled the Netherlands by means of a woman of royal blood: first through Margot of Savoy, widow of Prince Juan of the Asturias, and latterly through Mary of Hungary. He decided to appoint a woman. When this became known, William of Orange suggested (and Egmont supported him) that Philip name his first cousin, Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Lorraine. She had been born in Flanders, and was popular there. She was intelligent and understood government. But coming from William of Orange, the suggestion meant that he himself would be the real government, "and she would be obliged to give him a daughter in marriage."<sup>42</sup>



Granvelle opposed Christina on the score of her unpopularity in Burgundy. It was Granvelle who suggested Philip's half-sister, an illegitimate daughter of the Emperor by a Flemish lady. She too had been born in Flanders and understood the people and their customs. Her loyalty could be relied upon. William of Orange objected that Margaret had lived so long in Italy (first as wife of Alexander de' Medici in Florence and then as wife of Ottavio Farnese, Duke of Parma, and nephew to Pope Paul III) that she had forgotten the ways of the Flemings. Most of the Spanish lords favored her. Philip decided to appoint her.

From that day on William of Orange was his secret enemy. According to Cabrera, he held a secret meeting in a garden in Brussels with Egmont and Hornes, and the three swore enmity against Granvelle and the newly appointed Regent.<sup>43</sup> In the following April (1560), Cecil's agent in Antwerp reported that Orange was secretly trying to raise "some great mass of money in Brabant and Holland, while Egmont did the like in Flanders: but the commons were reluctant to trust them."<sup>44</sup>

Philip had made up his mind to sail for home on the Feast of Saint Bernard; but first he wished to visit the University of Louvain in person, to investigate the teaching methods of that fortress of intellectual Catholicism, and perhaps to learn whether there were many more like Dr. Baius, who was then spinning the web of his attenuated Calvinism from a Catholic chair. The King "commended the masters for following Saint Thomas and the other holy doctors of the Church. He increased the number of chairs, and the salaries by more than half, as some eminent *letrados* petitioned him." The enthusiasm of teachers receiving a fifty per cent increase may well be imagined. In addition, Philip gave new privileges to the whole University. Calling together all the Spanish students, both there and in the preparatory schools, he warned them earnestly against the new heresies that were current, and begged them "not to learn what would hurt them and their country."<sup>45</sup>

This done, he founded a college and seminary at Douay, sent some commissioners to reform the dishonest government of Milan, promised the States-General which met at Ghent early in August that he would return to Flanders after a few years, or would send Don Carlos to represent him, and on August twentieth went aboard a vessel of the squadron at Flessing, and sailed for Spain. He had with him on another vessel most of the famous art treasures of his father. The voyage across the Gulf of Gascony was tranquil and uneventful—"a good short voyage of nine days."<sup>46</sup> When the fleet arrived outside the port of Laredo, a sudden tempest arose and scattered the ships. Philip made the shore with difficulty in a small boat, in time to look back and see his flagship and eight other ships founder—and with them the paintings and sculptures of the Emperor, and all manner of priceless furniture, tapestries, gems and curios that Charles had gone to such pains to collect. Even the mementos of his reign perished with him, and the corpses of a thousand able men went to the bottom of the sea with them. Philip was deeply grieved; but the enemies of the house of Austria rejoiced, saying that Charles V had sacked the land only to feed the ocean.<sup>47</sup>

Philip put on some dry clothes and took the road to Valladolid.



## The Spanish Inquisition Is Revived [1559]

GRAT was the joy of his people when Philip rode into the city of his birth on September eighth, the birthday of Our Lady. The Cortes was in session. Noblemen and clerics in many garbs from all parts of Old Castile were assembled. The usual triumphal arches with magniloquent greetings lined the ways. Children and choristers were singing to the accompaniment of divers instruments. But Philip went directly to the royal palace, where Doña Juana was waiting to receive him. It was Don Carlos he wished to see; but the boy was ill in bed with one of his fevers.

It was a keen disappointment to Philip to see the gawky creature that Don Carlos was becoming in his adolescence: the yellow pasty face with the irritable eyes and the heavy underlip and jaw, not unlike the Emperor's; the crooked back, the shapeless body, the spindly legs crying out from under such profuse finery of silks and chains of gold and perfumery that this warped being was not meant to rule over men. The King commanded that no further celebrations of his homecoming be held, and plunged directly into the mass of work that awaited him.

First and all-important was the suppression of heresy. The Princess had already followed his instructions as best she could. On the twenty-fourth of the previous September, three days after the death of the Emperor, several persons had been condemned, several others penanced, at Sevilla.<sup>1</sup> Doña Juana and Don Carlos had attended a larger *auto de fe* at Valladolid on March twenty-first, 1559, going in solemn procession with the most distinguished prelates and nobles of the court from the palace to the public square, where they sat together on a throne looking down on the macebearers, the kings-of-arms, the *alguaciles* of the Inquisition and the prisoners in their yellow sanbenitos. The Princess, as Regent, had held the great sword of justice on high, and after the usual sermon had solemnly sworn on a cross, as did Don Carlos, to support the Holy Inquisition and to prosecute all heretics. The penitent prisoners were then reconciled to the Church, on abjuring their errors. The impenitent were delivered by the Archbishop of Santiago to the secular arm, to be taken to the *quemadero*, outside the city walls, and there burned. As a rule, they were first strangled—a form of capital punishment still used in Spain.<sup>2</sup>

The Princess and Don Carlos presumably returned to the palace while the crowd followed the victims and the executioners beyond the walls. There is not an iota of evidence to support Prescott's assertion that they were there to "witness the spectacle" so that the Prince might be made "early familiar with the tender mercies of the Holy Office," or Major Hume's glib assumption that they "sat through the horrors" of the *auto*.<sup>3</sup> There were no horrors in an *auto*. All we know of Juana's character forbids the conclusion that she would have enjoyed the sight of human suffering. It was never the custom of royal persons in Castile, from Queen Isabel, who introduced the Inquisition, down, to see heretics put to death.

Prescott and all his imitators have fallen into their exaggeration of the cruelty of the Inquisition by confusing the *auto* under the auspices of the Holy Office with the subsequent execution by the officers of the State, usually in a different place outside the city. Thus Prescott makes such ridiculous assertions as these: "the *auto de fe*—"act of faith"—was . . . the most awful of the solemnities authorized by the Roman Catholic Church," reminding one "of those bloody festivals prepared for the entertainment of the Caesars in the Coliseum"; . . . and "an indulgence for forty days was granted by His Holiness to all who should be present at the spectacle; as if the appetite for witnessing the scenes of human suffering required to be stimulated by a bounty."<sup>4</sup>

It is difficult to understand how Prescott could have been ignorant of what the Church understood by an *auto de fe*. There was nothing bloody about it. It was literally an *act of faith* in the teachings of Christ and His Church on the part of King, Inquisitors, populace and penitents. Very often, and perhaps in the vast majority of *autos* in Spanish history, there was no execution afterwards; simply a reconciliation or the imposition of penances. In extreme cases the Inquisitors declared that a prisoner was an impenitent and incurable heretic. The State then declared that if such was the character of the prisoner, he was



an enemy of society, and, like any traitor, must be put to death. But the indulgence offered by the Pope had nothing to do with that; it was literally and sincerely offered for a public act of prayer; just as a man gets an indulgence for saying the rosary, or visiting a church, or making the sign of the cross.

It is true that several persons were publicly burned *after* the *auto* attended by the Princess Juana and Don Carlos. They included no less a person than Doctor Agustin Cazalla and his brother Francisco, both of them Catholic priests convicted of the most astonishing hypocrisy; and their two sisters, Beatriz and Constanza. Several other rich and prominent persons were burned with them: Maestro Alfonso Pérez, Don Cristobal de Ocampo, knight of the Order of Saint John; Cristobal de Padilla, a knight of Zamora; the silversmith Juan Garcia; a judge named Pérez de Herrera; three other women, Catalina Roman, Isabel de Estrada and Juana Blazquez, and the Bachelor Herrezuelo, who displayed great courage at the stake, or as the Inquisitors chose to say, "pertinacity."

Doctor Cazalla in his yellow sanbenito, and Don Carlos with his yellow face looking down on him from the tapestried throne, might have been greatly astonished if any one had told them that day that both of them, three centuries later, would be commemorated as martyred freemasons by some of the lodges of Madrid.

King Philip approved of all that had been done in his name. One of his first public appearances, a month after his return, was at another *auto de fe* in Valladolid, on October eighth. With him went the handsome young Alessandro Farnese, son of Margaret of Parma, whom he had brought from the Netherlands to educate, and poor Don Carlos. All the church bells in Valladolid filled the clear air with their silver voices at six o'clock in the morning as the long procession assembled, the prisoners marching two-by-two between mounted guards, and a long file of nobles and clergy following to the place prepared in the public square. Hidalgos, farmers and laborers came from villages for many miles around, not only to see the enemies of God and man punished, but to get a first glimpse of their new King. Two hundred thousand people are said to have crowded into the square and the narrow streets leading to it. The Inquisition was popular in Spain.

When all were assembled in the square, Philip and his son and his nephew on the throne and the prisoners on a platform opposite, the Bishop of Zamora preached the sermon. Then all present knelt and made their *auto de fe*. Then the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, Don Fernando de Valdes, said in a loud voice,

*"Domine adiuva nos!"*

Philip rose from his throne and took the sword of justice from the Count of Oropesa, as a sign that he would defend the Faith and Christian civilization and order against all enemies. The Inquisitor-General turned to him and said,

"As it is ordered by apostolic decrees and holy canons that Kings swear to favor the holy Catholic Faith and Christian religion, Your Majesty swears by the holy Cross on the sword you hold in your right hand that you will give all the support necessary to the Holy Office of the Inquisition and to its ministers against the heretics and apostates, and against those who defend and assist them, and against all persons who directly or indirectly hinder the effects and the affairs of the Holy Office, and will compel all the subjects and citizens to obey and observe the apostolic letters and constitutions, given and published in defense of the holy Catholic faith against the heretics and against those who believe, receive or favor them."

Philip put his hand on the hilt of the sword and said firmly,

*"Así lo juro."*

The Inquisitor then read "the list of miserable delinquents." There were twenty-eight that day, of whom fourteen were "reconciled," two were penanced, and the remaining fourteen, now clad in yellow with conical hats, were led past the royal platform on their way to the *quemadero*. Twelve of them recanted at the stake and were strangled before being burned. Two remained defiant to the end, and were burned alive. One of these, a member of a crypto-Jewish family with many noble connections, named Don Carlo de Seso, cried out to the King on his way past:

"How can you let *me* be burned!"

Philip replied, "If my son were as wicked as you are, I would fetch the wood to burn him myself."<sup>5</sup>

"At another *auto* in Sevilla they burned fifty," adds the chronicler, "together with the bones of Doctor Constantino." Twenty-nine secret Jews were burned in Murcia in September, 1560, including one who "while a prisoner, corrupted a great part of the population . . . If they had recanted and asked for mercy, their lives would have been spared, but with loss of property and freedom, by virtue of a privilege enjoyed by Murica, Granada, Aragon, Catalonia and Valencia, but not Castile."<sup>6</sup> In Sevilla the Inquisitors found a Dominican, eighty years old, with a great reputation for sanctity, teaching Protestantism secretly to his noble penitents. In Toledo they exposed a cavalier of good family, who had accused his wife to get rid of her; they flogged him, and sent him to the galleys as a slave for three years.<sup>7</sup>

Thus Philip carried out rigorously the dying wish of his father, the very last words addressed to him by the tolerant Emperor in the codicil of his will, that he bring every heretic to justice, without exception or fear or favor. The lives of a few agitators, most of them descendants of the Jews who had summoned the Mohammedans to ravage Spain for nearly eight centuries, were to be sacrificed to keep peace and unity in Spain. Germany had had her Peasants' War, and in the next century would know the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, with the butchery of many thousands, the waste of farms and cities, and a people forever divided, all as a result of the tolerance of Charles.

In Spain, as long as the Inquisition lasted, there would be no religious wars, no burning churches, no slaughtered

priests. France would know these atrocities, and England, and the Netherlands. It would be centuries before the enemies of Christendom could introduce them again in Spain. If the method seems cruel to us, it is because we forget the cruel fate, the long crucifixion of a great people, to which it was the harsh reply. It at least had the merit of proceeding judicially. It could at least claim that the evil it caused was far less than the horrors it averted.

Few if any of our time will share the rhapsodies of Philip's most painstaking contemporary biographer, who, in lamenting that the King was unable to establish the Inquisition in Naples or Milan, calls it "the den of the lions of Daniel, which does no harm to the just, though it destroys the obstinate impenitent sinners; heavenly remedy, and guardian angel of the Gates of Paradise."<sup>8</sup> But it is a cause for wonder that historians as able as Major Hume and Professor Merriman should remain so under the spell of the anti-Spanish, anti-Catholic tradition that even after examining the contemporary sources they can allow their readers to infer, at least, that Philip calmly sat through such spectacles as the burning of heretics; spectacles that Cardinal Newman admitted would be the death of him, if he had to watch them.

There is not a scrap of evidence that the King ever attended an execution. Contemporary sources so far have revealed his presence at only five *autos* in the whole course of his long life.<sup>9</sup> If he had ever departed from the convention followed by all the Spanish monarchs from Ferdinand and Isabel down, the fact itself would have been singular enough to be remarked upon. No such fact is recorded.

On the other hand, Philip's avoidance of all unnecessary violence and bloodshed was so notorious that we may infer they were disagreeable to him. His enemies cannot have it both ways: he cannot be the timorous, dyspeptic slave of pen and parchment that one tradition makes him, and at the same time the bloodthirsty sadist of the other. Among historians it is Leti, writing at a great distance and under a strong Protestant bias, who first creates the Black Demon of the South, ghoulishly rejoicing over the shrieks of the victims and over the vile smell of burning hair and flesh. To this legend historians cling even after they have set forth the facts that proved it without foundation.

Prescott, in describing the *auto* of October eighth, 1559, builds up an effective framework of horror, all calculated to fit the features of the mythical portrait handed down to him by Philip's enemies. The Grand Inquisitor speaks in "honeyed but most hypocritical phrase." There is the usual reference to the "gloomy cells," if not the dank dungeons, of the Holy Office. To crown all this he adds, "On this occasion there is reason to think, from the language—somewhat equivocal, it is true—of Philip's biographer, that the monarch chose to testify his devotion to the Inquisition by witnessing in person the appalling close of the drama, while his guards mingled with the menials of the Holy Office and heaped up the faggots round their victims." This, in the large print of his text, leaves his readers with an impression that Philip waited to see the two victims burned. It is only in a footnote, in fine print, that our historian says, "It may be doubted whether the historian means anything more than that Philip saw the unfortunate men led to execution, at which his own guards assisted." He fairly shouts that Philip was probably a ghoul, and then whispers that he doesn't believe it!<sup>10</sup> Of such shoddy stuff has history been made.

The Protestant revolt, which in a truer sense than is generally understood was the answer to the Spanish Inquisition, made the most effective use of its horrors for propaganda purposes. To the enemies of Christendom it made no difference that the gloomy cells and black dungeons they described had never existed. They were not interested in the discovery, made when the Inquisition came to an end in 1808, that the prisoners were kept in decent houses, often homes of nobles donated to the Holy Office with pious intent; that they contained no *calabozos*; and that the cellars had never been occupied, except perhaps by wine and vegetables. Even the unscrupulous Llorente, fanatic though he was in his hatred of the Institution from whose payroll he had been cut off on suspicion of dishonesty, acknowledged that the rooms occupied by the prisoners were "*bonnes chambres voutées, bien éclairées, sans humidité, et où il est permis de faire un peu d'exercice.*"<sup>11</sup>

As long as the victims of the Inquisition were Catholics of Jewish descent who had been proved to be hypocritical members, boring from within during a crucial war for independence against Mohammedans, there never was much outcry against the institution in England or Germany.<sup>12</sup> But it was a great piece of good fortune for the international foes of Spain when they could represent some of their propagandists in the Peninsula as martyrs to Lutheranism.

In England, where it was needful to wean from the Church a whole population still Catholic in principle but disturbed and confused by change and by the deprivation of the sacraments, the dungeons, the torture chambers, the thumb-screws, the rack and the strappado were of inestimable value: even though thumb-screws were never used by the Holy Office, but were employed freely in the Tower of London. The bogey of the Spanish Inquisition, conjured up by popular preachers (at one time in the eighteenth century 250 ministers of the Church of England were known to be of Jewish descent, with an added motive therefore to depreciate Spain) and such romancers as Kingsley could always be depended upon to frighten any good Englishman away from an honest examination of Catholic belief. Yet it is true that "the number of native Spanish Protestants tried by the Inquisition, exclusive of the congregations of Valladolid and Sevilla, was probably not over four hundred in all, and that of those who preferred death in the flames to recantation there were perhaps hardly more than a score, though a much larger number perished by the garrote. The greater part of the work of extirpating them, moreover, was finished at the very beginning of the reign."<sup>13</sup> And as for Englishmen, most of these were incarcerated in the Canary Islands, and not so often for religion as for piracy or some other offense which would have been punished anywhere in any case. Considering what some of



the English privateers did in Spanish coast villages, the wonder is that they were not punished more severely.

Even Lea admits that the prisons of the Inquisition were less harsh than the episcopal or royal gaols, and that in them prisoners were treated more humanely than in any other contemporary prisons, of any sort. It sometimes actually happened that men in public prisons uttered heresy to get themselves transferred to the secret cells of the Holy Office. Some of the documents in Lord Bute's collection make it clear that every effort was made to be humane. Regular inspections were held to hear the complaints of prisoners; and when the request was considered reasonable (as for example, that of an Englishman who said there was too much water in his wine), a remedy was provided. Doctors prescribed medicine and diet for the sick, and in serious cases sent them to hospitals or private houses for special treatment. Some prisoners were allowed to leave during the day to earn their living in the town, returning at night only to be locked up. The supervision was so lax in some prisons that the captives exchanged visits. In one place fourteen prisoners, among them a friar, had supper together until their hilarity attracted the notice of an *alcaide*.

As nine out of ten Englishmen were still Catholics, the Inquisitors considered it their business to inquire into the beliefs of any Briton who raised the question by word or conduct. There was George Gaspar, for example, a tailor from England who had been put in the public jail for some offense or another; he went to great pains to turn his back on a crucifix, and prayed instead to the moon. When questioned about this reactionary conduct, he went out of his way to deny the doctrine of the Real Presence and various other Catholic teachings. Condemned and urged to abjure, he refused, and was sentenced to be burned. At the same *auto* (July, 1587) thirteen other Englishmen were reconciled, on abjuring their errors.<sup>14</sup> There was no other *auto* in the Canaries until May, 1591, when the effigies of 23 fugitives were burned.

The Church tolerated the Inquisition, as she still tolerates capital punishment, not as a good in itself, but as the lesser of two evils.

The instinct of men to protect their culture and their institutions by the most effective means is illustrated by Graetz's account of an Inquisition in Holland by Jews whose ancestors had suffered from the Holy Office. "The Amsterdam rabbis introduced the innovation of bringing religious opinions and convictions before their judgment-seat, of constituting themselves a sort of inquisitorial tribunal, and instituting *autos-de-je* which, even if bloodless, were not less painful to the sufferers."<sup>15</sup> Before we become too pharisaical about the Christian Inquisitors, who were so careful to shed no blood and to leave the onus of capital punishment to the State, let us weep for a moment with our Jewish brethren over the frailty of our common humanity.

In the Spain to which Philip had returned, the instinct of a society to preserve itself had been sharpened by a keen awareness of the pattern of crucifixion running through the whole living epic of Christianity, especially in a country that had groaned and struggled under the violence of so many heretical movements. To the descendants of Iberian crusaders Protestantism was not the new and forward-looking institution that many of its new advocates in the north imagined. To Spaniards it was rather the recurrence of something as old as the Church.

The Spanish mystic felt about heresy as the Jews had always felt about idolatry. Against the iterated calvary of human endeavor he saw the eternal Christ as the heart, the foundation (as He said, the cornerstone) of the Catholic Church, the human members of which might always be as fallible as the little group constituting the primitive Church—as materialistic and plausibly dishonest as Judas, as angry as James, as sluggish as Thomas, as uninteresting as Andrew, as ambitious as the youthful John, as rash and self-confident and mendacious, as penitent and long-suffering as Peter—this Church would welcome sinners worse than Mary Magdalen and publicans more despised than Levi before he was Saint Matthew; it would even stretch out its net to include rich Simon the Pharisee, if possible, and would pluck hard-handed centurions from under the eagles of *Caesar redivivus* a thousand times.

Nevertheless, in its vast and complex ramifications, as it grew to take in the whole world, there would always be a central and unchanging unity of doctrine, always the Holy Spirit, always Christ, daily renewed in the Eucharist. Also, in literal fulfilment of the prophecies of Christ, the hatred that had mocked, slandered and baited Him, misrepresented His teachings and actions, sought repeatedly to kill Him, and finally, by trickery, induced the power of Caesar to crucify Him—this too would always remain. There would always be a Caiaphas, the spiritually blind *Abet Din*, misleading the synagogue, always some crafty Annas, the *Nasi* or political Prince directing and corrupting the Sanhedrin. To these the Judases would flee when the Church rejected them, and these the Caesars of every age would use and despise. Even as good Jews would help to furnish the sinews of the Church in many ages, so men remarkably like those scribes and pharisees whom Christ had called the children of the devil would perpetuate the hatred that had once crucified Incarnate Love.

No philosophy of history that leaves out of account this gigantic aspect of reality can be considered realistic. It is for this reason that the best hints for a philosophy of history may be found in the encyclicals of various Popes.

The intense hatred that Jesus foretold would follow all who sincerely believed in Him was manifested in the earliest days of the Church. When Saint Paul went to Rome to preach "One Lord, one faith, one baptism" he encountered such opposition from his own race that he somewhat bitterly wrote of "the Jews, who both killed the Lord Jesus, and the prophets, and have persecuted us, and please not God, and are adversaries to all men; prohibiting us to speak to the Gentiles, that they may be saved."<sup>16</sup> It must be noted, however, that later on he sent a letter to the Christians at Rome sternly warning them against the wickedness of Jew-baiting.<sup>17</sup> The Acts of the Apostles abundantly testify that most of the first Christian converts were

Jews. Jews of good-will formed the sinews of the Church. Everywhere another type of Jew, perhaps in a small minority, refused even to listen to the arguments he condemned, and prevented well-meaning Jews, as well as Gentiles, from hearing the Gospel.

The author of the Apocalypse, too, adverts more than once to the same astonishing concentration of hate that followed the children of Christ as they scattered through the Roman world: "I know thy tribulation, and thy poverty, but thou art rich; and thou art blasphemed by them that say they are Jews and are not, but are of the synagogue of Satan."<sup>18</sup> And "Behold, I will bring of the synagogue of Satan, who say they are Jews and are not, but do lie. Behold, I will make them to come and adore before thy feet. And they shall know that I have loved thee."<sup>19</sup> The first major persecution of Christians in the Gentile world, that of Nero, was probably set in motion at the instance of the Jews surrounding his wife Poppaea.

There were Judases in every age to attempt to pervert the Church from within. Not a few of the later scandals of Christendom were the result of their work. Simon Magus, perhaps a precursor of Gnosticism, was only the first to attempt to purchase the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Arius, the Catholic Jew, would yet make an insidious attack on the divinity of Christ that would divide the Christian world for centuries. Valentinus, called the chief of the Gnostics by Saint Irenaeus, was a Jew of Alexandria.

As the colossal struggle continued century after century, the chief means employed by the Annas and the Caiaphas of each age to keep the mass of the Jewish people in ignorance of the true nature of Christianity, and to fan their misunderstanding of it to hatred, was the Talmud. This melange of wisdom, tradition and superstition contained the most scurrilous and vindictive blasphemies against Christ. Wherever its true character became known, it was condemned by Christian authorities; as in France under Saint Louis, and in Rome under Pope Paul IV, who had thousands of copies burned. Yet it survived, to carry into the modern world the spirit of the Pharisees who rejected Christ, with those rabbinical interpretations which made it, as Lazare noted, "the creator of the Jewish nation and the mould of the Jewish soul." The most vituperative parts were omitted in translation. In dangerous times they were handed down orally by the rabbis.

The historical importance of this book may be judged from the opinion of the Jewish historian Graetz, whose inaccuracies, omissions and wrong judgments have poisoned the whole Jewish world, but whose interpretations of that world cannot be ignored. He goes so far as to say, "We can boldly assert that the war for and against the Talmud aroused German consciousness and created a public opinion without which the Reformation, like many other efforts, would have died in the hour of birth, or perhaps would never have been born at all."<sup>20</sup>

In the Middle Ages it was customary for Jews to deny that the Talmud contained anti-Christian libels. Pretense in the modern world is no longer necessary. The Talmud is recognized as a sort of link between the early Gnostic onslaught on the Catholic Church, and the even more serious modern assault behind the mask of Freemasonry. Celsus the Gnostic may or may not have been a Jew. "Yet there are connections between Celsus and Judaism that must be emphasized," says a Jewish authority; "for example, he asserts that Jesus was the illegitimate son of a certain Panthera, and again that he had been a servant in Egypt, not when a child as according to the New Testament, but when he was grown, and that he learned there the secret arts. *These statements are frequently identical with those of the Talmud*. Celsus might have heard this from the Jews."<sup>21</sup> From this it is not difficult to guess the source of the modern legend of freemasons seeking to disparage Christ the Redeemer in subtle fashion by claiming him as one of their "initiates."

Another Jewish book that had a powerful effect not only on Jews but on the history of the world was the Kabbala. Originally that part of the Mosaic Law which was handed down by tradition, it had become, by the thirteenth century, a collection of occult and esoteric doctrines borrowed from Buddhism, Gnosticism, the neo-Platonists and all manner of eastern pseudomystics. Out of the dark labyrinths of its imagery came many heresies and revolutions: rosicrucianism, theosophy, and all modern freemasonry. As Rabbi Benamozegh wrote, "It is quite certain that Masonic theology is at root nothing else than Theosophy, and that it corresponds to the theology of the Kabbala."<sup>22</sup>

For a thousand years after she had emerged from the Catacombs—say roughly from the time of Constantine in the fourth century to the middle of the fourteenth—the Catholic Church successfully defended herself from such attacks both within and without. At times the very existence of the State and of society was threatened. In such crises, the Church not only permitted the use of force to avert worse evils, but even cooperated with it.

The Crusades were the defense of Christian homes, Christian women and children, Christian civilization, against an Islam deliberately bent upon exterminating them. A crusade ended the anti-social insanity of the Cathari who opposed marriage but taught suicide in that part of southern France known as *Judea Secunda*. The Inquisition followed them to Spain, and later saved the Christian Spanish State from the secret treachery of the pretended Catholics who were in league with the Moors in the war of liberation. As the ancient Jews had fought and slain idolaters, and had stoned spiritualists and similar dark heretics to death, so the Catholic Church, heir of the Jewish revelation, protected her children from destruction of body and soul while they were building the happiest and most balanced culture and civilization that have ever existed in this world.

The turning point in this vast drama (so far as our vantage point in time allows us to see) was the Black Death in 1346. It seemed to men as if Satan himself had burst the chains that had bound him for a thousand years. More than half the priests in the world died. Christendom was still staggering under this blow when other blows fell, one after another: the papal exile at



Avignon, the Great Western Schism, the return of paganism under the guise of the Renaissance—all these onslaughts in the City of God itself, while the Turks struck from without, gaining and laying waste one Christian country after another. Corruption and disorder were inevitable under these circumstances. Confusion became so widespread that only a divine institution could have survived it.

At the very moment when Columbus was claiming the new western world for Christianity and announcing the beginning of the Last Age of which he thought God had made him the harbinger, the stage was set for the most serious and widespread disaster the Church had yet had to face. It was something more important than the mere preaching of an exasperated monk against the abuse of indulgences; it was deeper than even the discontent of saintly men like More and Ignatius Loyola.

In the Protestant Revolt there was something more than the mere breaking away of the northern communities from the jurisdiction of Rome; much more than the nationalism to which Professor Carlton Hayes ascribes perhaps too much importance. There was a spirit in Protestantism in its first phase that sought something more than freedom; it sought nothing less (and this was more evident in Calvinism than in Lutheranism) than the utter destruction of the Catholic Church. Here was a hatred that began manifesting itself by the burning of churches and convents, the violation of nuns, the torture and execution of priests, the defiling of the Cross and the unspeakable desecration of the Blessed Sacrament.

It was an old and international hatred. It was the hatred of the church-burning Donatists, the hatred of Islam, the hatred that had opposed Saint Paul in Rome and Saint James in Jerusalem, the hatred of Annas and the scribes and pharisees crying, "Come down from the Cross, and we will believe!" There was nothing new about it except the form it took; but the preparation and organization were better, and the time was ripe.

Nor was this Protestant phase of the revolt a peculiarly northern or German product, though it has been convenient to make it appear so. It might have happened in southern Europe. In fact, it almost did happen in France, especially in southern France, before it happened in Germany. Lefevre, under the patronage of Marguerite of Angoulême and others of the anti-Catholic House of Navarre, taught justification by grace before Luther did, and profoundly influenced Beza, Farel, Rousel and other leaders who passed quickly through a Lutheran phase to the more radical organization of Calvinism. The roots of the revolution went deeper than the German affair. It was not local, but international.

If we may believe Graetz and other Jewish historians, the Jews played a much more important part in all this than Christians, for some mysterious reason, have generally admitted. Incalculable was the number of this virile and gifted race who had settled in all countries of Europe during the so-called Dark Ages and the Middle Ages; incalculable the number who were assimilated as sincere Catholics, or who, as pretended Catholics, formed the nucleus for any international revolt. They were everywhere, in communication with one another and with the Jews of the Synagogue. There were so many of the latter in England and France that one Jewish writer of the sixteenth century, often cited by modern Jews, attributed to this fact "the inclination of the English and the French" to Protestantism.<sup>23</sup> Dispersion, secrecy and organization gave them a power out of all proportion to their numbers, a power so remarkable that Napoleon Bonaparte suspected that the political structure of the Jewish State had survived under cover for eighteen centuries. Was there any historical foundation for such a theory?

There may or may not be significance in the fact that the title of *Nasi* (Prince or King of the Jews) which belonged at the time of the Crucifixion to Annas, father-in-law of the High Priest, or *Ab et Din*, Caiaphas, was assumed by one of the bitterest, most intelligent and more persistent enemies of King Philip II—Joseph Miques or Mendes, the Jewish international banker of the Spice Trust of Portugal and Antwerp, who had in his debt William of Orange and many other noblemen of the Low Countries. About the time when Philip was returning to Spain, this millionaire was establishing himself in Turkey, throwing off the last pretense of Christianity and assuming the antique and princely title of *Nasi*.

He was not the first rich Jew after the dispersion to be so designated. Every now and then, like a bell-wether among the stray sheep of Israel, there appeared some grave and powerful man who took this title. There was, for example, the learned Jew of Babylon, Machir, who settled at Narbonne in the time of Charlemagne. If it is only a legend, as the Jewish Encyclopedia affirms, that he was appointed head of the Jewish community by the Emperor at the request of the Calif Haroun al-Rashid, there is no doubt, according to the same authority, "that he soon acquired great influence over his coreligionists. It is not certain, however, whether he himself bore the title of *Nasi* (Prince or King of the Jews) *as his descendants did, who continued to direct the affairs of the Jewish community.*" There was, for instance, a *Nasi* Levi who presided over a meeting of delegates from all the Jewish communities in southern France in 1215, as Annas had presided over the Sanhedrin in Jerusalem.<sup>24</sup>

Even then, among the Jewish communities of southern France, the anti-Christian Revolution was being silently prepared. Prosperity and wealth had rewarded the industry and intelligence of the exiles in Montpellier, Nîmes, Tarbes, Carcassonne—a score of places in that part of France where later the Huguenots would flourish—until they almost rivaled the medieval empery of their brethren in Spain. Slave-traders, purveyors of silks and other luxuries, usurers—they excelled generally in the commerce of intangibles, in the handling of money *per se*. Culture and power followed upon wealth. It was their great tragedy that, having failed to understand Who Christ was, they could not get rid of the messianic consciousness for which they had been chosen and consecrated. Finding closed to them the only spiritual door to salvation, they were constantly driven to seek redemption in the here and now, in the resources of matter, in gold and power, in anything, anywhere but Christ.

When all their kingdom had turned to dust in their patient hands, and the inevitable scourge of persecution came to scatter them again and again, they still followed leaders who kept them blind, and remained missionaries of what Saint John called "the spirit that dissolves Christ."

In the thirteenth century, when the Catholic Church rejoiced in the full burgeoning of that rich and generous civilization she had reanimated and purified, the Jews were creating at Troyes a remarkable school of exegesis in which were being forged most of the arguments to be used by Protestant preachers against the Church and to be turned by the "higher critics" of later times against the heart of Christ Himself. The center and master of the group was a very rich Jew named Isaac Chatelain, better known now as Isaac of Troyes; a man learned in the Talmud, author of elegiac poems, endowed with many of the great Jewish virtues, such as deep and passionate loyalty to family and to race, but cursed with the intransigence of ancestors who perhaps had cried in a black hour, "His blood be upon us and upon our children." He and his family incurred the wrath of the Christian populace, for the usual reasons. On Good Friday April twenty-fourth, 1288, the mob seized them, spurned their offers of gold, and burned them.

The shocking holocaust avenged a long period of exploitation and of undermining of the foundations of Church and State. The heroism of some of the victims makes one regret the more that they were not in Italy, where the Pope or the hierarchy would undoubtedly have protected them. The wife of Isaac threw herself into the flames. Her two sons and her son-in-law followed. Her two daughters also were burned, as was the wife of her son Alakadmenath, with Simeon the Scribe of Chatillon, Isaac Cohen, Baruch Tob Elem d'Avirey, and some others.

Rabbi Salamon, the son of this hapless Isaac, became famous under the name of Raschi as founder of the Talmudic school of Champagne and the chief rival of Maimonides. Through Raschi the ideas of Isaac were transmitted to Protestantism. They were adopted early in the fourteenth century by a Franciscan monk of Jewish descent, Nicholas of Lyra. The arguments of this Nicholas of Lyra powerfully influenced Luther, Calvin and Zwingli. "Raschi and the Toraphists made Nicholas of Lyra," wrote the nineteenth-century Christian apostate Renan, whose writings were financed and published by Jews, and who borrowed many of his brilliant sophistries from the arsenal of Narbonne, "and Nicholas of Lyra made Luther." This has been said more wittily in the familiar epigram,

*Si Lyra non lyrasset, Lutherus non saltasset.*<sup>25</sup>

Another Jew who did valiant spade work for Luther's sowing was Elias Levita, founder of the modern Hebrew grammar and teacher of many Christians. "He, with Jacob Loans and Obadiah Sforno," observes a Jewish historian, "must be allowed a large share in producing the Protestant Reformation."<sup>26</sup> Sforno was the teacher of Reuchlin and many others. The so-called Reformation, adds Abrahams, "drew its life blood from a rational Hebraism." Luther naturally employed Jews in preparing his German Bible.<sup>27</sup> Jews were the most successful agents in the printing and distribution of Protestant Bibles and tracts in all parts of Europe.

Not only the ideas of Luther, but the very occasion for their dissemination, was furnished by the fertile activity of Jewish minds. The Battle of the Books, preliminary skirmish in the war of ideas about to commence at Wittenberg, could never have occurred if the Talmud and the Kabbala had not first done their deadly work. There sat on the throne of Saint Peter at that time a Pope, Leo X, for whom very little is to be said from the Catholic point of view, except that, like all the Popes, he was orthodox in his pronouncements on matters of faith and morals. He was also a patron of literature, music and art; the employer of Raphael.

His chief concern, however, was not the welfare, much less the needed reform, of the Church, but his own amusement and gratification.<sup>28</sup> There is evidence in Leo's conduct to lend color to the assertion that on being elected, he remarked jovially, "Let us enjoy the Papacy, since God has given it to us."<sup>29</sup>

In the most critical and decisive age of the Church, this descendant of Florentine usurers, this son of Lorenzo de' Medici, kind and generous intellectual, Cardinal at thirteen, Pope at thirty-seven, was too busy with his pictures, his hunting and his plays to give sufficient attention to the ruin of the world. The Jews have always been well pleased with him. Like all the Medici, he surrounded himself with them and showered them with favor and protection, even to the extent of allowing the printing and dissemination of the Talmud, of whose true nature he was perhaps in ignorance.<sup>30</sup> This genial collector, to whom Luther was only a joke, went to his death (too suddenly for the last sacraments) with little more than a suspicion of his own share in the business, not only by the abuses permitted in connection with indulgences, but by his long negligence and vacillation in the matter of the Jewish books.

Johann Reuchlin, a friend of Erasmus, started the famous Battle. Saturated, like young Pico della Mirandola, with the imagery and fanatical theosophy of the Kabbala, which he imagined he understood, he urged all Christians to study this and other Jewish books, for a better understanding of their own religion. A Dominican of Cologne, Jakob Hochstraten, replied to him publicly in 1519, protesting against the notion that the pseudo-judaism of the Jewish mind in revolt against its own Messiah could possibly cast anything but a baleful light on Christianity. As the controversy continued, there entered into the lists against



Reuchlin another Dominican monk, Johan Pfefferkorn. This man was a Jewish convert to the Faith. Graetz calls him, with more vigor than truth, "an ignorant, thoroughly vile creature, the scum of the Jewish people."<sup>31</sup> Reuchlin, who defended the Jewish books, was of course, "a pure, upright character," with "admirable love of truth and a soft heart."<sup>32</sup> The fact was that Pfefferkorn was a good sincere man, a none too brilliant student, who carried the zeal of the convert to the verge of fanaticism; his vileness apparently consisting of his being a true Jew in the sense in which the Apostles understood the term. He recognized the divinity of Christ and the untruthful obscenity of the Talmud. Urging the people of his race to turn from the man-made books of the rabbis to the living Christ in the Catholic Church, he defended the Jews against the worst charges made against them, including the ritual murder accusation. This did not save him from the lasting enmity of the Annases of his day. As for Reuchlin, Graetz might have added that he had not only a soft heart but a rather soft head.

Pfefferkorn accused him, in a pamphlet called *Handspiegel*, of having been paid by the Jews to disseminate their propaganda. Reuchlin replied with a violent denial in his *Augenspiegel*, and after further vituperation, pro and con, appealed to the Pope. By means of a flattering letter, he gained the favor of the influential Jew, Bonet de Lattes, physician to Pope Leo X. The physician naturally had no objection to interceding with the Holy Father in such a cause.<sup>33</sup> The upshot was that the pleasure-loving Pope handed over this mere squabble of monks, as he considered it, to the Bishop of Spire, a youth of twenty-seven, who in turn passed it on to Canon Truchsess, a disciple of Reuchlin; who gave the decision to his friend, completely exonerating the *Augenspiegel*.

The more discerning friends of the Catholic Church were highly alarmed. The Inquisition, better aware from long experience of what was going on among the Jews, appealed from the verdict to the Pope. Leo summoned both disputants to Rome in 1514. Delay followed delay, until Reuchlin, by a false statement, got the case transferred to another judge at Spire, who again exonerated him. Another appeal was filed. The Pope continued to delay, however, as various rich patrons of Reuchlin, and such liberal but not very profound Catholics as Erasmus, brought pressure to bear upon him; as did also the Emperor Maximilian I. It was not until the Lutheran bombshell exploded in 1517, on the hard-fought field of the Battle of the Books, that the real significance of Reuchlin's proposals became generally evident. Even then the easy-going Pope made no decision.

At last, in 1520, the findings at Spire were reversed. The Pope forbade the *Augenspiegel* as a scandalous and offensive book, unlawfully favorable to the Jews, and condemned Reuchlin to pay the costs of the litigation. By that time it was too late to stop the avalanche. The young humanists were now united behind Reuchlin. One of them, Hutten, attacked even the Holy See. These men became the nucleus of Luther's party. The real anti-Christian Revolution (for such time would reveal it to be in essence) appeared full-panoplied on the stage of Christendom.

I have not been able to find any evidence of Dr. Margolis's assertion that Luther was drawn into the controversy on the side of Reuchlin,<sup>34</sup> or of Lewis Browne's, echoing that of Hyamson, that Luther was "a disciple of Reuchlin."<sup>35</sup> If Reuchlin had never existed, Luther might well have challenged the preachings of Eck. What is certain is that the bull-necked Augustinian, who despaired of human nature because he could not at once achieve perfection in his cell, found the soil well ploughed for him by such men as Franz von Sickingen and other pupils of Reuchlin; without which he might have made no more disturbance than Huss or Wyclif had. What is equally certain, but strangely kept well in the background of most historical research, is that the Protestant Revolt, far from being an "advance" or a "progressive step," was a long retrogression toward the moribund Judaism of the Pharisees of the time of Christ. Its multitudinous offspring of more than 200 sects would lead in the course of time to a return of the dismal skepticism of the Sadducees. Caiaphas was a Pharisee, Annas a Sadducee. It was old Annas, the *Nasi*, who would have the last word.

If there is exaggeration in that astonishing but almost unnoticed statement of Cabrera, himself of a Spanish Marrano family, that "most of the heresiarchs and heretics of this present century have been of those people,"<sup>36</sup> it is beyond question, as a Jewish historian says, that the first leaders of the Protestant sects were called semi-Judaei, or half-Jews, in all parts of Europe,<sup>37</sup> and that men of Jewish descent were as conspicuous among them as they had been among the Gnostics and would later be among the Communists.

The origin of Calvin (whose real name was Chauvin) is obscure, as is that of his chief aide and successor, Theodore Beza. But Farel, Rousel and others of the stormiest preachers who carried their propaganda through Europe were of Jewish descent. Michael Servetus may have been, and was certainly influenced by Jews. At Antwerp in 1566 the chief minister of the Calvinist synod, which was the center of the most telling Protestant intrigue and propaganda in the Netherlands, was a Spanish Jew.<sup>38</sup>

Modern research by Jewish historians has made it clear that in the sixteenth century large numbers of the English Protestants (and doubtless the most active in propaganda and organization) were Jews who had put on the convenient mask of Calvinism at Antwerp. For example, "from an early period," says Dr. Lucien Wolf,<sup>39</sup> "the Marranos in Antwerp had taken an active part in the Reformation movement, and had given up their mask of Catholicism for a not less hollow pretense of Calvinism. The change will be readily understood. The simulation of Calvinism brought them new friends, who, like them, were enemies of Rome, Spain and the Inquisition. It helped them in their fight against the Holy Office, and for that reason was

very welcome to them. Moreover, it was a form of Christianity which came nearer to their own simple Judaism. The result was that they became zealous and valuable allies of the Calvinists."

There was something more in most Calvinist teaching than the desire for religious freedom and the reform of abuses. It was more like the ancient hatred which had followed the Catholic Church from her cradle, seeking not her reform but her utter destruction. Calvin himself was as ruthless in this regard as Mohammed. One of his letters to English Protestants declares that those who refuse to give up the Roman Catholic faith must be put to the sword.<sup>40</sup> Calvinism quickly became an international movement, with a world capital at Geneva and with Calvin as a Pope ruling over a city with a regimentation uncomfortably suggestive of some totalitarian state of the future.

The most active intelligencers, liaison officers and propagandists of this international army were Jews. Only four years after Luther's first outburst, Cardinal Aleander, papal nuncio, reported that Jews were printing and circulating the German monk's books in Flanders. From the Netherlands they sent Bibles even to Spain, concealed in double-bottomed wine-casks. In Ferrara, a great Jewish financial center, they printed heretical bibles for distribution in Italy and elsewhere. No less a person than Carranza, now languishing in the prisons of the Inquisition in Spain, said that this was the reason why the Church had to discourage the reading of the Bible in the vernaculars, save in approved versions.<sup>41</sup> Even Jewish physicians and men of business were spies and propaganda agents. In the very year after Philip returned to Spain to stamp out Protestantism there, the Jewish Doctor Rodrigo Lopez, who was to find so unhappy an end in England, was passing over from Antwerp to London as a good Protestant.

A new spirit was abroad in the world, surely. It was not the regenerated Christian thing that Luther imagined it to be. It was the reappearance, in most formidable array, of something older and far more terrible. The Cambridge Modern History tells us its effect was "to transfer the allegiance of the human spirit from clerical to civil authority,"<sup>42</sup> or to put it more bluntly, to deliver Christ once more into the hands of Caesar. The Jewish historian Graetz expresses it otherwise: "the interests of the marketplace had driven the interests of the church into the background."<sup>43</sup> Is this not a way of saying that after the great betrayal the money-changers were flocking back into the Temple from which they had been ousted by the medieval Church when she was most free and vigorous?

That was the thing, the old and evil thing, the insidious and destructive thing, that Philip was resolved to destroy, if possible, before it ruined the world. It would be far-fetched to say that he saw all its potentialities in 1559. He could hardly have seen what Pope Pius IX saw in 1849, when he declared that all the evils of the modern world (including Communism and its attendant miseries) had their origin in the tragic sixteenth-century assault on the Catholic Faith in the name of Protestantism.<sup>44</sup>

Did Philip imagine, then, that the Jews were to blame for all the ills of humanity? Not even his bitterest enemies could fairly accuse him of that. A Jew-baiter in the vulgar sense he certainly was not. When an attempt was made to introduce into Spain an organization known as the Order of the White Sword aimed against Jews as Jews, he put his foot down against it.<sup>45</sup> He knew and employed too many excellent men of Jewish ancestry to be taken in by any stupid and vicious theory of "Nordic" or "Aryan" superiority. It must have been apparent to a man of his shrewd common sense (in most matters) that even those Jews who persisted in the iniquity of attempting to destroy the Church could have accomplished very little without collaboration from within, from unworthy Christians. It always takes a Judas to complete the work of Annas and Caiaphas.

Let us be honest, and divide the sorry credit between bad Jews and bad Christians. At the time when Christendom could boast of an unparalleled number, perhaps, of splendid saints, following the counsels of perfection and bearing witness to the divine power of the Church to cast off the accretions of human weakness and renew the face of the earth, there were also plenty of abuses that had too long cried for correction. Many priests gave their people little or no instruction in the Faith. Some had concubines and children. Others were so careless or so ignorant that they had forgotten even the words of consecration in the Mass, so that the first Jesuits who carried the spirit of true reform through Italy had to instruct some of the parish clergy. Men who were not priests, and even women, received the incomes of benefices, to the neglect of souls.

Some bishops never visited their dioceses. Many of them had been named at the request of kings or other powerful persons, and were unfit for their terrible responsibility. A few of these even became Cardinals. There were Cardinals who were not priests, not fitted to be priests. Officers of the Roman curia were sometimes venal and corrupt. Even at papal elections bribery was not unknown. The Pope himself was not always an example to the Church. Leo X, for example, raised money to cover up his extravagance by the shameless sale of offices.

One of the largest factors in causing all this corruption was the interference of the State, newly conscious of its unity and power, in the affairs of the Church. Priests were badly disciplined because there were too many political bishops. There were political bishops because kings, even in Spain, had seldom missed an opportunity to wring privileges from unwilling Popes when they had them in their power. Often the Pope had to allow the King to name the bishops, as the price of having Christianity preached at all, and he chose the lesser of the two evils. In view of all this, it is strange that men go on repeating cant phrases about the interference of the Church in the State in the Middle Ages. Sometimes, yes; but more often the other way around. Philip took it as a matter of course that he was to be consulted before the Pope nominated a bishop in any of his



dominions. If any Pope had dared to dictate Philip's appointments——!

Three other facts about the corruption of the clergy are often forgotten:

(1) Many of the accounts of church scandals originated with enemies of the Church, who have been proved guilty of gross exaggeration or of down-right lying. Sometimes the scandalmonger is an exposed cheat, like Llorente; sometimes a scribbler in the pay of one of the Pope's political enemies, like the lewd neo-pagan Pontano; or a credulous retailer of indiscriminate gossip, like Peter Martyr d'Anghiera; or a disappointed office seeker, like Infessura. Being contemporary does not make a man truthful or reliable. In all ages there has been a continuous and curiously uniform propaganda to discredit the Church and all connected with her. Documents of the *Alta Vendita*, made public by the papal government in 1846, disclosed a systematic and deliberate campaign of slander. One letter said:

"Our ultimate end is that of Voltaire and of the French Revolution—the final destruction of Catholicism, and even of the Christian idea. The work which we have undertaken is not the work of a day, nor of a month, nor of a year. It may last many years, a century perhaps. . . . Crush the enemy whoever he may be; crush the powerful by means of lies and calumny. . . . If a prelate comes to Rome from the provinces to exercise some public function, learn immediately his character, his antecedents, above all, his defects. If he is already a declared enemy, an Albania, a Pallotta, . . . envelop him in all the snares you can lay under his feet; create for him one of those reputations which will frighten little children and old women . . . paint him cruel and sanguinary: recount regarding him some trait of cruelty which can easily be engraved in the minds of the people."<sup>46</sup>

If this was never formulated so concretely until the nineteenth century, it describes, with startling accuracy, what the enemies of the Church had been doing for centuries. It describes what they did to the reputation of Philip II.

(2) It is to be noticed that when the breach occurred, it was the ignorant and corrupt priest, monk or nun, who rushed forth to join Luther and Calvin in the liberty of the new dispensation. Theodore Beza, as a Roman Catholic, is a glaring example of the too-common corruption. Though not even a priest, he enjoys the incomes of two benefices, through political influence, lavishes the Church's money on his concubine, and generally leads a vicious and dissolute life. When the Church is under attack, he hastens to join the enemy. As Calvin's lieutenant, this righteous man thunders against the corruption of the Old Church, of which he was partly the cause. There is no doubt about the laxity of the monasteries of Sevilla and Valladolid, whose members embraced Protestantism; nor of the degeneracy of the Augustinians in Saxony, who broke away from the Church almost en masse in 1521. In England it was the reformed Observantine Franciscans who withstood Henry VIII even to death, while the relaxed Conventuals and other badly disciplined monks and priests formed the nucleus of the Church of England. The first Protestants, as a rule, were bad Catholics.

(3) For a whole century or more before Philip II, most of the Popes and large numbers of prelates had been striving to reform the Church. A great deal had been accomplished. A great deal more remained to be done. Some Popes of the highest intentions were compelled to devote most of their energies to the defense of Christendom against the conquering Turks. Others were foiled by the selfishness and criminal quarrelsomeness of European rulers. When Protestantism appeared, its leaders called loudly for reform. Most of them, however, could be depended upon to reject, resist and misrepresent any attempt to hold a General Council of all Christendom, without which no thorough reform would be possible.

What excuse can be made for the pride and selfishness of Catholic kings? Time after time French nationalism prevented the meeting of a General Council of reform. Francis I made it impossible for Pope Clement VII to hold one. When Charles V and Pope Paul III finally agreed to have one in 1536, and the Pope summoned delegates to Mantua, it was Francis who refused to allow the French bishops to go. Again, when Paul summoned the Council of Trent in 1542, Francis and the Protestants opposed it. The anger of Charles against Paul caused further delays. Finally the Council met in 1547. When a transfer was deemed advisable on account of the plague (after several excellent reforms had been passed, and articles of faith defined), Charles refused to allow the Spanish bishops to go to Bologna, and began separate negotiations with the Protestants. Henry II refused to allow the Spanish bishops to go to Trent in 1550. Pope Paul IV would have reconvened the Council, but was betrayed by his nephew Carlo Carafa into the fatal war with Spain.

This was the situation when Paul died, about the time Philip returned to Spain in 1559. The Roman people took revenge on the memory of the reforming Pope by smashing his statue, opening the jails, and forcing the Carafas to flee for their lives. The papal nephews had been in peculiarly bad odor since John, now Duke of Paliano, had murdered his wife, with the connivance of Cardinal Carlo, and, stranger still, of her own brother, who strangled her. Nepotism had ruined the administration of a truly noble old man. All over Christendom there was a cry for the election of a worthy Pope who would at last complete the Reform.

The French government—meaning the Guises, who dominated young Francis II and his bride Mary Stuart—supported the candidacy of Cardinal Ippolito d'Este of Ferrara, a relative of theirs by marriage and a descendant of Lucrezia Borgia. Rich, intelligent, charming, persistent and unscrupulous, this political prelate had been supported by France in the last three elections, and Spaniards believed that if he became Pope, the Church would be governed from Paris. At the preceding conclave he had employed bribery so shamelessly that Pope Paul IV had denounced him in a conclave as the Simon Magus whom they all knew. The Pope, before his death, had banished him from Rome with the hope of preventing his candidacy. One of the things Paul discovered about his nephew, Carlo, was that he had been working for the elevation of d'Este.<sup>47</sup>

Philip was eager to have a good Pope elected. Even before the death of Paul he had instructed Figueroa, his ambassador in Rome, not to seek influence in the coming conclave in any political sense or from any political point of view. He hoped for the election of a Pope "who would be zealous for the service of God and for the well-being and pacification of Christendom, eradicate religious errors and disputes, and prevent their spread, devote himself to the needed work of reform, and preserve Christendom, and especially Italy . . . in peace and unity." If any candidate possessed these qualities, the interests of Spain must not be allowed to weigh too much in the balance. Philip added that he would consider as desirable Carpi, Morone, Puteo, Medici and Dolera. Above all, d'Este and all Frenchmen were to be excluded.<sup>48</sup>

Figueroa died before the conclave. Philip then sent his Milanese ambassador, Vargas, to Rome. This individual followed his master's instructions, but went far beyond them at times in his officious zeal. Several times during the long conclave (it lasted four months) he climbed a wall to talk through a grating to various of the forty-two Cardinals there inclosed. Apparently he came to some sort of agreement with Cardinal Carlo Carafa to support Cardinal Medici, with the idea that the latter, if elected, would absolve the Carafas from their crimes, for which they deserved death, and would be devoted to the interests of Spain. When Philip learned of this and of the use of money by Vargas he was deeply "offended by an event so disserviceable to God,"<sup>49</sup> and sent one of his stinging rebukes to his ambassador. Yet Cabrera says frankly in another place that Carafa controlled twelve votes, and delivered them, at Philip's request, to Cardinal Giovanni Angelo de' Medici.

At any rate, after several tiresome deadlocks and innumerable intrigues, Medici was at last elected on Christmas Day, 1559. There were many to recall that under one Medici Pope, Leo X, Germany had been lost, and under another, Clement VII, England had apostatized. They predicted that France would become Protestant, as indeed she seemed likely to do, under Pius IV. Yet Pius did not belong to the Medici family of Florence, but to another one of Milan, perhaps not even related to the illustrious money-lenders. He himself was a lawyer, very much a man of the world, who had had illegitimate children before he became a priest. Most of his family were people of low degree, artisans and such. He also had nephews, even a nephew Carlo.

Nepotism, it seems, can work both ways. Carlo Borromeo, son of the new Pope's sister, was on the way to becoming Saint Charles Borromeo; whose body remains incorrupt even to this day. One of the first fortunate acts of Pius' administration was to summon this young man (he was then only twenty-one, exceedingly thin, with a great hooked nose and a small drooping moustache) to be Papal Secretary of State. Chiefly through him, his uncle, rather an ordinary sort of man, achieved what many of his more spectacular predecessors had failed to accomplish: the Reform of the Church. Charles began by sending thirty-six Jesuits through his own diocese of Milan, to instruct and inspire clergy and people; and it was chiefly he who organized the second and triumphant Council of Trent.

Three other men played almost indispensable parts in the success of this Council. One was Cardinal Morone, who had been four years in prison on suspicion of heresy under Pope Paul IV. Another was a man of Jewish parents, Lainez, second General of the Jesuits, whose powerful preaching, often at the risk of his life, won back 35,000 Huguenots to the Faith. The third was Philip II, who strove with enormous tenacity and patience to remove all the political obstacles; and who swallowed affronts to his own royal dignity (to the disgust of certain of his advisers) rather than let the Council end as the first one had in his father's time.

It was hardly to be expected, however, that a king should look on a new Pope, elected by his aid, with eyes wholly unpolitical. Philip immediately asked Pius to restore the Duchy of Paliano to his friend Marcantonio Colonna. This was done. He then got the Duke of Florence, who wanted to marry his son to one of Philip's German cousins and needed his help to that end, to go and kiss the Pope's foot and beg him to grant the *sussidio* to Spain—this on the ground that Philip was a defender of the Church against the Turks and other enemies and was almost ruined from paying heavy usury on his loans. Pius reluctantly granted the subsidy. Philip hoped for the further concession of the *cruzada*. He tried to get the Pope to join a league with the Dukes of Florence and Savoy against the heretics, especially in France, where the situation was daily becoming more alarming. The Pope temporized, saying it would be time to talk about taking arms against the rebels after the Council of Reform.<sup>50</sup>

The warlike atmosphere of Rome under Pope Paul IV was still too fresh in the memory of Pius. There were also too many Carafas still about, ready to get themselves back into power by intrigue and treachery. In 1560 he had them seized, brought to trial, and condemned to death. "It serves me right," said Cardinal Carlo Carafa bitterly, "for making a Medici Pope."<sup>51</sup> There were many charges against them. Questions have been raised as to the fairness of the trial: but of their principal crime, the murder of the lovely Duchess of Paliano, there was no doubt.

There was much sympathy for Cardinal Carlo. Pressure was brought to bear from all sides upon the Pope. But Pius was determined that Carlo should die with Giovanni and the others, since he had instigated the murder and had been chiefly to blame for the war with Spain. The only hope for the condemned Cardinal was that Philip II would intercede for him. Carafa evidently had good reason to believe that Philip would, and Vargas urged his master to do so. But as Tiepolo, the Venetian ambassador at Toledo reported, there was no real regret over the arrest of the Carafas in Spain: their deaths would relieve the King from the obligation of pensioning them for small services.

In August Philip was still undecided. He did not wish to seem guilty of ingratitude to Cardinal Carafa.<sup>52</sup> In September he sent Vargas orders to moderate his zeal for the prisoners. Finally he followed the advice of the Farnese, left the secular



Carafas to their doom, and on February eleventh, 1561, sent the Pope an autograph letter interceding for the Cardinal. The letter reached the Pope's hands on March second, the eve of the conclave called to consider the appeal of the condemned. Vargas again asked mercy for Carlo. The Pope was not to be moved. On the fourth the Cardinal was strangled in prison, after an hour with his confessor. He was forty-two years old. "Cruel King!" he cried at the last. "O traitor Pope!"<sup>53</sup>

It is difficult to say how much Philip II, like other rulers of his time, was corrupted by those cynical maxims of Machiavelli which were the political bible of Cromwell, William Cecil and Catherine de' Medici, "You are to understand that a Prince, and most of all a new Prince, cannot observe all those rules of conduct in respect whereof men are accounted good, being often enforced, in order to preserve his Principedom, to act in opposition to good faith, charity, humanity and religion. He must therefore keep his mind ready to shift as the winds and tides of Fortune turn, and, as I have already said, he ought not to quit good courses if he can help it, but should know how to follow evil courses if he must. A Prince should therefore be very careful that nothing ever escapes his lips which is not replete with the five qualities above named, so that to see and hear him, one would think him the embodiment of mercy, good faith, integrity, humanity and religion. And there is no virtue which it is more necessary for him to seem to possess than this last; because men in general judge rather by the eye than by the hand, for every one can see but few can touch. Every one sees what you seem, but few know what you are, and these few dare not oppose themselves to the opinion of the man many who have the majesty of the State to back them up."<sup>54</sup>

The enemies of Philip would say that here Machiavelli had painted his portrait. It would be more just to call it a caricature, for it leaves out of account the very real piety of the man. There is truth in it, however, to the extent that it does express a tendency that appeared from time to time in his policy. It was a tendency inherited from the government of the Emperor. It was only one of many bequests.

From Yuste came a curious assortment of the dead Caesar's personal belongings: a philosopher's stone, a blue stone for the gout, a rosary, some astrolabes, some nautical instruments, a ring with a stone to stop the flow of blood, and a few books: three copies of one called *Bohecio*, Caesar's *Commentaries*, two copies of *The Determined Cavalier*, a missal, two breviaries. There was also a discipline, or whip, which the Emperor had laid over his own back in those last penitential months, to curb the unseemly impulses of his already decaying flesh, and to make amends for past sins. There were black splotches on it, to bear mute witness to the sincerity of the penitent.

A very concrete example of Charles' past frailty presented itself in the form of another guest a few days after Philip's arrival in Spain. Luis Quixada, lord of Villagarcia, revealed to him that a boy of twelve, named Jerome, whom he had been bringing up quietly on his country estate, was an illegitimate son of the Emperor by Barbara Blomberg, one of his mistresses in Flanders. Doña Juana had seen the boy, and had suspected that he was a son of the Emperor. It is likely that she confided this to her brother. One October day the King rode over to the Espina monastery of the Order of Saint Bernard, to meet his half-brother.

He found a fine, straight, handsome lad in a peasant's costume, blond like himself, but with little other resemblance to their common father, except a pair of fine blue eyes, with arched brows. Philip looked earnestly into the small face, liked it, told the boy who he was, and bade Luis Quixada bring him to Valladolid. On their arrival there he gave Jerome a house, an income befitting his station, and a new name: Don Juan of Austria.

It had been the Emperor's wish that this son of his be brought up with an eye to the Church. It was a pious custom to dedicate "the bastards of Spain," as the by-blows of the royal house were bluntly called, to Holy Church as a fitting expiation. Ferdinand the Catholic had given three of his four extra-marital offspring to God: a boy who became an Archbishop, and two girls who were exemplary nuns. Perhaps Charles' boy would yet be a Cardinal. It was all part of the curious pride of these men, descended from countless generations of crusaders grown hard in camps and on battle-fields, to have the air almost of putting God under obligations to them after they had done as they pleased. It did not seem to occur to them that one reason for the troubles of Holy Mother Church was precisely the foisting of so many bastards on her. But at least they admitted their wrong-doing, and made such reparation as they could. They were not like earlier and later men in priding themselves on their respectability, in trying to evade the consequences of lust by some species of secret nastiness.

Don Juan, however, had no intention of becoming a priest. He meant to be a soldier, like his father (now that he knew who his father was). So confident and royal was his bearing that although the King had ordered that he be called *Excelencia*, as etiquette required, people began calling him *Alteza* and *Senor*, as though he were a legitimate prince. Philip made no objection. He treated the boy with great kindness, familiarly, as an equal; and when he went to Toledo to open the Cortes in October, 1559, took him along as companion to young Alessandro Farnese and Don Carlos.



## Philip's Third Marriage [1560]

THE year after his return to Spain was one of the happiest in Philip's life. The violent and wilful character of his father, revere him as he might, no longer overshadowed and suppressed him. He was no longer shackled, even at a distance, to an old and ailing wife whom he could only respect. England and Cecil seemed very far away. He was once more breathing the keen air of the Castilian hills where his very being had its roots. Here there was no stench of heresy. Here there were people he understood. Spain was still Catholic and free. He had laid its enemies low. At thirty-three he was one of the most powerful kings in the world. And he was soon to have a young wife whose portrait by Marco Sidonio hung in his bedroom, and seemed to promise a great deal.<sup>1</sup>

The buoyancy and confidence he felt were reflected in his attitude toward the Cortes, which met at Toledo toward the end of 1559. Philip, with his usual fondness for play, went to the ancient capital on the Tagus on November fourth, incognito, with only five or six attendants, apparently to pick out his residence. Having decided on the Alcázar, he went off to hunt until the twentieth, when he made his formal entry.<sup>2</sup>

When the Cortes met, he made a long and vigorous address, of which Cabrera gives the substance. He reminded the delegates that, although he was ruler also over Flanders and the estates of Italy and many others, "my love and estimation prefers you to all, and I have come to remedy the evils which have commenced here, so much in offense to God and to me . . . Europe is now free from cares and from wars, and enjoys the general peace which I gave it by my arms, my treasures, and the glory of my victories, reducing the enemies of the Crown to the knowledge of their own perversity and my justice, power and fortune.

"Consider the religious disorders in Germany and other places, through the malice of the heretics, disobedient men and persecutors of the Roman Church, in whose obedience I live, as my predecessors did, and will until death. I have asked the Sovereign Pontiff for the reassembling of the Council of Trent, the reformation of the clergy and monasteries of Spain, that they may serve God with greater integrity, purity and perfection.

"As for what touches me alone, I have summoned you to see to it that you live as good Christians and good vassals of mine, for the better you are, the greater will be my excellence and glory. To this end it is necessary that, accommodating yourselves to the ways of Castile and of the time, you make laws that will reform what is evil and will strive after what is good, with penalties to command fear—oppress, no, for laws too rigorous destroy the republic as much as the crimes for whose remedies they are established. A few are enough, if they are enforced; otherwise they defeat their own purpose . . . Do not rush to the correction of that which, if not corrected, will cost you no loss of reputation; and do not change old laws unless they are harmful; for thus, by your example, your descendants will give up your new ones when they become old. Let what you do be in accord with the law of God, suitable for good example and useful for good living, in accord with the natural law.

"Laws must be made for subjects, just as medicines are prescribed for the particular disease and complexion of the sick. They must not be obscure, for that opens the way to wrong interpretation.

"My royal patrimony has been impaired by sales and forced loans, continued from the King Don Fernando, my grandfather, through all the reign of the Emperor, my lord, whose charges, obligations and enemies I have inherited. Animated and guided by his example, I wish to fulfill the hopes His Caesarial Majesty gave the world that I would be a good prince, when he renounced his most noble estates to me. My victories will be much better, if they are not against Christians, and if my arms can be turned against the Turks and Moors who trouble these kingdoms, which they have put to so much expense by so many and such necessary wars." He concluded by asking them for money to build a fleet for the defense of his Mediterranean shores.<sup>3</sup>



The King's words, "so grave and free," as Cabrera says, delighted the Castilians. "He seemed to them to speak like a sovereign lord revealing his greatness of soul. They thanked him and promised to serve him faithfully"; but it was not until June seventeenth, 1560, that they agreed to give him, during the next three years, the ordinary and extraordinary service of 1,200,000 ducats.<sup>4</sup>

There was more than sentiment in this, for the Turkish threat to the freedom of the West had never been more acute than at that moment. One of the consequences of the war with Pope Paul IV was the scourging of the coasts of Italy in 1558 by a hundred Turkish galleys from Constantinople under the renegade Piali Pasha, the ruthless Barbary corsair Dragut Reis, and Sinan the chivalrous Jew. They did this, Cabrera notes, "to please the French and at their request,"<sup>5</sup> and after unspeakable atrocities in Philip's kingdoms of Sicily and Naples, overran Minorca, attacked Nice and Villafranca, and finally, worst blow of all, took Tripoli from the Knights of Saint John. Malta was now the only remaining outpost in Spain's Mediterranean line of defense.

Immediately after the treaty of Cateau-Cambresis, Philip had promised the Grand Master of Saint John his aid in the recovery of Tripoli. He was determined, though the effort required was great and plunged him still further into debt, to keep his word. With the money voted by the Cortes he managed to have an armada of 100 sails ready for sea by the middle of November. In all there were fifty-four galleys and thirty ships under the command of his viceroy of Sicily, the Duke of Medina-Celi, seconded by young Juan Andrea Doria of Genoa, nephew of Philip's host of 1549. On board were 14,000 good fighting men, the majority of them Spaniards.

Besides giving money for this fleet, the Cortes of October passed a few laws concerning the Moriscos. These ostensible but not always sincere Christians were so numerous in the south and east that in any conflict against Islam they were found to be objects of suspicion, and sometimes a real danger, to the Spanish State. The Cortes forbade them to keep Negro slaves, and renewed the law of 1553, prohibiting them from carrying arms, save with a license from the Captain-General. Philip explained that this law was directed only against persons under suspicion, not to all, for he knew "that there were many noble persons who comported themselves as good Christians."<sup>6</sup>

With the Cortes over and his fleet on the seas, Philip could now settle down to the peaceful routine that he loved: the life of a constitutional monarch. For the moment, Europe was comparatively at peace. It was a good time to strengthen his ties with France and England and the Empire, meanwhile cooperating with the new Pope for the peace and security of Italy and the speedy assembly of the General Council at Trent. He wished to put an end to certain abuses that had grown up in his absence and to continue the reforms, judicial and economic, that he had begun in 1551. Finally, he was about to undertake his third venture in matrimony.

The French marriage was extremely popular in Spain. The Castilians had had no Queen living among them since the death of Philip's first wife fourteen years before; they loved youth and beauty, both of which Elizabeth of Valois possessed. The fact that the match had been arranged to end the long feud between the two countries appealed enormously both to sentiment and to common sense. People were already calling her the Queen of Peace—*Isabel de la Paz*—and preparing to give her a royal welcome. There was a great flurry in Toledo when it became known that she had left Paris, where her mother was visiting the heretical Queen of Navarre. She crossed the Pyrenees with the Duke of Bourbon and other lords, spent Christmas at Pampeluna, and finally reached Roncevalles. There, on January fourth (1560), in the valley where an imaginative person could still hear the horn of the dying Roland, echoing and reechoing among the hallowed rocks, she was welcomed to Spain by the Cardinal of Burgos and the Duke of Infantado, who conducted her through Navarre with great splendor, followed by a long train of mules bearing her trousseau in boxes.

Philip meanwhile left Toledo. With the Princess Juana, Don Carlos, and many lords and cavaliers, amid the usual abundance of music and gorgeous color so dear to the Castilian heart, he rode west to meet her at Guadalajara. Arriving before she did, he waited for her at the sumptuous palace of the Duke of Infantado, one of the most splendid in Spain. The townspeople were almost beside themselves with joy and pride. They had even made an artificial hill at the entrance, and transplanted living oaks to fashion a little park for the bride. When at last she appeared, riding a white palfrey, weary no doubt after more than a month on rough wintry roads in all sorts of weather, they went forth to welcome her and to conduct her to the palace. Faithful to the prescriptions of Castilian court etiquette, the Princess Juana met her in the court and led her up to the great hall, where Don Felipe and Don Carlos were waiting.

Philip saw coming toward him a very slender but fairly tall girl with black hair, dark and lovely eyes, and skin so brown that it might almost be called swarthy—decidedly a southern, Italian type, a true daughter of the Medici. She moved as lightly and gracefully as a bird. Everything about her suggested youth, joy and goodness. There was almost always a suggestion of a tender smile on her lips. She was not over eighteen.<sup>7</sup>

When she came near Philip, she stopped and looked at him intently and searchingly. All the speeches that her mother and some of the Spanish grandees had taught her were forgotten. She could only stare at the blond majesty before her until, if we may believe the gossipy Brantôme, the King said, "What are you looking at? To see if I have any gray hairs?"<sup>8</sup>

A different meeting, this, from that one at Winchester, when he had kissed Mary Tudor on the mouth by way of taking England by storm. This girl with her extremely slender waist was more to his liking. It seems probable that she had completely

won his heart when they were married by the Cardinal of Burgos on February second.

After many feasts, and much lavish entertainment by the Duke of Infantado, one of the richest of the great family of the Mendozas, the fair King and the dark Queen left the palace, followed by innumerable boxes full of apparel and gifts. They were attended by a cortège brilliant enough to startle the very sun as they now cantered, now walked their horses, over the sandy plains and snowy hills, and along the banks of the Henares, stopping only at Alcalá to send the Duke back to get some rest, for his efforts to please his sovereign seem to have exhausted him.<sup>9</sup>

At last they came within sight of their capital, that antique city whose shaggy crest of a hundred towers and spires, zigzagging the crown of a rugged promontory, seemed almost pendant in air above the wide barren countryside. El Greco has well expressed the sense of mystery that brooded over Toledo. Never was any city more fought for, more dearly bought with human blood. Long before the Incarnation, the Romans stormed it and called it Toletum. The Visigoths sacked it, and ruled it for centuries. The Berbers wrested it from the Goths and rebuilt it after their own taste, imposing Moorish architecture upon the Roman and early Christian. The Crusaders of the eleventh century won it from the caliphs, to raise Gothic spires above the mosaics and Moorish arches and to change the mosques and synagogues into churches.

High on the peak of the hill the Alcázar stood like a dark and menacing sentinel above the houses that spread below in a great fan-shaped semicircle, tier on tier, down the steep crooked streets to the ancient walls and the crooked Tagus, and the strong arches of the Roman bridge of Alcántara, where Ferdinand and Isabel had entered in triumph three-quarters of a century ago.

Just as the Catholic sovereigns had seen the northern gate open and dancing boys come forth to the sound of oriental music, so now Philip and Isabel saw filing from the gate and over the bridge into the *vega* eight companies of infantry, in bright colors, which shifted into squadron formation and began to skirmish. Then some cavalry appeared, half of the riders in Moorish array, half in Hungarian; to give pleasure to the Queen they executed various maneuvers and exchanged volleys of musketry. As the warriors filed back to the city and the Alcázar, beautiful damsels came forth to do the sword dance of the ancient Spaniards. Others did gypsy dances. Still others the Dance of the Twenty-Four *a la morisca*, with a tremendous accompaniment of bag-pipes, flutes and kettledrums.<sup>10</sup>

Now came from the *Justicia*, twenty-four gentlemen in green velvet, with passementeries of gold, and black velvet cloaks studded with jewels. These were followed by twenty-four ministers of the *Hermanidad* with their green pendon. Next appeared one hundred and thirty-eight men from the Royal Mint, carrying their crimson banner embroidered with gold, together with the royal arms and the semblances of various coins. Forty others followed, dressed in scarlet, half of them wearing blue berets, surmounted by a *fleur de lis*, and bearing the azure standard of the hospital of *la Piedad*. "And they sang, with great *concierto*, well-composed songs in praise of the Queen and of her most felicitous coming, and in their manner of singing imitated marvelously the birds, with much fidelity."

When the Queen arrived outside the *Puerta de Visagra* (Via Sagrada or Via Sacra, the Holy Way, at the north of the city), officials came forth in yellow suits with long gowns of azure trimmed with gold, to kiss her hand and to administer the oath that she would respect all their customs and privileges. This done, she advanced on her white hackney through the Holy Gate and its elaborate triumphal arch, under a canopy of brocade richly worked with her initial and her husband's: F. and I., Felipe and Isabel.<sup>11</sup>

*Viva la Reina!* The crowd of townspeople, soldiers, beggars, merchants, workmen on holiday, Jews and Moors, and gypsies from Triana, shouted themselves hoarse, so fresh and exquisite she seemed. The accounts of her instant popularity are unanimous; but the chief chroniclers were so interested in setting down what all the various officials and entertainers wore that they neglected the far more important duty of telling posterity anything about the new Queen's costume.

But where is the King? He has slipped away, apparently, to disguise himself, and is going festively about the streets of the city with two or three of his friends, including Ruy Gómez no doubt, to enjoy better as a mere spectator the reception his people are giving to his bride. Perhaps he is that student by the gate with his bonnet over his eyes. Perhaps he is peeping from the hood of what seems to be a Franciscan monk, a little farther along. At all events, he is somewhere in the noisy crowd, "seeing the beautiful and joyful entry, the decorations of the balconies and the streets, and the many costly and various liveries, all mingling in a flowery background like a tapestry of Flanders."<sup>12</sup>

The Queen, attended by the Cardinal of Burgos, the Admiral of Castile, four dukes, (including Alba), a Neapolitan prince and sundry marquéses and counts, went slowly up the rough streets, under arch after arch made by the guilds of workmen. Two of the most notable ones were those of the Sword Cutlers and the Smiths, both "costly and curious, with eulogistic inscriptions in Latin, Greek and Castilian, and poetical and historical figures of good and proper significations." At the Gate of Forgiveness Isabel dismounted; leaning on the arm of His Eminence of Burgos, she entered the Holy Church "to give thanks to God for her happiness."<sup>13</sup>

The vast Cathedral, one of the most beautiful in Spain and well worth the two-and-a-half centuries of labor expended upon it, was illuminated with thousands of tapers.

After the ceremony, the royal cortège left the Church, and proceeded up the hill to the Alcázar, with its four towers thrust into the sky like the lances of crusaders. In the plaza were statues of Hercules and other heroes, concealing fireworks,



many and curious, that were set off as the Queen approached, to the huge delight of the people. And there, once more, were patient Lady Juana and squinting Don Carlos, with a throng of noble dames and grandees, to bid her welcome to Toledo. The crowd shouted outside, and the very hill seemed to become vocal with music, as the bride crossed the patio and passed among the corinthian columns of the arcade to be welcomed by her husband.

Feasts and balls, games, bull-fights and tournaments followed day after day for weeks. Philip himself entered the lists on foot, and jousted on horseback for the honor of his lady.<sup>14</sup> Day and night the austere city resounded with music and laughter. One feast alone cost 100,000 ducats, or some millions of dollars in our money. Both King and people were so delighted with the Queen that the festivities might have gone on for months if royal persons had been gifted with immunity to disease. But Isabel presently became feverish, and then a rash appeared. She was immediately put to bed, where Philip, in spite of the warnings of the physicians that it might be smallpox, insisted upon attending her himself.

A swift courier having carried the news across the Pyrenees, Catherine de' Medici, still lingering near the border, was gravely alarmed, fearing at first that her daughter had been smitten with the foul and incurable "Italian disease" with which her grandfather Francis I had paid for his sins of venery and might have handed on to his children even unto the third and fourth generations. This apprehension of the Queen-Mother proved unfounded. Isabel's sickness was diagnosed as a light case of smallpox; and as she was careful to follow her mother's advice about using the whites of eggs, her soft dark skin remained unscarred. Catherine was greatly relieved, for she counted on her daughter's beauty to bring and keep Philip II within the sphere of her own political influence. War between France and England seemed imminent, over the claim of Mary Stuart to the English crown. Philip's partiality to Elizabeth was well known.

Of the King's feelings through all this there is no record. His wife's illness was only one of his anxieties. Before the fever left, there came a courier from the Mediterranean with news that the great fleet on which he had spent so much care and money, and which had sailed before Christmas with such high hopes of sweeping the Infidel forever from the southern sea, had had one misfortune after another. There were delays, the food ran short in consequence, the men mutinied over their deferred pay and their reluctance to sail in winter. Four thousand of the troops died of sickness, leaving ten ships unmanned. Rascally purveyors and contractors had sold bad biscuit for the voyage. Bad cooking made the matter worse, and there was continual sickness. At last, after many trials, they got to Malta on January tenth, 1560, and proceeded to Gelves. But when the great Turkish fleet suddenly appeared, poor leadership added the last touch to the record of an ill-starred voyage. The Christians, stricken with panic, suffered a terrible defeat. Sixty-five of the ships and five thousand men were lost.

The Turks were now masters of the Mediterranean.

The threat to Europe, and especially to Spain, was immediate. Philip, however, was calm and serene in misfortune. The worst of the situation was that he had no money for another fleet. Nor was there time to build when the Turk was on the sea in the high tide of his fortune. It was necessary to borrow money and to hire ships.

Then there was Don Carlos. Ever since his return to Spain the King had gone to great lengths to try to win the boy's confidence, but without much success. The coming of the Queen had not improved matters. There may be something in Brantôme's malicious hint that Carlos was jealous of his father. That the boy worshiped Isabel and that she, in pity, gave him an affection as tender as it was pure and motherly, seems plain enough. Carlos had once been promised this bride. Possibly he resented her marriage to his father.

Philip's supposed jealousy of his son, however, may be dismissed as an improbable part of the legend created by his enemies. He was making pathetic attempts not only to win the affections of Carlos, but to gain for him the respect of the people. Few heirs of the Spanish crown were ever treated with the honor bestowed on this unfortunate boy when he received the oath of allegiance of the Cortes, the grandees and the cities on February twenty-second, 1560.

Don Carlos, fifteenth Prince of the Asturias, was just fourteen years, seven months and three days of age, according to the careful chronicler, when he went to the great Cathedral on a Thursday in February, the week before Lent began, for the historic ceremony. All the wealth, grandeur, piety and beauty of Castile were assembled there. The pontifical Mass was "so excellent that it couldn't be better for a Pope's coronation." At the marvelous High Altar, where the light comes down from above on marble angels and the Archangel Raphael, patron of joy and of happy lovers, and is diffused among columns of jasper and of bronze, were two archbishops and two bishops, in vestments of silk and gold, the precious heirlooms of saints. The Princess Juana came in a litter, wearing a black gown, with pearls and other stones in her coiffure and on her hands. Her ladies attended her, and "never did the ladies go forth so richly dressed and so preciousely jeweled for any solemn ceremony as for this, and glad enough to come without the French ladies, who on account of the Queen's illness with smallpox, did not shine in the solemnity."<sup>15</sup>

Carlos, sparkling from head to foot with diamonds and pearls, but yellow from a recent fever, came to the Cathedral on a white horse caparisoned, even to the cloths that trailed the ground, in gold and silver. At his left was Don Juan of Austria, in crimson velvet bordered with gold and silver, "graceful and splendid." Young Alessandro Farnese, Prince of Parma, rode before them. Beside them went the Admiral of Castile and many other dignitaries. Some of the gold footcloths of their horses cost 2000 ducats apiece, without computing the value of the gems with which both men and beasts were sparkling. In all this magnificence Carlos took a childish delight.

At the last, preceded by four kings-of-arms and four cross-bowmen and mace-bearers, and the Count of Oropesa solemnly bearing the great sword of justice on his shoulder, came the King. It was one of those occasions when Philip laid aside his customary black and appeared in pale yellow, trimmed with twisted cords of brown and gold, over which, hanging from his shoulders, fell a robe of black velvet lined with marten-skins and studded with diamonds.

Ever since Isabel the Catholic had lifted the royal dignity from the neglect into which her weak predecessor Henry IV had allowed it to fall, with anarchy as a result, the Kings of Castile had emphasized on all public occasions the importance of their office. In private Philip dispensed with all unnecessary ceremony. In public he insisted on the observance of all customs that hedged the throne with reverence. Cabrera cites an amusing example in connection with the present ceremony. Only the King was supposed to have his head covered on the way to the Cathedral. As the weather was cold, the Count of Oropesa, having been ill, had asked permission to wear a very small cap, or *bonetillo*, and Philip had readily given his consent; but now, as the august procession approached the Cathedral, he noticed that his vassal had taken advantage of his good nature, to wear a very lofty headpiece covered with jewels.

"Take that off," said Philip.

"But your Majesty gave me permission ——"

"Take it off!"

As soon as Mass was finished, a king-of-arms cried, "Let those who are to take the oath to His Highness come to their places!"

Don Carlos sat enthroned on a platform between the King and the Princess. Don Juan of Austria occupied a raised seat a little below them. Ambassadors, *grandeess*, *ricos hombres* and *procuradores* of cities extended in hierarchical array about them. The Count of Oropesa, with the great sword still on his shoulder, and none the worse, apparently, for the exposure of his head, now announced to Princess Juana that she must be the first to swear fealty to His Highness. The Judge of the Supreme Court or *Audiencia* read the oath from a parchment in a high voice. Juana arose, and accompanied by the King and Don Carlos, advanced beyond the brocade draperies of the dais to a platform where Cardinal Tabera, Primate of Spain, was waiting. There she knelt; laying her hand on the Holy Gospels and on a Cross, she swore to obey Prince Carlos and to hold him to be the legitimate heir of those realms. She then turned to kiss His Highness' hand, but Carlos impulsively threw his arms about her and refused to let her kiss his hand. A watchful Venetian ambassador had reported that it was believed by some that the Princess wished to marry Carlos, "who seems very fond of her, although some years younger than she is, and on this account the Prince's governors never allow him to remain alone with the Princess, perhaps by the King's orders."<sup>16</sup>

The judge now called the most illustrious Don Juan of Austria. The handsome boy made a low reverence as he took the oath. As he advanced to take the Prince's hand, Carlos snatched it away. Juan persevered, and after a slight struggle got possession of the hand and kissed it.

There was a similar scene, to Philip's mortification, when the prelates advanced to take the oath. Carlos manifested an anti-clerical spirit that recalled that of his great-grandmother, Juana the Mad, and possibly gave rise to the beginning of the northern legend that he was secretly a heretic with Lutheran tendencies. He refused to give them his hand until sternly ordered to do so by his father. The *grandeess* then took the oath. The last to kneel was the Duke of Alba, who, having sworn with his hand on the Bible and the Cross, started to retire (whether through forgetfulness or by intention) without kissing the Prince's hand. Carlos angrily reminded him of the omission. The Duke then hastened to make amends and to apologize; whereat Carlos effusively embraced him.

Altogether it was an uncomfortable day for Philip. It was now apparent to him, and to all the court, that his only son would probably never be fit to rule anything, much less the greatest kingdom in Europe and the most extensive empire known to history. Philip seems to have loved the boy with a pathetic devotion and patience and was not willing to give up hope for him until every expedient had been tried. Carlos was sane, even if eccentric. Since he was young and at a difficult age, it might be that education would develop self-respect and a sense of responsibility. Philip counted much on the influence of Don Juan, so apparently superior in every way to the legitimate heir, and on that of Alessandro; and he decided to send all three to Alcalá to pursue their Latin, philosophy and other studies. In the spring the three boys were packed off to the University town, where Carlos was given a house of his own, with grave councillors to advise and instruct him in State matters, in the hope that some realization of his position would come to him.

The Queen having recovered, the feasts now continued joyously. For several weeks the King gave himself up heartily to pleasures. All through the penitential season of the Church he continued the festivities. On the first Sunday of Lent he jousted on horseback. Next day he was a challenger in a tourney in the courtyard of the Alcázar, and fought six cavaliers with sword and rapier. On the following Sunday, with Don Juan of Austria and Alessandro Farnese as his aides, he fought on horseback furiously with spears, and then on foot with rapiers, for a whole hour without a moment's rest, until all were exhausted. As a result the King had a fever, and had to remain in bed three days. He was about again on March thirteenth, but had a relapse after the cane game of the following Sunday.

He had recovered on March thirtieth, but was still weak. "The King is wont to go abroad very often to amuse himself, for several days without transacting business, from which he with reason chooses to be exempt when indisposed." He kept



Lord Montague and the other English ambassadors waiting ten days to see him. They complained bitterly, and suspected that his illness was feigned; and they disliked their lodgings. On April seventh, which was Palm Sunday, His Majesty, still not very strong, led a squadron in the cane game, and "played his part very well and gracefully, although the queen sent to beg him to depart a little before the end of the entertainment, together with Ruy Gómez, who is not yet cured of his quartain ague." That night there was a bull-bait, and the bulls were very ferocious. The King transacted business for three days, and then went alone to Calatrava to prepare for Easter. The grandees were delighted when Holy Week put an end to the celebrations, for they were tired of so much expense.<sup>17</sup>

Philip remained away two and a half weeks. "He avoids business as much as possible," wrote Tiepolo. He returned to Toledo on April twenty-fourth, absenting himself on the twenty-third, Saint George's day, to avoid having to wear the insignia of the Garter; this, as a rebuke to Elizabeth and her ambassadors for the part Cecil's agents had played in the great anti-Catholic plot recently discovered in France. The King was so exasperated that he told the French envoy he would make war on the English Queen unless she desisted.<sup>18</sup>

However imposing His Majesty might appear to the public, the real government of Spain, from 1559 to 1566 (except for a few intervals) was in the hands of the Duke of Alba, "who, for counsel, authority and ability," wrote Tiepolo, "occupies the chief place at this court."<sup>19</sup> In fact, "it is incredible that the King will form any fresh and important decision without the opinion of the Duke of Alba, to whose authority and knowledge he defers more than to those of any one else."<sup>20</sup>

Alba was head of the dominant faction in the Court, Ruy Gómez of the other. Although the King depended more on Alba for advice, he loved the friend of his boyhood, as Tiepolo noticed, as much as ever; and Ruy Gómez made determined efforts to displace the Duke. Ranged on his side were all the rich and powerful Mendozas with their connections, including a very considerable Jewish admixture. His wife, the fascinating one-eyed Princess of Eboli, was Ana de Mendoza, daughter of the Marqués of Mondéjar. The Duke of Francavilla and many other notables were on their side. When Don Bernardino de Mendoza, admiral of the fleet, died, they asked that he be succeeded by his son, Don Juan de Mendoza. But Alba persuaded the King to name one of his relatives, Don García de Toledo. The Mendozas were furious, but Alba remained in favor.

An incident occurred in July, 1560, which is revealing both as to Alba and the King. When the Court moved to Madrid, the Duke was known to be dissatisfied over the confidence His Majesty was beginning to repose in Secretary Eraso, a legacy from the Emperor, noted for his judgment in financial and other matters. Alba "wishes everything to depend upon himself alone, nor can he suffer others, unworthy to be compared with him, to have power equal to his and superior in some respects."<sup>21</sup> One day when King Philip had closeted himself with Eraso to discuss an important matter and had told him not to open the door for any one until they had finished, a heavy knock sounded, and the door was tried. The knocking was repeated, more imperiously. Eraso then approached, and said His Majesty was there and could not be disturbed.

"It is the Duke of Alba," said a voice outside.

Eraso repeated the King's orders. When Alba persisted, he opened the door to explain further, "when the Duke, in a rage, less from having been denied entry than because the King was taking counsel privily from this person, whom the Duke considers his personal enemy and opposed to him, let fly in the King's hearing a volley of abuse against Eraso, and in a violent rage asked His Majesty to give him leave to go home, as he could no longer tolerate such contemptuous treatment.

"The King replied that the Duke had little cause for such great anger, and the Duke rejoined that the causes of his anger were great and just, as they concerned both honor and substance, because for His Majesty's service he had sold and mortgaged many estates, and that in lieu of the reward given him by the King in Flanders, from which he had hitherto derived but little benefit, he should prefer being recompensed for those expenses, as equity and justice required; but that the King should well remember how, after the toil endured by the Duke in his service in Italy, and after security had been established there, he was deprived of that government that he might be much more opposed and harassed at this court, where he was at length so despised that Eraso dared to shut the door in his face, though he, the Duke, was the King's *majordomo*; wherefore he prayed His Majesty to give him leave to go home, that he might live there with his mind more quiet and at ease. The King did all he could to appease the Duke, but at length, as the Duke insisted on having leave of absence, His Majesty said he would grant it him for a few days, but not as he required it."

Alba went to his estates. "Even now," wrote Tiepolo two months later, "he does not say when he will return, notwithstanding the King's repeated orders for him to do so; and as a favorable demonstration the King has sent to ask the Duke's advice about various matters . . . This court suffers greatly, for he exceeds all other ministers in experience and judgment."<sup>22</sup>

Not until the end of October, when His Majesty returned to Toledo "from his field sports" was the great Duke again seen in his company. At another of Alba's absences, he said he would not return as long as Ruy Gómez was at Court. A few months later, when there was talk of making new Cardinals at Rome, he persuaded the King not to canvas for any Spaniard, on the ground that the Spanish cardinals at Rome were of little help, considering the large gratuities paid them; one Spanish cardinal cost as much in pensions as five Italians, and did less. When Don Francisco de Pacheco, a friend of Alba, received the Red Hat in 1561, the Mendoza faction alleged that Alba had deceived the King to give his own candidate a clear field. His

Majesty, according to the Venetian ambassador, was displeased, "but dissembles his dissatisfaction as much as possible."<sup>23</sup>

At the end of his first year in Spain Philip was almost bankrupt. His war with Pope Paul IV had left him in debt to the Fuggers alone more than three million ducats in Spain and Flanders. He owed another million-and-a-half to the fairs, and huge sums to the Genoese. To meet those debts he passed a law arbitrarily cutting the interest on his loans to five per cent—in some cases from 12 per cent. He still had possession of the estate of Siliceo, amounting to 700,000 ducats. Pope Pius IV granted him the *cruzada* for three years, equivalent to 900,000 ducats. Yet his expenses were mounting rapidly. It cost millions to build the fleet of 100 vessels with which, as he remarked to the nuncio, he intended to make the Turks repent of the trick they had played him. For the households of the King, the Queen, Don Carlos, Don Juan, and the galleys of Spain and Genoa, a million-and-a-half of ducats per year were required.<sup>24</sup>

Philip was a princely giver to those he liked. Even in those days of stress he lavished fortunes in jewels and clothing on his Queen. Brantôme noticed that she never wore a dress more than once or twice, and then gave it to one of her ladies, and that the most modest of her gowns cost three or four hundred crowns, "for the King her husband supplies her very superbly with such things."<sup>25</sup> The Cortes of 1560, at Philip's request, made her an allowance of 400,000 ducats for three years, "for shoes"—pin-money, as we should say.<sup>26</sup> Her household was large and magnificent, including four physicians, a dwarf, clowns and musicians. At dinner she was attended by thirty ladies, one as a cupbearer, two as carvers. Like her husband, she enjoyed jesters and buffoons after dinner, and always had music about her. She loved the theatre, and patronized Lope de Rueda, but not too handsomely, it would seem; in the fall of 1561 she paid him 200 *reals* for two comedies.

When she was thrown from her carriage by the catching of her train in a wheel, the King had his Master of the Horse imprisoned for carelessness in arranging Her Majesty's apparel. She was only shaken up, but the doctors bled her just the same.<sup>27</sup> While she was at a shrine six leagues from Toledo, at the beginning of 1561, she was seized with what appeared to them to be a second attack of smallpox. The eruption covered her entire body, even her tongue, mouth and throat, so that she could swallow nothing, even liquids, without the greatest difficulty. "The King, on hearing of his consort's illness, went postwise to her, remaining constantly in her chamber, and taking special care about her treatment and diet." But in spite of the copious bloodletting with which the physicians sought to repress the rash (as they believed they had done in the first attack) she was so pock-marked on recovering that she refused to let any one see her for several days.<sup>28</sup>

Within six months after their marriage, Philip sent all her French servants back to France, replacing them with Spaniards, "with whose service," wrote the Venetian envoy, "I understand the Queen and the ladies are much more satisfied, for the Frenchmen were very ill-dressed, dirty, careless, and disrespectful in their service, whereas the Spaniards make a good appearance, both in apparel and cleanliness, and are so intent on their employment that they leave nothing to be wished for, and so respectful and obsequious, according to the national custom, that they seem to adore the ladies rather than to wait upon them."<sup>29</sup>

As the trying climate of Toledo never agreed with Isabel, her husband, early in 1561, took her to Valladolid, and thence to Madrid, where he had the old Alcázar renovated, and made it his capital. Certainly Madrid was more healthful than Toledo, and more healthful than it is now. Prescott apparently forgets, in his strictures on the new capital, that in Philip's time it was protected by great forests of oak and pine, which have since perished. Popular historians and biographers have portrayed Philip in the act of sticking a pin into the exact middle of the Peninsula, on a map, and deciding to build his capital there. This agrees with the legend that there was something inhumanly cold and deliberate in the man. The story overlooks the fact that Charles V, years before, had planned to change his seat of government to Madrid. Philip was merely carrying out his father's wish. Perhaps he had promised to do so.<sup>30</sup>

There has been a similar controversy about the Escorial. Bratli cites the testimony of a monk who asserted that he had heard from his brother that Philip claimed to have made a vow on the day of the Battle of Saint Quentin to build a monastery in honor of Saint Lawrence, replacing one destroyed by his artillery. Louis Bertrand believes this. Professor Merriman gravely questions it, on the strange ground that Philip was not present at the fray; and adds that the retirement of the Emperor to Yuste probably strengthened Philip's desire to build himself a residence in combination with a monastery and church, such as the Emperor had asked to have provided for his sepulchre. None of them seems to have noticed that Cabrera explicitly denies the story of the vow at the battle, a story current during Philip's lifetime: no monastery was destroyed, he says, and no vow was made. However, since Philip had such success on the feast of San Lorenzo, and on his octave day, he decided, out of gratitude and devotion to the great Spanish martyr, to honor him in commemorating the event. The project took more definite form after his return to Spain. Philip himself gave a pretty complete account of his own motives in the decree he published on the subject when the cornerstone of the building was laid in 1563.

He had wanted to build some suitable monument, he said, to show his gratitude for all the blessings God had given to him and to Spain. Furthermore, the Emperor, in the codicil of his will made at *San Jeronimo de San Justo*, had requested him to provide a suitable burial-place for him and for the Empress, "my lady and mother, for it is a right and decent thing that their bodies be very honorably entombed, and that continuous prayers, sacrifices, commemorations and memorials be made for their souls; and since furthermore We have decided that when it shall please God to take Us to himself, Our body shall be buried in



the same place and side by side with that of the most serene Princess Doña Maria, Our very dear and beloved wife who is now in her glory, and that of the Queen Lady Isabel, who also wishes to be buried with Us, when it shall please God to take her . . . for which considerations we found and build the monastery of San Lorenzo el Real near the town of Escorial, in the diocese and archbishopric of Toledo, and We dedicate it and name it for the blessed Saint Lawrence on account of the particular devotion which, as I have said, We ought to have to this glorious saint, and in memory of the favor and victories which We commenced to receive from God on the day of his feast . . ."<sup>31</sup>

As soon as he moved to Madrid, Philip began looking for a suitable site. It took him two years to choose, from among several possibilities, a piece of high ground about fifty kilometres from Madrid, among the Carpentano mountains. He had plans drawn and a complete model made by his chief architect, Juan Baptista de Toledo. On April eighteenth, 1563, the King himself broke the ground with a pickaxe, in the presence of a distinguished throng, and named the place *San Lorenzo el Real de la Vitoria*. Workmen then began leveling off the ground, which was covered with copses and patches of rockroses, interspersed with pasture-land. In a surprisingly short time a great space was cleared, filled in, and leveled off. Stakes were driven, trenches dug for the foundations, and the first stone laid on April twenty-third.<sup>32</sup> The formal dedication occurred on August twentieth of that year. Philip's confessor, the Franciscan bishop of Cuenca, blessed the cornerstone and offered the work to God.

Philip, as Bratli has said, was the real architect. Nothing was done, even to the smallest detail, without his approval. Whenever he could spare time from his duties at Madrid he was likely to be found talking to the workmen, or sitting on the curious knoll called the King's Seat (for the hill naturally resembled a great chair) watching the progress of the building.

He had a passion for thoroughness and accuracy in everything he did, preferring a thing well done, rather than done quickly. The dilatoriness and procrastination for which he has been so much blamed, were the result not so much of temperament, as of principle, deliberately adopted; taken over, in fact, with other legacies from the Emperor, who "in pursuance of his system," wrote a Venetian ambassador in 1556, chose always "to be blamed for dilatoriness rather than do anything inconsiderate in haste."<sup>33</sup> In fact, after he had his fling in 1560 and settled down to business, it became apparent to most careful observers that in between his maskings and reveling, he had been seriously studying the difficult art of government, and was remarkably skilled in it for his years.<sup>34</sup> Suriano in 1559 wrote of his unfailing courtesy, his virile presence, his "acts and words full of majesty and sweetness," and noticed that he dressed quietly but always in perfect taste. Salazar de Mendoza recalled somewhat later that he was "grave, serene and agreeable."<sup>35</sup> Is this flattery? Cabrera, who does not hesitate to criticize the monarch whom he and his father both served, calls him "religious, wise, powerful but tractable, beneficent, just, ready to reward, grave, severe, constant, modest, unflatterable, inexorable against the pertinacious, without partiality, without deceit, with great zeal for the honor of God."<sup>36</sup>

Philip was still immature in many respects at thirty-five. But experienced diplomats, well versed in human nature, were beginning to see that under his pliant, peaceable and pleasure-loving exterior there was a man of solid qualities, who understood what it meant to be a king, and could work hard when he had to. It was noticed that he was more severe than formerly to all disturbers of public order—criminals, heretics, traitors, rebels, pseudo-mystics, dishonest judges or other venal officials. His subjects, says a contemporary, "would not have endured his rigor if he had not been wise and good." He seemed to them "not hard, but august . . . People feared him, but it was with a reverent fear."<sup>37</sup> They knew that he loved justice above everything, and that he was consistent in enforcing his decrees. He was as severe with his own officials as he was with others. And, above all, he was severe with himself.

The simplicity of his personal tastes and habits (for little by little he abandoned the elaborate Flemish routine Charles had forced upon him and reverted to the old Castilian ways) endeared him to the Spanish. He had the lofty medieval conception of the duties of his office and the respect owing to it. On the other hand, he respected the constitutional rights of the people. When the Inquisition punished a preacher who had declared in the King's presence that the royal power was absolute and unlimited and could do no wrong, Philip made no protest. Never in his life did he make any such claim to despotic power as Henry VIII or as Francis I made. Yet one still reads in English and French histories of Philip's "absolutism" and "despotism."

He was always accessible to the people, at all times and in all places. Imagine him leaving the old Alcázar at Madrid, with perhaps a last approving look at the ceilings which he has had regilded to please his bride. He gets into his carriage and is driven through foul streets (as most streets then were) past some beautiful gardens and many brick houses, to the Cathedral. He hears Mass with great attention and reverence, and will allow no interruption until the end; leaves the church after Mass, and is about to get into his carriage when a poor woman approaches him, weeping. Perhaps she falls on her knees and Philip raises her. Perhaps he merely says, "Calm yourself," a favorite expression with him: "*Sosegaos*. Tell me what you want." The woman tells her grievance. He asks a few brief, pungent questions, cuts short her long explanations, her flattery or her thanks, and says, "I will look into this. Thank you for telling me."

He seldom if ever says at once, "I will grant what you ask." He always investigates, or turns the matter over to the proper official; but he will keep his promise, if possible, and will do what needs to be done. The people know this, and are grateful.

Perhaps a workman speaks to him on his way back to the Alcázar. Any one, high or low, may do so; or may visit him at certain hours in his apartments. He has his breakfast. Meat forms a large part of his diet, for it is still generally believed to be better than fruit or vegetables; and Philip will pay for this later on with gout. But now he is comparatively healthy. For two hours he dictates letters and instructions to secretaries, giving them enough to keep them and his councillors busy for a whole day. He reads over all his letters with care, sometimes adds a line or two in his own handwriting; and, if anything is wrong or omitted, has the work done over. Each letter must be neat and attractive, as well as correct. He has a passion for cleanliness, cannot endure a spot on the floor or a streak on the wall or a cobweb in a corner.

He has all the papers on his desk arranged in order, and knows just where each one is. One day he steps into the next room to discuss something with Secretary Mateo Vázquez. Looking through the door, he sees an aide turning over the papers on the desk, looking for a memorandum. He controls his anger, saying in a crisp, matter-of-fact way,

"Tell him I don't order his head cut off on account of the services his Uncle Sebastian de Santojo has rendered me." The wretch shivers, knowing that His Majesty is capable of carrying out this threat if he gets the notion that the good of the country demanded it.

Sometimes he keeps on an old secretary who has outlived his usefulness, and makes work for him. There is old Juan Vázquez, for instance. Rather than turn him loose, he has him assemble and write a history of all the royal secretaries from the time of Almazan, secretary to Ferdinand and Isabel, to the present—"a work more copious than curious," as Cabrera drily remarks; but it keeps the old fellow alive and happy for a while.

He is jealous of his royal dignity, as Oropesa and many others have learned. Of personal vanity he appears to have very little. He enters a room of the palace where Sancho Coello is at work on a canvas. As the artist begins to arise, Philip says, "Don't get up. Go on with your painting." After watching a few moments, he steals away silently. He will laugh and joke, or seriously discuss a statue, with his sculptor Leon Leoni of Arezzo. He will talk man-to-man fashion with a workman at the Escorial. He can chat familiarly with an ambassador. On getting news of the complex situation at the Conclave, he laughs and says to Tiepolo, the Venetian envoy, "What funny notions these Cardinals have!" All the time he is watching the Italian to see what he thinks.

On public occasions or in the council chamber he never forgot his position. He was "grave, royal, pregnant of speech," sometimes terrible in his short and cold rebukes. "Hearing evil spoken of others, he would turn away his face, especially if they were ministers." If any one tried to flatter him, he would say, "Stop that, and come to the point."<sup>38</sup> When any one asked him to do an unjust thing, he would say, "I can't do that." More commonly he would say, "That will have to be looked into," or "I will inquire into that." Many of his pungent expressions were repeated with enjoyment by the people. "One could make a good volume of his apothegms," wrote Cabrera.

No matter how long-winded a visitor was, Philip listened to him patiently, if he seemed to have good intentions. It was something of an ordeal to visit him, for "he took note of all that was said, with admirable attention, looking the suppliant over from head to foot from the moment he entered until he left, noting his words and how he said them.

Many men have testified to the overpowering effect of Philip's presence. Cabrera does not exaggerate much when he says that people who had been tried in a thousand ordeals, on the battlefield, in the council-chamber, in the pulpit—soldiers, bishops, scholars, eminent preachers—were so confused when they first came into his presence that they were unable to speak. Sometimes strangers would come with elegant speeches carefully written out; but even so they were disturbed. There was, for example, a certain papal nuncio named Julian Posevino, "a learned man of no common eloquence," who stammered and halted on the second sentence of a prepared oration, until the King helped him, saying, with agreeable aspect, "If you have brought it in writing, I will read it, to save time."<sup>39</sup> To people who were nervous or frightened, he often said, gently, "*Sosegaos*—compose yourself."

In his quest for justice, he was not always severe. He put himself to a great deal of trouble to reconcile enemies. Between unfriendly families he would arrange marriages, and between great families in different parts of the country, to iron out local jealousies. Like the great Isabel, he showed a rare talent for ending feuds and factions without the use of force. He made peace between the Dukes of Medina Sidonia and the Dukes of Arcos, after a long enmity originating in a dispute over the curbstone of a well in Sevilla. He reconciled the Agramontes and the Beaumontes in Navarre, the Oñez and the Gambons in Viscaya, the Giles and the Negretes in la Montana. If a noble were fractious, seditious, or quarrelsome, he found a way to handle him without alienating his family and all his relations: he would send him traveling on a mission, or pack him off to the wars. He ordered a troublesome official in Catalonia to come to court, and kept him there six years before he allowed him to return home. As a result of all this, men were beginning to say that Spain had not been so peaceful in a hundred years. There were civil wars and revolts under Juan II, Henry IV, Ferdinand and Isabel, much unrest under Philip the Fair, the bloody revolution of the *comunidades* under Charles V. Under Philip II, there was peace.

Philip won the affection of his people as well as their respect by his evident concern for their welfare, especially in times of public disaster. His relief work during fires, famines, epidemics and floods was prompt and efficient. When Valladolid burned in November, 1562, he gave 50,000 ducats to rebuild it. He distributed great quantities of food and clothing even in such remote sections as Galicia, La Mancha and the mountains. During periods of scarcity, he employed sometimes as



many as three thousand people, men, women and children, on the Escorial alone, not to mention other public works. One year he had them clearing away stones from the pasture lands round about, "a useless thing," says Cabrera, "but he did it only to keep them busy at something, and gave salaries even to the women and children."<sup>40</sup> The contrast between this policy and the sweeping of thousands of the poor off the pasture lands stolen from the Church in England, to starve or take to crime as the case might be, is obvious but seldom noticed.

During those first years Philip was so popular that he went about where he pleased without a guard, like a private citizen. When he traveled, "cities emptied themselves, and the highways were thronged with those who ran with admiration to see the one who governed them in peace and justice, blessing him, and wishing him prosperity, long life, and all the joys he could desire."<sup>41</sup>

He was a king to be envied, with many joys and few troubles, when he left his wife to spend Holy Week of 1560 in prayer and meditation at the holy cross of Calatrava. It was good to get away from the noisy city. Madrid may have been healthier than Toledo, but it was not quiet. At break of day one could hear the *gallegos* in the streets, selling water from the three fountains. At night, by the flickering light of the lanterns carried by the *alguaciles* of the watch on their rounds, or of the taper before a devout image or cross, one could see the street women beginning to saunter in their finery, and hear the lictor driving them away, or warning young men against the French disease. All day the sons of trade cried their wares almost to the very flagstone pavements of the palace—Flemish merchants, French hawkers, Genoese extortioners and usurers, dealers in Negro slaves. On summer nights one heard the wild young *jinetes* riding to the Prado of Saint Jerome, and those lovers that Camillo Borghese told of, laughing in the Prado. Philip had designs for ridding this city of some of its nuisances and frailties, but it would take time. As they still say in Spain of any long, interminable job, "it's work on the Escorial."

In summer he and his Queen went to the palace at Aranjuez, which he had made over. From time to time he had built those gardens which were to make it a Spanish Versailles. It was he, after his visit to England, who first planted the elms that still adorn it.

It was good to be a king and to be still young, and in Spain.



## Catherine de' Medici [1560]

**F**RANCE was not so fortunate. It was too bad, said Philip on more than one occasion, that the French had no Inquisition. They were defenseless against the sort of subversive societies that bored into State councils, courts of law, parliaments, nobility and clergy. Never, perhaps, was he more pleased with the achievements of the Holy Office in Spain than in March, 1560, when, about the time of his illness from too much jousting, there came reports of the great conspiracy that had been discovered north of the Pyrenees. It must have been a depressing moment, however, when he learned from l'Aubespine, Bishop of Limoges, ambassador of France, that, although the spearhead of the attack was aimed at the heart of France, the ultimate purpose was the destruction of the Christian order of Europe; and that the whole intrigue had been traced back to Cecil's government in England. This, according to Tiepolo (who had the story from l'Aubespine), was probably the true reason for King Philip's displeasure with the English ambassadors.

Queen Elizabeth, shortly after her accession, had sent emissaries to the kings of Denmark and Sweden, the princes of Germany and the rulers of Switzerland "and all States alienated from the Catholic Church," proposing a league "not only for the defense of their religion but for its propagation . . . and not so much for the security of her own affairs as to cause trouble and detriment to the Crown of France. To dispose men's minds to this effect she sent four English preachers, four Germans and one Frenchman, from England to Germany, who, feigning to be moved by religious zeal and ardor, went to visit many cities and princes, sometimes themselves preaching what they thought might most facilitate their object, and sometimes making the local preachers perform the like office."<sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile a Scot and a Frenchman went from Scotland to England, and thence to Paris, whither, at their bidding, hastened forty ministers from Geneva. They assembled, with other propagandists maintained by the Calvinist Congregation of Geneva, at a place outside Paris, whence they flocked to various assigned districts of France, of which they called themselves the bishops. While an intensive campaign of vituperation was being carried on against the Catholic Church, Duke Francis of Guise, his brother the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the Queen-Mother, Catherine de' Medici, arms were to be raised and troops levied; then a march was to be made on the court of young Francis II, on the sixteenth day of March, 1560. Duke Francis and the Cardinal, as leaders of the Catholic party and chief advisers of the King, were to be killed outright. Calvin had said it was lawful to slay those who hindered the preaching of the gospel. The King was to be slain if he refused to accept the conditions proposed to him. His mother was to be expelled. His three younger brothers and sister were to be placed under preceptors who would make sure that they became Protestants. Two preachers would then carry the gospel of Calvinism to every city of the land. Funds to pay for all this were to be raised by the pillaging of certain designated rich churches by the cohorts of Reform, on their way to the court.<sup>2</sup>

The Cardinal of Lorraine told Michiel, Venetian ambassador in France, that the plot originated at Geneva in 1559, a month after the death of Henry II, and that Queen Elizabeth was implicated. This statement finds some support in a letter of Throckmorton, ambassador of Cecil's government at the French court, on July thirteenth, 1559, the very day after the death of Henry II, advising Queen Elizabeth that the moment was favorable for all who wished to get revenge on France, and a good time for England to think of regaining Calais.<sup>3</sup>

On all this struggle against the Catholic order of Europe the marital affairs of Philip II had had a curious bearing. His second marriage in England had led him to the decision that placed Elizabeth and Cecil in power. But his determination to make peace with France, and to cement the new understanding by marriage to the daughter of the French King, was a serious threat to the new government of England. It was in celebration of the Peace of Cateau-Cambresis and of the engagement of his daughter to Philip that Henry II, jousting, got the wound which caused his death.



France was left in the weak and inexperienced hands of young Francis II and his wife Mary Stuart. Between them and the international pack who sought to destroy or control them stood the Catholic party of the Guises led by the Cardinal of Lorraine, a great and loyal statesman (if somewhat too ambitious and covetous) who loved France and the Church, and by his brother Duke Francis, who having beaten Alba at Metz and having completed the work of Saint Joan by recovering Calais, was the idol of the people, especially in Paris.

When the French court went to Blois after the departure of the Princess Isabel for Spain just before Christmas, 1559, the secret intrigue was spreading all over Europe. Of its magnitude and malign intent there can be no doubt. In France its moving spirit was Louis de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, who entrusted the execution of the treasonable business to a country gentleman of Perigord, Barry, lord of La Renaudie, a man as rash and as lacking in judgment as himself. So much is generally admitted.

There is less agreement on the details, as revealed later by the confessions of various prisoners, though it must be admitted that some of the most improbable objectives of the plotters were actually realized later. Many of the officers of Anthony, King of Navarre, were found actively engaged. Gaspard de Heu was accused of having gone as his emissary to the Geneva Protestants. La Renaudie went to Switzerland to see Calvin, who evidently was fully informed. According to the confession of Captain Masières, one of the officers of Navarre, the Spanish Protestants in Switzerland were occupied with a design against Philip II; part of their plot envisaged an uprising of the Moriscos to terrorize the Christian population in Spain. Francis Hotman, a lawyer, carried the plan of the conspiracy from his father-in-law Prevost, lord of Saint Germaine, to Sturm and other Protestant refugees at Strasbourg. Afterwards he and Sturm denounced each other. The chiefs of the various factions in the plot held a meeting on February fifth, 1560. Three weeks later Calvin was informed by Sturm, Hotman and others that 40,000 men were under arms, ready to march. This is doubtless an exaggeration. Nevertheless, unsuspecting young Mary Stuart and her husband were hedged about by a very real peril.

It was as Calvin feared, however: there were leaks here and there. A nobleman named Pierre Avenelles sent to the King word of mysterious meetings in the house of a Calvinist neighbor. As a known enemy of the man he denounced, he was not believed. Margaret of Parma, Regent of the Low Countries, discovered some of the ramifications of the conspiracy there, and informed Granvelle, who notified King Francis. On February twelfth the Cardinal of Lorraine first learned of what was going on.

Duke Francis of Guise then acted promptly. As Blois was too difficult to defend with the few troops available, he attempted to foil the enemy by taking the King and Queen from forest to forest, from chateau to chateau, until they arrived, on February twenty-second, at the well-fortified castle of Amboise, on the Loire. There Catherine de' Medici summoned Admiral Coligny (he was Condé's cousin and well known to be a Huguenot) on the pretext that she feared an attack by the English fleet.

Two days after the royal family arrived at Amboise, Throckmorton put in an appearance. He had been at Metz and other places on the eastern frontier, and the Guises believed he had been looking for a good place to attack France through Germany. The Cardinal of Lorraine at once escorted Cecil's ambassador to the King and the Queen-Mother. In the presence of Coligny, his brother Cardinal Chatillon, Mary Stuart and others, Lorraine accused him of being a party to the intrigue. Throckmorton denied the charge. He was almost as skilful as Cecil in covering up traces.

Arrests were made and confessions obtained, some by torture. As Guizot admits (and he is no friend of the Lorraine princes) the proofs obtained against Condé were conclusive. Parties of French gentlemen began making sallies from Amboise to look for the advancing Protestants. La Renaudie, riding frantically about to rally his forces, was apparently on the way to make a desperate raid on Amboise when he was intercepted by some of the Guise party, defeated, and killed in the fight. His body was taken to Amboise to be hanged on a gallows. There were numerous other arrests, followed by confessions and executions. Calvin denied any complicity in the plot, which he said was stupidly conceived and badly executed.

Duke Francis of Guise was again hailed as the savior of his King and of France and of the Church. The power of the Lorraine princes seemed secure. The Huguenot cause appeared to have suffered a mortal blow. Yet the Tumult of Amboise, as it was to be known in history, was the real beginning of the long bloody series of Huguenot Wars, from whose consequences France has never recovered, even to this day.

The first blow at the supremacy of the Guises was the appointment, as Chancellor, of Michel de l'Hôpital. He had won the confidence of the Queen-Mother and the Cardinal of Lorraine. He professed to be a Catholic. Yet one of his first acts (April, 1560) was to obtain through Catherine the Edict of Romorantin, which was the opening wedge for toleration of the new doctrines and which prevented the introduction of the Inquisition, a project of the Guises. Condé was arrested when he attended the meeting of the States-General at Orleans, and condemned to death. L'Hôpital saved his life by refusing to sign the warrant.

The second and more serious misfortune of the Guises was the death of King Francis II on December fifth, 1560. The news reached the Court of Spain just before Christmas, and caused not only grief but deep concern over what would happen in France. Mary Stuart, over night, had become of no importance there. All the power that her uncles, the Guises, had held now slipped into the hands of the Queen-Mother. The new King, Charles IX, was only twelve. Who could say what Catherine de' Medici would do?

How much, after all, did this Italian woman, this descendant of Florentine money-lenders, care about France? Her own flesh and blood she loved, even though it had been badly tainted by the vices of the dying strain of the Valois (she had feared that the smallpox of her daughter *Isabel de la Paz* was something worse; and the brain of young Francis II was found to be almost wholly decomposed; still, they were hers and she loved them). For years in the court of Francis I she had been snubbed and neglected because she was thought to be barren. Then she had borne ten children in rapid succession. Besides Charles IX and the Queen of Spain, there now survived Henry, Duke of Anjou; Hercules (who, taking his dead brother's name, became Francis of Alençon); and Marguerite of Valois, all rather pitiful specimens of royalty.

Under the placid and patient exterior of Catherine an unsuspected ambition now revealed itself. If it arose partly from the need of self-assertion in a personality long suppressed, partly from mother-love, it received strong nourishment from two outside sources. One was *Il Principe*, which Machiavelli had dedicated to her father Duke Cosimo, and whose pagan maxims were Catherine's political bible (for, although her heart was Catholic, her mind was not). The other was the almost incredible influence that the Jewish astrologer and quack, Nostradamus, had over her will. She firmly believed in his prediction, made a few years previously, that all her children would sit upon thrones.<sup>4</sup>

Catherine now found herself confronting three important parties. She might have made sure of peace and unity in France, and of a limited support from Philip II (now that Mary Stuart was no longer Queen of France) against England, if she had been willing to efface herself and leave young Charles in the loyal and masterful hands of the Catholic Guises, descendants of Charlemagne and of Saint Louis. But Catherine wanted power for herself. She was doubtless afraid that in time she would lose all control of the House of Lorraine.

As a Catholic she shrank from giving place to the Huguenots, the leaders of whom, moreover, were quite as domineering as the Guises, and far more unscrupulous. Numerically they were never even a large minority in France. As late as 1569, indeed, they comprised only one-thirtieth of the common people.<sup>5</sup> Their strength was among the nobility, especially those old families of the southern provinces where the Cathari had anticipated many doctrines of Luther and Calvin as early as the twelfth century.

No form of Protestantism ever made much headway as a religion in France. Calvinism did so rather as a political movement. It is worth noticing that like English Protestantism, it was neither indigenous nor democratic, but crept in surreptitiously as an international force and worked its way down through families of wealth, usually connected by ties of marriage and interest.

It may be said to have found a doorway into France through the unprincipled mind of that immoral woman, Louise of Savoy. Her flippant son became King Francis I, whose policies and wars weakened the authority of the Church and whose protection of some of the first heretical preachers gave a foothold first to Lutheranism, then to Calvinism (though he also had Lutherans burned!). Her daughter, Marguerite of Angoulême, became Queen of Navarre and protectress of the principal seedplot of heresy in France; sharing with her friend the Dame de Soubize, her cousin Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara, and Gabrielle d'Etampes, mistress of her royal brother, the honor of mothering the "Reformation" there.

It was from Marguerite's corrupt court that Anne Boleyn returned to England with Protestant views and pagan morals. It was under her protection that Lefevre defended Reuchlin and taught Farel and Rousel. It was her daughter Jeanne d'Albret who became the heretical wife of foolish King Anthony of Navarre and mother of Henry of Bearne (later Henry IV); and the Prince of Condé, stuttering, brave, deformed, yet debonair, was Anthony's nephew. It was in her court, finally, and by her example and influence that Louise de Montmorency grew up so staunch a Calvinist. She was related to the Constable Anne de Montmorency, who flirted with political Protestantism but remained a Catholic, and to Montigny and his brother Hornes, leaders of the revolt against Philip II in the Netherlands. Her real influence upon French history came through her marriage to General Gaspard Coligny the elder, and the secret instruction in heresy she gave her children.

Of her four sons, Odet, the eldest, had been made a Cardinal in early youth by the Medici Pope Clement VII; at the instance of Francis I. Though never a priest, he voted in two papal conclaves, and was an excellent example of that corruption in the Church which he inveighed against so piously after he was expelled from it; living with great luxury and ostentation in Paris, patron of Rabelais and Ronsard, paramour of Ysabel de Hauteville, and cause of much murmuring among the poor against the Church whose most sacred teachings he privately mocked. It had been known since the scandal of 1558 that he was a Huguenot. He hesitated to leave the Church, even after Pope Paul IV appointed him one of Three Inquisitors for France; some thought, to force him to declare himself. When he had Communion given in the Protestant fashion at his church in Beauvais in 1561, the common people were so incensed that they rose up and drove him from his diocese. Excommunicated by Pope Pius IV in 1563, he sought a reconciliation, but lapsed again. In 1564 he married his mistress and became openly a part of the international left-wing.

His brother d'Andelot, a good soldier, was lacking in powers of leadership. Another brother, Gaspard, better known as Admiral Coligny, was the most impressive member of the family, with a regal presence, a persuasive personality, and a genius for intrigue and organization, second only, perhaps, to that of Cecil. His character, like those of other leaders in that titanic war for the mastery of the world, has been hotly disputed. But even in Spain, whose enemy he was, his virtues were admitted. Cabrera, for example, calls him "the mover of the machine, quick in tongue and hand, of vast genius, terrible courage, sagacity,



fortitude and boldness, faith and constancy for those of his own sort, but without religion, fear or knowledge of God, neither pious, just, nor honest, venerating only his ambition, covering his vices with crafty dissimulation and pretence of modesty" until he felt strong enough to throw off the mask.<sup>6</sup>

He openly became a Protestant in 1559, after his release following the battle of Saint-Quentin. Catherine de' Medici liked but feared him. He was obviously the guiding intelligence of that half-revealed conspiracy that was applying to France the technique of the great anti-Christian intrigues of the Middle Ages; the technique of most of the modern anti-Catholic movements, including freemasonry and communism.

Some light is shed upon the methods of the Chatillons, and the links that existed between them and other "key men" of the international conspiracy by a letter to the English Privy Council in February, 1561, from Sir Nicholas Throckmorton and Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford, who were then at Ferrara on some sort of mission to Renée of France, the heretical duchess. They quoted her as follows: "'To be plane,' quod she 'with you, the chieftest promoter of that matter in this Court (the French) is the Admiral, and his brother the Cardinal of Chatillon, for, if it were not for them, no good would be done; the one travailleth with the Queen-Mother, the other with the King of Navarre.'" She added that the Cardinal had been "in hand with the Queen-Mother" to remove the schoolmaster of the boy king, apparently too good a Catholic for her taste, for she described him as "but a very beast, and ill-affected to religion."

The efforts of the Huguenot Cardinal were not wholly wasted. Two years later the Prince of Condé could boast of the Protestant tendencies of Charles to Cecil's ambassador, Sir Thomas Smith, saying, "Why should not your Sovereign marry the Most Christian King? He is more inclined to the Gospel than is commonly supposed, and the union of the two Crowns would be a crushing blow to Popery."<sup>7</sup>

Between this wily proselytizing spirit and the lordly assurance of the Guises, Catherine de' Medici turned to a third party, made up apparently of Catholics who professed to be neutral and in favor of toleration for all. They were political Catholics, men of compromise who abhorred controversy and bloodshed, men of property and respectability. In France they were called *Les Politiques*, in Spain *los politicos*. Cabrera doubtless expresses the prevalent Spanish view when he says bluntly that they were "worse than the heretics, for they would follow either heretics or Catholics, according to what they got."<sup>8</sup>

To Catherine de' Medici they seemed to hold forth the only hope of escape from violence on the right and violence on the left. The simplicity of their program was appealing. They proposed, in effect, to make Calvinist and Catholic lie down side by side, by the direct expedient of granting the Calvinist what he asked for, freedom of worship, on the theory that what he asked for was all that he really wanted. The leader of this liberal Catholic party was Michel de l'Hôpital. His office gave him unique powers. The Chancellor of France exercised both legislative and executive functions, and was also the chief judge of the nation, and keeper of the seals.

Michel de l'Hôpital was one of those clever self-made men of obscure origin who played so striking a part in the history of the sixteenth century. His father had been a physician, money-changer and general factotum for Charles of Bourbon. Young Michel, like Thomas Cromwell, had traveled about Europe considerably before he settled down in Paris, and was recommended for the chancellorship by the then incumbent Olivier, just before his death. Maimbourg and other Jesuits asserted that he was of Jewish descent. The Bishop of Metz (Beaucaire) said that his grandfather was a Jew of Avignon, and that Michel himself was "a man somewhat learned, but of no religion, or to speak truly, an atheist" and accused the Chancellor's father of having betrayed France to Charles V. François du Chesne also gives him the Jew of Avignon for a grandfather. This has been vigorously denied by M. de la Faye de l'Hôpital, a descendant of the Chancellor, and by such Huguenot champions as C. T. Atkinson.<sup>9</sup>

Jewish historians are not so skeptical on the subject. The finely intelligent and urbane pen of Mr. Joseph Jacobs, tracing the movement for toleration that led to the Edict of Nantes in part to "both Jewish example and indirect influence," adds this: "It cannot be by chance that the three most prominent voices among the Politiques, who laid down the principles which were to result in the Edict—Michel de l'Hôpital, Jean Bodin and Michel de Montaigne—were all partly of Jewish race."<sup>10</sup>

L'Hôpital had a family mixed in religion. Although he attended Mass every day, and received the sacraments, his wife, Marie Morin, was a Protestant, and his daughter and son-in-law were Protestants. He convinced the Queen-Mother—and it is not impossible that he convinced himself—that he had no object but the true welfare of the Catholic Church in a peaceful France. But it cannot be denied that his influence led to the very violence Catherine sought to avoid, and delivered her into the hands of Coligny and the Calvinists. It seemed not a little strange in Spain and at Rome that his love for the Church should be so often expressed in terms almost identical with those employed by men who frankly sought her destruction.

Both l'Hôpital and Coligny, for example, urged upon the Queen-Mother the Assembly of Notables at Fontainebleau. When the meeting was held, l'Hôpital supported the suggestion that a National Council be held for the reform of the Church—a proposal certain to end in a Gallican Church, as separate from Rome perhaps as was the Church of England. The Guises and the other right-wing Catholics valiantly resisted. The *Politiques*, however, had a majority in the assembly, forming a sort of Popular Front with the Huguenots; they carried a vote to convoke the States-General at Meaux in December, 1560, and the National Council on January twentieth, 1561.

L'Hôpital opened the States-General by a vigorous attack on the Church and the clergy. But the Guises were determined

at all costs to prevent the tragedy of a National Council; in this they had the support not only of Pope Pius IV but of Philip II, both of whom were energetically striving for a second Council of all Christendom at Trent. Philip sent Don Antonio de Toledo, Grand Prior of Leon, to beg Catherine not to consent to the folly of a Gallican Council. But the envoy received a cold reception and a refusal from the Queen-Mother and young Charles IX. On his way home he was robbed in Gascony. He returned to Castile *mal satisfecho*.<sup>11</sup>

When Philip sent a second embassy to the French court with the *pesame* for the death of Francis II, he took the opportunity to advise Catherine to keep the royal authority in her own hands and to commit the government only to "good Catholics, faithful to their King."<sup>12</sup>

It must have been about that time—perhaps a little earlier—that he counseled her to ensure the peace and unity of her country by cutting off the heads of the chief Huguenots. This advice, which, as Philip reminded her later, would have saved the falling of a great many other heads, was of course not followed.<sup>13</sup> But the plan for a National Council met so much opposition among Catholics that it was postponed.

L'Hôpital, Coligny and Cardinal Chatillon now persuaded the Queen-Mother to invite the leading Calvinist preachers to come from Geneva for a public dispute with important Catholics, in the hope of reaching some satisfactory compromise. The great exhorter Theodore Beza, "who could as easily usurp another man's wife as another man's Parish, and was ever more in Love than in Charity, as they that knew him well, say,"<sup>14</sup> appeared openly in France under a safe-conduct, "with another sent him by the Queen of England."<sup>15</sup> The apostate monk Peter Martyr went to Poissy with Catherine's permission.

Suriano reported the progress of the affair to the Doge and Senate of Venice on September eighth, 1561. The papal nuncio, Cardinal d'Este of Ferrara, and Cardinal d'Armagnac would attend the dispute, and if Beza spoke of the reform of life and the correction of abuses in the Church, they would not only listen, "but would accept any useful proposal that may be made." However, if they spoke of any "dogmas or other matters, the essence of our Faith," they would not listen or reply, unless in writing; for to a Catholic the Christian revelation itself was not debatable.

"If it be true what the Queen told me, that there will be no disputation about dogmas," added the shrewd ambassador, "everything will go off quietly. *But I do not believe Her Majesty understands what is meant by this word 'dogmas.'* I fear, indeed, that, like others here who daily insist on disputing about religion, she confounds dogmas with rites and abuses as if they were all one and the same thing. The Queen further assured me, first, that no change would be made in religion; secondly, that the obedience to His Holiness would not be altered in any way; and thirdly, that no attempt would be made to alienate church property."<sup>16</sup>

The Colloquy of Poissy was opened at the appointed time, therefore, by L'Hôpital. Beza set forth the Calvinist position. The Cardinal of Lorraine replied to him. The Queen, wrote Suriano, was "greatly contented" with the answer. For the Cardinal had made it clear (1) that the King was only a member of the Church, and not its head, and therefore could not judge in matters of religion; (2) that the heretics were wrong about "what is understood by the name of the Church"; and (3) that Christ is truly present in the Blessed Sacrament, about which no compromise could be made without the sacrifice of Christianity itself. Even the Prince of Condé told Cardinal d'Armagnac he was "highly satisfied" with Guise's discourse. Jacob Lainez, general of the Society of Jesus, also refuted Beza and Peter Martyr, and the Catholics rejoiced.

In the court of Philip II the news was not well received. Even if the heretics had been confounded, reasoned the King, they had advertised their cause and had increased their prestige by appearing in the royal presence.<sup>17</sup> This pessimistic view was confirmed by events. Immediately, all over France, the Calvinist propaganda machine spread the rumor that Beza had won a victory at Poissy and that the government had yielded to his demand for freedom of worship. The Huguenots, well supplied with money, took arms under Condé and Coligny and began marching through the country to mobilization points, often under the leadership of preachers armed to the teeth.

While these men thundered against the Scarlet Woman of Babylon and preached slaughter with a fervor more becoming to Mohammedans than to men who called themselves Christians, Philip II and the Pope were doing all in their power to have the Council assemble at Trent, to bring about the real reform of abuses for which the heretics were clamoring. The first delegates had been waiting impatiently there since April. But so far no French, English or Scotch bishops had been allowed to come—the whole force of Protestant influence at Paris and London was against the Council. As Suriano wrote the Doge on August fifteenth, "While the Bishops, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, are engaged in reforming their own defects and those of others, the heretics, moved by a very different spirit, are exciting evil passions in all parts of the kingdom." In Gascony and Languedoc, even before the meeting at Poissy, they had begun to sack bishops' houses and churches, to destroy altars and images of Christ and of the saints, and to deprive Catholics of their arms.<sup>18</sup>

During the weeks following the Colloquy, the storm of hate, which had so long been gathering, burst in all its fury. Almost simultaneously, as if by a concerted signal, well-organized bands of Calvinists fell upon the Catholic churches, convents, schools and libraries. At Montpellier they sacked all the sixty churches and convents, and put one hundred-fifty priests and monks to the sword. At Nîmes they made a great pile of statues and relics in front of the Cathedral, danced around it while the flames arose, yelled that they would have no more Mass or idolaters, and then wrecked and plundered the churches.



At Montauban they dragged the Poor Clares from their convent, exposed them half-naked to the jibes of the paid mob, shouted insults at them and told them to get married. At Castres, in December, a Reformed Consistory or Sanhedrin, ordered the city officials to take every one found on the streets to Huguenot sermons. Priests were dragged from the altars, the Poor Clares were scourged at the whip's end, peasants were driven with blows to hear the preachers inveigh with their peculiar nasal intonation against the Mass, Confession, the Pope. The fields and vineyards around Catholic villages where the people refused to listen to the preaching were burned or cut down.

Within a year the Calvinists, according to one of their own estimates,<sup>19</sup> murdered 4,000 priests, monks and nuns, expelled or maltreated 12,000 nuns, sacked 20,000 churches, and destroyed 2,000 monasteries with their priceless libraries and works of art. The rare manuscript collection of the ancient monastery of Cluny was irreparably lost, with many others. Sacred vessels from the churches were melted into money to pay German mercenaries, who were urged to be ruthless.<sup>20</sup>

Coligny took an active part in many of the atrocities. He displayed such cold and vindictive cruelty, especially to priests and nuns, that Catholics came to call him Holofernes.<sup>21</sup> In some places the entrails of the victims were plucked forth, stuffed with straw, and given to the horses of the Huguenot troopers to eat. Hundreds of cities and villages were burned. Lyons and its prosperous commerce were ruined.<sup>22</sup>

This ancient fury, deliberately cultivated, spared not even the dead. Not only was the tomb of William the Conqueror destroyed, but the venerated bodies of holy men and women who had spent their lives in the service of God and of the poor were dragged from their resting-places, trampled, burned, thrown into rivers. A mob cast down the statue of Saint Joan from the bridge at Orleans. Other fanatics threw the remains of Saint Ireneaus and Saint Martin of Tours into the Loire. In Poitiers they destroyed the relics of Saint Hilary and precious books written by his hand. Breaking into the tomb of Saint Francis of Paula at Plessis-les-Tours, they found the body whole and incorrupt after more than half a century; instead of being awed by the phenomenon, they dragged it at the end of a rope through the streets, and burned it. A few of the saint's bones were found afterward by Catholics and preserved in various churches of the Order of Minims.

Not only those who had laid down their lives for Christ, but Christ Himself, seemed a special object of hatred to these men who called themselves Christians and taught the damnation of infants and the predestination of many souls to Hell. As in all anti-Christian revolutions, statues of the Savior were spat upon, knocked down and demolished. The Body of Christ was often injured and reviled in the Blessed Sacrament. At Nîmes, in Paris, and other places, the tabernacles were broken open, and the Host thrown out and trampled upon, both by men and by horses.

Although these atrocities were perpetrated by a small minority in an overwhelmingly Catholic country, all the forces of the national and local governments seemed paralyzed and impotent for the moment. The Huguenots had a majority in the States-General and friends in the Parliament of Paris. There seemed to be men everywhere in important positions to protect them and to sidetrack any attempt to punish them.

Catherine, inspired by l'Hôpital, issued an edict in January, 1562, giving the Calvinists the right to worship as they pleased outside the cities, provided the churches were restored and both sides abstained from violence. This was intended to mollify the Huguenots. It had no such effect. Taking it for the surrender it was, the Huguenots rejoiced over the first breach of the union of Church and State in France. They promptly destroyed the Cathedral in Beza's city, and drove away all the clergy. In part of Gascony no priest could be found within forty miles. More nuns were dragged from convents, more tabernacles opened and profaned. In February, just after the opening session of the Council of Trent (with French delegates present, thanks to the determination of their leader, the Cardinal of Lorraine) seventy Calvinist preachers met in solemn synod at Nîmes and deliberately planned to destroy all the Catholic churches in the city and the diocese. They promptly proceeded to put the plan into execution, burned the Cathedral, and drove away all the priests. The reign of terror was not the impassioned unthinking work of an ignorant mob, but a carefully engineered program of spoliation, destruction and assassination.

Many Catholics who had supported the Coligny faction for some political reason, such as a feud with the Guises, now withdrew. The Constable Anne de Montmorency left the *Politiques* for the Catholic party. Anthony of Navarre returned to the Faith, joined Duke Francis, and proposed establishing the Inquisition to heal the wounds of France. But it was too late for such a peaceful measure. In March we find Thomas Gresham, well informed by his spies, writing Cecil from Antwerp that "here ys advertisements come that the Prince of Condé hath the gouuernance of the Realme—and that Monsr Chatillione ys great maister of France . . . and that Mons Dandelot ys Cappitayne generall of all the horsemen in France—. . ." The Cardinal of Lorraine and others of the Parliament of Paris have fled. Condé is expected to be victorious in the Low Countries, and Gresham joyfully hopes he will.<sup>23</sup>

Guise now started for Paris, at the invitation of Anthony of Navarre, taking along, with an armed escort, his children, and in a litter his sick wife, lovely daughter of Renée of France and Duke Hercule d'Este of Ferrara, of whom Ronsard had sung,

*Venus la sainte en ses grâces habite . . .*

At Vassy the cavalcade came upon a party of six or seven hundred Calvinists, most of them armed, holding a meeting in a barn. An altercation arose between some of Guise's men and the Huguenots. As the Duke rushed in to quell the disturbance, a Calvinist wounded him. Some of his men, infuriated, fell upon the heretics, killed twelve on the spot, and wounded forty others so badly that they afterward died.

Beza and the other vociferous propagandists of Calvinism seized upon this unfortunate but perhaps inevitable incident—inevitable considering the provocation given by the Calvinist Reign of Terror—to cry up the "Massacre of Vassy," until it was magnified into a cold-blooded slaughter of hundreds of noble and defenseless Huguenots. What is more remarkable is that so many modern historians have dated the Huguenot wars from this incident, instead of from the Tumult of Amboise. Beza preached a crusade against the Catholics. Condé made another attempt to seize the young King, but failed. Guise meanwhile marched into Paris, and was received with delirious joy by the citizens. The merchants offered him 2,000,000 livres to defend the Faith and restore peace in the city. The Duke refused, saying he had come to place himself at the disposal of his King. Of all the principals in the first of the eight bloody Huguenot wars, this man clearly stands out, calm, courageous, loyal, patriotic and devout—a heroic character, one of the finest surely in French history.

Catherine de' Medici, now thoroughly frightened, made frantic appeals to Philip II and the Pope. While Condé assembled several thousand Huguenots and took Orleans by surprise, the King of Spain hastily sent to France 3,000 Spaniards, 4,000 Italians and some Flemish cavalry, and a sum of money besides. He wrote his cousin King Maximilian of Hungary, begging him to come to the rescue of Christendom, but received a very lukewarm response. Pope Pius IV agreed to help Catherine, on condition that she dismiss l'Hôpital. On her doing so, he forwarded 25,000 *scudi*, which he borrowed at 10 per cent. A letter of l'Hôpital to the Pope, protesting that he was a good Catholic, does not seem to have changed the Holy Father's opinion of his policies.<sup>24</sup>

The Chatillons already had a pretty satisfactory understanding with that other royal woman, Elizabeth, and her man of business, Cecil. Cardinal Chatillon conducted the preliminary negotiations, and his brother, Admiral Coligny, sent agents to sign the infamous Treaty of Hampton Court, September twentieth, 1562, whereby he betrayed his country for the advantage of the Huguenot sect. In exchange for 100,000 gold crowns to be paid by Elizabeth at Frankfort or Strasburg, and for military aid, he agreed to give Calais back to England. As security he handed over the port of Havre de Grace, which the English promptly garrisoned.

The French Protestants were just as international-minded as the English Protestants had been when the latter betrayed Calais into the hands of the traditional enemy of their country. In each case the Protestant was ready to sacrifice his country on the altar of an international sect—or more accurately, of an international hatred of the Catholic Church and Catholics, for that was all the various factions of dissenters had in common.

It comes almost as a shock to one accustomed to reading the usual cant about the patriotism of Protestants and the subservience of Catholics to the political interests of Rome and the nonsense attributing the Reformation to "Nationalism" to find that in general Catholics were only too pathetically eager to put patriotism before their duty to the Church; whereas Protestants, from the beginning, were united in an international political union that seldom balked at any betrayal of national interests short of giving up nationalistic authority over their fellow-citizens. Yet it is Coligny who becomes the hero of popular history and biography, and "the Guises" who are always mentioned with a sort of hiss.

At all events, the English had Havre, and were now actively in the French war. Four thousand of them joined Condé's rebels at Orleans before the end of 1562. Others garrisoned Rouen and Dieppe. For a long time to come the Huguenot towns were to be more loyal to Elizabeth than to their own government. Condé appealed to the German Protestants, who began sending him troops.

Duke Francis of Guise, with 3,000 cavalry, 3,000 crack Spanish infantry, 12,000 French infantry, and 6,000 Swiss,<sup>25</sup> marched to besiege Condé and Coligny at Orleans. On December nineteenth the Catholic army crossed the river, as Saint Joan had once crossed it. Guise was in the vanguard with the Spaniards and Gascons. The French infantry and cavalry were behind them.

The enemy were waiting for them, in battle formation, near Dreux. The Catholic artillery fire was ineffectual, and the Huguenots, in spite of their lack of calvary, attacked so furiously that they routed the Swiss and the cavalry of the Constable Montmorency. Victory seemed in their grasp. They were already singing songs of triumph, when the Spanish infantry launched a counter-attack with such good effect that the tide was turned, and the day won; though not without heavy losses, including, among the dead, the Marshal of Saint André. The aid of Philip II had been decisive.<sup>26</sup>

On hearing of this victory, Pope Pius IV had a solemn Mass of thanks-giving sung at S. Spirito on January third, 1563, and wrote the French Catholics urging them to follow up their success. Duke Francis proceeded to do this by laying siege to Orleans. He would undoubtedly have taken this chief stronghold of the Huguenots and ended the war, if he had not been treacherously shot with a poisoned bullet from the arquebuse of one Pultrot de Méré, a Calvinist in the employ of the lord of Soubize, who had taken service in the Catholic army for that purpose.

A wail of grief went up from Paris and other Catholic cities. The Huguenot leaders and preachers loudly applauded the crime. Pultrot was captured and taken before his victim. The Duke forgave him, and said he prayed God to forgive him too.



The murderer confessed that he had been hired by Admiral Coligny, Theodore Beza and Soubize to do the deed, and had been paid 100 crowns for it. He quoted the fanatic Beza as saying that the Queen, the King, his brothers, all the Guises and the papal legates must be put to death.<sup>27</sup> Guise died several days later (February twenty-seventh, 1562), "like a good Christian, an excellent Prince and a great Captain," wrote Barbaro to the Venetians; having received all the Sacraments, "confident of the mercy of God, and welcoming death."<sup>28</sup>

This vile crime undid all the work of Guise and his friends, and left the Catholic party without a leader. The Duke's brother, Cardinal Lorraine, was able, courageous, of irreproachable life; but he was at the Council of Trent. Montmorency was a prisoner. Anthony of Navarre and the Marshal of Saint Andre were dead. L'Hôpital, the man of compromises, hid him back from exile to the side of Catherine de' Medici. The frightened Queen made another humiliating surrender to the Huguenots, giving them, in the Treaty of Amboise (March 1563), an amnesty and freedom of worship.

Philip II strenuously protested against the treaty, on the ground that "a kingdom with two religions has in it two monarchies with two heads." Catherine preferred to listen to l'Hôpital; and she mentioned the invasion of German Protestants, and the English occupation of French towns, as excuses for virtually handing over the government to the party who had sold the country to the English.<sup>29</sup> By the wiles of a court lady<sup>30</sup> Condé was won over to the side of the *Politiques*.

Cardinal Chatillon returned to Court with his brother the Admiral. Michel l'Hôpital, back in favor, was seen at Mass every morning. The Constable, who had a habit of saying his rosary beads while talking or giving orders to his troops or his horse, was released. There was a lull in the storm, and everything was agreeable on the surface. But the Catholics went about repeating a litany: "From the Admiral's toothpick, the Constable's beads, the Chancellor's Mass, Chatillon's red hat, *Libera nos, Domine!* For they have undone us, and they will undo us." Cecil's agent Throckmorton was carefully watching Cardinal Chatillon and reporting all his movements to London; for it was feared he might become reconciled to Rome.

Philip II was in a difficult position. He had lost a fleet in 1560. His seventy vessels were wrecked by a storm in 1561 before they were paid for. Before he could assemble a third fleet, Moorish pirates were raiding Andalusia and Gibraltar, and causing damage amounting to more than 200,000 ducats.<sup>31</sup> In 1562 he could get together only thirty-two galleys. Twenty-five of these were destroyed by a tempest, on the way to Oran, with the loss of all the stores, 80,000 ducats in money, and the lives of 10,000 of the best fighting men of Spain. Twenty-three ships burned at Sevilla, twelve others were shattered by a tempest in Cadiz harbor. Sicily and Naples were almost defenseless. King Philip had only twenty galleys left with which to protect his vast coast line. The heroic defense of Meir-el-Kebir by 200 Spaniards for two months against 20,000 Turks was a glorious chapter in Spanish history (1563). It did not alter the fact that the Mediterranean had become virtually a Mohammedan lake.

The rise of the Huguenots to power made it all the more necessary to keep France and England separated. This is one reason, perhaps, why Philip continued to cultivate the friendship of Queen Elizabeth even after her position was clear. It took him a long time to discover how closely inter-connected were the Protestant movements in France and in England. Even then he continued to underestimate Cecil in the face of what should have been abundant evidence. "Cecil rules the Queen," wrote Feria; and "Cecil is a pestilent knave, as Your Majesty well knows." But Philip could not cease to regard his sister Elizabeth as an absolute sovereign, who could get rid of a pestilent knave if she chose.

To this illusion Cecil deliberately contributed by emphasizing the trappings of royalty and by the deference he paid to his most dread sovereign on State occasions. He was completely lacking in that silly personal vanity that made ministers like Wolsey wish to glitter in public. Like l'Hôpital, he was content to let the sovereign have the shadow, so long as he held the substance. Even her emotional appetency for the symbols and ceremonies of the Catholic Faith, her sharing of her father's desire for such a contradiction in terms as a Catholic Church cut off from Rome, was useful to him; it kept moderate Catholics in hope that she would not go too far to turn back. It had some such effect upon Philip II. His support of the Queen further confused the English, and kept them from rising up against Cecil when they might have done so successfully.

So Elizabeth continued, every Maundy Thursday, to wash the feet of beggars, as her sister had done. It was symbolic of that shriveling of the Catholic spirit under the outer husk of the new political Church of England that she disdained to touch the feet of the poor wretches until they had first been scrubbed with hot water and soap and well sprinkled with sweet-smelling herbs by yeomen of the laundry. Philip II continued to abase himself before the common human clay, as Christ had done. So long as Spain had kings, there would be such reminders of the unchanging truth of Christianity. The kings of England would end by not washing the feet at all, doling out a few coins instead. It was only an imaginary Christianity, a travesty, that Elizabeth clung to, half-despisingly.

Cecil had spun the net of illusion about her until he was her master, principally by playing upon her fears. He had agents work up pretended plots against her life, to frighten her, and keep her dependent on his vigilance. He managed her completely, changed her letters, countermanded her orders behind her back, withheld important facts from her. Enemy of Mary Stuart twenty years before he accomplished her death, he was already beginning, by small cautious strokes, to break down Elizabeth's repugnance to the shedding of the blood of a relative and a royal person.<sup>32</sup> Presently we shall find him writing in code to Norris, his ambassador in France, that Elizabeth "mislikes" the Prince of Condé, but "the lords of the Council do all they can to cover the same." He explains that "Her Majesty, being a Prince herself, is doubtful to give comfort to subjects," but

Norris is to go ahead just the same and comfort Condé and his friends, "as occasion serves."<sup>33</sup> Belloc has given other examples: notably his getting the Council, in 1561, to reverse Elizabeth's decision to receive the Pope's legate. Belloc truly says,<sup>34</sup> "he cut the bonds between England and the Universal Church in such a fashion that those who were most opposed to that revolution suffered it by degrees, being led they knew not whither."

Cecil took good care to see that any lurking sentiments of natural gratitude in Elizabeth should not blossom into friendship for the King of Spain. As early as March, 1559, plays written by scribblers in the pay of the English government were being presented in hostels and taverns of London, deriding Philip, his late wife Mary, and Cardinal Pole. Elizabeth was indignant, according to the Venetian ambassador, and forbade the performances.<sup>35</sup> Cecil evidently disregarded her wishes. Fully eight weeks later the plays were still going on, and Feria protested to the Queen. "She was very emphatic in saying that she wished to punish severely certain persons who had represented some comedies in which Your Majesty was taken off. I passed it by and said that these were matters of less importance than the others (the religious changes), although, both in jest and in earnest, more respect ought to be paid to so great a prince as Your Majesty, and I knew that a member of her Council had given the arguments to construct the comedies, which is true, for Cecil gave them, as indeed she partly admitted to me."

Master Secretary had gradually begun to suppress all freedom of speech. Publications had to pass his censors to be licensed. Every intimation of dissent, political or religious, was put down with a sternness that would have seemed outrageously narrow to a Spanish Inquisitor. At the same time a positive campaign of glorification of Elizabeth was undertaken. Ballads, written in her praise by pensioners, were hawked in the streets. In 1559 there appeared that "Songe betweene the Quenes Majestie and Englande" of which Shakespeare would quote the first line in *King Lear*:

*"Come over the bourn, Bessy,  
Come over the bourn, Bessy,  
Sweet Bessy, come over to me;  
And I shall thee take,  
And my dere Lady make,  
Before all other that ever I see."*

Very early in his regime Cecil had a network of spies serving him all over Europe, under various ambassadors. His man Throckmorton went to Paris, to encourage the Huguenots and the Dutch Calvinists. In four more years we shall find Sir Thomas Sackville, relative of the Queen through the Boleyns, in Rome, as Cecil's agent. The Pope has him arrested and thrown into prison on suspicion of being a spy, but cannot get evidence enough to prove the case, and releases him, apparently with a gift to assuage his injured feelings. Cecil makes inquiries about it through Benedict Spinola, generally called a "Florentine" banker in London, but actually a Jew whom Cecil had got into his power by catching him in a violation of the smuggling laws.<sup>36</sup> Spinola writes his friend Gurone Bertano in Rome. The latter replies that Sackville has been released and received in kindly fashion by Pope Pius IV, "and has had, or will have 500 crowns . . . I have done more in the matter than he knows."

Sackville then proceeded to Flanders, and later represented Cecil in the court of the Emperor; still later, in the court of France.<sup>37</sup> Spinola meanwhile, according to a report of Philip's ambassador, had turned Protestant, "and was very violent about it."

While Throckmorton departed for Paris and Sackville for Rome, Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford, was sojourning, as we have seen, in Ferrara and other centers of anti-Catholic intrigue. He was the son of that Earl of Bedford who, with Gresham, had met Philip at Santiago in 1554.

Sir Thomas Gresham had been called from his sublimated pawnshop, as it virtually was, at the Sign of the Grasshopper in Lombard Street, to serve the Queen's Majesty in the Netherlands. King Philip had hardly turned his back on his northern dominions when this affable man of business, the agent of a friendly power, began intriguing against him. In October, about the time when Philip was attending his first *auto de fe* in Valladolid, Gresham was bribing Jasper Schetz, Philip's factor in Antwerp, to betray his employer.

Schetz, who wrote poetry and collected coins in the hours of leisure provided by his usuries, had been the trusted chief factor of Philip's father. He and his two brothers, Melchior and Balthazar, were in prosperous partnership. In 1556 they had had a coin struck containing their armorial bearings—appropriately enough, a crow with wings displayed. He was not only Philip's factor, but a member of his Council of Finance for the Netherlands, and already stood high in the favor of the Regent, Margaret of Parma. As Gresham wrote to Cecil, he "ruled the whole finance and bourse of Antwerp," and "favored the Queen's religion." Gresham lived at his house.

Gresham promised this fixer or thimble-rigger, as he would now be called in American politics, the sum of 600 crowns, in return for which Schetz promised that the Regent would issue a decree by October twentieth (1559) that "no man should take above one per cent for the difference of current money and permission money." The decree was issued, and Queen Elizabeth, who was prepared for what was coming, saved at least 2,000 pounds on exchange.<sup>38</sup> Gresham asked Cecil to



forward 500 crowns to pay Schetz, and Elizabeth sent him a chain worth that sum.

An important part of Gresham's mission in the Low Countries was to obtain a supply of arms and munitions, to enable Cecil to build up an army, to use, if need be, against the English Catholic majority and the legitimate Scotch government. Philip's laws, like those of his father, strictly forbade the exportation of such merchandise. But Gresham well understood the art of smuggling and began shipping ammunition to England. Margaret's suspicions being aroused, she had all ships searched in May, 1560. Gresham was secretly warned of this. On June twenty-ninth he wrote triumphantly to his friend Cecil, "I have corrupted the chief searcher, whom is all my doer, and hath right honestly desired a worthy reward; soe, by him, and through his advice, I am doing daily . . . If it is discovered, there is nothing short of death with the searcher, and with him who enteres it at the custom house."

In one ship alone he sent munitions worth 9,000 pounds sterling. A rumor of what was going on got back from London to Antwerp, but the chief searcher told Gresham about it. Gresham wrote Cecil that no one on the receiving end must know about the business except a "Mr. Blomefylde," (Blumfield or Blumfeld?), evidently an officer in the ordnance department in the Tower of London, "whome ys a very honnest, secreat gentilman, and syrcomspect in all his doinges."<sup>39</sup> In sending news of shipments about to leave, Gresham pretended to be purchasing cloth for the Queen's wardrobe. Thus he would write that the ships containing her Majesty's "velvetz" and "crymsyn sattyns" were held by the wind, but should sail soon—"velvet" standing for gunpowder: silks, damasks and satins for various arms and munitions.

In the rôle of "financier," as a groveling tradition has euphemistically called this money-changer, Gresham had talents of no mean order. From the standpoint of his employers, he seemed to do little less than make two blades of grass grow where only one had grown before. In the view of some of the unsuspecting Christians, merchants and others, among whom he carried on his deft operations from time to time, he was more like a harmattan wind from Africa, or the sirocco that passes over a fair land and leaves everything parched, withered and sucked dry in the wake of its desolation. To their eyes the grasshopper over the door of his shop on Lombard Street was only too reminiscent of those hordes of locusts that passed like a shuddering blight over the crops of the Egyptians. Wherever he passed there was likely to be a financial panic and business depression, as when he visited Spain in 1554.

Elizabeth, like most sovereigns, was pinched for money. One of Gresham's duties was to raise money. Apparently he suggested that she might pay her debts by juggling the London-Antwerp exchange and creating a panic. It may be inferred that Elizabeth, who despised meanness in others (though she herself grew increasingly stingy with time), scorned the advice. There is extant among the Hatfield papers a memorandum by Gresham, addressed to her, earnestly defending his plan. He pointed out that England had been having monetary difficulties ever since her father debased the coinage by half, causing exchange to fall from 26 shillings 8 pence to 13 shillings 4 pence, and all fine gold to be taken out of England. When Henry's wars put him in debt in Flanders, he had to pay by exchange, and carry his fine gold over.

In 1551 Edward VI, being deeply in debt, had asked the aid of Gresham, probably through Secretary Cecil. Exchange was then at 15 s. and 16 s. the pound, and "your money current, as now, not in value 10 s." First, Gresham had to overthrow the Stillyarde, as he expressed it, with the aid of the King and old Northumberland. He arranged to have the English mere merchants pay Edward 15 s. on a cloth at Antwerp, "to pay at double usance 20 s. in London." This the King paid. It amounted to 60,000 pounds sterling. Six months later, the same transaction was made with 70,000 pounds, at the rate of 22 s. per pound sterling. "So by these means I made plenty off mony and scarstie, and brought into the Kinges handes, which raised the exchange to xxiii. s. IV. d. And by these means I did not only bring the Kinges majestie, your brother, outt off deptt, whereby I save hime VI or VII s. upon the ponde, but savid his tresore within the reallme, *as there in Mr. Secretary Sissille was most privie.*"

Gresham next recalled that when Edward died, Bishop Gardiner (who was an honest man) sought to undo him and discredit him. But Mary was in such desperate financial straits that when Gresham made a timely offer of his services, they were accepted, and "I brought the quenes majestie your sister out of deptt of the some of C C C C X X X V M L" (435,000 pounds sterling).

He proposed doing likewise for Elizabeth. With exchange high, the merchants will seek to bring gold and silver into England . . . "So consequently the higher the exchange riseth, the more shall your majestie and your reallme and comon well florrish, which thinge is only keppt up by artte and Godes providence; for the quoyne of this your reallme doeth nott corresponde in finnes nott x s. the ponde."<sup>40</sup>

He was a little more frank in writing his friend Cecil, who for the time being affected reluctance, but allowed himself to be won over with the Queen.

"With the like practise twice done in Kinge Edward's tyme I dyd raise the exchange from xvi s. to xxiiij s. iiij d.: whereby, all forreyne commodities and ours grew good cheape; and thereby, *we robbed all Christendom of their fyne gold and fyne silver*: and by raysing of the Exchange, and so keeping of it up, the fyne gold and fyne silver remaynes for ever within our reallme. Sir, if you will enter upon this matter you may in no wyse relent, by no perswasion of the merchants. Whereby you may keep them in fere and in good order; for otherwise if they get the bridell, you shall never rewle them." The results, he added would be (1) the raising of exchange and enriching of the Queen and the realm, (2) the paying of the Queen's debts, (3)

advancing the Queen's homeward credit "in such sorte as shall astonny King Philip and the French King."

Permission was given. Gresham went to work. In February, 1560, he wrote Cecil that the exchange would rise to 23 s. and upwards, and Elizabeth would gain. She was to pay 60,000 pounds by exchange, and redeliver in London. Prices would then fall. When she paid her debts, interest would not be over 5 per cent. There was already great scarcity of money on the Bourse. The rumor had gone abroad among the other merchants that he was betraying them, and likely to rob them of all their fine gold and silver. The Italians and Spaniards were so angry that his life was in danger.

In the panic that ensued by his deliberate planning, prices fell almost half; many merchants were ruined, as in 1551, especially in the cloth trades. Gresham had accomplished his purpose. He began shipping gold bullion very secretly to London, in violation of the laws of Flanders. On March eighth he wrote jubilantly to Cecil that not a penny was to be had on that Bourse except through his hands. It is easy to understand why Gresham was not popular among the business men of Flanders. As for the general population who suffered from unemployment and want as the result of his swindle, they hardly knew, perhaps, of his existence.

In 1558 Gresham had formulated the law, since known to students of economics as Gresham's Law, that bad money drives out good. Even that glory he stole from Copernicus and Oresme. On returning to England from the Low Countries, he offered to build a Royal Exchange in London if the city would furnish the land. The offer was accepted. Gresham put up the first Exchange building, parts of which he then proceeded to rent at a handsome profit.

In addition to his financial operations, this worthy conducted a rather elaborate intelligence system, whose ramifications extended even to Spain and Rome, sifting out information for Cecil. His spies sent him news of the Pope, the Grand Turk, and Philip II. From Toledo he had regular information from his servant John Gerbridge. His man Clough traveled to Germany. He wrote Cecil in April, 1560, that King Philip was preparing to aid the French king to subdue the Scots. It was feared in Antwerp that the Regent would presently make some sudden arrests—presumably in Orange's faction.

His tone of hostility to Philip, who had done him nothing but kindness, was evident from the first. In May, 1560, he wrote Cecil triumphantly, "According as I have wrytten you, I cannot see wyche waye King Phillip can annoy Her Highness this yere; considering a hath nyther monny, ships nor men; nor munission, nor armewr. Nevertheless, it is good to dowght the worst, and to trust to no wordes; and for my part, I have given abrode that the Quene's Majestie hayth two hundred ships in redynes, well armyd."

It is difficult to see why Gresham should have harped on the danger to be feared from Philip's wickedness, when the latter was so unprepared for war; but no doubt such reports were of great use to Cecil in keeping the Queen afraid.

When the news reached Antwerp that Philip's great fleet had been destroyed at Gelbes by the Mohammedan foes of Christendom, Gresham fairly gloated. "Sir," he wrote Cecil in June, 1560, "this loss ys more greater than here they will be known of, and as littil lamentid amonges his subjects here—what for his Relligione and Gouvernement. And now they say here, that king Phillipe hath more nead at this pressent to seeke for helpe, than to helpe the Frenche kinge; because the Turke ys so strong upon hym, and the most parte of his galleyes and shipes be takynne and lost. Therefore, Sir, the Quene's Majestie neadyth not to doubt nothing of Kinge Phillip's proceedings for this yere."<sup>41</sup>

Philip's 4,000 Spanish troops were still in their garrisons, and could not be moved. Philip could not pay them, and the States would give no money for the purpose—though the Orange faction was loud enough in its complaints of their presence. Finally Margaret of Parma sent them to Zeeland, where Gresham's spies observed them and reported frequently until they sailed for Spain. Gresham feared they might go to Scotland to aid Mary Stuart's cause. He predicted that, if Philip II should fight Elizabeth, all the Protestant noblemen of the Netherlands would "ryse" against him.<sup>42</sup> Two days later he reported William of Orange attempting to raise large sums. Yet he demonstrated in almost every letter how powerless Philip really was against the English.

As time goes on we shall find Gresham establishing close relations with the Prince of Orange, and keeping Cecil well informed about his opinions and movements, while William the Silent strengthens his party in preparation for the revolt he intends to make when the time is ripe, as his grumbling clearly shows on one occasion when he gets drunk while dining with the English "financier."<sup>43</sup>

It was now thoroughly understood in Spain, and had been suspected by thoughtful and informed Catholics everywhere, especially since the Tumult of Amboise in March, 1560, that the various enemies of the Catholic Church and the Catholic culture, whatever their differences of creed, dogma, race, nationality, were united in action by some extraordinary principle of cohesion and cooperation. It was almost as if there existed, in opposition to the Christian hierarchical organization that had its world center in Rome, an actual organization throughout the world—at any rate throughout Europe—of an invisible kingdom of opposition. It had all the characteristics of some of those widespread secret societies of the Middle Ages, but on a larger scale.

Its secrecy was a source of tremendous strength. The Catholic forces, confused and divided, worked in the open, where they could be seen and attacked. The opposition could plan and strike unseen. It could carry on propaganda among masses innocent of its very existence. It was fraudulent, for it did not scruple to support contradictory religious sects and factions, both of which could not be true. It always followed the principle (which it falsely attributed to the Jesuits) that the end justifies the means. It employed and fostered corruption. It aped and travestied the Catholic Church in the name of freedom. It was very



skilful in imputing to the Church all its own vices. The one principle of union in this hydra-headed body was an ancient and implacable hatred, a hatred of something it pronounced dead, but feared as one fears only things that are terribly vital. It was the *odium Christi* directed against His Church.

In every age the Church would say, with Christ, "Did not Moses give you the law: and yet none of you keepeth the law? Why seek you to kill me?" and the opposition would echo the hypocritical answer, "Thou hast a devil: who seeketh to kill thee?"<sup>44</sup> and to continue quietly toward its purpose of death. This opposition developed in the course of centuries all the characteristics that Christians, from apostolic times, had expected to find in the kingdom of the Antichrist, even to the sending out of false Christs and false prophets to call the Vicar of Christ the Antichrist.

A similar spirit in the modern world has been detected by the Catholic Church, identified after long and careful study with the various secret societies operating under the name of Freemasonry and its allied "fraternal" organizations, and solemnly and officially denounced as the real source of communism, atheism, and the general corruption and confusion of our times by no less than nine Popes; and their decrees, condemning even the so-called "harmless" forms of masonry, are maintained in full force by Pope Pius XI. These decrees go back only to the first part of the eighteenth century.

The thing then discovered was too widespread, too well-intrenched, too complete in organization and purpose, to have come into existence overnight. Is it not time for historians to examine critically the boasting claims of Freemasons that their society goes back to the Middle Ages (if not further) and to ask, in the present connection, whether or not it formed a link of mysterious cooperation between enemies of the Catholic Church, who raised such formidable obstacles, all over the world, to King Philip II?



## Freemasonry in the Sixteenth Century

**T**HERE hung about the court of Queen Elizabeth something very like the odor of Freemasonry.

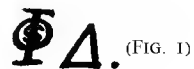
Her relative, Sir Thomas Sackville, was a versatile individual, if rather shallow and parsimonious. About three years before his arrest in Rome he was co-author of *Gorbuduc*, first performed at Inner Temple on Twelfth Night, 1561. At the end of the same year, if we may believe an account accepted by historians of the Sackville family and by Masonic writers generally, he was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons, who were particularly numerous in the vicinity of York. Lodge meetings were held in various parts of England. The Grand Lodge met at York two days after Christmas, 1561.<sup>1</sup>

As usual, the assembly was secret, but somehow the news got to the ears of Queen Elizabeth, who, fearful of plots against her life and throne as she always was, suspected the worst. "The Queen, hearing that the Masons had certain secrets that could not be revealed to her, sent an armed force to break up their annual Grand Lodge at York on December 27, 1561. But Thomas Sackville, Grand Master, took care to make some of the chief men send Freemasons, who then joining in that communication, made a very honorable report to the Queen; and she never more attempted to dislodge or disturb them, but esteemed them as a peculiar sort of men that cultivated Peace and Friendship, Arts and Sciences, without meddling in the affairs of Church or State."<sup>2</sup>

This Masonic version adds that when Sackville resigned his office in 1567 (when he was made Lord Buckhurst and sent to France to negotiate for the Queen's marriage), the Grand Lodge was divided into two. Francis Russell, second Earl of Bedford, was chosen head of the northern Lodge, and our financier Sir Thomas Gresham, who had come home in great haste when the Netherlands became too hot for him, was Grand Master in the South.

Queen Elizabeth herself was a bit of a joiner. As already noted, she was a "free sister" of the Mercer's Company, itself a secret society. Alert Masonic writers have found worthy of comment that famous court gown of hers which was completely spangled with peering eyes<sup>3</sup>—a Templar and Masonic symbol to be observed on the back of the shield of the United States and on the U. S. dollar bills of 1936. But this may have been only a coincidence. More deserving of attention, perhaps, are the peculiar signatures and address of some of her letters in the Hatfield Papers. About the time when she was leading on the Duke of Alençon, brother of the French King, with matrimonial hopes, she had, as agent in France, one Moine, who used symbols definitely Masonic instead of his name. His letters are in French. One of them ends with,

"Baissant millions de foys ces belles mains, from Dunquerque, Saturday, after dinner,"<sup>4</sup>



(FIG. 1)

Another letter of his (December 15, 1583) ends with even warmer sentiments: "Love your Moyne as you have assured him in your last. Kissing, in all humility, your beautiful hands, praying God to give you, with health, your desires,"<sup>5</sup>



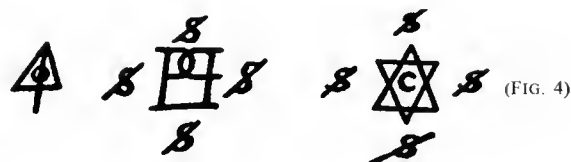
(FIG. 2)



Still another of his letters is addressed in this singular fashion at the top



and is signed,<sup>6</sup>



What is the significance of all these symbols? "E.R." of course must be for "Elizabeth Regina." The triangle is obviously enough a Masonic emblem. The two triangles intertwined (Solomon's Seal) are also Masonic. They are used sometimes by separate organizations of Masonic origin, directly or indirectly; and sometimes may be seen on the windows and over the doors of synagogues.<sup>7</sup> The triangle with a small circle in the center is apparently familiar to Royal Arch Masons. The snake-like line in the superscription (Figure 3) is sometimes called a Masonic knot.

The "S" with a diagonal line drawn through it, which appears so profusely, is also much in evidence on the buildings erected by Henry of Navarre. Some antiquaries have tried to connect them with his mistress, Gabrielle. But it is clear that Henry found this on the monogram of his mother, Jeanne d'Albret, and on her medals. Why should this particular device have gained such currency among the heretics who broke the unity of Christendom in the sixteenth century? Why should its trail extend from London to that court in the Pyrenees where Elizabeth's mother became a Protestant, and Condé and the Colignys came and went familiarly? It is a very old talisman, possibly of Egyptian origin, certainly employed by some of the earliest enemies of Christianity. It was the Serpent which the Gnostics, like the later Theosophists, held in veneration; but which Catholic artists represented as trodden under foot by the Mother of God.<sup>8</sup>

It was a highly superstitious age, this age of emancipation from the Church, and there was prevalent a craze for cryptograms, emblems, and devices. It cannot be proved, therefore, that these strange signatures of letters to Elizabeth have any more profound meaning than a playful whim. To be sure, she was then fifty years old, had been completely bald since she was thirty, had lost her teeth by disease, had suffered many illnesses, had frequent ulcers on her legs, and retained no vestige of her early good looks except those still soft and shapely hands of which she was so pathetically vain. Yet whimsical this frustrated woman was almost to the end of her long life.

She was also highly curious and suspicious. If she once learned that something mysterious was going on in a secret lodge room, she was hardly the one to rest until she had penetrated the mystery. It is not impossible that she might have been admitted to some Masonic fraternity, as she was admitted to the Mercer's Company. She might at least have been permitted to use known signs and symbols, and to imagine she knew a great deal about the inner workings of the organization.

About a century later there is a record of the initiation, in Ireland, of the Honorable Mrs. Aldworth, who became known as "the Lady Freemason."<sup>9</sup> In later times, of course, there were lodges which accepted both men and women, and others for women alone. The reception of Elizabeth, then, is not inconceivable, but it is not proved. Her use of these symbols is important only insofar as it helps to establish that they were in use during her time, among enemies of the Catholic Church.

The question is next to be asked, whether these symbols were then the marks, as they are today, of a secret international anti-Catholic society, pretending to have certain Christian characteristics, but exercising a political influence tending to dissolve Christianity? If they were, is this the same society, or its continuation? If they were not, why did Protestants of the sixteenth century use them?

Most modern encyclopedias date Freemasonry, "at least in its present form," from the first part of the eighteenth century. Yet if one reads the whole of the article in the *Britannica* by one of the most scholarly and renowned Masonic writers<sup>10</sup> one learns that the Order was not founded then, but merely changed, in the "so-called revival of 1717" from "an operative body into one partly speculative." The evidence of its existence before the eighteenth century is overwhelming. Many Scotch lodges have records of the seventeenth century, indicating that they were then long established, and "one in particular,

the oldest, the Lodge of Edinburgh, No. 1, possesses minutes so far back as the year 1599."<sup>11</sup>

This takes the inquiry into the lifetime of Queen Elizabeth. If the order at that time was "purely operative" and not speculative, what were men like Sackville and Gresham doing in it?

Without going into the vexing question of the alleged connection of Freemasonry with the Templars, it may be said with certainty that lodges existed, with secret rituals and emblems similar to those of today, during the whole life of Philip II, and considerably before. Some of the Guilds of the late Middle Ages employed Masonic symbols at a time when they were plainly under Catholic auspices; their Freemasonry, if such it was, was purely operative. On the shield of the Masons of Strasburg, for example (1524), we find the compass, triangle and two hammers against a woman holding a child, apparently Our Lady and the Infant Jesus.<sup>12</sup> This Masonry was purely operative and Christian.

The presence of Masonic symbols, then, does not always indicate speculative Masonry of the modern anti-Catholic type. It may be that the stonemasons and other guilds of workers began granting honorary membership to persons who did not labor; and that such persons, at a period undetermined, introduced the spirit and ritual of another society, Rosicrucian or Templar or Gnostic, which finally, with the waning of the guild system, perpetuated itself as a speculative order. The Mason's Company of London existed in 1376, and was represented in the Court of Common Council.<sup>13</sup> In 1472 this Company obtained a grant of arms, one of the first of its kind, which is described as follows:

"A field of Sablys. A chevron silver grailed thre Castellis of the same garnysshed wt. dores and wyndows of the feld in the Cheveron or Cumpas of Blak."<sup>14</sup>

According to Hughan, this was the authority or model for all later armorial bearings having a chevron (or compass) and castles, assumed by other Masonic organizations.<sup>15</sup>

The Masons' Companies of several other English cities adopted the three castles, with certain variations. The Masons of Edinburgh also displayed the three square castles.<sup>16</sup> The Masonic Company there had the device as early as 1686, and the Lodge of Antiquity, No. 2, adopted it in the same year.

Individuals also made use of the three castles. There is for example the tomb of William Kerwin, buried in 1594 (when Philip II and Elizabeth were both still living) in St. Helen's Church, Bishopsgate (where Sir Thomas Gresham is buried). On one side of the monument appears the arms of the Kerwyn family; on the west side the arms of the Masons "as granted by William Hawkeslowe in the twelfth year of Edward IV (1472): On a chevron engrailed, between three square castles, a pair of compasses extended—the crest a square castle, with the motto, God is Our Guide."<sup>17</sup>

Kerwin did not adopt this device by whim or accident. The inscription on the south side of his tomb says,

*"Here lyeth the bodie of William Kerwin of this cittie of London Free mason whoe departed this Lyfe the 26 daye of December ano 1594."*<sup>18</sup>

Now this device of the three castles, which Masonic writers generally claim as their own, appears also on the arms of Sir William Cecil. There are also three *fleurs de lis*. This latter symbol, commonly associated with the Crown of France, occurs frequently in the heraldry of Spanish Jews of the Middle Ages, in Freemason heraldic lore, and on the flag which the French Huguenots took to Florida with them in 1562—which they may have borrowed from the arms of the Condé family. The mother-lodge of Madrid, which later introduced the English type of Masonry into the Peninsula, was called *Las Tres Flores de Lis*. The *fleur de lis* has been used so indiscriminately, however, that its presence may mean nothing. But the three castles give the arms of Cecil a piquant resemblance to those of the Masons of London, Edinburgh and other places.<sup>19</sup>

Is it only a coincidence that the arms of the Spanish Freemasons are described as "*three silver castles* on a blue field, separated by—a *square*, crossed by a gold *compass* . . ."; and have often appeared with the slogan of the French Revolution, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"?

Historians obviously have not made full use of the assistance that heraldry, like numismatics, can render. There is something to be learned here from Jewish scholarship, especially from some of the very intelligent researches of Dr. Lucien Wolf. Observing that heraldry was not systematized in Europe until the thirteenth century, he reminds us that the Jews, in spite of the Law, had in early times "seals . . . graven with images disposed more or less armorially," and that the Talmud contains references to persons having the functions of heralds. "At no time in their medieval history," he continues, "did the Jews altogether abandon these emblems. . . . The Biblical prohibition anent graven images was compounded with by slightly smudging the image. Sometimes these crests came very near simulating real coat-armor. Thus among the Jewish seals still extant is one of Todros Halevi of Toledo, who flourished in the fourteenth century, consisting of a pointed quarterfoil charged with a *triple towered castle* and *fleur de lis*."

Is there anything more than an accidental connection between the three castles and *fleur de lis* of Cecil's arms and the



three-towered castle with *fleur de lis* of medieval Spanish Jews?

It was chiefly through the example of the Marranos (Catholic Jews) that a demand for heraldic devices arose among the Jews. As Dr. Wolf observes, "Many of the Marranos were allied to the best blood of the Peninsula, and they brought with them to Holland and England escutcheons which they had borne with perfect right in their Iberian homes. Some of the wealthier families—Suasso, Mendez, Da Costa, Villareal, Alvarez, Salvador, Cardoso, d'Aguilar and Da Silva—registered their arms at Herald's College soon after going to England. Many were not registered, but were used by certain families among the immigrants."

Nearly three centuries later this triple-towered castle of the Halevis of Toledo reappears on the arms of no less a person than Benjamin Disraeli (registered by the grandfather of Lord Beaconsfield). "It might prove of considerable genealogical interest to ascertain what authority Benjamin d'Israeli had for this escutcheon," says Dr. Wolf, "seeing that the Halevis of Toledo—as we have already mentioned—used a similar device on their seals, and that Toledo was the home of a very distinguished Jewish family named Israeli, which may have intermarried with the Halevis."<sup>20</sup>

It might also prove of considerable historical interest if some industrious student should ferret out the reason why the arms of Cecil (otherwise Cecill, Sissill, Sissille, Sissilt, etc.), perhaps the most effective enemy of Christian unity in the sixteenth century, bore so close a resemblance to those of the kinsmen of the Israelis. But the limitations of this sort of inquiry are strikingly suggested by the presence of a three-towered castle on the arms of Philip II and his ancestors! It was the emblem of Castile, derived originally from Toledo; how and why does not appear.

The obvious affinity between Freemasonry and Talmud Judaism has been noticed often enough. It is no longer debatable that, if the false leaders of the Jews did not originate the secret societies to cover their own anti-Christian activities and to influence credulous members of the Christian communities, they had a great deal to do with the business. The degrees and rituals of Freemasonry are shot through with Jewish symbolism: the candidate is going towards the East, towards Jerusalem, he is going to rebuild the Temple (destroyed in fulfilment of the prophecy of Christ), he is going to find a Lost Word (lost, it would seem, on the day when Christ, being lifted up, began to draw all things to Himself). Even in feminine Masonry, the fifth and last degree shows Judith cutting off the head of Holofernes, perhaps a symbol here for political and religious authority, or as the rituals prefer to say, tyranny and superstition.

The Grand Orient and Scottish Rite lodges, sources of so many modern revolutions, are more militant, more open and apparently more virulent than some of the others whom they are leading into a single world-organization by gradual steps. The higher degrees of some of the Continental lodges manifest the full expression of that ancient hatred of Christ which demanded His crucifixion, and which in later ages slew His priests and trampled on the Blessed Host. The rank and file of Masons know nothing of all this; but the initiates of Continental lodges could tell of a travesty of the Eucharist in one of the highest degrees, of a prayer to Lucifer, and of a Crucifix spat upon and trampled.<sup>21</sup> Of the vile spirit here manifested the rank and file of Masons, especially of the York rite, and the rank and file of hardworking and credulous Jews are doubtless unaware.

"The annals of Freemasonry," says Peter Wiernik, "usually disclose the earliest Jewish settlers in various localities in the eighteenth century."<sup>22</sup> In 1658, to go further (just sixty years after the death of Philip II) fifteen Jewish families arrived at Newport, Rhode Island, from Holland, "bringing with them the first degrees of Masonry, which they proceeded to confer on Abraham Moses in the house of Mordecai Campanall."<sup>23</sup> Descendants of certain of these Jews, originally from Spain and Portugal, went into the whaling industry, and founded some of the First New England Families. A little later, according to a Masonic authority, "American Masonry was introduced into China by the captains of the clipper ships, who came out from New England to trade with the Chinese."<sup>24</sup> Was this only "operative" masonry?

The official coat-of-arms of the English Grand Lodge, even to this day, is the one made in 1675 by Rabbi Jacob Jehuda Leon, known as Templo, who went from Holland to England that year. "This coat is entirely composed of Jewish symbols," explains Dr. Lucien Wolf. "It is obviously an attempt to display heraldically the various forms of the Cherubim pictured to us in the second vision of Ezekiel—an Ox, a Man, a Lion and an Eagle—and thus belongs to the highest and most mystical domain of Hebrew symbolism. Its crest is composed of the mercy seat with the attendant Cherubim in the orthodox attitude prescribed in Exodus, XXV, 18-20, and its supporters represent the same mystical figures as they appear in Ezekiel, I, ii, with their right and left wings respectively extended towards each other and the outer wings covering their bodies. The motto of the original coat, composed by Templo, was in Hebrew, and is given by Lawrence Dermott, the Masonic writer, who saw it in 1759, as '*Kodes la Adonai.*' The panel here shown (in Dr. Wolf's account) has the motto in English, 'Holiness to the Lord.' . . . Hence it seems clear that this panel is an adapted version and not the original of Templo's design."<sup>25</sup>

The same coat-of-arms is used today by the Grand Lodge of the State of New York. But whether under the Talmudic hands of Templo, or those of his successors, the Cherubim with wings outstretched seem to have undergone a strange metamorphosis, only too suggestive of the detour of the Jewish mind from the Law of Moses to the Talmud. To the casual glance they appear like ordinary Cherubim. If one looks more carefully, it becomes apparent that they have the hindquarters of goats, with hairy haunches and legs, and cloven hoofs that tread upon the motto "Holiness to the Lord."<sup>26</sup>

The trail of Masonry always leads to, and crosses, that of the wandering Jew, whether he actually founded it or not. It

appears very early in the sixteenth century in the memorials of certain Catholics in Spain who were secretly more or less Jews. Its earliest manifestation suggests in striking fashion, too, that those Marrano families were by no means all hostile to the Church, but included, side by side with sensualists and scoffers, many devout and generous Catholics.

There was, for example, the Bracamonte family. Of Jewish descent, they played an illustrious part in Spanish history. The famous captain of King Philip V, Feliciano Bracamonte, was descended from them, as were the noble families of la Cerda y Carvajal, of Tellez Giron and Fernandez de Velasco; the Counts of Contamina, of Penaranda de Bracamonte, and the Dukes of Medina de Rioseca.<sup>27</sup> The arms of the Bracamontes, on various public and private buildings of Avila, suggest their connection with Freemasonry:



Early in the reign of Charles V a lady of this gifted family died, leaving her fortune to her nephew, Mosén Rubí de Bracamonte, with instructions to use a certain sum for the building of a church in Avila in honor of the Annunciation of Our Lady. This alone suggests the Catholic piety of this good woman of the seed of Abraham. But her nephew, who lived at various times in Flanders, seems to have made other international contacts than those he found in the Church Catholic. True, in 1516 he built the church, as his aunt had directed, and named it *Nuestra Senora de la Annunciacion*; and, although the Inquisition stopped the work for a while, it was finally consecrated, and became, with its adjoining hospice for old men and women, a center of Catholic devotion and charity, where Mass has been said even to this day.

But Mosén Rubí carried out his aunt's wishes in a form probably unique in the history of Christendom. Within the beautiful octagon of the noble edifice near the north wall of Avil, between the *Mercado Chico* and the *Arco del Mariscal*, there is a chapel with a startling resemblance to a Masonic lodge room of the Scottish rite. The interior is a perfect pentagon, with two columns at the entrance, as in all the Masonic rites. The colored crystals holding the lofty windows display Masonic emblems of the third and fourth degrees. The whole chapel, inside and out, is full of Masonic allegories and emblems. The splendid pulpit of white marble is pentagonal, and raised upon a triangular column, carven with the emblems of the first, second and third degrees of Apprentice, Companion and Master. These were the only degrees in use, it has been said, before the seventeenth century. Yet the chief choir seat is adorned with something remarkably like one of the allegories now belonging to the thirtieth degree, that of the Knights Kadosch. On the triangle at the high altar is the allegory of the thirty-third and last degree.

The statues of Rubí and his wife are not in the pious attitude of prayer which Spanish convention has decreed for church sculpture, even for the figure of so indifferent a Catholic as Pacheco, Marqués of Villena. Rubí, on the contrary, appears raising his sword in his left hand toward his left shoulder—an allegory of the thirtieth degree. His wife stands looking on the ground, as if in meditation, her right hand on her left forearm. The Catholic ex-Mason Tirado agrees with the Masonic writer Diaz y Pérez that the sculptor seems to have intended a Masonic group to please Mosén Rubí.<sup>28</sup> Other Spanish writers have insisted that the Masonic resemblances in the church have been exaggerated or are accidental.

A dissolute son of this Rubí de Bracamonte turned with great sincerity to the religion of Christ, became a friend of Saint Peter of Alcantara, and was highly esteemed by Saint Teresa at the time of his holy death.

Whether or not the inner circles of the *Comuneros* of Castile and the *Germanias* of Valencia, both centers of revolutionary activity under Charles V were Masonic, is still disputed in Spain; as the possible Masonic organization of the *Jacquerie* is disputed—but these questions are outside the scope of the present inquiry.

There are persistent traditions among the Spanish Freemasons about some of their martyrs in the so-called Reformation period. A lodge called the *Comuneros de Castilla* held a session in the nineteenth century in which Doctor Zapata, a heretic of Jewish descent condemned by the Inquisition as one of the first Lutherans in Spain, was extolled as "apostle of Spanish Freemasonry."<sup>29</sup> The lodges of Valladolid on four different occasions (1839, 1849, 1854 and 1881) held funeral sessions in memory of Dr. Agustin Cazalla, court preacher of Charles V who was burned after the *auto* that the Princess Juana and Don Carlos attended in May 1559, and eulogized him as a distinguished martyr of Freemasonry.<sup>30</sup>

Whatever may be said about the unreliability of Masonic records, which are often contradictory, one thing is certain: the Masonic tradition everywhere claims and manifests solidarity with Protestants, Jews, Templars and other enemies of the Catholic Church.

There has been a considerable controversy in Spain over the so-called Convention of Grand Masters of Masonry when Philip II was eight years old. In the archives of the Lodge Fredericks Vredehall, at The Hague, there was found in 1637 a



curious document containing what purported to be the record of an international Masonic meeting in Cologne in 1535. According to this account, *the heads of nineteen of the principal lodges of Europe were present*—Vienna, London, Paris, Lyons, Antwerp among them. The twelfth signature was that of Ignacio de la Torre, representing the lodge of Madrid. Another of the signatures was that of "Colligni."

The document thus distinguished by one of the chief Huguenot names in France purports to be a defense against accusations of secret plotting attributed to "our society of freemasons," who were being charged with "wishing to re-establish the Order of the Templars, recover their goods and their dominions and avenge the death of the last Grand Master on the descendants of the Kings and Princes who were guilty. It is said we try to introduce schism in the Church, disorder and sedition in empires; that we are animated with hatred against the Supreme Pontiff, the Emperor and all governments; that we obey no other power than our superiors, whose secret orders we execute by letters and by emissaries charged with secret missions; that we do not admit to our assemblies any but people bound by horrible and detestable oaths. After having reflected we have resolved to expose the end of our Order and to send a copy to all the Lodges."

The document went on to deny that the Masons derived from the Templars, but asserted that their society was very old and very secret, having existed in Palestine, in Greece and in the Roman Empire. Certain knights, fleeing from the disputes of various sects, but holding religion to be degenerated and corrupted, had formed an association in which there were masters, companions and united brothers, for an exchange of knowledge.

"The Grand Master or Patriarch, although known by few brothers, exists even today; it is by his solicitude that we give this declaration, taken from ancient documents, to spread the rays of light upon all the brothers in our society, and even upon the profane world." Denial was then made of any attempt to disturb religion or authority, or of the use of torture to test apprentices. In conclusion, the brothers were warned to use only the signs and words of the freemasons of Edinburgh to prove their membership, to admit only men elected by masters aided by seven brothers, and to acknowledge only one chief, the Grand Master; to the end that the Society should be united all over the earth in a single body."<sup>31</sup>

The authenticity of this document has been attacked and defended. Tirado cites an anonymous work by a former Freemason explaining that governments all over Europe were beginning to get evidence of the revolutionary activities of the secret society which seemed to be carrying out the historical mission of the unregenerate Jews, and that they planned to take repressive action. Seeing themselves discovered and in danger, the Masons drew up this pronouncement as the basis of a campaign of defensive propaganda.

Great importance has been attached to the document in Holland and Belgium. In Spain there has been some incredulity, chiefly in consequence of its rejection by Senor Vicente de La Fuente.<sup>32</sup> This able scholar, writing in the middle of the nineteenth century, was of the opinion that Freemasons forged the document in the early nineteenth century. If they had written it in good faith in 1535, he argued, the name of Coligny (which he took to stand for Admiral Gaspard Coligny) would not have been the best in the world to have signed to a disclaimer of revolutionary activity, since Coligny was notoriously a disturber, a traitor to his king, a revolutionary who sold out his country to her ancient enemy, England. He demanded further: who in 1535 accused the Freemasons of sedition? Where were there any contemporary references to this document? Clearly, to his mind, Freemasons accused of having fomented the French Revolution and other disturbances framed this reply to give the impression that their society was very old, and had always been subjected to such attacks, all equally groundless.

Tirado y Rojas, writing several years after La Fuente, replied that La Fuente offered no evidence to substantiate his supposition that the document was used at the later period for propaganda. Moreover, he asserted that in the Masonic Convention of Basle, in 1563, "whose celebration is proved by a large number of Masonic historians, the record of the one at Cologne was introduced, and was accepted as authentic, and all those who signed as Masons in good standing."<sup>33</sup> This later view has been adopted also by the chief modern Spanish encyclopedia, one of the best in the world.<sup>34</sup> But Espasa, like La Fuente, appears to assume that the Coligny who signed the letter (if any Coligny did) was necessarily "the Admiral Coligny, who came to Spain in 1519."

The Admiral Coligny of Saint Bartholomew fame could not have gone to Spain in 1519, for that was the year of his birth. The Coligny who went to Spain at that time was evidently the father of Admiral Gaspard Coligny, himself also Gaspard, and Marshal of France, often referred to as General Coligny. This man had four sons, three of whom became prominent in the Huguenot revolution. Those three were:

Odet (Cardinal Chatillon), born in 1517.

Gaspard (the Admiral), born in 1519.

François (D'Andelot), born in 1531.

Young Gaspard de Coligny was only sixteen years of age in 1535. It is true that in that age a boy of sixteen was generally looked upon as a man, and might very easily have belonged to a secret society. But in any case La Fuente's argument about his being a revolutionary firebrand is utterly beside the point. In 1535 Coligny had given no evidence of his future

sedition proclivities. He professed to be a good Catholic; when he went to court in 1539, he became a friend of Duke Francis of Guise.

His brother Odet, who seems to have been overlooked in all this dispute, was only eighteen in 1535. But he was old enough to have traveled widely, and to be a glaring example of the abuses in the Church, which later aroused his indignation when he could no longer profit by them. Made a Cardinal in 1533, when he was but sixteen, he went to Rome to vote for the successor of Clement VII. In 1534, at seventeen, he was made Archbishop of Toulouse, and the following year, the year in question, was given the bishopric of Beauvais. At various times between 1533 and 1542 he made journeys with his heretical mother.<sup>35</sup>

If Tirado is right in affirming the authenticity of the Convention of 1535, the Coligny who signed the document may have been Cardinal Chatillon. His later activities as a secret emissary, traveling from one enemy of the Catholic Church to another, from France to the Netherlands and to England, are very much like those which the supposed document of 1535 indignantly denies. Before the Church took official cognizance of Freemasonry in the eighteenth century, and even afterwards, Catholics joined the society, through ignorance or malice or both. Even priests were members from time to time.

It makes very little difference, however, which of the sons of Marshal Coligny signed the Cologne paper; or whether any of them did. They were all prominent in the movement in which both Protestants and Freemasons were engaged. The connection between the groups was so evident, even in the sixteenth century, that it may be inferred the "key men" belonged to both. The evidence that connects such bigoted Protestants as Cecil and Coligny, Russell, Sackville, and Gresham with Freemasonry is at best circumstantial. Yet circumstantial evidence is sometimes very strong in its cumulative effect, and in English law men are still hanged on the strength of it.

The descendants of most of these Protestant chiefs are found, within a generation or two, to be leaders in Masonry. For example, we cannot prove that William of Orange was a Freemason; but we find him in one of his marriages becoming son-in-law to Admiral Coligny, and his direct descendants are high officials of Freemasonry when concealment is no longer necessary. Before the end of a century, his great-grandson, William III, will be joining the Freemasons at a time when, with their connivance, he is being placed on the throne of England to replace the legitimate Catholic monarch, James II; and the expenses of the expedition will be paid by a Jewish banker of Amsterdam, Isaac Suaso, who in return for his two million *gulden* will be made Baron de Gras, while other Jews (Sir Solomon de Medina and Alfonso Rodrigues especially) put up the money for the final conquest of Ireland, which John Harrington has already proposed farming out to the Jews!<sup>36</sup>

Two generations after the death of Philip II, the issue between the Catholic Church and Freemasonry was fairly well drawn. Within a hundred and fifty years there would be a sufficient accumulation of evidence to justify a Pope in pointing out the identity, nature and associations of the Masonic fraternity in all its forms, and to warn all Catholics to have nothing to do with it. It may have existed, and probably in some form did exist, before the Reformation itself. It may have been the secret political machine by which the Reformation was established, if not caused; or it may have grown up simultaneously with the Reformation, to separate later into a different form of heresy; or, finally, it may have developed out of the intrigues of the Reformation. All this is obscure, and may never be clarified. But it seems a reasonable hypothesis that something very much like modern Freemasonry, surely in spirit and probably to a great extent in form, possibly the identical organization, possibly a parent organization—it really makes little difference—existed in the lifetime of Philip II.

It is not at all certain that authorities, political and religious, were as unaware of the existence of sixteenth-century masonry as Senor de la Fuente believed. To be sure, they probably had no idea of its full extent and its capacity for evil intrigue. But even at the beginning of the century it must have struck some persons as odd that secret assemblies of workmen had begun taking in nobles and politicians who knew nothing of their craft. In 1522, this type of organization was prohibited in Switzerland, doubtless for good reasons. Francis I in 1539 revoked the privileges of similar groups in France,<sup>37</sup> and about the same time had a few heretics burned who claimed to be Templars.

The Inquisition under Philip II, moreover, gave careful attention to a secret society which, if not then Masonic, was destined to keep its name, form and principles for two centuries, and then to have a remarkable influence upon the Grand Orient lodges of France. This was the society of the Alumbrados, or Illuminates, large numbers of whom were discovered in Estramadura through the interruption of a sermon against Protestantism by an hysterical woman. Many arrests were made, and the ramifications of the sect were discovered to be so extensive that the Holy Office reported the matter to Philip and the Supreme Council of the Inquisition, who set in motion a special investigation by D. Francisco de Soto, formerly Inquisitor in Córdoba, Sevilla and Toledo. The Alumbrados were so powerful that they attempted to poison him, as the secret Jews had slain Saint Peter Arbues and poisoned his associate almost a century before.

It was found that under a pretence of virtue and of reformed religion—they professed to be individually "illuminated" by the Holy Spirit—these wretches, like the early Priscillians and Albigenses, were engaged in a wholesale campaign of defamation against the clergy and the Church, of seduction of rich widows, the compromising of young girls in nocturnal orgies, assassination, and all manner of subversive activity.<sup>38</sup> As Professor Merriman notes, the sect "often vented itself in hallucinations and in sexual aberrations, and was utterly abhorrent to the officials of the *Suprema*."

Several of these subversives were executed from time to time, but large numbers escaped and made their way north,



where they finally reappeared in Germany with the Latinized name of *Illuminati*.<sup>39</sup> In the middle of the eighteenth century they underwent a reorganization of some sort at the hands of "Spartacus" Weishaupt, with such volcanic effect that their emissaries, including the infamous Anacharsis Clootz who signed himself "the personal enemy of Jesus Christ," illuminized the French Masonic lodges to prepare them for their share in bathing France in the blood of the Revolution. Conceivably in an earlier period Philip II and the Inquisition saved Spain from a similar fate at their hands. But the King and the Holy Office probably looked on an agitator of this type as just one more example of medieval heretic, having a more or less hidden connection with the Jews driven from the Peninsula and with the Jews who remained as Catholics.

Francis Bacon, nephew of William Cecil by marriage, and son of that Nicholas Bacon of low origin who assisted Cecil so zealously in destroying the Catholic worship of England, is the final witness for the existence of Freemasonry as an active secret organization, already "speculative," despite the twentieth-century encyclopedias, and connected in some mysterious way with the Spanish Jews. In him the old gnostic paganism of the Rosicrucians and the new ambitions of Freemasonry for the control and transformation of the world meet so strangely, with a dash here and there of Protestant idealism, that it has been much disputed whether he was a Rosicrucian, as De Quincey believed, or a Freemason, as many Masons have held. Nicolai, the friend of Lessing and editor of Moses Mendelssohn, went so far as to call him "the founder of modern Freemasonry."

In support of this latter view it is pointed out that the Freemasons of London have borrowed much of their phraseology from Bacon's work.<sup>40</sup> Another student of secret societies and *Baconiana* believes that the Freemasons and Rosicrucians were one and the same thing, with a joint aim of restoring paganism to the world—which is perhaps another way of saying, destroying the Church of Christ. It was the object of both, says this writer, "to shelter, preserve and hand on as lamps for posterity . . . these heathen antiquities and pagan rites" and he quotes a Masonic student to the effect that "the Freemasons' society was founded for the purpose of concealing the rites of the ancient pagan religion, under the cover of operative masonry; and that although the religion is extinct, its ceremonials remain, and clearly develop the origin of the institution."<sup>41</sup> And Bacon, in his opinion, "was active in promoting a general reformation throughout Europe, either in league with the Rosicrucians, or in favor of Masonry."

Be that as it may, this much is fact, and significant fact: the intelligent and mean-spirited Francis Bacon, Cecil's nephew, sitting in a house stolen from the Catholic Church or paid for with church loot, wrote, about 1625, a treatise called *The New Atlantis*, which was not published until after his death. This opus, joyfully claimed by Freemasons as their own, tells of "the erection and institution of an Order or Society, which we call Salomon's House; the noblest foundation (as we think) that ever was upon the earth" . . . It was named for King Solomon, and, says the speaker, "I find in ancient records this Order or Society is sometimes called Salomon's House, and sometimes the College of the Six Days Works."

An elaborate Feast of the Family, presided over by the Tirsan or Father of the Family, is then described; its ritual very suggestive of that of Masonry. Then there is a long explanation of the purposes and activities of the Order by a mysterious Jew named Joabin.

The English Christian reader, however, is assured that although "he was a Jew and circumcised: for they have some few stirps of Jews yet remaining among them, whom they leave to their own religion," yet "they are of a far differing disposition from the Jews in other parts. For whereas they hate the name of Christ; and have a secret inbred rancor against the people among whom they live: these (contrariwise) give unto our Saviour many high attributes, and love the nation of Bensalem extremely. Surely this man of whom I speak would ever acknowledge that Christ was born of a virgin and that he was more than a man; and he would tell how God made him ruler of the seraphims which guard his throne; and they call him also the Milken Way, and the Eliah of the Messiah; and many other high names; which, though they be inferior to his divine majesty, yet they are far from the language of other Jews.

"And for the country of Bensalem, this man would make no end of commending it; being desirous, by tradition among the Jews there, to have it believed that the people thereof were of the generations of Abraham, by another son, whom they call Nachoran; and that Moses by a secret Cabala ordained the Laws of Bensalem which they now use; and that when the Messiah should come, and sit in his throne, at Hierusalem, the king of Bensalem should sit at his feet, whereas other kings should keep a great distance. But yet setting aside these Jewish dreams, the man was a wise man, and learned, and of great policy, and excellently seen in the laws and customs of that nation."

Is Bensalem a figure for England, and are "the laws which they now use" the new dispensation of Cecil and Thomas Cromwell and their servants? Is this a subtle way of saying that Freemasonry, which claims Moses as one of its founders even to this day, had brought about the Protestant revolution in England "by a secret Cabala?" One almost hears the voice of a suave Spanish Marrano professing such a limited reverence for Christ as American rabbis still pay him in occasional sermons, and flattering the English Christian with the Talmudic-sounding legend that he is really a sort of first cousin to the Jew, and almost as good, and will get his share when the Messiah finally appears? The denial that Christ is the Messiah is done so deftly that the victim of the propaganda will probably not ask himself whether the future Messiah to whom he is asked to give his allegiance may not turn out to be the Antichrist.

Later a messenger interrupts the Jew with some secret intelligence, and he disappears. Next day he explains that "There is word come to the Governor of the city, that one of the Fathers of Salomon's House will be here this day seven-night: we

have seen none of them this dozen years. His coming is in state; but the cause of his coming is secret. I will provide you and your fellows of a good standing to see his entry."

The mysterious personage arrives in sumptuous clothing and kingly state, evidently from Spain; for he wears a Spanish *montera*, and speaks "in the Spanish tongue." Seated on a throne richly adorned, he speaks to the initiates and explains to them "the true state of Salomon's House."





## QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND

THE COBHAM PORTRAIT, IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

*Photo by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

Among other things, he says that "the end of our foundation is the knowledge of causes, and secret motions of things; and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible." The Order has many caves, some three miles deep, for the concealment of its experiments in science, alchemy (the producing also of new artificial metals) and medicine. It has also high towers, on three different levels, the Upper, Lower and Middle Regions; and they use them for observation, conservation, refrigeration, and so on. The members of the order control medicine, science, astrology, and a large variety of natural commodities and riches; and music in which even quarter-tones appear. There is also a very elaborate and interesting organization:

"For the several employments and offices of our fellows, we have twelve that sail into foreign countries, *under the names of other nations (for our own we conceal)*; who bring us the books, and abstracts and patterns of experiments of all other parts."

These super-spies, so similar to Sir Thomas Gresham and others of the creatures of Cecil, are called, appropriately enough perhaps, "Merchants of Light." There are others called Depredators (pillagers), others known as "Mystery-men, Pioneers or Miners, Compilers, Dowry-Men or Benefactors, Lamps, Inoculators, and Interpreters of Nature.

"We have also, as you must think, novices and apprentices that the succession of the former employed men do not fail; besides, a great number of servants and attendants, men and women. And this we do also; we have consultations, which of the inventions and experiences which we have discovered shall be published, and which not; *and take an oath of secrecy, for the concealing of those which we think fit to keep secret; though some of those we do reveal sometimes to the State and some not.*"

If Bacon did not intend this unfinished work to be an allegory of Masonry, for the benefit of a few of the elect, it is all the more astonishing that he powerfully suggested, in veiled fashion, so much that modern friends and foes of the Craft have discerned in it. The allegory could hardly be closer without letting the cat out of the bag. To the general public, with no information about secret societies, it would seem a harmless tale to pass away the time. But there is now enough authentic evidence available from various sources to make it clear what he was driving at. The possible Jewish origin of the Craft, its direction by certain of the Sephardic Jews posing as Catholics in Spain, the hierarchical organization, with wheels within wheels, inner circles almost completely unknown directing the activities of the innocent novices, the elaborate spy system, the use of great wealth to gain power under cover of philanthropic and scientific purposes, the oath of secrecy concealing matters which it would not be healthy to reveal to the general public, the essentially anti-Christian tendency, the sop to unthinking people with Christian predilections, the far-flung system of intrigue and espionage, even a hint of world-domination—are these not all clearly foreshadowed under the skilful imagery of *The New Atlantis*?

The universal revolution (or "reformation") which so many modern Masons (more conspicuously, the Grand Orient lodges) have sought in Communism and in the League of Nations, was undoubtedly preached by Bacon and his followers in this manner; just as Paracelsus had foreshadowed something of the sort,<sup>42</sup> and as the Rosicrucians had preached it under the sign of the Rose and the Cross, or the Rosy Cross, which had also been used by the Templars.

It is futile to discuss which of these organizations came first, or which grew out of or influenced the other. There they are, all similar in spirit and purpose, all disguising under allegories, often quasi-Christian, a determined hatred of the Church of Christ; and all bound up in some fashion, either as cause or result or both, with heretical movements. Perhaps it was not merely a coincidence that, after Martin Luther left his cell, he took for his seal the Rose and Cross. As one student of Masonry says, "Some deep religious significance, at the time well understood, must have recommended the device to the choice of the Tertius Elias."<sup>43</sup>

Lord Verulam had a brother named Anthony who wandered about the Continent for eleven years, during the crucial period of England's struggle with Spain. At one time he is in Venice, at another time he is at Bordeaux in friendly communication with the Sieur de Montaigne, whose mother, Antoinette de Louppes (or Lopez) was the daughter of a Spanish Jew. The Sieur de Montaigne had much to do with sowing the seeds of skepticism that prepared for World Revolution, though by some strange contradiction he remained a Catholic of sorts; thus, when he went to Rome, he attended a circumcision and heard a Rabbi preach, but at Loretto paid his devoir to Our Lady. Anthony Bacon was in constant communication with his brother during those years of study and observation, as they are represented to be. He also acted as an intelligence agent for his uncle William Cecil.<sup>44</sup> He has all the appearance of one of those peripatetic Merchants of Light, Mystery-men or Inoculators described by his brother Francis in *The New Atlantis*.

Finally, to complete the skeleton of this invisible kingdom, it appears from Masonic records that Freemasonry was the door by which the young son of Mary Stuart passed completely into the power of Cecil and the other enemies of his mother and of the Church Catholic.<sup>45</sup>

But long before the entry of "King James the sixth" as "ffreman measone and fellow craft," before he was even born or conceived or dreamt of, the international intriguers, having set up poor, vain, frightened Elizabeth as a royal symbol behind which their invisible army might begin a march to world-power in opposition to the Church of Christ and the culture it had quickened, had begun to spread their nets under the feet of the young Scottish queen and poet who was preparing, amid tears, to return to her own land. Toward the end of April, 1561, Ambassador Throckmorton wrote a highly interesting letter to



Elizabeth, relating a conversation he had had with Coligny; after which he said that Lord James Douglas (Mary Stuart's bastard brother, later Earl of Murray) had just arrived in Paris, and immediately "came to my lodging secretly," and proceeded to set forth "at good length all that passed between the Queen, his sister, and him."

Thus did Murray, one of the most despicable of all the men who have soiled the earth, betray his sister into the hands of her enemies and the enemies of Christendom, full twenty-four years before they could encompass her death. He told the plausible Throckmorton that she did not intend to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh until she could gain the support of the Three Estates, her people's representatives, in Scotland; that she was not well pleased with the existing "kindness" between England and Scotland, and disliked the Scots who were well affected toward Queen Elizabeth (as well she might); finally that she was as careless of French as of English friendship, and might ask the Estates to let her marry some foreign prince. To all this Throckmorton piously added, "I do well perceive the Lord James to be a very honorable, sincere and godly gentleman, and very well affected to your Majesty."<sup>46</sup>

Miss E. M. Tenison, whose English and Protestant loyalty prevents her from seeing anything but honor and virtue in Cecil and the other astute scoundrels who served him, is willing to believe of Lord James that "few more treacherous and cold-blooded mortals have ever exploited and betrayed a Sovereign." She naively supposes that the wily Throckmorton was taken in by him. "Being far too clever to try and bribe Throckmorton by personal offers, he had worked on that ambassador's devotion to Queen Elizabeth, *as the potential head of a Protestant World State* to be built by means of suitable alliances, to the confounding of the King of Spain and the Pope."<sup>47</sup> Yet she herself continues to cite Throckmorton's letter urging the Queen to spend 20,000 pounds sterling per year for "pensions" to be scattered among Scottish noblemen; especially "Lord James, whose credit, love and honesty is comparable in my judgment to any man in that realm."<sup>48</sup>

It now becomes apparent, though Miss Tenison in her zeal has overlooked it, why Lord James did not try to bribe the virtuous ambassador of the Queen and Cecil. He did not have to. He knew perfectly well that Throckmorton's employers would bribe *him*, and continue to bribe him until his "credit, love and honesty" should place their royal quarry in their hands, and so bring the "Protestant World State" a step nearer.

About six weeks after Throckmorton enjoyed the confidences of Lord James Douglas, he received a long report from another member of the international ring, John Emmanuel Tremelius, then at Rheims attempting to see the young king Charles IX, and closely in touch with Cardinal Chatillon and other Protestant leaders. According to his own account, he was traveling from place to place, to form a Confederation of all Protestant Princes. He had encountered some opposition. He suggested to Throckmorton that Queen Elizabeth "secretly solicit" the various rulers separately, to evade the hindrance of the Emperor Ferdinand and others. He himself was willing to perform this service, if the Queen would give him letters of credence.<sup>49</sup>

This labor of love apparently occupied him for some years. Seven years later (1569) he appeared in London, ostensibly as the agent of the Protestant Elector, the Count Palatine, conferred with Elizabeth on an international political league against the Catholic Church, and was about to go to Scotland to see Lord James Douglas, then Regent (Mary Stuart being in prison) on the same business. This on the authority of Cecil, and of the Spanish ambassador in London.

On the surface this emissary or Merchant of Light seemed a typical Protestant zealot of the Calvinist variety. Far from opposing the Church of Christ, he professed to identify the shifting and changing dogmas of the various sects with that body, as opposed to the fixed and eternal teachings of the Church of Rome. The very soul of his belief seemed a violent hatred of the latter. He wrote Throckmorton of those wicked persons who wished to kill "the members of Jesus Christ"; and he attributed to priests, monks, and Catholic leaders generally a plot strangely like the one actually attempted at Amboise by the various Protestants about a year previously. That plot, if it existed, did not prevent the Huguenots, only a few months later, from sacking and desecrating Catholic churches in various cities of France, and killing the priests and monks who were supposed to be so dangerous. At the very moment when the Calvinists were planning their deliberate atrocities of 1561, Tremelius wrote piously of the conspiracy of the wicked "against the faithful, whom they call Hugenaults . . . appointing a certain day for falling upon the flock of Christ. This gives rise to the suspicion that there is a general conspiracy, *like that of Haman against Mordecai and God's people*."<sup>50</sup>

It is an interesting coincidence that the Protestant organizer should identify Catholic leadership, religious and lay, with the Haman whom the Jews, all over the world, had hanged in effigy for centuries, as a symbol of their enemies, and who appears prominently also in the ritual of modern Freemasonry. Philip II became curious about this apostle of the new freedom (though not until 1568) and got a report on him from his then ambassador in London, Guzman de Silva. The report was not quite accurate, for it made Tremelius an Oxford man. Cecil, who was better informed, left a record at the same time which corrects the Spanish account. He wrote of Tremelius as one "who heretofore, in King Edward's time, read the Hebrew lecture in Cambridge,"<sup>51</sup> where he was a friend of Cranmer, Anne Boleyn's chaplain.<sup>52</sup>

"He is a heretic," wrote Philip's ambassador . . . "and in the pay of the Queen. He is the son of a Jew of Mantua." This part of the report is confirmed by modern Jewish researches, which identify Tremelius as "an endemized and baptised Jew."<sup>53</sup>

Historians have been curiously blind to all this. Prescott had a glimpse of what was going on, though his prejudices, and the lack of much information now available, prevented his seeing it fully or understanding what it meant. "The Protestants

of that time," he wrote, "constituted a sort of federative republic, or rather a great secret association, extending through the different parts of Europe, but so closely linked together that a blow struck in one quarter instantly vibrated to every other."<sup>54</sup>





## Illness of Don Carlos [1562]

THE defense of the Church against this mysterious coalition devolved upon a king whose dominant trait, according to an account of him written by the Venetian ambassador Suriano,<sup>1</sup> was a great love of peace and a corresponding abhorrence of anything resembling trouble or violence. Philip regretted more every day that he had ever undertaken the English venture. Nothing but trouble had come of it. Much to the displeasure of the Emperor and of Arras, he had made the truce with France. Liberal and affable, he tried never to let any one leave his presence dissatisfied. The burden the Emperor had left him on sailing for Spain was too much for him, thought Suriano.

Philip's pacifism would have been disastrous but for his good fortune and the imprudence of his enemies. He was like his father in features, mode of speech, religion, natural kindness and good faith. Unlike Charles, he loved peace rather than war. Charles was always thinking how to increase his estates and his power, and under threat of hostilities became warlike and aggressive. Philip was content to defend himself if attacked, and even then rather reluctantly. "He thinks less of increasing his own power than of obstructing the power of others." Under the slightest apprehension he would give away estates rather than fight for them. He was not a natural born ruler, much less an autocrat, for he ruled according to the advice of others. He esteemed only the Spanish, took no notice of Italians or Flemings, least of all of Germans. He slept a great deal, and took little exercise. Even in foods his taste was pacific: he avoided fish, fruits, and others "which have a tendency to produce ill humors."

This portrait, which may have been penned while Philip was still in the Netherlands, fails to include the love of hunting he manifested in Spain. In other respects it agrees with a general contemporary verdict which can hardly fail to seem strange to us who have been victims of a hostile tradition. Here is a rather good ordinary man, affectionate above everything, a family man, a friendly man, a somewhat uxorious husband when he had a congenial wife, a fond and rather foolish father who clung to his hopes for Don Carlos after most other people had given them up, a man beloved by his servants and his disinterested associates; thoroughly convinced of the folly of war, "because," as another Venetian ambassador noted, in 1561, "he has experienced how many troubles war brings with it."<sup>2</sup>

On the head of this complacent man, as he approached middle age, fortune began to deal a series of blows, as if to prepare him for the conflict of which he was the reluctant heir; mocking his softness, his trust, and his magnanimity, showing him the worst of human nature, cutting ruthlessly away from him the intimacies most dear to him, leaving him naked and humiliated on a vast and terrible stage. The first of these blows was the desperate illness of his son Don Carlos in 1562.

That most pitiful of princes was now in his seventeenth year: deformed, unhappy, morose and elated by turns, affectionate as a hound to the few he loved, dangerous to the many he disliked, incapable of much continued or organized effort, with a touch of megalomania thrown in for good measure. He gravely wrote a chronicle of his father's "voyages" to and from Madrid, as if in derision of the King's sedentary life. He made grotesque efforts to keep up with his two fellow-students, and of course failed. Don Juan of Austria, slender, blond, debonair, fearless, well-beloved, excelled in all sorts of physical exercise, though he was not brilliant in studies. Alexander of Parma showed the greatest promise in every field: with the head and figure of a young Greek hero, he was impassive, intelligent in a deliberate, masculine way, self-controlled, well-balanced. Don Carlos seldom betrayed any jealousy of either, but followed them about, and almost worshiped them. He had bad days, however, when even Don Juan displeased him. The story became current that once in a fit of anger he said,

"I cannot argue with an inferior. Your Mother was a harlot and you are a bastard."

"At any rate," returned Don Juan, "my father was a much greater man than yours."

Carlos ran to the King with this story, hoping to arouse his displeasure against Don Juan. But Philip gravely answered, "Don Juan was right, and you are wrong. His father and mine was a far greater man than yours has ever been or ever

will be."

The King's conduct toward his illegitimate brother was generous from the beginning. When the younger man performed some daring exploit, as he often did, for he was strong and agile, His Majesty was as proud as any one, and showed none of the envy that might have been looked for in a disappointed father.

At the beginning of 1562 the three boys were living in Alcalá, in the half-Renaissance, half-Mudejar palace of Archbishop Carranza (who was *incomunicado* in a house of the Holy Office in Valladolid) under the tutelage of one of Philip's old teachers, Honorato Juan, who had studied at Louvain and fought with the Emperor in Africa. They studied, fenced, ran races, rode horseback, and attended lectures at the University. On holidays they joined the court at Madrid, passed under the appraising eye of the King, worshiped the Queen and were mothered by her, attended gay affairs and learned courtly manners. One of the houses they liked best was that of Don Ruy Gómez, Prince of Eboli, whose wife, Ana de Mendoza, was the most popular hostess in Madrid. Married at thirteen, she was now, at twenty, the mother of several children. She wore a black patch over her right eye, which had been blinded in a childhood accident. Yet men considered her beautiful, the gallants wrote verses in her praise, and elderly ladies and the wives of other men made catty remarks about her.

It may be conjectured that pious Doña Juana had no high opinion of the Princess of Eboli, but there was a warm attachment between her and the Queen; and both pitied and sheltered Don Carlos. The King was pleased and grateful when his wife showed affection for his unfortunate son, whom, as Cabrera says, he "loved and honored, and permitted him certain liberties of his green and insecure age, since they were not very conspicuous, hoping that time would bring him to a realization of his greatness and dignity."<sup>3</sup>

Don Carlos gave considerable trouble to Honorato Juan and his cousins. Reports of his scrapes were constantly passing from Alcalá to Madrid. For example, he had a special key made for his apartments, and would let no one enter except his chamberlain, the Count of Galves, with whom he locked himself in. This was reported by Don Garcia de Toledo, his governor, to the King, who had the officer dismissed.<sup>4</sup> The Prince was more carefully supervised, his comings and goings were noted, his hours prescribed. The King himself drew up a schedule for the three boys to follow in their studies and sports.

Alexander lived in the town and had more liberty than the others. But Don Carlos and Don Juan had to arise at six o'clock on summer mornings, an hour later in the winter, attend morning prayers, eat breakfast, and then hear Mass in the archbishop's chapel. They must then recite the *Vent, Creator*, study for two hours, say their *Deo gratias*, and dine publicly at eleven. From twelve to one they had their music lesson, for every wellbred Spaniard must study music. Riding, fencing and jousting followed until four o'clock; games or other amusements from four to five; supper at six, then recreation, and at nine o'clock the Rosary and bed.

Alexander was the best in Latin and Philosophy. Don Juan excelled in swimming, riding, and fencing. Poor Don Carlos, sick half the time with quartan fever and ague, was inferior in everything. There may or may not be truth in the unauthenticated story that to solace his pride, wounded by certain remarks, he began to fancy himself a great lover and to cultivate the affections of the porter's daughter. It appears that when the doors were locked at nine o'clock, he found a way to slip out, and down an antique stairway into a dark court, and thence away.

The first the King knew of this was a report, early on the morning of April twentieth, 1562, that the Prince, making his exit in that manner the night before, had fallen and fractured his skull. The staircase, it appeared, had been out of repair, and as Carlos descended "with little circumspection,"<sup>5</sup> he stumbled on the fifth step from the bottom, and plunged into the darkness, screaming, until his head struck against a closed door. He lay silent, head down and legs sprawling on the stairs. Thus was he found.

The injury did not seem serious. The two doctors in attendance, Chacon and Olivares, (the former, regular physician to Don Carlos) merely put the Prince to bed and bled him twice, taking eight ounces of blood each time. From the moment of his fall, however, he was feverish. About ten days later he began to develop some alarming symptoms. On Friday, May first, King Philip left the palace at Madrid before dawn to ride to his son's bedside at Alcalá. He took with him the noted Doctor Andres Vesalio. Nine physicians were now in attendance.

The next two weeks were probably among the most harrowing of Philip's life. Nothing seemed of avail. The Prince grew worse day after day, until at last no doctor could give any hope of his recovery. Fifty consultations were held. The King attended fourteen of these. It was characteristic of the Castilian royal tradition that even in those gloomy circumstances some semblance of ceremonial etiquette was observed. Philip sat in a chair, with the grandees of Castile behind him, the Duke of Alba on one side and Don Garcia de Toledo on the other, facing the *medicos*, who formed a half moon across the opposite side of the room. Don Garcia would pick out one surgeon after another and order him to state his opinion, and give his reasons for it.<sup>6</sup>

When the King was not in consultation, he was on his knees praying. On May second he sent letters to the clergy at all the famous shrines of Spain—Monserate, Guadalupe, Zaragoza, "desiring that you implore the favor of Our Lord God, as ought to be done, and as we are accustomed to do in all our affairs, and through the intercession of His Blessed Mother, to beg them to restore health to my son."<sup>7</sup>

His people gave him touching evidences of their loyal sympathy. Processions were held in every town. Long lines of



flagellants were seen passing through the streets of Madrid and Toledo in funereal robes, scourging themselves. Queen Isabel spent most of the time, day and night, on her knees in her private chapel. The Princess Juana walked with bare feet one very cold night to beg for his life at the shrine of Our Lady of Consolation.

Honorato Juan and Luis Quixada were so constantly in attendance at the Prince's bedside that they became ill. The Duke of Alba, born soldier that he was, never went to bed or changed his clothes for weeks, until the crisis was past, napping from time to time in a chair.

All seemed useless. Something like erysipelas set in. The boy's whole face was involved, including ears and eyes, and then the throat, breast and arms. The right leg was paralyzed. The Prince was delirious and had a terrific fever. Everything known to the medical science of the time had been tried. Yet the public and private prayers seemed as useless as the efforts of the best surgeons.

On Saturday, May ninth, Carlos looked like one dead. Though there was still a flicker of pulse, the doctors were agreed that he could not possibly live more than a few hours. The King, himself sick and feverish, may even have believed him dead. At any rate, he was prevailed upon to rise from his knees beside the body of his son. Between ten and eleven o'clock, after giving orders for the funeral, he departed for Madrid, to shut himself with his sorrow and God in the monastery of Saint Jerome. It was a black, cold, gusty night when he rode out of Alcalá. The rain pelted him furiously, as it had that day on his way to Winchester. If Philip had left a diary, we might have known what thoughts he had riding at midnight through the great shrieking waste of wind and water.<sup>8</sup>

Two noteworthy incidents occurred before he left Alcalá that Saturday evening. One was the arrival of a Moorish quack doctor from Valencia, who had two unguents for the curing of wounds. The other was the arrival, on Saturday afternoon, of a throng of townspeople, in attendance on a small group of Franciscan monks, who bore with great care and reverence a dead body, wrapped in a brown robe. They took this corpse to the room where Don Carlos lay, and placed it on the bed beside him, so that it rested against him. It was not more motionless, more seemingly dead, than he.

Philip had given his permission for this, as he had ordered the miraculous image of Our Lady of Atocha brought, as he had clutched at everything, in medicine or religion, that offered the slightest hope for the cure of his son. Now everything had been tried, and Don Carlos seemed beyond hope. It was the will of God, no doubt, that he should die tonight. So the King went out into the storm.

Yet during the night the pulse of Don Carlos began to strengthen a little, and he breathed like a man sleeping. At dawn the Duke of Alba sent an *alguacil*, Malaguilla, to tell the King of this slight improvement. When he arrived in Madrid, he found the whole city, with all the clergy, walking in solemn procession behind the holy image of Our Lady of Atocha; and among the suppliants were the Queen and Doña Juana. These holy women had never faltered in their hope.

When the King returned to Alcalá on Wednesday, he found his son conscious and able to recognize him. The doctors were applying some dry lint to his skull and treating the wound with butter washed in rosewater and betonica. By May twentieth there was very little fever. When Philip came back on May thirtieth, there was still greater improvement. The King stayed at Alcalá until June seventh, when he left for Aranjuez after dinner, returning to Alcalá at midnight on the sixteenth. The next morning at eight o'clock, Don Carlos arose, "and passed to the room of his father, who received him and embraced him with great joy, and then they came back together to the room of the Prince. . . ."<sup>9</sup>

What was it that brought Don Carlos back from the very embrace of death, and restored him to health?

Different answers have been given by various modern historians. Some believe that the Moorish ointment may have done the business. Others are inclined to give credit to a trepanning operation by "the famous Italian surgeon Vesalius." One thing all the scholarly authorities are agreed upon: the Franciscan corpse had nothing to do with the matter, except to introduce a gruesome bit of medievalism.

These explanations well illustrate the methods by which the great modern conspiracy against the truth of history has been built up. Prescott, who had read the so-called "report of Doctor Olivares" but not, apparently, that of Chacon, says, "After all efforts of professional skill had failed, and the unguent of a Moorish doctor, famous among the people, had been rubbed on the body without success, it was resolved to make a direct appeal to heaven. In the monastery of Jesus Maria lay the bones of a holy Franciscan, Fray Diego, who had died a hundred years before, in the reign of Henry IV, in the odor of sanctity. King Philip and his court went in solemn procession to the church; and in their presence the mouldering remains of the good father, still sweet to the nostrils, as we are told, were taken from their iron coffin and transported to the prince's apartment. They were laid on his bed; and the cloth that wrapped the skull of the dead man was placed on the forehead of Carlos.

"Fortunately, the delirious state of the patient prevented the shock that might otherwise have been given to his senses. That very night the friar appeared to Carlos in his sleep. He was muffled in a Franciscan robe . . . From this time, as the physician who reports the case admits, the patient began speedily to mend . . . The merit of the cure was of course referred to Fray Diego. An account of the miracle, duly authenticated, was transmitted to Rome; and the holy man, on the application of Philip, received the honors of canonization from the Pontiff. The claims of the new saint to the credit of achieving the cure were confidently asserted by the Castilian chroniclers of that and succeeding ages; nor have I met with any one hardy enough to contest them, unless it be Dr. Olivares himself, who, naturally jealous of his professional honor, intimated his conviction—this

was before the canonization—that, with some allowance for the good wrought by Fray Diego's intercession and the prayers of the righteous, the recovery of the prince was mainly to be referred to the skill of his physicians."<sup>10</sup>

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, who admits that he has followed Prescott in the main, gives the palm, nevertheless, to the Moorish quack doctor, *El Pinterete*. A trepanning operation "was performed, as it seems, without either necessity or advantage." He adds that "the corpse of one Fray Diego, who had died a hundred years before in the odor of sanctity, was brought from a neighboring Franciscan convent, and laid on the Prince. As a last resource, a Moorish leech, who had been summoned from Valencia, was allowed to apply an unguent of which he possessed the secret. The Prince began to mend, and the doctors resumed the conduct of the case."<sup>11</sup>

Major Hume takes the credit away from *El Pinterete* and gives it to the Italian surgeon, Vesalius. The Spanish doctors, "ignorant beyond conception, treated him in a way that seems to us now to have made his death almost inevitable. Purges and bleedings, unguents and charms, ghastly quackery, such as putting a skeleton in bed with the invalid, were all tried in turn, until the Italian surgeon arrived and performed the operation of trepanning. The Prince then recovered."<sup>12</sup>

Professor Merriman of Harvard takes his stand with the English Major on the side of the Italian doctor. He tells us categorically that Doctor Vesalius performed the trepanning operation; that "it seems probable" the operation saved his life; that "contemporary accounts" were "distrustful" of the corpse. He refers to a letter of the English ambassador to Queen Elizabeth, in support of the trepanning theory. He seems to have overlooked one highly important "contemporary account," the bull of canonization of Fray Diego; but he is very sure on one point: "the measure of Philip's superstition and ignorance is revealed by the fact that he insisted on attributing his son's survival to the miraculous healing powers of the corpse of the cook of a Franciscan convent, long since dead, which was placed in bed beside the fever-stricken body of the Infante."<sup>13</sup>

Mrs. Margaret Yeo tells us, in words suggesting that she has followed either Stirling-Maxwell or Prescott, or both, that "the body of one Fray Diego, who had died in the odor of sanctity, was disinterred to be laid on the invalid's bed. Mercifully Don Carlos was unconscious. To find as a bed-fellow a corpse in a mouldering Franciscan habit would hardly have steadied an already unbalanced mind. Whatever the reason—Moorish unguent or holy corpse—the Prince at last took a turn for the better."<sup>14</sup>

All this is bewildering, and casts very little light on what really happened to Don Carlos. It shows conclusively that something is fantastically wrong with modern history. The facts, as recorded by contemporaries in a position to know them, are easily ascertainable. Without recourse either to guesswork or to the English ambassador it is possible to read firsthand accounts. One was written at the request of Don Carlos by his own personal physician, Doctor Dionisio Daza Chacon. The other is "the report of Dr. Olivares" referred to by Prescott. To this second the anti-Catholic historians have found their way as a mouse to a piece of cheese. Its denial of miracle is irresistible and seems to invest the narrator with a scientific, hence more "modern," character. Hence they have not taken the trouble to read the report of Doctor Chacon. It is a pity. Had they done so, they must have noticed certain peculiarities in the one of Olivares.

First, this "relation of Dr. Olivares" is neither signed nor dated. Secondly, it agrees with the report of Dr. Chacon not only in substance, but for the most part word for word! It is clear then (1) that either one of these physicians copied the report of the other, or (2) that one of these documents is a forgery. Which shall we discard, the one of Olivares, with its skeptical interpolation denying the miracle, or the one of Chacon, which frankly attributes the cure to supernatural rather than to natural agencies?

This question alone, to a certain school of modern criticism, would be enough to tip the scales in favor of Olivares. Yet the other is the authentic one, beyond a doubt. The "relation of Doctor Olivares" is either a plagiarism or a forgery.

Chacon's, signed and dated July 25, 1562, was written at the request of Don Carlos. The doctor explains at the beginning that it was impossible for him to remember all the details after so many weeks; hence he asked the Princess Juana to return the daily accounts he had furnished her, at her command (he had previously been her personal physician before the King assigned him to Don Carlos). From these letters he made up his report.

The Olivares report is undated. It is less full and circumstantial, though it follows the other *verbatim*. It adds nothing but the denial of the miracle. At the same time it stupidly copies Chacon's statement that "our whole confidence was in the mercy of God, and in the fact that His Highness was not over seventeen . . . They brought the body of the blessed San Diego, whose life and miracles are so well known."

Olivares was not too highly esteemed to escape the suspicion later on of having poisoned Don Carlos. Chacon, on the contrary, was one of the most respected surgeons in Europe. A graduate of the famous medical college of Valladolid, he had gone to Germany with the Emperor. During the pest at Augsburg he had been the only physician in the city or the Imperial court who was willing to risk his life, at Alba's command, in attending the plague victims. He was one of the first to use modern methods of treating wounds on the battlefield. He was at Lepanto as physician to Don Juan of Austria and went to Portugal with Philip II, who valued him and pensioned him generously. He wrote a valuable book on surgery. His report on Don Carlos has been generally accepted as authentic by Castilian medical men.<sup>15</sup>

Two interesting facts about "the trepanning operation by Doctor Vesalius" to which Hume and Merriman attribute the



recovery of the Prince—and this is evident from both the reports—are (1) that Vesalius did not perform it and (2) that it was never performed. Finally, for good measure, Vesalius was not an Italian doctor, but a Dutchman who had taught in the medical school at Padua and had latinized his name, Wessels.

At a consultation early on the morning of Saturday, May ninth, the doctors agreed that trepanning ought to be tried as a last desperate expedient. The King gave his consent. Doctor Chacon then describes what followed. These are his own words:

"At nine o'clock the Portuguese doctor commenced to use the trepan, and after a short time the Duke of Alba commanded me to take it, and I went on trepanning, and presently I found the skull white and solid, and there began to come from the porosity of the bone some small drops of blood, very red, and I stopped trepanning. It was evident to the eye that the skull was not injured, nor the internal part corresponding to that place."<sup>16</sup>

What happened here is plain, even to the layman. Chacon, on penetrating the outer part of the cranium, found evidence in the normal color of the tiny drops of blood from the porous part that the bone was in a healthy condition. Naturally he desisted. In other words, the operation to which so many distinguished historians attribute the cure (the complete perforation of the skull to remove pressure on the brain) was begun but not completed.

And what of the Moorish unguent? The eye-witnesses have left us a circumstantial account of that affair also, and of its place in the sequence of events. *El Pinterete* arrived at the palace on Saturday night, May ninth. Even before this, on Friday the eighth, his remedy had been applied. The Prince grew rapidly worse. Next morning (Saturday) the trepanning was commenced, but left unfinished. That afternoon the townspeople and the Franciscans brought the body of Fray Diego to the patient. Some time during the evening the King was told that there was no hope for Don Carlos, and he left between ten and eleven o'clock. Between that time and dawn Don Carlos took a turn for the better. The physicians, with pardonable professional pride, attributed the improvement in part to five dry cupping-glasses placed on his shoulders at ten o'clock in the evening, and the drawing of blood from his nose with a lancet. They had tried the cupping glasses Friday night, and they had bled the Prince before, with no success. What, then, of the Moor?

The hour of his arrival Saturday night is not mentioned. Perhaps it was very late. In any case, the medical reports make it clear that he did not perform his office until Sunday the tenth. He had two salves: "a white one which is held to be repercusive; the other black, which is hot, and so must be moderated with the white one." The physicians were against employing him, for two good reasons: first, not knowing the composition of the unguents, they considered it foolhardy to experiment with them on so great a personage as the heir to the Spanish Empire; and secondly, "it seemed to us not reasonable to employ the same medicaments for all times, ages and complexions. But seeing the faith that many had in these unguents and the general opinion of the people that all would hold us to blame for not using them," they finally agreed to let the quack try his hand.

"The Moor came Saturday night, May ninth," wrote Doctor Chacon. "The following Sunday he set about curing His Highness with his unguents . . . The wound went from bad to worse . . . We agreed to send the little Moor and his unguents about their business, and he went to Madrid to cure Hernando de Vega, whom he sent to Heaven with his unguents."

This seems to eliminate the unguents, and to narrow the contest down to the doctors and "one Fray Diego." The former were not too narrow to admit that the the holy body might have had something to do with the matter. Indeed, Doctor Daza Chacon began his report by saying that although the physicians did their best, the Prince's recovery seemed "a thing more truly ordered from Heaven, after so many prayers . . . than due to anything in the course of nature." At the end he adds that "the first thing that His Highness saw on opening his eyes was an image of Our Lady on an altar facing his room, to which he most devoutly said a prayer." The Prince had confessed his sins and received Holy Communion during the first days of his illness. When he came to himself, he was singularly gentle, patient and devout. He promised to show his gratitude for his recovery by pilgrimages to Our Lady of Montserrat, Our Lady of Guadalupe, and the holy crucifix at Burgos, where prayers had been offered for him. He told those at his bedside that during his delirium he saw standing before him a Franciscan monk holding in his hand a cross made of cane or reeds, tied together with a green cord. The Prince, recognizing the brown habit, thought it was Saint Francis, and looked for the stigmata on his hands and feet.

"Why haven't you brought the wounds?" he asked.

He could not remember what reply the Franciscan made, but it was consoling, and ended with an assurance that "he would not die of this sickness."<sup>17</sup>

The error about Saint Francis precludes the supposition that Don Carlos knew what was happening on that day when the corpse was laid upon him, or that he made up or imagined the story later. He was unaware of the dead man's identity until after his crisis. But he did come out of his delirium with a recollection of a Franciscan *beato* who had promised him his life. When he learned that the relics of Fray Diego had been applied to him, he was convinced that he owed his recovery to the intercession of that particular Franciscan. King Philip was of the same opinion, and gave orders to Requesens, his ambassador in Rome, to ask for the canonization of Fray Diego. Pope Pius IV did what Popes usually do when such requests are made: he appointed a committee to investigate, to assemble the evidence, whatever it might be, and to report.

The investigation disclosed that "one Fray Diego," born in 1399,<sup>18</sup> had been a lay-brother in a Franciscan monastery, with an especial devotion to the Passion of Christ and to Christ's mother; had converted thousands in the Canary Islands; had

gone to Rome under Pope Nicholas V and there had attracted much attention by his care of the plague victims in the hospital of the convent of Ara Coeli, and by certain miraculous cures that followed his prayers, especially in cases of obstinate ulcers, which in his utter self-abasement he sometimes licked if they yielded to no other treatment. When people began to hail him as a saint, humility caused him to return to Spain and seek refuge in a convent of the Observantine Franciscans near Alcalá. There his reputation followed him, and the desperately sick were brought to him and cured. He died wrapped in a ragged old robe, gazing upon a rude cross, and murmuring, "Sweet the wood and sweet the nails . . . worthy to bear the King and Lord of Heaven."

After his death his brethren noticed that his corpse did not undergo the usual change but remained fresh and whole. This was talked of considerably. When the daughter of King Henry IV was critically ill and given up by her physicians prayers were offered to the humble Franciscan, lately deceased. La Beltraneja recovered; and Enrique *el Impotente*, convinced that Fray Diego's prayers had been the cause, built a shrine in gratitude to house the holy corpse. There it remained, still incorrupt, month after month, year after year, giving forth, as hundreds of persons noticed, a sweet odor.<sup>19</sup> Ferdinand the Catholic adorned and improved the chapel, with the consent of his Council.<sup>20</sup> From time to time remarkable cures were reported. Ninety-nine years had passed when Don Carlos tumbled down the stairs, and still the holy body was untouched by decay.<sup>21</sup>

Nothing was more natural, then, than an appeal to Fray Diego when the King's son was critically ill in the near vicinity. Nor was it strange that when Don Carlos, after seeing a Franciscan holding up a rude cross, during his delirium, and opening his eyes to behold the gracious image of the Mother of God, should conclude that his recovery had been obtained by the prayers of the holy man whose relics had been applied to him; especially when the physicians certified that his improvement had begun during the night after the body had been brought from its tomb at *Santa Maria de Jesus* and laid against him. As soon as he was able to go abroad, on Saint Peter's Day in June, he attended Mass at the chapel of Fray Diego at San Juan Francisco, where the remains were exposed for public veneration until the end of the month.

Don Carlos never wavered in his belief, nor did King Philip, that he had been the beneficiary of an authentic miracle. Both wrote to Rome repeatedly, begging for canonization. Don Carlos never lived to see the event. His father, after supporting the cause during the reigns of three Popes, had the satisfaction of hearing that Pope Sixtus V, with the unanimous approval of all the Cardinals and the applause of the Christian world, had raised the humble monk to the altars of the Church as Saint Didacus, honored by the Universal Church on November thirteenth every year, and commemorated in the naming of San Diego, California, among other places. In the bull of his beatification, the cure of Don Carlos was cited as one of his true miracles, officially accepted by the Catholic Church, which thus came to share, after long and patient investigation, in the "superstition and ignorance" which Professor Merriman imputes to Philip II.

Cabrera says that after his accident the will of the Prince became "less subject to reason and less compatible with that of his father," and that all attempts to teach him were fruitless.<sup>22</sup> But this was more or less true before the fall. There is exaggeration in Hume's assertion that Don Carlos became "at times a raving homicidal maniac." His fits of anger were more conspicuous because they had to do with certain personages of note. The boy had always been abnormal, excessive in his admirations and his dislikes, and sudden in both, victim of intermittent fevers, which perhaps explain his periods of irritation, alternating with others of calm and gentle affection. On some persons he made an excellent impression for considerable lengths of time. Many of the poor, and many of his own servants, loved him for his generosity and sympathy. He hated lies and liars, as his father did, and could not endure being deceived; nor could he ever have brought himself to adopt the dissimulation at which Philip became a past master in dealing with treacherous enemies and questionable friends.

At all events, Don Carlos remained alive, in answer to the prayers of all Spain. By July seventeenth his wound was wholly closed, and he was able to return to Madrid. By a peculiar coincidence there arrived at the capital almost on the same day a gentleman from the Netherlands whose destiny was to be mysteriously and tragically interwoven with his.





## Trouble in the Low Countries [1560-1562]

A FEW days later the Sieur de Montigny was ushered into the presence of His Majesty for a *vis-a-vis*. Philip, in his customary quiet but faultless dress, probably looked up from his papers to see standing before him a man of almost exactly his own age (the King was thirty-five, the visitor thirty-four) but of unmistakable Flemish type, rather fleshy, florid, round-faced, with shrewd calculating eyes; flamboyantly attired, like all the lords of the Low Countries; speaking French with a slight Teutonic burr.

He remembered this man well. Three years ago, in the Church of Saint Gudule in Brussels, he had made him a cavalier of the Golden Fleece, and had heard Montigny swear a solemn oath in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament to assist him loyally in governing the Low Countries, and especially to do all in his power to maintain and defend the Holy Roman Catholic Church, its dignity and its liberty, and to oppose with all his might every sect and heresy hostile to that Church. No one had compelled him to take that oath, or to accept the dignity which went with it; he had acted and spoken freely. Somewhat later, through his Regent, the King had made him governor of Tornay and the surrounding country. He had taken similar oaths on that occasion.

These oaths, according to Philip's information, had not been kept. Montigny had allowed Calvinist propagandists from France to preach in his own town of Tornay, and had let the heretics roam the streets day and night singing the Psalms of David. When Catholics had protested to him, he had told them it was their own fault, on account of "the ceremonies they used in their churches"; and had made other remarks to indicate his sympathy with Protestant ideas. All this time the man outwardly professed to be a Catholic. There was no telling what he really was behind his mask. The King distrusted him, considering him perjured and a secret enemy.<sup>1</sup> He hoped to find a way, after keeping him under observation for a while, of sending him back a friend. It was the statesmanlike way to deal with him.

Philip was genuinely puzzled about the Netherlands. When he had sailed for Spain in 1559, the country was "populous, rich, happy in its commerce, reputation and strength"; and the same chronicler notes that "religion flourished in sumptuous temples," that the court was splendid and popular, and that there was progress in "sciences, arts, quiet, abundance, faith, laws and privileges."<sup>2</sup> The vast majority of the people were Catholic, and loyal to the Faith. There was little anti-Catholic agitation except among the Jews and Marranos in Antwerp and other commercial centers. Such Protestantism as existed was found in Antwerp, Brabant, and places along the French border where Huguenot influence, so-called, had begun to assert itself. But the dissenting elements were as negligible as, say, Communism in the United States at the end of the World War. So deep and general was the reverence men felt for the Catholic Faith that for several years those who later became leaders of the Protestant faction did not dare show their hand and reveal their ultimate purposes, for fear of antagonizing the people. Like Montigny, they called themselves Catholics, and more or less practised the Catholic religion. They had to, to get a hearing.

On the score of religion Philip had been more lenient, thus far, than his father. It was Charles, and not Philip, who introduced the Inquisition, or rather, an Inquisition, in the Netherlands—for, Protestant legend to the contrary notwithstanding, the Spanish Inquisition was never introduced into the country, at any time. In 1522 the Emperor appointed Messire François van der Hulst, councillor of Brabant, to form a committee of inquisition (or inquiry) at Antwerp, following the appearance there of the first Lutheran agitators. Pope Adrian VI confirmed this. Pope Clement VII removed Hulst on the ground that he was a layman and therefore not competent, and ordered three inquisitors appointed in his stead. In 1527 there was a trial of sixty or more heretics, some of whom were condemned, others admitted to penance.<sup>3</sup>

In 1529 Charles had a *mandement* or placard issued against the agitators who were teaching heresy in his Low Countries. He had it republished in simpler form in 1531, "with the participation of the deputies of the States." This was the

placard which became a bone of contention under Philip. As a jurist of the time, a loyal Netherlander, observed, it remained the law of the country for years, with the full sanction of public opinion, until 1550. That was the year after Charles had expelled the Marranos, descendants of Spanish or Portuguese Jews, from Antwerp, on finding them a center of political and religious intrigue.

It may be conjectured, that, as in all such migrations, many remained behind through influence, or under pretense of Catholicism; for in the next year "those of Antwerp" asked the Emperor for certain changes. They wanted the term "*gens ecclesiastiques*" used instead of "Inquisitors." Their sensitiveness about the latter term suggests that they harbored unhappy memories of the institution which had suppressed the secret kingdom of the Jews in Spain a generation or two before. The so-called Inquisition of the Low Countries, however, continued to function without any formidable popular opposition. Distinguished doctors and professors of the University of Louvain served as Inquisitors. It was generally felt that good Christians and loyal citizens had nothing to fear from their investigations. Its enemies called it the Spanish Inquisition to make it odious as a foreign importation.<sup>4</sup> Yet "the new establishment bore little resemblance," says Prescott, "to the dread tribunal of the Spanish Inquisition."<sup>5</sup> It is rather amusing to find Spanish historians insisting on the same distinction on the ground that the Spanish Inquisition, greatly misunderstood, was a more humane affair!

Philip, on his accession, did nothing to increase the potentialities of the Inquisition to irritate any of his new subjects. On the contrary, by edict of April twenty-eighth, 1556, he moderated the laws against heresy.<sup>6</sup> At the same time, he saw that certain abuses existed, and undertook to remove them. Quite early in his dealings with the Low Countries he became convinced that what they suffered from was not too much of the Catholic religion, but too little of it. There was hardly any real ecclesiastical supervision. Most of the provinces were divided into three excessively large dioceses under foreign prelates, often with no interest in the country or its people save what they could get in money—politicians of the type of Cardinal Chatillon of France, some of whom, like him, were not even priests, and lived immoral lives: glaring examples of the interference of the State in the affairs of the Church. With the rapid increase of the population of this rich country, the separation of the hierarchy from the people became wider, and the discipline of the lower clergy more and more neglected. Human nature, left unbridled, followed its usual course. Yet there were so many holy priests in parishes, so many learned monks and prelates in the great schools and universities, that the Church, in spite of abuses, retained the love and respect of the people throughout the reign of Charles V.

Philip's idea was to divide the Low Countries into seventeen bishoprics, under native sons, chosen for their learning and for irreproachable lives. It was not an original plan of his own. It had first been suggested by his ancestor, Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and had been urged by Charles V. The foreign prelates who were beneficiaries of the prevailing system naturally objected, and were powerful enough to obstruct the plan at Rome, on one pretext or another, time after time.<sup>7</sup> But Pope Paul IV was no compliant Medici. When Philip, on making peace with him, renewed the request for a reorganization in the Low Countries, he succeeded where his predecessors had failed.

Major Hume's facile explanation that the King's motive was to bring the prelates of the Netherlands within the sphere of his political influence makes little sense, considering that under the old system the political absentees were always willing to lend an ear to the King's wishes, provided they were not disturbed in their incomes, and that three such prelates would be much easier to control than seventeen Netherlanders chosen for their piety. The fact is that Philip desired the health and well-being of the Catholic Church. He literally meant it when he said that he would rather not rule at all than rule over heretics, proving his sincerity by real sacrifices of his own wealth and power.

The difficulties of realizing the reform were such as always confront those who desire the true interests of Christianity. The death of Paul intervened. Then, when Pope Pius IV confirmed the plan and began to execute it, there arose all manner of disputes and objections over details of application. The great prelates, frightened by the growth of heresy, gradually were brought to reason. There was still opposition, however, from the heads of religious orders in the Netherlands, when it was known that each of the new bishops would be maintained by an annual income of 3,000 ducats (the two archbishops to have 6000 each) to be levied on the revenues of the rich abbeys. Thus there grew up among certain influential Catholics of the Netherlands a strong resentment against King Philip II, on this score alone. The King, however, persisted, and had his way.

It took him three or four years to put the reform into operation. Various cities sent delegations to Rome to protest. Oddly enough, the most vociferous objections to the taxing of the abbeys now came from the small but wealthy Protestant minority. Their anger, perhaps, was natural. Philip, by this sweeping reform, had deprived them of their pet grievance. With the abuses corrected, they had no longer any real ground for complaint. What they really desired, of course, was not the reform of the Church of Christ, but its destruction. Hence they raised their voices even in defense of the privileges of rich Catholics, and denounced the new bishoprics as a mere pretext to introduce the Spanish Inquisition into the Netherlands. Prescott has exposed the shallowness of this propaganda: "However erroneous these conclusions," he observes, "there is little reason to doubt they were encouraged by those who knew their fallacy."<sup>8</sup>

In spite of all this, such Protestant sentiment as there was remained localized, and traceable usually to outside influence. A great part of the Low Countries remained loyal to Church and King throughout all the troubles of the sixteenth century, and have kept the Faith to this day. Artois, Hainaut (except the town of Valenciennes), Namurois and the duchy of



Luxembourg were unwaveringly Catholic. Even Antwerp, the center of intrigue against the Faith, was to be overwhelmingly Catholic in the twentieth century.

Of political discontent in 1559 there was very little. It is only such partizans as Motley who imagine that because a revolt occurred, there must have been a popular aspiration for democracy or "self-determination" in the modern sense. The average good stalwart lusty burgher of later tradition would have been astonished and even horrified if any one had hinted to him that it might be a good thing to get rid of the King. He would have thought it moonshine to say that a King had no right to legislate, to appoint and dismiss such councillors as he chose, and to raise the expenses of his government by any reasonable taxation. To say that the Netherlands groaned under the despotism of Philip is quite as unhistorical as to infer that, because King David ruled the Jews, they were victims of a despotism. Monarchy is not a despotism when it expresses the popular will.

No one acquainted with the facts can deny that Philip's rule was well within the framework of the system which had grown up with the country and had been generally accepted as the best; in his hands, indeed, that system underwent a slight change in the direction of leniency. It is true, on the other hand, that the Spanish were disliked as foreigners and as any successful militaristic people (as they had become during the centuries of war against the Moors) usually are. Nor can it be denied that Philip was disliked personally in the Netherlands, partly because of his Spanish reserve and tastes, and partly because a deliberate propaganda had been working against him ever since it became known that he would be a loyal Catholic.

All this was offset, however, by the strong hold of feudal tradition in the minds and hearts of the people. The King was hedged with divinity. He was the visible embodiment of God's authority in the temporal order, as the Pope was in the spiritual. To most men the idea of raising a hand against his person or his rights was abhorrent. It made no essential difference that the monarch was not a native of the country. Respect for his inherited rights, or what men accepted as his lawful inherited rights, was still stronger than any nationalistic feeling. In this sense the Netherlands accepted Philip more heartily than most Englishmen accepted their later German sovereigns. Not until 1563 was there any hint of republican sentiment, and then it came from a small interested faction.

Certainly, such opposition as he had met before leaving for Spain, and for some years thereafter, was not of popular or proletarian origin. It came from a small group of aristocrats, most of them with international connections in France and Germany, ostentatious and ambitious men who had more land than money, and were deeply in debt (most of them) to the money-lenders of Antwerp. For at least seven years before anything like a definite revolt occurred, these men maintained a close form of organization, ostensibly social and convivial, but actually political on its secret side, which they were bound by oath not to reveal. The letters Philip received from his agents in the Netherlands are full of references to this "league" or "confederation" which carried on its deliberations under cover of banquets and other social activities at the houses of the various members.<sup>9</sup>

It first began to take on the appearance of a secret society, with a program and a method, during the years when the Huguenots became openly aggressive in France (1560 and 1561). The chief members of the *junta* were William Prince of Orange, Count Egmont, the Marquis of Berghes, the Sieur de Glajon, the Admiral Hornes, and his brother, this same Baron de Montigny whom Philip was observing in the Alcázar of Madrid in the summer of 1562. All these men were Catholics, or ostensibly so. Not one of them disputed the right of Philip to rule the country. The real issue between him and them was that they wished to rule it for him, and that he, having foreseen this purpose and being distrustful of their ultimate aims and associations, had carefully arranged matters so that they could not dominate the government.

Before leaving the Netherlands he had appointed as Regent his half-sister Margaret, illegitimate daughter of the Emperor, widow of the assassinated Alessandro de' Medici, and now the uncongenial wife of the Duke of Parma, Ottavio Farnese, from whom she was separated. She was well liked in the Low Countries, where she had been born. As a royal person she was respected, in spite of her illegitimacy. Her portrait by Moro shows a fine, conscientious, unselfish woman, not brilliant or penetrating, but dependable; rather given to melancholy; like most of the Habsburgs, neurotic, but not lacking in will and determination. The blue eyes with their arched brows, the nose retroussé, the reddish brown hair all suggest a northern type. Her hands were strong and fine, with rings on each forefinger; her clothes sombre and business-like.

The chief fault of Madame, or Madama, as she was called in Spain, was that she was somewhat too easily influenced by any appeal to her sympathies; and not wholly impervious to flattery. Hence Philip gave her, as chief adviser, one of the most able and astute diplomats of the age, Antoine Perrenot de Granvelle, commended to him by the Emperor and found faithful in many tasks, especially in making peace with France in 1558.

To give this tactful man the necessary prestige, Philip caused him to be made a bishop and then a cardinal. As Archbishop of Mechlin he was to be Primate of the Netherlands under the new ecclesiastical system. He was modest and self-effacing, truly devoted to Christ and His Church (though not without weaknesses of the flesh), a notable patron of painters and literary men,<sup>10</sup> with more than a hundred dedications to his credit; one of those incredible letter writers of the time, who left volumes. He was decidedly a man of peace and conciliation, with nothing of the dictator in him; and yet the prominence of his position in Philip's government quickly drew upon him the fire of those who were prevented by his presence from ruling everything.

Philip had divided the country among the following: William of Orange, to govern Holland, Zeeland, Utrecht and the

county of Bourgogne; Count Egmont, Flanders; Count Arenberg, Frisia, Groningue and L'Overysse; Count Meghen, Gueldres and Zutphen; Count Mansfeld, Luxembourg; Marquis of Berghes, Hainaut, Valenciennes, and the citadel of Cambrai; the Sieur de Courieres, Lille, Douai, Ordries; and Baron Montigny, Tornay and its environs.

The Council of State consisted of the Regent, Granvelle, Orange, Egmont, the Sieur de Glajon, the Sieur de Berlaymont, and President Viglius, a famous lawyer and scholar; and later Count Hornes and the Duke of Aerschot. To prevent Orange and his friends from dominating the Regent, Philip had given orders, on leaving, that all matters of vital importance, especially those concerning the distribution of offices and benefices—what would now be called "patronage"—must be decided by a smaller *consulta* consisting of the Duchess of Parma, Granvelle, President Viglius and Berlaymont. In short, he did what any man who understands government would do: he committed the weight of power to those he could trust.

Naturally this was displeasing to the astute William of Orange, in whom the Emperor's sister had so early discovered a fox, and to his friends. They and their allies among the Calvinists set in motion a disparaging propaganda against the new Cardinal. They could not say that Philip was a despot, for he had done nothing to earn the imputation. They did allege that Granvelle was responsible for keeping the Spanish troops so long in the country after the peace of Cateau-Cambresis, and that it was he who had urged upon the King this new-fangled scheme of the seventeen bishoprics, with the ulterior purpose of introducing the Spanish Inquisition.

These points were well chosen. Foreign soldiery are always unpopular in any country. The campaign against the new bishops was sure to attract support from influential Catholic circles with selfish motives to oppose the reform. Yet the correspondence of Granvelle shows plainly the injustice of both charges. In October, 1560, he wrote his friend Gonsalo Pérez, Philip's secretary in Spain, that if the Spaniards were left there much longer, "you may be sure that these States would be in manifest danger of revolt." He praised the Duchess for her prudence, firmness and dexterity. But, when she took it upon herself to send the troops home in midwinter, Granvelle wrote to his friend that he was sorry for the poor devils for all they would have to suffer on the seas at that season, without even waiting for a favorable wind.<sup>11</sup> He added frankly that he wished they could be kept in the country; but public opinion was so set against them, that it was impossible to do otherwise than pack them off.

The departure of the troops robbed the conspirators of one grievance, but they made all the more of the other. As the new bishops began to assume their duties, the friends of the little *cabala* spread the word everywhere that Granvelle must go, or the country would be under the yoke of the Spanish Inquisition. Granvelle was ambitious, they whispered; he wanted nothing short of absolute power. Granvelle was bloodthirsty; he had advised the King to cut off half a dozen principal heads in the Low Countries as a short way to peace. Orange and Egmont, it was said, had had this straight from friends in Lorraine. Granvelle was this, and Granvelle was that.

The hatred with which he was regarded in some quarters, and the relation of this feeling to his official connection with the Catholic Church, is revealed in a poster found nailed upon the gates of Antwerp, on March tenth, 1560. Appearing as it did on the eve of the Tumult of Ambois, it affirms the purpose of that conspiracy in such terms as to leave little doubt that its authors were part of the international intrigue. Not the least interesting fact about it is that it was found among the papers of William Cecil.

Granvelle, this poster declared, was doing all he could to destroy the privileges of the people and to injure the country, especially by encouraging the Inquisition and introducing the new bishops, like the scoundrel that he was (*comme coquin qu'il est*). Under pretext of religion he sought to destroy the liberties of the land, and make the people slaves of the *porceaux de Spaigne*, swine like himself and his clergy. Granvelle was a manifest villain, "and does all he likes through the power of his father, the Dragon of Rome. He governs the King in Spain, like the traitor to the country, with no regard to his oath, so that that Prince's tyranny increases daily." People were driven to the galleys as slaves; but "the mace is lifted, and the sword sharpened, and if they have to speak again it will be with pistols and other weapons. All burgomasters and others in office, all priests and monks, young and old, shall be slain, together with the arch-villain, the Red Dragon." They would also avenge themselves on "the sophisters of Louvain, who are the authors of the Prince's tyranny." France was open to them and would receive them.<sup>12</sup>

The innocence of Granvelle must be evident to any one who takes the trouble to read his correspondence and that of the Duchess of Parma from 1559 to 1565. He had long been aware, when Montigny went to Spain, that his enemies were resolved to get him out of office. Indeed, he feared an attack on his life. Yet the serenity and generosity of the man were admirable. Writing to his friend Pérez, he contradicted stories told in Spain about his enemies. It was true that libels had been scattered against him, he wrote, but he had had no quarrel with Orange and Egmont, and though he did not know what was passing in their souls, they treated him with courtesy. He denied a tale that he was mocked at a masquerade at the house of William of Orange.<sup>13</sup>

Whether he knew it or not, however, Orange and Egmont had already carried the campaign against him to Madrid. Eight months before, in a letter signed by both, but in the handwriting of Orange, they had complained bitterly to the King of the conduct of his minister. They reminded Philip that in Zeeland, before going to Spain, he had promised them that all important affairs would be discussed in full Council. On that condition they had accepted their commissions, understanding that if it was broken they would be free to resign. Since His Majesty's departure, they had discovered that two or three people passed on



everything of moment. Worse still, Granvelle had said that all Councillors were responsible for the acts of the government. Every one mocked them, as Councillors in name only. Not wishing to be responsible for what was done without their vote, they begged the King to accept their resignations.<sup>14</sup> As for Madame, they had no complaint to make.

In this letter, dated July twenty-third, 1561, no mention was made of the Inquisition or of the placard, or even of the new bishops. It is evident that the removal of Granvelle was the chief object sought. Egmont made this clear in two letters to Philip's secretary, Eraso: he and Orange had written the King, he said, because Granvelle's ambition for absolute authority increased every day; and would Eraso please tell His Majesty that the two signatories were animated only by zeal for his service. Granvelle would not have been pleased had he seen the reply of Eraso, cordially agreeing with the Count, and adding that the Cardinal's character was such that he wished to be the monarch of the world. He added a little useful information: a million and a half in gold had just arrived from Peru, but the King's share was already spent.

Philip did not know or share Eraso's opinion of the Cardinal, but stood by him loyally. He wrote a perfunctory letter to Orange and Egmont, thanking them for their zeal in his service, and urging them to continue, taking especial care to punish agitators against religion. He was quite aware that William of Orange did not believe in "freedom of worship" any more than he did. William believed, for example, that Anabaptists were dangerous anti-social fanatics, full of obscene, anarchical and communistic notions, and should be put to death as enemies of society; apparently it did not occur to him that the Anabaptists were only a few steps in advance of Lutheranism and Calvinism and that all heresies pointed in the same general direction, to the left. William, in fact, professed at this time to be zealous for the suppression of all Protestantism.

In May, 1562, it was decided that Montigny should go to Spain. The Duchess summoned a meeting of the Golden Fleece to discuss this and other matters. Before they met her they held a preliminary session at the sumptuous home of William of Orange. This was reported to Philip, who was annoyed; but no more than when he read Granvelle's letter saying that the lords of the *cabala* had dispatched agents to Paris to consult Charles Dumoulin, a notorious Calvinist, and that the Estates of Brabant were to send that firebrand to Rome to protest against the new bishoprics. Consulting a heretic was a great piece of insolence, wrote the King to Granvelle. However, he was glad to hear that the Prince of Orange was conducting himself well in matters of religion; though he regretted that William was not having his wife instructed in the true Faith before she formed associations that would corrupt her.

The year before this, William had married, without Philip's consent and much against his wishes, the niece of that treacherous Maurice of Saxony who had dealt so foul a blow to the Emperor. The lady had been reared a Lutheran. It was to her influence that the later apostasy of her husband was attributed in Spain.<sup>15</sup> Philip would have been still more anxious about her if he had then known (as Cecil learned from his man Gresham) of her intimacy with the wife of Marcus Pérez, a Spanish Jew who was the leading Calvinist minister and agitator at Antwerp. Her marriage with William turned out badly; both were notoriously unfaithful. She finally left him to return to Germany.<sup>16</sup>

While Montigny was on his way to Spain, Granvelle wrote Madrid what was being said of him, and begged the King to disabuse Montigny of the notion that he was to blame for the bishoprics or had urged the establishment of the Inquisition. Some persons, he said, were spreading the story that the bishops would lead to the Inquisition. "Your Majesty knows well whose fault all this is," wrote the Cardinal . . . "they go so far as to impute to me, to make me odious, the wish to submit the direction and the liberty of these States to foreigners."<sup>17</sup> As for the rumor circulated by the lords that Granvelle had told the King half a dozen heads ought to fall in the Low Countries, "Your Majesty can judge whether such a thought ever entered my head!"<sup>18</sup> He had talked with Orange and Egmont, who suspected the King of dealing with the Guises in France (which the Cardinal denied) and said the Duke of Alba had tried to introduce the Spanish Inquisition in France in 1559. Granvelle protested that he was using all possible gentleness with the lords, making every possible concession to them; but on the King's authority he would not compromise.

Margaret of Parma confirmed Granvelle's accounts of the lies against him, especially regarding the cutting-off of heads. Philip wrote her a long and vigorous reply just before he received Montigny. He was greatly scandalized, he said, to learn that those who should be aiding her not only failed to do so, but stirred up others and had formed the league against the Cardinal. No one knew better than the Duchess how unfounded were the complaints against Granvelle. As for the new bishops, the Cardinal had had nothing to do with advising or suggesting the scheme. In fact, he had been kept completely in the dark about it until it was well advanced. The Marquis of Berghes, one of the league, had known of it before Granvelle did, when he was in England with the King. As for Granvelle's alleged ambition, Philip assured the Duchess that he had had to insist several times to make him accept the Archbishopric of Mechlin. Nor was it true that Granvelle had ever suggested cutting off half a dozen heads; "although," wrote Philip as an afterthought, "it might not be a bad idea."<sup>19</sup>

He completely exonerated Granvelle of the bloodthirsty aims attributed to him. It was equally false, he wrote the Duchess, that the Cardinal had proposed the establishment of the Spanish Inquisition in the Low Countries, nor had he himself ever thought of it. As a matter of fact, the Inquisition his father had established in the Low Countries was more pitiless than the Spanish one, he said. Margaret must keep the discontented lords divided among themselves, and prevent their assemblies as much as possible.<sup>20</sup> The same day he wrote a long letter to the Cardinal, thanking him for his services, regretting the calumnies

against him, and advising patience and dissimulation in the face of his enemies.

Such was the situation when Montigny arrived in Spain.

The King was particularly interested in this gentleman, because of the influence he was said to have over the other members of the League. Furthermore, Philip had good reasons for suspecting that Montigny, more than all the rest, was obviously part of the international conspiracy against the Church, a more menacing thing than any mere local revolt in the Netherlands. Montigny was closely related to the Chatillons. Like the mother of Coligny and the Huguenot Cardinal, he was a Montmorency. One of the accusations formally made against him by Philip's officers seven years later was that while in Spain he had told his friends that Admiral Coligny was the real leader of the revolt in the Netherlands, and that "everything there was guided by his advice."<sup>21</sup> It was said that in Paris, on his way to Spain, he had advised his brother Hornes and others to send cavalry from the Netherlands to aid the Huguenots in France against the Catholics.<sup>22</sup> Philip was convinced, then, that this man and his brother Hornes were the two most dangerous enemies he had in the Netherlands, not even excepting (at this time) William of Orange.

With various conversations and agreeable diversions he detained Montigny through the whole summer and autumn of 1562. Of his desire to conciliate the visitor, the correspondence leaves hardly a doubt. Indeed, Philip was in no position to choose any other course. He has been severely criticized by Pastor and others for not going to the Netherlands himself to establish tranquillity by his presence. From 1559 on he was urged repeatedly to do so, by Granvelle, by the Duchess, and by all his best counsellors.<sup>23</sup> From time to time he promised to undertake the voyage.

Lack of money, however, prevented. Writing to Granvelle about the time Montigny came, he said that the Cardinal would not believe the degree to which his treasury was exhausted.<sup>24</sup> His revenues were pledged in advance for almost 20,000,000 ducats. He owed also 7,000,000 ducats to money-lenders in Spain, Flanders and Germany at high usury; besides arrears of more than two millions on the pay of his troops.<sup>25</sup> The Low Countries, which had furnished such a handsome income to the Emperor, had dried up with mysterious celerity as soon as Philip succeeded. Instead of receiving a revenue from them, he was frequently obliged to remit huge sums to Margaret for the expenses of her government. In March, 1562, he had sent her 300,000 florins. Two years later she would write him that the expenses exceeded the receipts by 600,000 florins a year. With all this, and against the advice of Granvelle, Philip was resolved to help the Catholics of France defend themselves against the Huguenots. The Duchess, at his orders, sent 50,000 crowns to Catherine de' Medici at a Council meeting on August fourth, when William of Orange was present. Somewhat later, she was forwarding, at Philip's orders, 30,000 crowns per month.<sup>26</sup>

At the beginning of the summer the great lords were grumbling because Philip had not paid them the "*gratifications*" he had promised on leaving the Netherlands: 50,000 crowns to Egmont, 40,000 to Orange, 15,000 each to Berghes, Glajon, Hornes and Meghem, and 6,000 to Arenberg. Yet, as Philip replied to Granvelle, he had promised to pay these sums within three years, and the term would not end until August twenty-second. When the due date arrived, he was unable to pay in full, but commenced to liquidate his promises by instalments. After paying 30,000, for example, to Count Egmont, he gave him the town of Ninove as security for the balance, and in the end permitted him to raise not only the balance of 20,000, but 12,000 crowns additional, on the revenues of that place.<sup>27</sup>

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that there was an element of extortion in the opposition of the League to Philip's representatives. For several years, until the very eve of the Revolution, most of these great patriots and champions of religious liberty had their hands extended for plums in the form of cash, property, or political favors. In life they had no resemblance to the noble and industrious commoners of pure imagination who were to wring tears from the children of Protestant Sunday Schools of later times. They were a parasitic group of riotous and profligate aristocrats, much given to eating, drinking, loud talking and brawling. Nearly all of them, in spite of their great holdings of land, were deeply in debt. Granvelle wrote the King on October sixth, 1562, that these men were convinced that they could have anything they wanted, that justice could do nothing against them—they were above the law; and that they had no intention of paying their debts, which were enormous.

Notable among the spendthrifts was William of Orange, who kept the most sumptuous state in his princely house and had in his train many noblemen and gentlemen from Germany, where he himself had been born. His tendencies were disquieting. He had told the Duchess openly that he would never fail either his country (meaning Germany, apparently, not the Netherlands) or his house. It was singular, Philip wrote his sister,<sup>28</sup> that the propaganda of the lords harped on the fact that Granvelle was a foreigner, a Burgundian, but never mentioned the German birth of the Prince of Orange and Count Mansfelt!

The debts of William alone would have to be expressed in many millions of our money; the sum-total at the beginning of 1563, according to Granvelle, was 900,000 florins. William was naturally on intimate terms with money-lenders, a fact not without historical consequences. He was very friendly with Gaspar Schetz at the Sign of the Crow, whose palm had been greased by Gresham in 1559, and whose influence over the Regent was not to be forgotten. He was heavily in debt to some of the Jewish bankers of the Mendes Spice Trust.<sup>29</sup>

While William and Gaspar Schetz (now lord of Grobbendoncq, soon to be Baron of Wesemael) were going to Bois-de-Duc to persuade that town to give some money for William's State of Brabant, Granvelle, at his wits' end, was begging the King to come soon, "for the love of God," and to straighten out the tangle himself.<sup>30</sup> Early in October he had reached such a



state of discouragement, in his struggle with unseen foes, that he asked only to be allowed to retire to private life.

Much would depend, however, on what report Montigny brought back from Spain, and how the lords would take it. If they did not accept it in a good spirit, the Cardinal was ready to resign and even to give up his archbishopric. In fact, he was willing to submit to whatever the service of His Majesty might demand. He only asked that, if the King wished him to retire, he would allow him to go to Madrid to kiss his hands, so that his enemies could not say he had been dismissed in disgrace. If the King wished him to remain at his post he would do so. But the situation was such, with international conspirators passing from England to Germany, and from France to Antwerp (that "*receptacle de mauvais garnements*") that the presence of the King alone would quiet the unrest.

A few days later Margaret of Parma wrote her brother that Lord Berlaymont, a loyal Catholic, had told her that he believed the Prince of Orange had some great design in his head, "giving me to understand that he could not explain more, but that it concerned something against the service of Your Majesty." Madama penned this in Italian, as she always did when she had anything important to communicate.<sup>31</sup>

Philip, in a final audience to Montigny on the twenty-ninth of November, urged him to express himself fully and frankly on what had happened in the Low Countries and on the causes of the discontent there. The Baron excused himself at first, saying that His Majesty must be well informed. Finally, when Philip pressed him further, he alleged three principal grievances: (1) the new bishoprics, established without the instance of the people; (2) the rumor that the Spanish Inquisition was to be introduced; (3) the hatred everybody had conceived against Cardinal Granvelle, not only the nobles but the people, a hatred that had proceeded to such an extremity that an uprising was to be feared.

The King listened in grave and courteous silence, and then made his reply. There is still extant in his own handwriting a memorandum of it, which he sent to the Duchess.

He assured Montigny that Granvelle was not injuring him or the other nobles, as they appeared to believe. The report that he intended to establish the Spanish Inquisition in the Netherlands was false. Such a thought had never entered his head, nor had Granvelle or any one else advised him to do it. The new bishops had been installed only to remedy the notorious lack of religious instruction in the Low Countries. Granvelle, moreover, had been a complete stranger to that plan.<sup>32</sup> Berghes had known of it even before Sonnius was sent to Rome to negotiate for it, and apparently did not oppose it. Granvelle knew nothing of it until Sonnius returned.<sup>33</sup>

The King asked Montigny to make his reply known to everyone in the Low Countries. Montigny promised to do so. Thereupon Philip wrote to his sister just before he went to Aranjuez with the Queen, Don Carlos, Don Juan and the Princess for Christmas. "We shall see what happens now," he said in substance. "Let us hope the effect will be good; if not, you must consider what means you wish to use next."

On the day when he was writing this, Montigny arrived in Brussels. Three weeks later the Duchess reported bitterly that, since his return, things had become worse than ever. His report to the Council, three days after Christmas, had done more harm than good. Speaking to her, he had accused the King of partiality in favor of Granvelle. Berlaymont told her that the lords were more bitter than ever against the Cardinal, that Montigny had tried to induce him (Berlaymont) to join the league, and that he had refused; since he intended to do nothing against King or country, he judged such a league to be useless. Some of the lords were saying again that the new bishops would lead to the Inquisition; yet they were irritated when Montigny told them that in France they were considered Huguenot leaders. They were saying that the Duchess merely followed the Cardinal's wishes. Margaret concluded her report with praise for Granvelle's modesty and zeal: he did not deserve the treatment he was getting; it was all the result of jealousy, because the ambitious lords were excluded from the *consulta*.<sup>34</sup>

Philip replied that he was sorry Montigny had not "performed the good offices one might have expected of him."<sup>35</sup>

Granvelle was even more discouraging. Since Montigny's return, he wrote, things had grown worse a hundred times. Montigny's brother was organizing a new league against the Cardinal. Berghes, Orange and Montigny himself were active leaders in it. Heresy was rife in Valenciennes and Tornay. Berghes and Montigny did nothing to check it; the latter was saying that men should not be killed for crimes against religion.

It was doubtful in Philip's mind whether Montigny really believed that. He suspected that what Montigny meant was that he did not believe men should be killed for crimes against the Catholic religion, which was the foundation of European culture and civilization. But no Huguenot or other Calvinist had any objection to killing Catholics, when the time came, merely because they were Catholics. There was no longer any doubt that Montigny was a Huguenot, for Granvelle wrote that he was openly eating meat in Lent.

Margaret confirmed all this. She added that Egmont was one of the most active intriguers. He had tried to induce the Duke of Aerschot to join the league. The Duke, a very astute Catholic politician, replied that, although he was Egmont's friend, he did not wish to have either the latter or the Prince of Orange for a superior, since he was as good as they and had just as many noble followers. One word led to another until the two quarreled violently, and would have fought a duel on the spot if other lords had not intervened. The Marquis of Berghes had gone secretly, three or four days before Palm Sunday, to the abbey of Forêt, near Brussels, where he met Orange and Homes; and presently Montigny joined them, bringing Egmont. The Duchess did not know what they had done. After the meeting Orange went to Breda, Berghes and Montigny to their own cities, Homes to

his house and Egmont to Holland. Their absence seemed suspicious to Granvelle and was very embarrassing to the Duchess, who begged for the second time to be allowed to resign.

By April she was threatening to leave whether Philip liked it or not. The perpetual strain, the fears and suspicion, the constant worry over funds were beginning to wear her down. Some of the conspirators had the impudence to invite her to join their party, assuring her that if she did so she would soon see that things would go very differently and that plenty of money would be forthcoming from the Estates!<sup>36</sup>

At no time, during the eight years after his return to Spain, could Philip's policy in the Low Countries be called tyrannical. He made one concession after another. He assumed the huge and mounting deficit of the government of a rich country. He went to great pains to avoid any undue interference with the lives and privileges of his subjects. As regards religion, he insisted that the Catholic Faith must not be destroyed. What else could a man say of a truth he believed to be divinely ordained?

Even in that respect, considering the times and the anarchical and anti-social tendencies of sixteenth-century Protestantism, he was more lenient than most rulers. It was considered an unusual event, worthy of comment, when a notorious heretic and agitator was burned in Valenciennes in 1563. The man who ordered the execution was not the King, but one of the chief advocates of freedom of worship, the Marquis of Berghes. Jews and heretics acted and spoke as they pleased in Antwerp, without much hindrance. Many of them were Marranos, fugitives from Spain, of whom the Inquisitors in Madrid sent full information.

Granvelle sadly wrote to his friend Pérez, "It is laughable to send us depositions made before the Inquisition of Spain so that we can seek the heretics here, as if there were not thousands here to whom we dare say nothing and of whom the King's officers arrest none. Indeed, *it is more than a year since a single Calvinist has been arrested in Antwerp.*"<sup>37</sup> The chief Inquisitor at Antwerp was a rather pathetic fellow, a good studious professor of the University of Louvain with the rare name of Jude Titelmanus (or Tiletanus), who begged to be relieved from his office because the enemies of Christendom mocked and hindered and threatened him and he felt powerless to cope with them.

Philip was lenient, but not from choice. If he had had plenty of money, he probably would have wasted little time in persuasion with the heretics of the north. He understood better than most modern historians the significance of the revolutionary movement. Hence, early in 1563, he sent Margaret a list of suspects in Antwerp, many of them refugees from Spain, and urged her to look into their intrigues; especially those who had thrown stones at the executioner of the notorious heretic Fabricius at Antwerp and then circulated threats of vengeance written in the dead man's blood. He wanted her to give particular attention to one Jean Tulet, fugitive from Bruges and Frankfort, a confessed Anabaptist, and to another named Juan de Moya, "not less pernicious." The King was informed also that there were in Antwerp "an infinite number of Jews," who assembled in their synagogues, circumcised themselves and performed their ceremonies publicly. He complained also of the open performance, in Antwerp, of some very scandalous comedies "in which they speak ill of my person—a matter of which I would take no notice, if, at the same time, they did not mock our holy Faith and Catholic religion."<sup>38</sup>

The chief target for the King's intolerance in this important long letter was the "cursed sect of the Anabaptists," which was extending itself in Holland and Zeeland. "It is a great shame," wrote Philip, "that this cursed sect, which even the heretics of Germany cannot endure, finds a refuge and shelter in my Estates." The international character of the conspiracy was evident. He was informed that the heretics of the Netherlands were in communication with those of France, and bade her stop this. As for the sect of Anabaptists, he requested her to exterminate the vile thing.

The modern reader who shrinks from all this as another example of medieval bigotry, difficult to understand and impossible to condone, has forgotten who and what the Anabaptists were. To Philip, and to most of the men of his time (including Luther and William of Orange) those fantastic forerunners of the Jacobins of 1792 and the Communists of twentieth-century Russia and Spain were enemies of God and man, whom no one in his sane senses could tolerate.

Philip could remember the time (he was then seven) when Melchior Hoffmann, one of those furriers who traveled from one end of Europe to the other, let it be known through Lower Germany and the Netherlands that he was a Prophet to whom the Word of the Lord had come, bidding him establish the New Jerusalem in Strasburg. His program was simplicity itself, with some remarkable resemblances to that of Mohammed. He undertook to send through the world from the New Jerusalem a hundred and eighty-four Horsemen of Extermination, who with Elias and Enoch should pass through the world with the sword, "vomiting flame to destroy the enemies of the Lord."

Enoch presently appeared in the person of a baker, John Matthiessen. This latter transferred the New Jerusalem to Münster, in Westphalia, where his emissaries found allies in a cloth merchant named Knipperdollinck, who had been active in propagating Lutheranism, and a tailor of Leyden, one John Bockelsohn or Bokelzoon. So successful was their propaganda in Münster that Knipperdollinck was elected burgomaster, and the city passed into their hands. Bockelsohn now revealed himself as the King of Sion, Ruler of all the Earth, and Son of David, while Matthiessen disclosed that he was the Prophet Moses, come to organize a massacre of all the ungodly.

The Reign of Terror which followed would seem incredible if there were not more modern instances to demonstrate the depths of human degradation and blood-lust. The King of Sion commanded all gold, silver and jewelry to be turned over to



his treasury. Communism was proclaimed, with polygamy, community of women, and world-conquest. Rothmann, an ex-chaplain, had four wives. The King of Sion had sixteen. Mass executions began. The corpses of the ungodly piled up, rotting, in the streets. When the chief wife of the King of Sion objected, he cut off her head in the marketplace before a select group of his Loyalists. There followed a delirium of bloodletting, with the usual accompaniments of mass drunkenness, mob insanity, indescribable scenes of sadism and bestiality. This went on until a force of *landsknechte* took the city and slew the leaders and instigators of the anarchy.

The story of Münster alone, to those who were near enough to it to comprehend its horrors and their causes, explains a great deal about Philip II and other men of his sort. To them it was the logical outcome of any departure from the sane unity of the Catholic Church. No one who knew the facts could separate it from Lutheranism and Calvinism and the ancient hatred of the Talmud. These elements were all bound up together in the Münster experiment. The germ of a sinister and growing chapter in modern history was there. The Catholic who loved Christian order and peace instinctively wished to destroy it before it should spread and destroy the world.

It was enough for Philip that Anabaptists were preaching in the Netherlands; the slaughter, the communism, the burning of churches and the torturing of priests and nuns, the anarchy and sex orgies would follow in due time, as a crisis follows pneumonia. It is doing him no injustice as a man of humane instincts and common sense, therefore, to say that he tolerated the Revolution for several years only because he lacked force with which to suppress it. Yet he did tolerate it. It is unhistorical to pretend that he was a tyrant in any sense in which a man of the sixteenth century (with no heretical axe to grind) would have understood the word.

The results of his tolerance convinced him more and more that it was a mistake. The heretics were not looking for tolerance, or freedom of worship, or equality, or any of the other fine things they talked about. As Professor Merriman has acknowledged, "before long it became evident that some of the revolutionists would not be content with liberty to exercise their own faith, but were even intent on the destruction of Catholicism."<sup>39</sup>

The agitation against Granvelle meanwhile continued. Matters went from bad to worse, until, in August, 1563, the Duchess of Parma decided to send her own secretary, Armenteros, to Spain, to explain the situation personally to the King. She begged that Philip would come to the Low Countries without further delay and settle all the troubles himself. He again promised to do so. But there were obstacles, personal and political as well as monetary. In 1562 he was detained by the long illness and slow convalescence of Don Carlos. In 1563 he held long and necessary sessions of the Cortes of Castile and the Cortes of Aragon.

He assembled the Cortes of Castile in Madrid on February twenty-fifth, 1563, to ask for the ordinary "aid" of 1,200,000 ducats, payable in three years, and an extraordinary one to help with his debts and the war against the Turks. Some of the *procuradores* were still resisting the demand when the King, early in July, sent letters to Aragon convoking the delegates of Aragon, Catalonia and Valencia.

The eastern assembly was of paramount importance, for three reasons. The Aragonese were murmuring because their King had not visited them or held a Cortes in eleven years, whereas their *fueros* specified at least every five years. Secondly, having had no Cortes, they had given no money. Finally, His Majesty was anxious to present Don Carlos for the oaths of allegiance, not only in order to answer the rumors as to the Prince's unfitness to rule, but also to cement the comparatively recent unity of Spain, which dated back but half a century and was still without solid constitutional basis. Ferdinand, King of Aragon, and his wife Isabel, Queen of Castile, had left these kingdoms to *Juana la loca*, and through her to Charles and Philip. Previously they had been quite separate, and might easily become separate again. Hence Philip's anxiety to be off on his long ride to the coast.

He planned to leave Madrid on August sixteenth. At the last moment Don Carlos fell ill with one of his quartan fevers; as he was still too weak to travel on the eighteenth, the King went on alone, leaving his wife to look after the sick motherless boy. He stopped at *El Escorial* to lay the first stone of *San Lorenzo* on the twentieth, and then proceeded to Valsain in the Wood of Segovia, where he stayed several days, hoping that the Prince might be well enough to overtake him. Finally, hearing that Don Carlos still had fever, he rode on across the hills to Valladolid, and thence over the winding roads through valleys and mountain passes to Zaragoza.

Monzón, where tradition compelled him to hold the Cortes, was a dull tawdry little town with no attractions whatever to the Castilian cavaliers and their art-loving king. Philip took up his residence there on September twelfth, and opened the Cortes of the three kingdoms the next day. He expressed his regret for the long delay, giving as his excuses his marriage in England, the war in the Low Countries, and the fall and sickness of Don Carlos. He promised to return sooner next time. Four days later, the ceremonies disposed of, he asked the *procuradores* for the ordinary 500,000 crowns, plus 150,000 more. It was evident, however, that this was a typical assembly of Aragonese, Catalan and Valencian deputies: one must expect much fervid oratory, many debates and quarrels, and extreme touchiness on all points involving individual liberty and public and personal honor. Philip, desirous of getting back to his wife and his sick son, and to prepare, as he said, for his voyage to the Netherlands, urged haste. He persuaded the Cortes to meet from eight to eleven and from two to five daily, instead of the customary nine-to-eleven and three-to-five.

Hearing that Don García de Toledo, his viceroy in Catalonia, had become unpopular, he had the public crier announce that he was ready to hear all complaints, and would see that justice was done. As for the Inquisition, which had never been agreeable to the Moriscos of Valencia and the descendants of the Jews who had once been the ruling plutocracy of Aragon, the King found himself sharply opposed by a strong group in the Cortes, especially when he tried to enlarge the functions of the Holy Office to include a survey of all criminal cases. The proud and turbulent nobles, in particular, objected to this, and debated interminably. At one critical point they threatened to withdraw from the union with Castile.

Philip appeased them by promising to conduct an inquiry into the Inquisition of Aragon, Catalonia and Valencia, and to make a new rule which would respect their ancient privileges and at the same time place the courts of justice beyond the reach of influence or tampering. It was not more power that he was seeking, but a reform of the courts, in which there had been too much bribery and political and family influence; and everyone knew that the Inquisition was more impartial than the secular courts. He told the French ambassador, Saint-Sulpice, that the wording of certain laws of the three kingdoms might be construed to limit his power and to increase the liberty of subjects more than was commonly understood; but that he would make no attempt to change them so long as he could count on fidelity and obedience.

It was at Monzón that Philip was seen one day, standing with his hat in his hand outside a humble door. The Venetian ambassador investigated and reported to his government that the King, according to a custom of his, had followed a priest who carried the Blessed Sacrament to a sick man; and, after humbly waiting for him to come out, followed him back, with great reverence, to his church.<sup>40</sup>

Meanwhile the session went on for three months and a half. The money question, which was all-important, remained unsettled. To make matters worse, Don Carlos was still too sick to make the journey, even in late autumn; he had had another relapse and at one time gave his physicians much concern. The Queen's ladies, too, were all sick of an epidemic, and her court disorganized. Philip had to reconcile himself in the end to their not coming at all. He then demanded that the Cortes recognize the Prince as his heir by procuration. The Aragonese refused. It had never been done before in Aragon. It would not be done now.

The King solicited the members in person, begging them to acknowledge the Prince and to grant his subsidies, and to let him return to the urgent business that waited for him at Madrid. Not even the approach of the Christmas holidays could break the solid front of Aragonese conservatism. Philip was equally determined. On Christmas Eve he had his supper brought to him in the parliamentary chamber. When the deadlock survived that gesture, he had his bed brought in, and announced that he was willing to remain there indefinitely.

The tired delegates finally left at three o'clock on Christmas morning, without a decision. They convened again after the Feast. The wrangling continued until the King announced that he intended to leave on January twentieth, with or without finishing the session. Perhaps on his part it was not such a complete surrender as it appeared. He knew that their pride would never permit it to be said that they had sent their King away empty-handed. He was right. On the evening of the nineteenth, when all his preparations were complete, a committee came from the Cortes to beg His Majesty to postpone his departure for a few days, during which time they would do all in their power to satisfy him.

Philip consented, of course. An agreement was reached, one not entirely to his liking. The delegates would not acknowledge Don Carlos in his absence. They would not grant the additional subsidy requested. But they did give the usual 500,000 crowns. With that His Majesty had to be content. He left Monzón on January twenty-fourth, by no means the autocratic despot of English legend, riding roughshod over the liberties of his subjects; rather, a good average Castilian King, affectionately regarded as a father of his people, and now and then aware that Spanish democracy, which had existed since the eleventh century, had certain impregnable positions.

On February sixth, he entered Barcelona to open the Cortes of Catalonia, Cerdagne and Roussillon. A great demonstration welcomed him, and the fêtes continued for several days. Nevertheless the representatives were as sensitive on all matters of precedent, *fueros* and local dignity as those of Monzón had been. Philip was obliged to prolong it three times, to revoke a declaration he had made, which seemed prejudicial to one of the *fueros*, and to remove his viceroy, Don Garcia de Toledo, a grandee of Spain and a relative of Alba, from office; compensating him partly by making him General of the Galleys.

While he was in Barcelona, an *auto de fe* was held on a scaffold erected under the windows of the royal palace. No doubt the King watched from one of the windows while eight prisoners were condemned to death and others were sentenced to serve on the galleys against the Moors. Almost all were agitators who had crossed the Pyrenees to draw Spaniards into the vast conspiracy of Huguenots, English and German Protestants, Antwerp Jews and Anabaptists. Doubtless the executions occurred later, outside the city, according to custom; not under the windows of the palace, as Gachard allows his readers to infer.<sup>41</sup>

Such was the stern routine of Spanish justice. Philip showed no such firmness in dealing with his subjects in the Netherlands. Armenteros had joined him at Monzón, bringing a most pessimistic memorandum in writing from the Duchess of Parma. Heresy was spreading in lower Flanders, chiefly from English and Normans. Calvinism increased daily in Zeeland and the part of Luxembourg near France. The treasury was bare, the deficit well over 600,000 florins per year, and all means of financing were exhausted. The frontier forts needed repairing. The Duchess had good reasons for sending home the Spanish



troops and objecting to sending aid to the French Catholics. Now she wished instructions as to what to do if the lords insisted on the assembly of the Estates-General. As for the feud between the lords and Granvelle, she had exhausted all expedients. She was well aware of the merit and high capacity of the Cardinal. She knew his experience in the affairs of State and his zeal and devotion for the service of God and the King; but she feared there would be a revolt.<sup>42</sup>

There was much more that Armenteros spoke into the ear of the King. Matters had reached such a pass that the members of the League against Granvelle were openly adopting, for their servants and retainers, livery, very plain and severe, as a rebuke to the brilliant ones of the Cardinal's servants, and as a device, a fool's head with a red cap, for which later was substituted a bundle of arrows. Egmont was said to have taken the lead in this. Montigny and his brother Hornes were accused by Alba later on of having been the chief instigators of the insult to the King's minister. Montigny admitted, in his formal examination at Segovia in 1569, that the livery and devices were adopted at a meeting of conspirators before a dinner in the home of Gaspar Schetz, the King's treasurer. There had been present Montigny, Orange, Egmont, Hornes, Hoogstraten, Meghen, Ostrat and Berghes.<sup>43</sup>

The Duchess had sent no written advice to dismiss the Cardinal. It can hardly be doubted that her adroit secretary made the suggestion verbally. This much may be gathered from Philip's correspondence with the Duke of Alba, who was then at Huescas. Early in October he had sent the Duke some letters from Orange, Hornes and Egmont; and the great soldier had written him, on October twelfth:

"Every time I see the letters of these three lords, they make me so angry that, if I did not force myself to control my feelings, my opinion, I believe, would seem to your Majesty that of a madman." He was very much opposed to retiring the Cardinal. It would be more just to chastise the Flemish lords. As that was not practicable at the moment, the best policy for the King would be to divide them. Since Egmont was willing to come to Spain, it might be well to let him come, and detach him from the League by showing him favor. As for the others who deserved to have their heads cut off, the King must dissemble with them until that could be done. The Duke advised His Majesty not to answer their last letter, but to notify them, through Madame, that he was not satisfied with their reasons and therefore ordered them to return to the Council. Renard was at the bottom of all these troubles, Alba thought, and should be made to leave the Low Countries.<sup>44</sup>

To this Philip replied on December sixth, from Monzón, that he had not yet decided (about Granvelle, presumably) but must soon make up his mind, so that he could send his decision by Armenteros, who was anxious to return. On the fourteenth he sent the Duke copies of the letters of his ambassador in France (Granvelle's brother, Chantonay) showing with what insolence Admiral Coligny, on his return to court, had spoken to Catherine de' Medici. The hatred of Coligny and Condé against him (Philip) was so intense that it made him wish to have Alba's advice on the subject. Saint-Sulpice, the French ambassador at Monzón, suggested an interview with the Queen of France. The impudence of the three or four lords of the Low Countries was increasing. They were planning to hold a meeting at Weerdt, and no one could say what the result would be. The hatred against Granvelle continued. The King suspected that its authors were seeking to cause a scandal, commencing with the Cardinal as a pretext. Considering the state of affairs, he thought it would be convenient to have the Cardinal leave for a few months, either on a special mission to the Emperor, or to see his old mother in Burgundy, as he had requested.

Alba replied with his usual promptness (December twenty-second) that he was convinced that Granvelle would be the first victim of Orange, Egmont and Hornes; for the ordinary beginning of every uprising against sovereigns was to attack one of their ministers. He could not persuade himself, in spite of that, that the recall of the Cardinal would be suitable for the service of His Majesty. However, if the King considered it advisable, let Granvelle go to Burgundy, without asking permission of His Majesty or of Madame, and from there write them both that he had left because it was no longer safe for him to stay.<sup>45</sup>

Philip in the end followed Alba's advice about Granvelle. With the *confederados* he took a much more gentle course than the Duke would have approved. Instead of ordering them back to the Council, he sent them polite requests; and when Pope Pius IV, then old and sick, and near the end of his days, complained that Orange had appointed a notorious heretic governor of his city of Saint Aubain, and urged that he be deprived of the place, since obviously he could not be a Catholic, both the King and Madame sent letters to Rome, defending the Prince.<sup>46</sup>

When Philip sent Armenteros away on January twenty-fifth, he bade him tell the Duchess that he was considering what she had said about Granvelle, and would let her know his decision. On the same day he wrote the Cardinal approving wholly of his conduct and thanking him for his wise counsels. He could not bring himself to write a letter of dismissal to the prelate until August sixth of that year, when he sent permission for the long-deferred visit to Burgundy; but as Granvelle went to Burgundy in March, it is to be inferred that Philip had given him secret instructions to do so at that time in accordance with Alba's advice, and it is likely he was forced to the decision by the withdrawal of Orange and Egmont from the Council of State in February.

With his bare treasury and lack of armament, he was completely at the mercy of these two gallants. They played their cards effectively. About the time Armenteros was having his final interviews with the King at Monzón, William the Silent and the Count were writing that, since he had never acceded to their request of 1561 and since the arrogance and ambition of the Cardinal continued to oppress them, they were resolved to take no further part in the government. Philip replied that he was astonished; he begged them to reconsider. Orange answered that His Majesty had conceived a "somewhat sinister impression"

of him by false information, and asked him not to credit the tales told by "false and malicious people." He assured the King of his "sincerity and devotion" and once more asserted his desire "to maintain our holy Catholic faith and ancient religion in his Estates," and signed himself "*De Vostre Majesté très-humble et très-obeissant serviteur et vassal, Guille de Nassau.*"<sup>47</sup>

A month later Philip replied from Valencia that he had conceived no unfavorable opinion of him; and hoped the Prince and the Count would continue in the Council of State. Their assurances of devotion to the Catholic religion gave him great happiness. As for the complaints made to the Pope over the admission of heretics by William's Protestant governor at Saint Aubain, the Duchess had written to His Holiness on his behalf.<sup>48</sup>

This friendly fencing on both sides went on for more than a year.

Granvelle meanwhile took his dismissal with equanimity. What hurt him most was the knowledge that the King's letter asking him to retire "for the present" had become known to his enemies, who were showing copies of it about and gloating over his downfall. He could only conjecture that the Duchess had shown it to her secretary Armenteros, who in turn had indiscreetly shown it to some one else.

Up to this time the Cardinal had drawn all the fire of the opposition; they had always professed that they could get on well enough with the Duchess, once he was out of the way. Now, as soon as he had gone to Burgundy, they flocked back to Brussels, and professed themselves eager to serve her and the King. She wrote that Orange was pleased to hear of the King's defense of him at Rome; and for Montigny, of whom she had written so many criticisms, she suggested a "reward." By the death of the lord of Courrières a lucrative commandery had fallen vacant. Montigny would be well satisfied with it. Philip replied from Valencia in April, just before he returned to Madrid, that he would be glad to give the Baron the equivalent of the commandery. In August the Duchess was writing that she had told Montigny of the reward the King was willing to give him instead of the commandery; but he insisted upon having it increased to the value of 2,000 ducats a year. She begged the King, out of regard for the services of Montigny, to take this desire under consideration. Philip obligingly made this last surrender.

Granvelle showed himself magnanimous in his fall. Just before he left Brussels he suggested that Philip appoint the Prince of Orange viceroy of Sicily, a lucrative post which would enable him to pay some of his debts, and get him out of the storm center in the Netherlands. From Burgundy, too, he wrote the King, asking for a pension for the Duchess' brother of 600 florins per year. Madame herself, he explained, did not wish to seem to be using her position to gain favors for her family. Margaret had not fared badly from a pecuniary standpoint. Philip had assigned her 8,000 crowns per year on the revenues of Naples in 1563; and he had given her son Alessandro Farnese half that income, besides arranging a marriage for him with a Portuguese princess. The Duchess did not hesitate, however, to ask on behalf of others; for example, the Prince of Orange wanted a position for his brother, a student, sixteen years old, at Louvain, and Madame wrote the King about it.<sup>49</sup>

How valuable Granvelle had been to Madame, and the steadying influence he had had upon her judgment, now became evident. More interesting still to the student of human nature, is the sudden and violent change in her attitude toward him. Hitherto she had had nothing but praise to write of his character and actions. But as soon as Philip's letter arrived, giving Granvelle permission to go to Burgundy, (where he already was!) she penned a long and vigorous report to His Majesty in Italian, bitterly attacking the fallen minister.

She was pained to have to speak freely, to relieve her conscience. She was better informed now, and she felt obliged to let His Majesty know that all the activities of both Granvelle and Viglius (President of her Council of State) and their *seguaci* tended to bring it about that when the King came to the Netherlands he would find a first-rate revolution in progress. They hoped then to fish in troubled waters, to attain the end they had long sought, which was to control everything. This was why they opposed a meeting of the Estates-General. They and their crowd feared that, if quiet were restored, one would not read in their book, and that their injustices, simonies and rapines might be discovered. The lords (Orange, Egmont and the others) were very displeased over the King's letters. They now believed that all the Duchess told them was false and that she and the King and the Cardinal had agreed to deceive them. Money was badly needed, as usual. People were saying that the King sought only to amuse the world, without wishing to finish anything, and did not care if he lost the Low Countries. They were convinced he had great sums of money. Without the help of Orange and Berghes, the evil done by Viglius could not be undone. It was believed that Granvelle was still advising the King.

In a second letter, written the same day, she attacked Viglius even more strenuously. She had been suspicious of this jurist, she said, but until now had not been sufficiently informed to make a positive charge against him. Since Granvelle left, this man had been making her suffer the pains of Hell. She added that the lords feared the return of Granvelle, and reconciliation between them was impossible.<sup>50</sup>

As the startled blue eyes of Philip perused the burning Italian phrases of these letters, two thoughts must have taken the form at least of suspicions in his mind: first, that his enemies, having got rid of the Cardinal, would now transfer their attention to the Regent; secondly, that Madame was as impressionable as he had always supposed and was being influenced by members of the League. It soon appeared that Egmont was cultivating the Regent's friendship. Philip answered her, however, with his usual tact; but not until October sixth. Meanwhile his wife had a long illness, during which, at one time, there seemed no hope for her. After her recovery, Don Carlos, who had grieved much over her condition, became ill of the same epidemic.

When at last the King resumed his correspondence he wrote Margaret that he had seen with great astonishment what she



had written touching Viglius and Granvelle. She had done well to warn him, and he always gave more credit to her reports than to any others. He wanted details about Viglius. As for Granvelle, it was all false, as she knew, that before replying to her letters he consulted the Cardinal. Indeed, he had had no letters from him in three months.

Margaret had the information about Viglius on the road on October eighth, even before she received the King's request for it. She had got a report on him from Alonzo del Canto and Fray Lorenzo de Villavicencio, to the effect that he had always been suspected of heresy since his youth and had always consorted with heretics. For the accuracy of these charges the Duchess could not vouch. She could only say that with her Viglius had always seemed, at least in appearance, a good Catholic, and she had never seen him give any bad example. She had to admit that he had always been very ready to pardon heretics, etc. She inclosed the report, which would speak for itself.

The report mentioned various heretics with whom Viglius had been intimate from time to time (including Frère Alexander, the preacher of Mary of Hungary, who had fled when accused before the Inquisition and had been condemned *in absentia*), alleged that he had introduced lay and married rectors at Douay University, and had got benefices in Frisia for relatives suspected of heresy. Further, it accused him of having stolen jewels, vessels, furniture and tapestries from the abbey of Saint-Bavon.<sup>51</sup>

The difficulties of Philip's position may be imagined. It was not easy to know whom to trust. He never took the charges against Granvelle very seriously. A few months later he sent him to Italy, where he continued to employ his tact and wisdom in difficult diplomatic missions for twenty years. Old Viglius had an apoplectic stroke toward the end of 1564, perhaps on learning what had been set on foot against him. The questions raised about his character were left unanswered. Margaret suggested that, if Philip appointed another president, he give him less power, and more to her. She thought the best men to put in the Council of State were Berghes, Meghen and Montigny. Philip, having his own opinion, especially of Montigny, followed none of these suggestions.

He had invited Orange and Egmont to come to Spain to talk matters over with him. When the Council of State decided to send Egmont, he asked the Duchess to delay the journey, since it would not be convenient to have the Count in Spain when Simon Renard was there. Margaret replied that she could not delay Egmont's going beyond May first, for the lords were too insistent, and she hoped Philip would treat him well. The King took all this in good part. When Egmont finally arrived, in the summer of 1565, he showed him extraordinary favor, and had the Duke of Alba meet him as if he were a royal person.

As Egmont was the most tractable, popular and Catholic member of the League, and came with open hands, looking for "rewards" (he had ten children, wrote Margaret, and owed thousands of florins), the King hoped to find a means of separating him from his confederates. For the removal of any grounds of discontent on the score of religion, he depended upon the new bishops to restore discipline and to carry out the general reforms of the Council of Trent.

It is not too much to say that that epoch-making Council could not have been held without the loyal and unwavering support which Philip II, alone among the rulers of the greater States, gave to the Pope. Even the delays for which Pastor, among others, unfairly attacks him, were due chiefly to his anxiety to make sure that the achievements of the First Council of Trent would not be wasted but carried on to the fruition of a genuine and complete reform, without any sickly compromise on essential principles, and without any change of place that would permit the French, the Empire or the heretics to ruin or limit the long-awaited effort. Were it not for the remonstrances of Philip, and the money and troops he sent to Catherine de' Medici, the *Politiques* would undoubtedly have brought about a national council which could hardly have resulted in anything but a Gallican schism, with irreparable disaster for Christendom. The tendency of the French hierarchy, even at Trent, was to limit the Pope's part in the government of the Church, restricting even his power of excommunication.

It was Philip II, excommunicated by Pope Paul IV, who insisted that the papal prerogatives in the spiritual field must not be touched. The Emperor Ferdinand and his son Maximilian II (who succeeded him in July 1564) wanted priests to marry. Philip stood with the Pope for the celibacy of the clergy which had always been an element of strength for the Church. Surely Pastor allows his prejudice against this King to cloud his critical faculties when he compares his delays in preparing for the Council unfavorably with the promptness of the King of Portugal, saying, "One of the few countries from which gratifying news arrived was Portugal, the king of which country, Sebastian, was full of zeal for the Council."<sup>52</sup>

Zealous Sebastian! Sluggish Philip! All that the great historian overlooks here is that Sebastian was just seven years old at the time in question. The Pope's praise for his zeal was of course meant for his advisers, among whom were his mother, the Princess Juana, and her brother, King Philip II. At any rate, the Council was held. While Philip was at Barcelona early in 1564, he had the satisfaction of meeting the Spanish bishops on their way back from Trent, and of hearing that what all good Christians had desired for a century or more had at last been done.

The Council had condemned the chief aberrations of the heretics, such as the dogma asserting the right of private judgment to dispute the dogmas of a divinely established Church, and the various false ideas concerning sacraments, especially the Eucharist. To avoid schism in France, no attempt was made to define the primacy of the Roman See. On the issues of corruption and immorality of clergy and people, the Council met the Protestant objections by declaring, in the first sentence of the first decree, that ecclesiastical discipline was greatly relaxed, and the morality of priests and laity in need of reform, for which stringent measures were adopted.

There was no compromise, however, with human weakness. Instead of allowing priests to marry, the Council reaffirmed and enforced the ideal of Christ and the Apostles. Bishops and Cardinals must be chosen henceforth for holy lives and must reside in their Sees. No Bishop thereafter could rule more than one diocese. Priests must preach every Sunday and give particular attention to the teaching of children. The indissolubility of marriage was defended, the Christian family upheld. In all these and other fundamental matters, Philip and the Spanish bishops supported the traditional policy of the Pope and his nephew Saint Charles Borromeo.

The spirit that had tried to prevent the Council now strove to annul its effects. This was to be expected in England, and even in France. John Donne once said of a man, "He is a Catholic, but a French Catholic, and, Sir, French papistry is but like French velvet—a pretty slack religion, that would soon wear out, and not of the three-piled papistry of Italy and Spain." Not only the Huguenots but the political Catholics opposed publication of the Council's decrees. In Spain some of the most influential advisers of Philip II urged him not to permit them to be published anywhere in his dominions, at least without modifications. This plea found echoes in the Netherlands, not only among the Calvinists, who despised the Catholic Church, reformed or unreformed, but also among good Catholics, bishops and university doctors, who demanded reservations protecting the royal supremacy and the rights of vassals.

For a time it seemed as if all the work at Trent might be vitiated, at least for some years. Again it was the despotic Philip II with his supposed lust for power who came to the aid of the Pope and the Church, even at some personal and national sacrifice. Notice the dates. The acts of the Council were confirmed by Pope Pius IV on January sixteenth, 1564. Philip, notwithstanding Major Hume's assurance that "for over a year the decisions of the Council of Trent were not published in Spain," immediately ordered the admission of the papal briefs to Spain. By a royal *cedula* dated July twenty-first, he ordered the assembly of four synods at the principal cities—Toledo, Sevilla, Salamanca and Zaragoza—to put the decrees into effect; and sent similar instructions to the Indies.<sup>53</sup>

In a long letter to Margaret of Parma, November twenty-fifth, he told why he had decided, in spite of all opposition, to have the decrees published *without limitation or reserve*, not only in Spain but in the Netherlands. Already, he wrote, the Acts of the Council had been generally accepted in Spain, even though certain points were prejudicial to his rights; but it was better to accept the Council without any limitation whatever, to give a good example to other kingdoms and to avoid furnishing his enemies a chance to calumniate him, especially at Rome, by saying that he accepted the Council only in so far as it pleased him or suited his interests. And since he had accepted it in Spain, he could not, of course, limit it in the Low Countries, without giving a bad example in France, and leaving himself open to much criticism. Therefore he insisted on the acceptance of the Council's decrees without reserve.<sup>54</sup>

By his decision, the reforms agreed upon at Trent began to be translated into action in all the Spanish dominions. Bad Catholics no longer had an excuse for scandals. Protestants were robbed of their weightiest argument. When Philip returned from Aragon to Castile in 1564, it was with the hope that any remaining opposition in the Low Countries would be merely political, and would yield to political remedies.

So Egmont had ten children. It was odd that with no kingdom to leave, he should be so much better supplied with heirs than His Catholic Majesty, ruler of half the world. During the summer of 1564 the Queen at last conceived, and there was great joy in the court. By August the news had gone all over Europe. Congratulations began to arrive at Madrid;<sup>55</sup> but in the autumn there was a miscarriage.

The King, ill with one of his occasional fevers, had to accept his disappointment and to consider the possibility of never having any son but Don Carlos. What if Don Carlos should die, as he nearly did during his father's absence at Valencia? Philip began to surround himself with younger men whom he could train and watch, and upon whom he might perhaps be able to count in years to come.

From Barcelona he brought his two nephews, Rudolph and Ernest, who had come on shipboard at his invitation, to be educated in the court of Spain. Ernest was an amiable and dependable, if not brilliant, Habsburg. Rudolph, the eldest son of Maximilian II and the Empress Maria, was a grosser animal, a stocky, red-haired, rather horse-faced boy, with too low a forehead for his lantern jaw, with huge hands, and the sleepy blue eyes of a well-fed dog. He probably would be Emperor; in which case he and Don Carlos, presumably, would be the two most powerful rulers in the world. If Carlos died, it might be that either Rudolph or Ernest would rule the Spanish as well as the German Empire. It was important, therefore, that they be Catholics; if possible, devout ones. So the Bohemian princes became the companions and fellow-students of Don Juan of Austria, Alexander of Parma (until the latter went to Brussels to be married) and Don Carlos.

Another young relative presently made his appearance at Madrid: Don Antonio of Portugal, Prior of Ocrato. Bastard son of the Infante Don Luis of Portugal and a Jewess named Violante Gómez, known as *La Pelicana*, he was giving no end of trouble to the royal family of Lisbon. He was in very bad odor with his uncle, Cardinal Don Henry, the Regent; for His Eminence was "a zealous reformer of the clergy, and Don Antonio's life was profane."<sup>56</sup> The Cardinal, moreover, following the pious custom, peculiarly Iberian, that seemed to wish to atone for sins of the flesh by foisting the fruits thereof upon the Church of God, had ordained that Don Antonio prepare for holy orders. The young man was on his way to accept his vocation when he stopped at Madrid to ask the King's aid, especially, in the recovery of certain revenues that Don Henry was



withholding.

Philip II obligingly agreed to take up these grievances with the Regent. He was never sorry to have any negotiations to carry on in Portugal. Himself as much Portuguese as Spanish, he possessed, through his mother, a contingent but by no means contemptible claim to the crown at Lisbon. If, by chance, Sebastian should die young, or die childless, it might descend upon the head of Philip II, or that of Don Carlos. Thus one of the chief unifying objectives of Castilian policy, the dream to which Ferdinand and Isabel had dedicated two of their daughters, and which both Charles V and Philip had sought in marriage, would become a reality: the whole Peninsula one nation, Catholic and impregnable.

Philip made peace between his two relatives. Don Antonio, dark, passionate and sensual, haunted by a brooding sense of injustice, proceeded to squander his income on the fleshpots of Egypt, and to accumulate, here and there, ten illegitimate children by as many different women. It was well for the peace of mind of King Philip that he could not see fifteen years into the future. He would probably never have permitted the prior of Ocrato to leave Madrid.



## Philip's Catholic Outlook [1565]

ONCE the Council was over, and its decrees published, the devotion of Philip II to the Holy See cooled perceptibly. His insistence that the Spanish bishops at Trent allow no interference with the Spanish Inquisition was to be expected. But to fight for the Pope's prerogatives against all the world, as a matter of principle, and then to permit his ministers to infringe severely upon them in practice—what manner of man was this, with such a contradiction in his nature?

Through all the rest of the pontificate of Pius IV, His Spanish Majesty arrogated to himself the naming of men to offices which should have been filled by the spiritual power alone, stressed a purely Castilian interpretation of the Council decrees, and wrested every possible financial concession from Rome, sometimes through offensive and insolent ambassadors. Whether he had meant all along to have the Reform established for others, and to observe it himself only so far as it suited his interest, or whether he was won over afterward to caesaropapistical courses by politicians, is not plain. But he could hardly hope to avoid the appearance of insincerity.

His excuse was the old one, that he was in a difficult position. For five years he had been waging a desperate war with the Turks on the southern sea. After several disasters, he had won two brilliant victories that checked the Mohammedan advance for some time and retrieved the reverses of Charles and his own at Gerba. In 1563, "by superhuman efforts," says Merriman, he collected a fleet with which Francisco de Mendoza rescued the heroic band of Spaniards who had held Mers-el-Kebir against 25,000 Moslems. By borrowing at high usury in 1564, he managed to send a larger armada under Don García de Toledo to drive the Turks out of Peñon de Velez and make the western Mediterranean safe. The issue there, however, was yet to be settled. At the moment when Philip, almost unaided, was preparing for the final struggle, his mother-in-law, Catherine de' Medici, was sending an ambassador to Constantinople to assure Solymán the Magnificent of her friendship.

After all the attempts in France to prevent or forestall the Council of Trent, the official French delegates had done their share in the end. Even in Spain it was admitted that their leader, the Cardinal of Lorraine, had behaved magnificently. When he arrived at Trent with twelve bishops and as many doctors, he was ill, and unable to attend the first meetings. There were many whispers that he would act selfishly and do little for the reform of the Church. Yet so faithfully did he cooperate with Borromeo, Morone, Lainez and the other great reformers at Trent (even when he was grief-stricken over the murder of his brother, the Duke of Guise) that the house-cleaning men had almost come to believe the impossible was consummated.

On the Feast of Saint Peter, however, when all the delegates were at Mass in the chapel of the Duomo, something occurred that almost wrecked the whole program. Suddenly, to the astonishment of all, the Master of Ceremonies was seen to take a *silla rasa* of violet-colored velvet and set it between the Cardinals and before the Patriarchs, on the gospel side of the altar, in the place of honor; and to usher into it the Count de Luna, ambassador of His Catholic Majesty, Philip II. The French were inexpressibly shocked. The Spanish were enchanted. The ambassador of the Emperor was "but little pleased."<sup>1</sup>

The incident provoked an international crisis which threatened to complete the ruin of Europe. The Cardinal of Lorraine protested to the legate; who replied that the intention had been only to carry out the instructions of Pope Pius to treat the ambassadors of France and Spain with equal courtesy, giving them both the "peace" and the incense at the same time. This did not satisfy French susceptibilities. The Cardinal dispatched an envoy to Rome to give an account of what had passed and to say that "he wondered how the Pope could ever have come to a resolution which would give the two chief princes of Christendom ground for taking arms, and would alienate the King of France from his obedience to him, thus causing the most pernicious schism that had yet afflicted the Church."<sup>2</sup>

De Luna remained calm, as he could well afford to be, and notified his master. Philip ordered him to make some compromise with the French, rather than to imperil the Council; later they could attend to the matter more satisfactorily in



Rome. When the Cardinal of Lorraine reached the Vatican, on summons from the Holy Father, the Spanish ambassador was already there, waiting to deliver a counter-blast on the abuses and scandals in France: the granting of benefices to unfit pastors or to substitutes for worldly cavaliers and even for women, the selling of the King's favor to the highest bidder by corrupt office-holders, the shameless handing-over of ecclesiastical goods and revenues to pay for services, to dower women, or to satisfy the greed of usurious merchants, to the ruin of religion and public honesty. The Cardinal attempted a defense of the French clergy and courtiers. The Pope, if we may believe the Spanish accounts, silenced him with righteous anger.<sup>3</sup>

Pope Pius was weary and sick. Indeed, men were saying he could not live long, and some of the Cardinals were talking of electing his successor at Trent. This course suggested to Philip II the possibility of a Pope too favorable to France. He privately told the bishops from Spain, Italy and Flanders that, if His Holiness died, they must insist upon a new election in Rome. Pius issued a bull forbidding the election of his successor outside of Rome.

The storm about precedence having blown over for the moment, the members of the Council continued their work until, after a deadlock and a twelve-hour session, the Cardinal of Lorraine made one of the greatest speeches of his life, urging a complete and unconditional reform. He swept away all opposition. When at last, in reply to Morone's question, the delegates thundered, "Omnibus anathema haereticis!" the Church was clearly on record, once again, as irrevocably opposed to any compromise in matters of faith and morals. There were tears of joy on many faces as the legate said, "Illustrious fathers, the Council is now finished. Go in peace."

Thus the Catholic Church, after more than a century of effort by the best and wisest of her members and of obstruction by enemies without and within, once more renewed herself and entered upon her modern phase: a phase in which, time after time, she would choose principle rather than numbers. In the Council of Trent she let it be known that, even if all but a handful deserted her, she could not be false to the teachings and example of Christ.

As soon as the Council was over, however, the ambassadors of Spain and France took up the cudgels again at Rome over the childish question (as it now seems) of precedence. The French bluntly served notice that if Pius did not restore the primacy at public functions to their ambassador, as representative of the Eldest Daughter of the Church, they would withdraw their obedience from him. The threat seemed so real to the aging Pope that on the vigil of Pentecost he summoned a meeting of neutral Cardinals to discuss the danger and decided to let France have her way.

Requesens now made a similar threat on Philip's behalf. He was careful to say that, if Spain withdrew her ambassador, it would not be as ambassador to the Holy See but to Pius himself as an individual prince. Perhaps the Pope expected this fine distinction. He must have known that Philip had to be resentful, to satisfy public opinion in Spain—for there were fire-eaters among the grandees who demanded that he resort to arms again for his honor's sake. But Spain was less likely than France to follow the course of England. No objection was made, therefore, when Requesens left Rome, and as Cabrera has it, "amused himself with dissimulation in Lucca and Genoa for the remaining year and a half of Pius' life."<sup>4</sup>

This was not quite as if Philip had "withdrawn" his ambassador, as Pastor put it. Yet the situation was bad enough. The Pope used some strong language, while Philip's confessor remarked angrily that "Unless the future Popes take greater care about this Province, they will lose it."<sup>5</sup>

Circumstances had made the Pope a secular prince, involved, as such, in the intrigues and even the wars of Europe: most commonly, to be sure, in defense of Christendom or Italian independence or human and divine rights. It cannot be denied that some Popes acted at times very much as ordinary worldly rulers acted, seeking the glory of their own families. It was inevitable, then, that a Catholic King should think of the Pope as two different men: the vicar of Christ, to be revered; and the head of a group of States, sometimes even a member of a rival political federation, to be resisted, suspected and outwitted. It was not easy to draw the line. Saint Thomas More urging Henry VIII to resist certain temporal claims of the Pope and then laying down his life for the Pope's spiritual supremacy, illustrates the quandary.

In the dispute over precedence, Philip was certainly more reasonable than the French, who would compromise not a jot. As for the financial concessions he wrung from Pope Pius IV, it cannot be denied that he took every penny he could get. In this he was following the example of his ancestors, who, almost invariably in financial straits, had been rewarded thus by Popes for their great expense of blood and treasure in the defense of Christendom against the Mohammedans. From the time of Pope Julius II on, each Pope had allowed the rulers of Spain to levy the *cruzada* every three years on the church revenues. Pope Paul IV refused this to Philip; but Pope Pius IV allowed him 350,000 ducats in 1559, in addition to which the King asked for a *sussidio* or subsidy, in the form of a tax on the clergy, to pay for the fitting-out of the fleet he intended to launch against the Turks. In 1563, when Philip was in desperate straits and had his income mortgaged far in advance, the *cruzada* and subsidy together paid him 750,000 ducats. There was also the *excusado*, which paid 300,000 ducats per year, when the Pope allowed it. The total was 1,970,000 ducats per year during the whole pontificate of Pope Pius IV.<sup>6</sup>

The income of the Church in Spain was then about 9,000,000 ducats per year. There were 180,000 clergy in 60,000 parishes; three to a parish.<sup>7</sup> If one accepts the usual estimate of the population (9,000,000), there was one priest for every fifty people. The average parish numbered only 150. Estimates of this kind are often far too low. The difficulties of the subject are illustrated in the fact that Belloc<sup>8</sup> makes the population of sixteenth-century England about 500 per cent higher than Professor

Merriman<sup>9</sup> does.

This much is certain: the average Spanish cleric had an income of 50 ducats per year. Considering that high dignitaries, canons and others must have had far more, the village *padre* must have had far less. A successful physician was far better paid. For example, Philip gave a pension of 80,000 *maravedis*, or over 213 ducats per year, to Doctor Chacon, and the Princess Juana allowed him 20,000 more.<sup>10</sup> The total income of the Church in Spain under Philip was several times greater than that of the Church in England under Henry VIII (from two to three millions of pounds sterling, in present money). Yet Philip never touched a penny of the church money without first getting the permission of the Pope; save in the confiscation of Siliceo's income. True, to get such permission he left no stone unturned. But Pastor goes too far when he says that Philip was pursuing "a deliberate policy to weaken the Church and keep it powerless and subservient to his own ends."<sup>11</sup>

A typically Spanish view, shared by many priests and prelates to whom the Pope's authority in spiritual matters was sacred, was expressed by the King's confessor to the Venetian ambassador Tiepolo. Complaining of the ingratitude of Rome for the large sums sent there every year from Spain, he added, "We do not deserve to be treated and requited by the Apostolic See in this way. The Popes think to do what they will with the King of Spain, because he is not accustomed without their license to levy any tax from the clergy, but never did I read anywhere of its being prohibited to make the clergy contribute like the others to the defense, and this King incurs great expense constantly in soldiers and fleets for the defense of these realms."<sup>12</sup>

Pastor seems to forget, too, that the wars for which the Kings of Spain received help from the Church were undertaken often at the request of the Pope; especially against the Turks, of whom Italy had no pleasant memories.

It would have been strange if there had been no friction between two such harassed men as King Philip II and Pope Pius IV. If the Spanish King chafed under his debts and mounting usuries, the Holy Father had his financial problems too, with far less income to depend upon. Fresnada might talk of all the money that went from Spain to Rome. The fact was that, during the six years of his pontificate, Pius collected about six million *scudi*, or a million a year—a *scudo* being slightly less than a ducat. With this comparatively small income he was as generous as Popes usually were. He spent a million of it paying the debts of Pope Paul IV, a million and a half on the buildings and fortifications of Rome and other places, 300,000 on hospitality receiving and entertaining princes, 600,000 on the Council of Trent, 300,000 to defend Avignon against the Huguenots, 50,000 to aid the French Catholics, 50,000 to help Maximilian II against the Turks in the East. Finally, some was stolen from him by his treasurer.<sup>13</sup>

Like Philip II, Pius waged a determined but not always successful war against usurers, who had infinite devices for outwitting the Roman law. He did something to reform the corrupt administration of justice; passed edicts against dueling, prostitution, excessive luxury, and bribery. He was a generous patron to Michelangelo and helped to finish St. Peter's. Cold, moderate, conciliatory, he was perhaps just the man to steer the bark of Peter through the difficult waters of the Council of Trent. Not even his best friends held that he was a great Pope.

He had many bitter enemies. Like his predecessors he tended to give offices to his fellow-townsmen, in this case the Milanese, who tried to enrich themselves at the expense of the Romans. Toward the end of 1564 he had a close escape from assassination at the hands of a fanatical astrologer and pseudo-mystic, one Benedetto Accolti, who persuaded some accomplices to go with him to the Vatican to kill the Pope, saying that it had been revealed to him that this would clear the way for the Pastor Angelicus so often prophesied since the Black Death, as the great definitive reformer of the Church. Accolti had a poisoned dagger, which he meant to use; but in the presence of the Holy Father he was seized with terror and did not dare to strike. One of his accomplices revealed the conspiracy, and the ringleaders were executed. Accolti, a small ugly gnome of a man, confessed that he had been reading Lutheran books; and that the death of the Pope was to be only the beginning of a revolution to free all Italy and the whole world from tyrants—a curious echo of one of the catchwords of medieval heretics and the Freemasons who succeeded them. It is still a matter of doubt who were the real instigators of the plot. The Pope was convinced that they were the French Calvinists.

When Pope Pius died at the end of the following year, Philip's ambassadors hastened back to Rome to help guide the Cardinals in their choice of a new Pope. There were several magnificent candidates at the conclave. Cardinal Alexandrino was favored in Spain, as likely to be impartial as regarded France, Spain and the Empire.<sup>14</sup> After the more popular favorites had been eliminated, he was elected, and on January seventeenth, 1566 (his birthday) was raised to the Chair of the Fisherman as Pope Pius V. Thanks partly to the wisdom of Pius IV in creating during his last year a large number of new cardinals, mostly Italians, all men of holy and irreproachable lives, it could not be said that Spain controlled the election.

The worst period in the history of the Church was now definitely past. Spiritual men felt stirring over the earth the powerful breath of the Holy Ghost, burning away with a pure fire the shameful but inevitable stains of humanity, renewing the indestructible City of God, and preparing it for its last conflicts with the powers of evil everywhere manifest throughout the world. There was great joy when the fifth Pius was elected; though he himself shed tears and begged to be excused. He was a Dominican monk, of humble origin, a Lombard by birth, one of those rare Christians who take all the words and examples of Christ literally, without exception or reservation, and so move through the world like a light in a dark place. He spoke little, save of the things of God. Since he saw clearly the challenging, uncompromising truth of Christianity, he had no tolerance for



those perversions or travesties of it that were called heresies. Before his election he had been Grand Inquisitor for all Christendom, a circumstance for which the enemies of Christianity have never forgiven him. They still write of his pride, cruelty and arrogance.

As soon as he became Pope, men saw him, majestic, patriarchal, with the beard of a Hebrew prophet and eyes that were a consolation and a reproach, going humbly about the streets of Rome, entering hospitals to kneel by the bedside of the plague-stricken and dying, washing the feet of the poor, embracing lepers, consoling the afflicted. The poor had alms given them in abundance, prostitutes were banished from Rome, Jews began hiding copies of the Talmud and of Protestant tracts, usurers trembled, easy-going prelates and priests began to reform their lives. Yes, something had happened at Rome. The candidate of Saint Charles Borromeo and of King Philip II was proving to be all they had expected of him, and both rejoiced.

It was a happy coincidence that in 1565, when a saint was chosen Father of the Universal Church, another saint came to be General of the Company of Jesus, that unique organization established but a generation ago by Saint Ignatius Loyola, with the especial purpose of aiding the Pope to complete the evangelization of the world. Only thirty-one years had passed since the Basque soldier and nine companions, including the Jew Lainez and young Francis Xavier, walked singing and praying along the roads from Paris to Rome, with some notion of helping to convert the Mohammedans. Now the Company of Jesus had 3,500 members, and was building colleges in every corner of Europe. Xavier had gone to Japan and India to find incredible adventures and glorious conquests of souls. Saint Ignatius had died in the year of the battle of Saint-Quentin and had been succeeded by Lainez; and now there came to the leadership of the spiritual shock troops of Christ that gifted Marqués of Lombay who had once held the bridle of Philip II, then a child, and had left the world on seeing the devastation of death on the beautiful face of the Empress. It was the presence of Saint Francis Borgia in the Company of Jesus that first broke down the prejudice of aristocratic Spanish Catholics against what they conceived to be, from superficial resemblances, a new order of pseudo-mystics and heretics. Tart Queen Mary of Hungary threw every obstacle in their path, but the Emperor Charles somewhat relented through affection for Borgia, the friend of his youth.

Philip II has been represented as a bitter lifelong foe of the Society; we have it on the authority of Professor Merriman,<sup>15</sup> for one. It is true that he had certain disagreements with them, as he had with the Popes. Yet, he commenced a decree to the Custom House of the Indies on March twenty-fourth, 1566, with these words:

"Know that We, out of Our devotion toward the Religious of the Society of Jesus because of their exemplary and virtuous life, realizing that they will bring forth much fruit in Our Indies by instructing and converting the natives of that region, have arranged to send a certain number of them. For the present, six Religious will go to the province of Florida in the fleet now being fitted out under the command of Sancho de Arziniaga. There they are to preach the Gospel and promulgate the evangelical law and root out the tares sown by French corsairs. Wherefore We command that you furnish them with passage and provisions necessary for the voyage."<sup>16</sup>

A few weeks later Philip wrote Saint Francis Borgia a letter in which he said, among other things,

"Because of the good reports we have received of the Society of Jesus and of the great fruit they have produced and are producing in these Kingdoms, I have desired some to be sent to our Indies across the Ocean. As the need for such men daily increases in these lands, and as it would be pleasing to God that the said Fathers go to these regions because of their Christian virtue, their suitableness to convert the natives there, and *because of my devotion to the Society*, I desire that some of them go to that land. Wherefore I beseech and urge you to appoint and order to go to our Indies twenty-four members of the Society to labor wherever they may be ordered by our Council. They should be learned, virtuous and such as you may judge suited for this mission. Besides the service you will render to God, I shall receive great satisfaction and will see to it that they are provided with all they require."<sup>17</sup>

Thus, at the request of Philip II and under his protection, began the great Jesuit missionary movement in North America. Some of the priests were eaten by the savages, both in Florida and in Virginia; nevertheless, by repaying cruelty with love, they won over thousands to Christianity and civilization.

Their task was made infinitely more difficult by the fact that in Florida the minds of the natives had been poisoned against them by French Huguenots. The Jesuit mission in Florida grew out of Philip's conflict with the French Protestants. As early as 1563 Admiral Coligny, pivot of anti-Catholic intrigue, conceived the idea of striking a blow at the Catholic King of Spain and at Catholic unity by sending an expedition to colonize Florida. Catherine de' Medici knew of the project and apparently made no objection. If it failed, she could disavow it; if it succeeded, France would have gained at the expense of Spain. So, at least, she thought. Perhaps she did not know that the expedition would consist almost exclusively of Huguenots, who, though bearing the colors of France, had a simplified flag of their own, containing but three *fleurs de lis*.

Philip was informed by his ambassador in Paris, and naturally was much concerned. Florida had been discovered, explored and settled by Spaniards. The claim of Castile was clear and uncontested. No international lawyer, no sane man in the world would dispute it. It did not relieve the King's anxiety to learn that Ribaut, the commander of the Calvinist enterprise, had been in London for some time in consultation with Cecil or some of his instruments, seeking English help. It certainly did not improve the situation when Coligny sent out a second and larger expedition, under Laudonnière. Forts were built and settlements established. But the discipline was bad, and the party broke up into groups of pirates, who began to prey on

Spanish colonies and Spanish shipping. One gang of these criminals seized a shipload of gold and silver from the Spanish mines, but were captured and taken to Havana, where the situation of their colony was learned and forwarded to Madrid.

As Professor Merriman rather oddly puts it: "Philip's jealousy and resentment were fanned to a white heat. The whole matter was frankly unintelligible to his meticulous and legalistic mind. That his exclusive right to the New World should be challenged by any one was hard enough to understand"<sup>18</sup> . . . Passing over the plain fact that the Spanish did not claim exclusive right to the New World, and that here there was no question of the New World but of Florida, it may be observed that Philip's meticulous and legalistic mind drew a sharp distinction between what belonged to him and what belonged to others, between piracy by subjects of a friendly power and war waged by an enemy. This idiosyncrasy of his was likely to be irritating to those who wished to possess themselves of his property.

In this instance the white heat of his jealousy and resentment took a form that has seemed incomprehensible to many of his modern critics, though the procedure was fairly orthodox in the sixteenth century; in fact, it is what any government, ancient, medieval or modern, would very likely do under the circumstances: he fitted out an expedition to expel the intruders. Early in the spring of 1565 he prepared a fleet of ten vessels, carrying five-hundred colonists and several hundred soldiers, under one of the best sea-captains in Spain, Pedro Menéndez de Avilés, an Asturian, forty-six years old, a swarthy, heavy man with black hair and black beard, fearless, devout, hating hypocrisy, prompt in action.

Menéndez had been in the Indies and to Flanders in the King's service, and came, about the time Philip heard of the Huguenot pirates in Florida, to beg to be allowed to give up the sea and retire to his estates. "While in this mind the Florida enterprise was proposed to him. He accepted, telling His Majesty that he thought his retirement would be well spent on such an expedition. The King granted him the office, against the opinion of the Council, for they thought it was a land of savages, worthless." So at least Pedro told the Jesuits at their college of Sevilla two years later. He himself contributed to the expenses of the fleet, and the King made him *adelantado* of Florida.<sup>19</sup>

Setting sail in June, 1565, Menéndez landed on the feast of Saint Augustine (August 28) and established a base which he named for the saint. He found four of Ribaut's ships, attacked them and put them to flight. Returning to Saint Augustine, he made a land attack on the Huguenot Fort Caroline in a downpour of rain, slew 132 men and took the women, children and non-combatants prisoners.<sup>20</sup> Later, going with a detachment of 60 men, he found 140 French corsairs on an island, demanded their surrender, and refused them a safe-conduct or any promise of clemency, saying he would treat them as the Lord commanded him. In spite of their numerical superiority they offered him 5,000 ducats for their lives. On his refusal, they surrendered. Pedro Menéndez had them bound and executed as pirates as they crossed a certain line which he drew in the sand with his spear.

The sentence was rigorous, and is not pleasant to contemplate. But its justice, according to the code of the times, was so apparent that Catherine de' Medici, though furious, never had the face to send a protest to King Philip. The Huguenots, however, made capital out of the occurrence, to win the sympathy of French Catholics for their fellow-countrymen; and four years later a French expedition under De Gourgues, sailing under pretence of a raid in Africa for Negro slaves to sell, surprised the Spanish garrison at San Mateo and hanged them to a man.

Pedro Menéndez, on his return to Spain, went to report to his King, and begged to be allowed to go back with some Jesuit missionaries, "averring that he preferred them on account of what he had seen God accomplish through them in Portuguese India. Other Orders were suggested, but he refused to accept them. So the expedition was at a standstill until the King, seeing his good intentions, granted them not only for Florida but for other parts of the Indies."<sup>21</sup> Menéndez contributed two hundred ducats to the expenses of the Jesuits and assured them they would have no difficulty, for "the conversion of the Indians chiefly depended on three things: doctrine, discipline and harmony. The Fathers were to supply the doctrine; he would see to the discipline (ruling over his subjects guided always by love, and never by fear and punishment, but if this were necessary it would be tempered by mercy). As to harmony, that depended on himself and on the Fathers."<sup>22</sup>

The program did not work out quite as smoothly as the direct and simple soldier anticipated. The first Jesuit to land, Father Pedro Martínez, was felled with clubs by the savages. According to one account, they ate him. This reception did not discourage the disciples of Saint Ignatius and Father Francis. Father Seguro and seven companions bravely advanced into the wilderness. "They refused to allow any soldiers to accompany them, though many offered, and took along only their vestments and altar vessels and some devotional books. They traversed vast deserts and swamps which cover that region, and when their provisions gave out were forced to sustain themselves on herbs found in the fields, and to drink water from mud puddles."<sup>23</sup>

One of the young Jesuits lost his way, and heard later what had happened to the rest. They had with them an Indian youth, Don Luis, whom they had educated and whom Philip II had honored and rewarded at court; but on arriving in his own country this guide betrayed his new friends to his old, calling a council of braves to settle their fate. "This cruel wolf, having discarded the guise of a sheep, arrived with tomahawks, darts and arrows, and even with the hatchets, knives and axes which the good Fathers had brought from Castile for household use, cut them in pieces and killed them all."<sup>24</sup> Father Seguro was forced to make the sign of the cross. While he was doing it, he was ripped open with sharp points of flint. The others were clubbed to death and decapitated. The skulls were made into drinking cups. The Indians, at their drunken revels, cavorted about, draped in the sacred vestments of the Mass which had been woven by the hands of nuns and matrons in Castile.<sup>25</sup>



Thus, in consequence of the hatred of Admiral Coligny for Philip II and the Church, the Passion of Christ came to the New World. Somewhat later, fifty-three defenseless Jesuit missionaries to Brazil were butchered in cold blood by a band of Huguenot corsairs. Both the Calvinist pirates and the Indians of Florida treated the Jesuits very much as the Huguenots had treated Catholic priests in France half a dozen years before. In a few years the Iroquois of New York would be subjecting another Jesuit, Saint Isaac Jogues, to a torture quite similar to the one inflicted by English Protestants in Cecil's pay on Blessed Edmund Campion. Both in the Adirondack woods and in the Tower of London the nails of the victim were drawn out; it must be said for Cecil's men that they did not chew off the fingers of their victim before they dragged him to the place of hanging and disemboweling.

While Pedro Menéndez was sailing to punish the Huguenot pirates, all the shipyards of Spain were alive with the clatter of hammers and the cries of workmen. The Turk was on the sea again, ready to strike the most dangerous blow he had aimed at Christendom in more than half a century. Immediately after the humiliation of his corsairs in 1564 Solymán had begun his preparations. His men were on the march in Greece, in Anatolia and Morea, in Asia and Africa. On the shores of the Black Sea he was building galleys. His viceroy in Algiers was collecting ships. Dragut, the scourge of the Mediterranean, was making preparations at Tripoli. In the great arsenal at Constantinople guns were being made capable of hurling balls weighing 170 pounds. Mustaphá Pasha, commander of the victorious Moslem legions in Hungary, was made captain-general of the new enterprises.<sup>26</sup> Spies were sent to the West. Two of them, disguised as merchants, inspected the fortifications of Malta.

At a council of all the chief captains and councillors of the Sultan, it was agreed to drive the Knights of Saint John out of that ancient outpost of Christendom, as they had been expelled from Rhodes; then to swoop down on Sicily and Italy, and to carry flame and sword into southern Europe. Mohammed II had sworn to feed his horses at the High Altar of Saint Peter's in Rome. Solymán swore to fulfil his grandfather's oath. Malta was only 58 miles from Sicily. The thing seemed as easy as when the Mohammedans of the ninth century overran the island and collected tribute from the Popes. It was certainly easier than when the great onslaught upon Malta was made in 1488.

This time the Grand Turk promised his leaders nothing less than world conquest. Once masters of the Mediterranean and southern Europe, they would extend their conquests in Hungary through the German Empire, and presently all the West would fall into the hands that now held sway over so much of Asia and Africa.<sup>27</sup>

In any struggle with Christendom, the Moslems had certain material advantages. Slavery placed unlimited man-power at their disposal. There was no limit on their power of taxation and conscription, whereas a Spanish King must depend upon the goodwill of his people and the willingness of the Cortes to grant him money for supplies and for the hiring of mercenaries. Slavery also put greater concentrated wealth into the hands of the Sultan. In Christendom the wealth was better distributed. Indeed, it was the tendency of Christian teaching, and to a lesser degree of Christian practice, to scatter and disperse wealth. On the contrary, the non-Christian pagan State, ancient or modern, tended to absorb wealth, power and freedom. The peril of Christendom, and especially of Italy, was very great. It was hardly less for Spain, with Sicily as the Mediterranean outpost of her Empire.

News of the enterprise began trickling in to Madrid from various sources—through Venice, through the spies of the Knights of Saint John, and through Pope Pius IV. At the beginning of 1565 the Spanish king was well aware of the danger and was making preparations. On February third, 1565, he wrote Don García de Toledo, now his General of the Galleys, to be on guard against a possible attack upon Sicily, though it was more likely the Turk would try Malta or la Goleta.<sup>28</sup>

Two days later Philip sent further details and urged haste in the preparations for defense. By land and sea, couriers sped to all his European possessions and allies. He ordered Don García to assemble the Mediterranean fleet at Messina, and other units to join it there. He demanded that his feudatories raise 10,000 troops in Italy. Newly recruited and well-paid bezonians began to tramp the roads from Milan to Genoa, to ship with Juan Andrea Doria. Cargoes of wood from Cape Pajara, and of grapevine shoots "for trenches and repairs" began to move toward Malta. All Philip's viceroys were ordered to let Valette, the Grand Master of the Knights, have whatever men and supplies Don García should demand.<sup>29</sup>

This was to be no ordinary conflict, like those that had so seriously taxed the powers of Spain year after year. From an intelligent Turkish captive and from other sources the King learned that Solymán meant to pit all his huge strength of ships, man-power and money against the Christians.<sup>30</sup> A fleet larger than any that Castile had ever had, larger than even the Grand Turk had ever launched, would have to be assembled. As no such fleet existed, a large part of it would have to be built. That meant time and money. Philip, deeply in debt though he was, and lacking funds for ordinary expenditures, found it increasingly difficult to borrow. Yet borrow he must, and borrow he did, at high usury. It was not merely a case of defending Malta or Sicily; the Turk corsairs might appear in Oran or at Mers-el-Kebir, bought with so much precious Christian blood; or off the east coast of Spain, looting and burning Barcelona.

A panic spread through the cities of southern Europe when it became known, with the mysterious celerity of evil news, that the Turkish fleet had at last set sail from Constantinople on March twenty-ninth, under Mustaphá and Piali. There were one-hundred and thirty huge galleys, thirty galliots, ten large ships, for fighting; and an auxiliary fleet of transports laden with supplies, munitions, and food for months, sixty-four heavy siege guns, and four basilisks; a formidable *pedrero* from Gallipoli, one of those used so effectively in the storming of Rhodes—it could hurl a stone ball seven feet in circumference, and was

much feared. Of castiron cannonballs alone there were 80,000; and an infinite supply of cloth bags and old sails for carrying earth, ropes and cables, hides of bulls and goats, and all manner of timber for constructing siege towers, scaling ladders and platforms. Besides the sailors, oarsmen and slaves there was a large army of picked and disciplined troops, many of them veterans of the Hungarian wars: among them 6,000 Janizaries, 8,000 Spahis, 5,000 *azapes*, 1,200 of the Romany Guard; over 30,000 in all. This time the Grand Turk was in deadly earnest.<sup>31</sup>

Philip went about his preparations calmly and methodically; spent longer hours at his desk and less at his sports; wrote an incredible number of long and detailed letters, many of them in his own hand, to a host of ambassadors and agents; to London, Paris, Vienna, Rome, Lisbon, Milan, Naples; to Margaret in Brussels; to Saint Francis Borgia; to his viceroys in Mexico and Peru; to Don García and the other captains of the fleet. None of this disturbed the serenity of his face, or his grave courtesy to visitors, or his affection and sometimes whimsical intimacy with his family.

There were others in his court who could not take events so calmly. As report after report came from Malta and the East, Don Juan of Austria conceived a burning desire to sail with the fleet. Don Carlos, who imitated his more fortunate uncle in everything, swore that he too would go. Philip assured them, of course, that they were both too young; that now was the time for study and preparation, that great deeds could come later. But his young brother chafed under the discipline of tutor and tilmaster. It required all the exquisite tact of the Queen to keep both her young cavaliers obedient to the King's wishes. She called Don Juan her brother, and Don Carlos her son. Both followed her about with a devotion little short of worship. She was often ill. Her miscarriage the previous year had left her pale and delicate.

On April eighth of that year,<sup>32</sup> Isabel took leave of her husband, who was then at Valsain in the Wood of Segovia, and went to visit her brother, the boy King, Charles IX, and her mother Catherine de' Medici. The interview had been requested by the Queen-Mother, several times during the past two years. King Philip, displeased with the wavering and insincerity of his wife's family in matters of religion, was averse to Isabel's going; he saw no sense in a long and arduous journey and a great deal of palavering. His idea, as he had already told Catherine, was to have the heads of the principal Huguenot leaders all cut off at the same time; and if she had followed his advice in 1559, many fine priests would still be alive in France, to serve God, and such splendid men as Duke Francis of Guise would still be walking the world. However, "as kings cannot always do as they please," he sent the Queen on this journey, hoping at least thereby to put an end to the importunities of the French court, if nothing more.<sup>33</sup>

Isabel set out therefore, on April eighth, attended by the Bishop of Calahorra and a retinue of lords. It took her until June sixth to reach Pamplona. The Duke of Alba met her near Hernani, in Guipúzcoa, and conducted her to the banks of the Bidasoa. As there had existed from time immemorial a convention that neither sovereign could cross that border line, the Spaniards had to build a pontoon bridge, on which the Queen and her mother advanced, one from each side, to meet in midstream. Puny little Charles IX watched from the French bank, obedient to the etiquette of the occasion; but as soon as he caught sight of his sister, whom he had not seen in five years, "love conquered authority" and he hastened as far as the second boat to embrace her.<sup>34</sup> On June fifteenth they all entered Bayonne, where there were feasts and rejoicings for several days.

Catherine and her son were seriously worried about the Huguenots. The concessions they had made to Coligny and his party, far from placating them, had made them more insolent and grasping, and it was apparent that they were gathering their forces for another violent attempt which might complete the ruin of France. Since the Peace of Amboise, the Huguenots had been granted freedom of worship in all the towns they held, and in one town of each bailiwick. But toleration was only a slogan with them. What they aspired to was domination. While Catherine was taking advantage of the truce to reform and to simplify her government and the administration of justice throughout France, Coligny and his brothers were deftly seeking, not without some success, to draw the young King under their influence.

After the first amenities at Bayonne, the royal persons and Philip's envoys proceeded to get down to business. Several private meetings were held, of which no complete records have been left. Alba's view on the Huguenots had never changed, and there is no reason to doubt the assertion of Cabrera that "they resolved to give the heads of the Huguenots a Sicilian Vesper."<sup>35</sup> There was some talk also of marrying Don Carlos to Marguerite of Valois, the Queen's sister.

On the day after the Queen's departure from Valsain, Don Carlos came back from a ride in the wood to report that Don Juan, who had been with him, had suddenly disappeared. It was found that the boy's wardrobe-keeper also was missing. The King, on questioning the postilion and others, concluded that his impetuous young brother was off for the east coast, to join the fleet sailing for Malta. Fast couriers carried orders over the mountains to intercept him.

Philip was right. Don Juan was riding pell-mell for Barcelona, more than three-hundred miles away. Following the course of the Henares, he went through Sigüenza and Medina-Celi to Calatuyud, and thence to Frasno, five leagues from Zaragoza—a ride of almost 200 miles. There he fell from his horse, delirious with fever, and was put to bed in the castle of the Duke of Villahermosa. When he came to himself, he learned that the galleys had already sailed. To his intense disgust he was sent back to the court.

The news of this exploit made so powerful an appeal to the imagination of young men and boys in all parts of Spain that Don Juan of Austria became a household word. There was an epidemic of runaways. The sons of several great noblemen, many of them mere boys, made their way to the coast.



Don Carlos, too, showed signs of restlessness. For some inexplicable reason he wished to go to the Netherlands. Ruy Gómez, who was then his chamberlain, had a difficult time with him all summer, but kept him in hand by suggesting that he go instead to the rescue of Malta, and so serve his father and Christendom at the same time. He offered to go with him when the time came. The moment, however, was indefinitely postponed. While Carlos talked of raising a fund of 50,000 *scudi* for his journey, and had four traveling suits made, all exactly alike, Ruy Gómez diverted him in various ways until the fleet had sailed from Barcelona. Then he said, "If Your Highness wishes to go, let us go; but to what purpose? They will say that Your Highness did it only as a gesture, knowing that it had been done."

The Prince gave up his project. From this time on there was noted in him an increasing dislike for his father, and a furtive desire to leave Spain.<sup>36</sup> In August, about the time Don García's fleet was leaving Messina, he was ill with one of his tertian fevers. The Queen had returned from France, and the royal family was staying in the Wood of Segovia.<sup>37</sup>

Meanwhile the much-feared Turkish armada had nosed its way through the Mediterranean to the little bee-shaped island where Saint Paul had once been shipwrecked, and appeared ominously to the defenders on the eighteenth of May. The magnificent old white-haired Frenchman, Valette, had made all his preparations. Indeed, as early as February seventeenth he had written to King Philip that everything humanly possible had been done; his fortifications were in repair, his supplies all in. Considering the strength of the enemy, he begged the Spanish king to send him 6,000 tons of wheat; and Philip gave orders to his viceroys.<sup>38</sup> The city and all the castles were fortified. The garrisons were increased to more than 8,000, of whom only 700 were Knights, the rest being soldiers of various nations—Italians, Sicilians, Greeks, civilians of Malta. A great chain of iron was placed across the mouth of the harbor.

As the black ships of the enemies of Christ came up between the blue waters and the hot sky, the Grand Master had the Blessed Sacrament carried in solemn procession, and then exposed for adoration for forty hours, while he and his troops implored the mercy and aid of God. At night he sent a ship to Italy to notify the Pope, and a galley to Sicily to implore the aid of Don García and his fleet. When morning came the Turks had disembarked and were scouring the island, destroying trees and setting up fortifications. They made an unsuccessful attempt to surround the impregnable city. There was an engagement of cavalry and infantry for six hours, until the Turks desisted, with heavy losses, especially from the artillery fire from the walls.

The Mohammedan leaders now decided that they must first cut off the city by taking the protecting forts. They chose to begin with a very small but well situated one, called Saint Elmo. Their forces were swelled by the arrival of the vicious Aluch Ali, a Christian apostate who had once been a monk in Italy but had turned corsair and was now known to Christendom as Fartax, "which is scurvy," adds the chronicler.<sup>39</sup> He appeared with four vessels full of troops. Another infamous renegade, Dragut, came with thirteen galleys from Tripoli. By May twenty-fifth the slaves and oxen of the Turks had landed most of their heavy artillery, and they had established a position protected by earthworks and trenches. Presently they were battering away at the castles of Saint Michael, Santangel and Saint Elmo. This last was the weakest. The safety of the Island depended upon it, and Valette resolved to defend it.

Against the small fort at the end of a narrow point of land Dragut now trained his batteries, cutting off communication with the city by trenches and a huge platform. As soon as the sun went down, he hurled his men against the walls with scaling ladders. Through the long and bloody dusk the fight raged, until darkness closed in. At the first glimmer of dawn the Turks, having learned from a deserter how small and weak the place was, returned with full force. For six hours the small group of defenders fought on, praying the while, against the ferocious shouts of the invaders, until the walls were broken, and the breaches choked with dead. Finally five-hundred yelling barbarians poured over the bastion into the fort.

The defenders rallied and charged them desperately, but were unable to expel them until a fortunate shot from the city placed a huge stone ball in the midst of the furious Moslem throng, killing so many that the rest were flung back into the fosse. The Turks, after six assaults during as many hours, withdrew, leaving hundreds of dead behind them. Dragut, the scourge of Italy, was struck in the ear and fell dying, with blood spurting from his nostrils and his throat. Yet, day after day the Moslems pounded away at the walls. Night after night the Grand Master sent boats with baskets of earth to repair the breaches, and fresh men to take the place of the dead and wounded.

For a whole month the gallant little band under Captain Miranda held off the whole army of the Grand Turk. Finally, on June twenty-second, the walls had been smashed into one jagged breach, protected by nothing but earthworks thrown up at night. Mustaphá prepared for a general assault. There was an ominous pause, during which the Christians prayed with fervor. Then, with the twilight, came the wave of dusky forms, leaping over the barricades, twining and intertwining in the sinister owls'-light, rising and falling and lying prone and shattered, until two thousand Mohammedans lay dead, and five-hundred Christians; and when the besiegers departed, there was only a handful of wounded men left to enjoy their ghastly triumph under the stars.

They got word to Valette that this was their last stand, they could do no more. During the night he sent back five barks full of fresh troops and munitions. As the narrow passage had been closed by the Turkish sappers, there was nothing to do now but commend the defenders to God. They, for their part, resolved not to surrender. Knowing that death was certain, they spent the night asking God's pardon for their sins and binding up each other's wounds. Some died before daybreak. The rest staggered to their feet as the dawn came, and took their arms. A column of Turks was already moving toward the fort.

It was the Vigil of Saint John the Baptist, an appropriate feast for what followed. The Turks, leaping over the crumbled walls, like dark devils against the rising sun, fell on them with such fury that the chapter was soon ended. Not only did they kill and chop to pieces all those who opposed them; they afterwards slaughtered the prisoners with inhuman cruelty, and finished the celebration by plucking out the hearts of the wounded, decapitating the leaders, and setting up their heads on pikes over the walls they had so bravely defended.

When Mustaphá entered the ruins and saw how small the fort was, and how few the defenders, he said mournfully, "If the little boy held us up twenty-nine days and ate up the flower of our army, what will the mother do?"

Valette, deeply grieved, sent a messenger to Don García in Sicily to hurry, for the love of God, before they all shared the fate of Saint Elmo. His messenger left one night in an old skiff they had found on the neighboring island of Gozo. They had no tar or tow to calk it with. They had to nail fresh cow's hide over the seams tightly. In this frail craft the soldier made his way safely over the sixty miles of sea.

Five days after the fall of Saint Elmo, Don Juan de Cardona arrived within sight of Malta with four Spanish galleys, sent by Don García to reconnoitre. He managed to land a thousand men on the shore six miles from Burgos without being detected by the Turks. At night they made their way in skiffs to join the besieged, and were received "as saviours from God."

Don García meanwhile, by frantic efforts, had got together some ninety sail at Messina. He had borrowed at high interest, with Philip's permission, and the King had sent him 150,000 ducats to pay troops and to purchase supplies. Earlier in the year an epidemic had carried off many men in the galleys at Naples, and some valued officers. The viceroy had refused to honor his request for the building of twenty ships there, and would not stir until orders came from Madrid.

The difficulties of communication in winter may be imagined. Three fine galleys were lost in a storm near Corega. Don García could only say "I told you so" to the king, whom he had warned against letting them sail in the winter. To write the King and receive a reply took from ten to fifteen weeks, according to the weather. For example, we find him writing a frantic letter to Philip on January twenty-second; and the King on March ninth answering this letter, together with those of January 7, 9, 13 and 17—all, perhaps, having arrived together.

Philip ordered some ships to be built in Barcelona, but found no master shipbuilders among the Catalans who were capable of designing satisfactory warships. Don García had to send *maestros*, at considerable cost of time and money, from Genoa; they arrived late in January and went to work immediately. The King asked Genoa for six galleys, the Duke of Savoy for four (besides three already promised), and the Duke of Alcalá for eight or more. It seems odd that when ships were so sorely needed, he should have allowed so skilled a captain as Pedro Menéndez to sail away in June that year with ten galleys; but the punishment of the Huguenot pirates was apparently too important to be postponed, and their presence in Florida was a menace to the whole Spanish empire in the West.

Undoubtedly Philip made a great and costly effort to relieve Malta. Whether he could have done so much more promptly remains a question. Major Hume is convinced that the real hero was Don García. "No hurry could be expected from the King," he observes. "Toledo was a host in himself. Men were sent from Sicily, others recruited in Corsica; Naples was put into a condition of defense, and Toledo, 'bigger in spirit than in body' complained, and rated soundly, almost rudely, the slow methods of his master in so great a crisis." After Saint Elmo fell, "all Christianity (*sic*) looked on aghast whilst Philip was spending his time in religious processions, fasts, and rogations for the delivery of Malta."<sup>40</sup>

Professor Merriman, noting that Don García and Alvaro de Bazan, early in August, had collected at Messina "an armament of some ninety galleys, forty transports and over 11,000 men," adds likewise: "all that was now lacking was the consent of the King, which finally arrived after a delay of three more weeks; it only sanctioned . . . the landing of soldiers for a battle on the shore; to imperil the Spanish fleet against the obviously superior forces of the Turks was still to Philip's cautious nature unthinkable."<sup>41</sup>

The same Harvard authority says elsewhere that "at Rome Philip was regarded as almost criminally slack in sending aid to the Knights of Malta in 1565 :"<sup>42</sup> this on the authority of Pastor, who, however, says nothing quite so strong. Pastor merely records that on April thirteenth the Pope spoke of the concessions he had made to Philip and other rulers, "and expressed the hope that Philip II would in the end do his duty in this respect."<sup>43</sup>

It is possible to understand why it was unthinkable to Philip's cautious nature to imperil his fleet against an *obviously superior* force. Only a lunatic would have attempted to engage a well-equipped and seasoned fleet of a hundred and fifty or more fighting vessels of the first class with a green fleet of ninety vessels. When it becomes clear that the troops scraped up with such difficulty from the corners of his Empire were for the most part raw recruits, who numbered hardly more than a third of the enemy's veterans, and needed three months' training before they would be fit for combat, the King's caution can hardly be called excessive.<sup>44</sup>

In the contemporary accounts, Philip does not seem quite such an imbecile. Considering all his losses at sea during the past five years, and the financial mess his father had left him, he had done well to assemble ninety vessels in half a year. The problem now was how to save Malta without losing them and without leaving his own coasts unprotected. The obvious strategy was to wait until his men were trained, and the Turkish manpower and supplies reduced to something more like parity; but not to wait too long.



This was clear to him as early as March ninth, when he wrote Don García that, since the Christian fleet would be smaller, it would obviously have to confine its activities to relief and avoid a direct engagement which might leave Christendom defenseless on the seas. It was "very important for the service of God and the good of Christianity," he added, that "all care and diligence" be used. No detail of preparation was too small for the King's attention. He asked Don García to keep an eye on one Matías Lequente, *alias* Matías Matías Loynle, who was shipping on one of the galleys of Don Álvaro. This man had been reconciled to the Inquisition in Sevilla in 1562, and was "a great heretic."<sup>45</sup>

It was not until after the fall of Saint Elmo that the Spanish positions in Africa were in a satisfactory state of defense. On June twenty-ninth Don Álvaro de Bazan landed some troops and munitions at Oran, and then returned to Cartagena for another 1,000 men and 20,000 barrels of water for the garrison at Mers-el-Kebir. Later, he returned to Cartagena to take 1,500 troops to Sicily. He collected some recruits at Barcelona, at the same time leaving seven cannon he had picked up at Malaga, in case the Turk should get that far. At Palamos he found Leiva and Andrade with eight galleys filled with oarsmen and crews to man the eight large galleys being completed at Barcelona. He had assembled thirty-five vessels when he went to Baya on July sixth.<sup>46</sup>

The King could hardly have been without a share in all this activity. His letters support the impression given by his contemporary biographer that he employed all the haste consistent with safety. Cabrera does not share all of Major Hume's admiration for Don García. He evidently agrees that that excellent nobleman was faithful and loyal, had wide experience, and proceeded with commendable prudence, for he had to consider that the Turks were "numerous, well-trained, daring in coming to hand-to-hand conflict, constant . . . with flawless discipline . . ." But he displayed some *tardanza* in the relief of Malta, and to say truth, he was already superannuated—only three years later, adds the chronicler, he was afflicted with paralysis.<sup>47</sup>

From Cabrera, as well as from the letters of Don García,<sup>48</sup> one gets the impression of a fussy old man, doing his best in circumstances a little too difficult for him; a Spanish Polonius, querulous and impatient, as almost any one would be with such bad communications, and irritating to most of the people who dealt with him. Philip had had to remove him as viceroy in Catalonia in 1564, because he could not get on with people there. Complaints about his administration in Sicily were constantly arriving in Madrid. "Though full of justice and holy intention, he gave little satisfaction with his government."<sup>49</sup> The King stood by him in view of his years, his infirmities, his long faithful service, and doubtless his relationship to the indispensable Duke of Alba, and finally pensioned him.

Don García had 100 galleys assembled by August. Unable to use them all, for lack of rowers, he chose seventy-three of the lightest, swiftest and best supplied, and manned them with 6,000 picked Spaniards, 3,000 Italians and 1,500 volunteers; and with these he set out. Obviously he could not hope to engage the enemy fleet unless he found it divided. He decided to send a single vessel to reconnoitre. Juan Andrea Doria, who had previously been refused permission to lead a forlorn hope to Malta, again volunteered for the dangerous duty. The Admiral, with some misgivings, let him go.

Approaching the island on the third night, Doria sent a man to the governor of Gozo, to arrange for signal lights: one to be raised if the sea were clear of Turks, two to be hoisted twice otherwise. Doria coursed the sea all night and all day, with contrary winds, waiting for the messenger to return. He was almost discovered by the enemy, buffeted three days by storms, saw the signal light, and returned to the Cape. There he learned that Don García had gone to Lenosa to wait for him, and followed. They passed each other among the islands. Winds and rains impeded them. Days of stormy weather passed before they met at La Fabiana.

The full armada then sailed, and arrived within sight of Malta. As no signal appeared, Don García returned to Sicily, took on water, and returned. It was the night of September fifth when he approached the Island the second time.

Meanwhile old Valette and his men had been writing in blood an imperishable chapter of history. By August nineteen the Turks, with mining and bombardment, had opened three breaches in El Burgo and Saint Michael. In the four-hour battle that followed, the white-haired Grand Master charged them, sword in hand. Even the women fought on the walls, while children brought up food and supplies, and tended the wounded. The Moslems then stormed Saint Michael by moonlight. Again the gallant old man, with white and flowing beard, was seen fighting like an angel of wrath, in the front rank, pike in hand, wherever his men were hardest pressed.

The Turks almost broke in, that day, across the logs they had thrown into the fosse; but a devout Capuchin monk, one of the few survivors who had been brought badly wounded from Saint Elmo and who lived in continual prayer for victory, cried out that he had seen Jesus Christ in a vision with Saint John the Baptist, Saint Paul, Saint Francis and Saint Peter, and had heard a voice say, "*Salvaria Dios a Malta*; God will save Malta!" This put new life into the Christians and they flung away the Turks like chaff.<sup>50</sup>

Eleven times the waves of Turks broke against El Burgo in vain. The heat was intolerable, the losses frightful on both sides. From a Christian deserter the enemy learned that relief was expected from Sicily, and established a blockade around the Island. But a Spaniard named Thomas Coronel (it would seem, from his name, a descendant of Jews baptized in 1492) made his way in a small boat, at the risk of his life, with a message to García in Sicily, and safely returned with a letter of encouragement.

The inhuman struggle went on, day after day, for three months, until 16,000 Turks lay dead. Of the defenders only 600 remained, sick and battered men, with no hope save in God and Philip II. Of the inhabitants of the Island 7,000 had been slain, of the cavaliers and soldiers of all nations 2,500, of the slaves 500. Nothing whatever was left of the walls but heaps of crumbled stone, and the last defenders crouched behind earthworks thrown up at night. The fosses were full of earth and rotting bodies. All was ruin, all was desolation, all was death. Ammunition was so short that the Christians were reduced to firing back the balls shot by the Turks. A hundred-thousand had been fired, and fully two-thirds were returned. The Grand Master, toward the end, ruled that no man should have his rations until he brought in one ball.

This was the scene on which the sun rose on September sixth as the Turk prepared grimly to finish the remnants of the little heroic band. During the night something unusual had happened on the other side of the Island. Don García's fleet had put in without being discovered, and at the first gray of dawn had begun sending troops ashore, 100 men to a bark, until in four hours all were landed, with munitions and rations, and ready to march. The city was eight miles away, the Turkish camp twelve miles. Before noon Valette and his little grimy band of heroes saw the sunlight flash on the helmets and the banners of the Spanish and Italian *tercios*.

The Turks began rushing their artillery on board ship. Two months before they might have made short work of this new army. Now they were worn and shattered, and ridden with dysentery; so they hoisted sail and made away to the East. Don García cautiously fetched more troops for Sicily; then on September fifteenth he followed the Turks, hoping that they might divide and give him a chance to engage half their fleet. But the weather was foul, and there was no division. After nine days the Christians returned to Sicily.<sup>51</sup>

There was great joy in Spain when the news arrived, in October. Philip sent a warm and generous letter to Don García, in which he said, "Nothing could happen that could give me greater satisfaction and pleasure; and everything that you have done and arranged has been what your prudence and experience led Us to expect. This service has been so foremost and distinguished, and of such quality and importance for the good of Christianity and of Our possessions and estates, that you have placed me under a new obligation: and so you can be sure that I intend to honor and favor you and reward you, as is right I should and as you deserve."<sup>52</sup>

Solyman the Magnificent had suffered a terrible defeat. His determination was as great as his resources, and he retaliated by raising an army of 150,000 horse and 300,000 foot which he led in person to invade Hungary, on the ground that Maximilian II had failed to send him tribute. Maximilian was tempted to purchase the cooperation of the Protestants by concessions of principle. Philip II, fearing the result this would have upon the situation in the Netherlands, contributed 200,000 ducats to the defense of the East; and lent 600,000 *scudi*, borrowed at usury, to the Duke of Florence for the building of a fleet. The Turk still had his galleys intact, and might well return the next year.





## Protestant Uprising in Flanders [1566]

**T**HROUGH most of the autumn of 1565 Philip and his court remained at the palace of Valsain in the Wood of Segovia. He received Don Juan of Austria, coming back from the east coast, with kindness and understanding. Instead of scolding the impulsive boy, he embraced him, and told him that, since it was evident he had no religious vocation, he could prepare to be a soldier instead of a priest. This was good news to Don Juan. In a gay mood he rode with Don Carlos to meet the Queen, returning from Bayonne, and both boys proudly escorted her, in the late summer, to where the King was waiting. There was singing and dancing in the palace, and hunting in the woods. Philip took part in these amusements, and exchanged jokes with dwarfs and clowns. He was very much in love with his wife. Every one, indeed, loved her, and it was said that Castile had never had a Queen more revered by the people.

One of her sorrows was her childlessness; but that ended after the return of Saint Eugenius to Spain in the fall of 1565. He had to be carried back, for he had been dead for several centuries; but in many ways saints are different from other people. First Archbishop of Toledo in Apostolic times, he gave up his life for Christ during the terrible persecution under Domitian. His remains, still uncorrupt, were hidden to prevent their destruction by the Moors. In time his body was enshrined at Saint Denis, the burial-place of the Kings of France.

For centuries thereafter the monks who were its custodians resisted every effort of the Castilians to bring him back to Spain; except for one arm sent by Saint Louis. But when King Philip II married a French princess, and Spanish help was needed against the Huguenots, the negotiations were resumed. The Queen of Peace concluded them during her visit with her mother at Bayonne. The French monks wept bitterly, but were finally consoled when Philip sent them the head of the martyr, Saint Denis, who after all was a Frenchman. As Cabrera observes, "it was only right that the saints return to their own lands." The long-desired corpse of Saint Eugenius arrived at Getaf , outside Madrid, on November fifteenth, 1565.

The joy that such an occasion gave the Spanish people can be understood only in a Catholic country. The darkened and mysteriously preserved flesh before which they knelt had once housed the flame of a spirit so pure that in life it had triumphed over all the ordinary frailties of human nature, passing like a cry of love straight through the wretched compromises and cruelties and debaucheries of the world to the waiting hand of God, as a bird flies to its nest, an arrow to its mark. In death it had resisted decay and healed incurable diseases, and made men give over shameful lives and do good. These poor remains were like a voice of consolation and hope, contradicting the appearances of universal death and decay. Only a fool could see such a sight and not wonder at the power and goodness of God, and the mystery which hides truth under secret, humble, even ugly appearances.

To Philip and his Queen, to Don Carlos and Don Juan, and even to the German cousins, Rudolph and Ernest, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to prostrate oneself in the dust before so striking an evidence of God's mercy to such creatures as themselves. They all did so, with adoration. The body was borne in solemn procession to the city by four bishops, including the King's confessor. Philip himself, in imitation of his glorious ancestor Alonso VII, helped lift it to their shoulders, and carried the severed arm into the city. Thence it was taken to Toledo, to be enshrined in the Holy Church. The King took the arm to the part of the Escorial which was then finished. On the feast of the saint, then observed on November eighteenth, the Queen earnestly implored his spirit, which had so often presented human prayers before the face of God, to ask a child for her. Nine months later, almost to a day, her first child was born; and named Isabel Clara Eugenia, the last in honor of Saint Eugenius,<sup>1</sup> "because," as Cabrera says, "the saint brought her."

The King was naturally delighted. He was not so well pleased, however, over an incident which occurred at Toledo when the holy body was enshrined. The Dean of the chapter, Don Diego de Castilla, as he knelt to kiss the royal hand, took

advantage of the opportunity to beg for an early conclusion of the case of Archbishop Carranza.<sup>2</sup> For six years that prelate had been shut up in the prison of the Inquisition at Valladolid. Numerous hearings had been held, ecclesiastical lawyers had pleaded for and against the accused, his celebrated catechism and other writings were examined and analyzed, together with various books found in his possession, and so far he had neither been convicted nor exonerated.

The Inquisitors had charged, and Philip II evidently was of their opinion, that Carranza had become virtually a Lutheran. By all who knew him it was readily admitted that he had probably done this unwittingly. It was alleged that he reasoned himself into a phase of pessimism which under-valued human reason, human will and human action; and that the logical consequence of his teachings, if carried out to their conclusion, would be to lead whole masses out of the Church, as Luther and Calvin had led them, and in the end to betray them into the hands of the Antichrist. This was a serious charge, and needed looking into; but the friends of Carranza, who were many and loyal, were saying that, even if he had fallen into the errors alleged, he was entitled to judgment.

The clergy of Spain were sharply divided on the case. Even the Dominicans, of whom Carranza was one, disagreed as to his deserts. Complaints were made frequently at Rome. Pope Pius IV was too compromising to risk a quarrel with a powerful sovereign over a distant prelate. The next Pope, Pius V, was made of different stuff; and moreover, was himself a Dominican. One of the first acts of the new regime therefore was a request to the King of Spain to release the Archbishop, or to send him to Rome for trial.<sup>3</sup> To investigate the matter and to emphasize his wishes, the Holy Father sent Cardinal Jacob Boncompaño to Spain. As Cabrera observes, "he was not exactly welcome or treated with affection or authority."<sup>4</sup>

Ferdinand and Isabel had made a two-edged sword of the Spanish Inquisition. It had served to free Spain from the long domination of the Jews and secret-Jews. It had also helped to establish the royal supremacy, not only over the restless nobility, but over the clergy and the hierarchy. Very little "interference" from Rome had been tolerated. But now, with the rise of a truly great and saintly character to the chair of Peter, the caesaro-papism of Spain and her Inquisition was sharply challenged.

A serious dispute, even a schism, seemed possible. There were not only haughty nobles, but clergy of high rank who advised the King to withstand the demand of Pope Pius. To comply, they said, would be to establish a precedent dangerous to his prerogatives, "and with such a pernicious example would leave the door open for other Popes to claim other things for the same cause; for the Inquisition of Spain had been created absolutely independent of that of Rome, as the Holy See had conceded to the Catholic Sovereigns by various bulls."<sup>5</sup>

Charles V would probably have refused to send Carranza. His son came to a different decision. Philip decided, quite voluntarily and under no material compulsion, to give the Pope the respect his office merited, even if it meant the sacrifice of some of his own political prestige. He told his belligerent advisers that he meant to have all concord with the Church "without prejudice to his authority as heir of most religious Princes and great defenders of the Church," and he pointed out the great scandal it would cause in Christendom and in the Spanish dominions, if he should trespass on the Pope's jurisdiction in a spiritual matter.<sup>6</sup>

The upshot of all this was that he sent Carranza to Rome, and with him the mass of evidence that had been collected. The Pope found that the cause was not so easy to determine as had appeared from a distance. Witness after witness was sent for from Spain, and the mass of testimony grew. Still no decision was given—in great measure because of the high character and apparent sincerity of the Archbishop himself. In view of some of his admitted beliefs he could hardly be exonerated. No one wished to condemn him. The trial dragged on while he remained a prisoner under the easiest possible conditions in Sant' Angelo.

Carranza, gentle and learned, has been one of the favorite martyrs of modern anti-Spanish history; but an unusual sort of martyr. Protestant tradition, instead of making him a Protestant suffering for his convictions, has gone out of its way to demonstrate that he was never anything but an orthodox Catholic, persecuted for no good reason by Philip II and the Inquisitors, who thus become not only cruel but stupid. The judgment of Professor Merriman is typical: Carranza, he affirms, "was unjustly suspected of Protestant leanings," but "there was not the slightest basis for the charge."

Pope Pius V, all through his pontificate, could never bring himself, in spite of his personal regard for the distinguished member of his own order, to declare him innocent. Pope Gregory XIII, after the most careful investigation, countless hearings, and a ballot by all the Cardinals and a large number of theologians, passed a final sentence in which he stated clearly that the writings of the Archbishop contained various heretical opinions, similar to those held by Luther, Melancthon and other Protestants; "*and so now We command that he detest, anathematize, withdraw and abjure in Our presence all the aforesaid errors and heresies.*" Gregory specified sixteen false propositions in particular, including the following:

"That all works done without the virtue of charity are sins and offenses to God. . . . That faith is the principal beginning by which justification is attained. . . . That sinners who have lost grace through sin cannot have true faith. . . . That those who are in mortal sin cannot understand the divine Scripture or judge matters of faith. . . . That natural reason in affairs of religion may be contrary to faith. . . . That faith alone without works may be sufficient for the salvation of the elect. . . . That Christ Our Lord has satisfied so sufficiently for our sins that no further satisfaction may be necessary. . . . That the actions and works of the saints have been solely for our example, and cannot aid us in other ways. . . . That the use of the sacred images and the veneration of the relics of the saints may be entirely human laws. . . . That the present Church may not be of the same light and



authority as the primitive one was. . . . That the state of the apostles and religious does not differ from the common condition of most Christians."

Obviously these propositions are full of Lutheran dynamite which could easily have caused, under pretext of a return to primitive Christianity, an explosion that would have torn whole sections of Spain away from all Christianity, but for the watchfulness of the Inquisition. The Pope ruled that after Carranza had abjured them, he was to be subject to no further penalties on their account; "but that such excesses may not have to be punished in future, and that he may proceed more carefully, we determine that the said Bartolomé, Archbishop, *be suspended from the administration of his church of Toledo for five years from this day* . . . and must live in the monastery of the Dominicans in the city of Veyano, which city we designate as a prison, from which he cannot go during the period mentioned without Our express permission." Before leaving Rome the Archbishop was to visit the seven basilicas and stations and to say a Mass solemnly at each one; and at Veyano to say certain prescribed Masses within three months; after which he could not celebrate Mass during his suspension, save on Christmas and a few other feasts. The reading or printing or possession of Carranza's catechism was prohibited. It is on the list of forbidden books even to this day.

The Archbishop bowed to the decision of the Church, performed his penance, and died an exemplary Catholic death before the end of his suspension.<sup>7</sup> He had never intended to start an heretical movement. Neither had Luther at the beginning. Ideas, however, have a way of working toward their logical conclusions, regardless of the wishes of their authors.

Philip II was right, then, about Carranza's opinions, and it was important for him to have them condemned. It would have been suicidal statesmanship to allow a Protestant revolution to gain headway in Spain, at the moment when his authority was threatened in the Netherlands.

Meanwhile Egmont arrived in Spain, during the preparations for the relief of Malta, and was sumptuously entertained. He was the most representative of the lords of Flanders. His memorandum of the four points he wished to discuss with the King shows that it was not merely concern over popular liberties that took him on his long voyage. The four affairs he noted were (1) that of Ninove, (2) that of Enghien, (3) permission to accept the presents of the Estates of Flanders, (4) his claim to be made general of the army of Flanders, if the King established one.<sup>8</sup> There is nothing here about democracy, or freedom of worship, or any economic or political reform whatever. All is practical. Egmont is looking for something for himself.

A letter of the King to his sister the Duchess early in April reflects some light on Egmont's memorandum. The Count had asked him, he wrote, for the absolute gift of Ninove, which he held in pledge as security for the payment of the balance of the 50,000 ducats promised him (of which Philip had paid 30,000). Egmont wished further to exchange Ninove for Enghien, which belonged to the Duke of Vendôme. Philip had replied through Ruy Gómez that he must consult the Duchess about Ninove. As for Enghien, he would gladly allow the exchange, if he decided to give Ninove. He had no objection to Egmont's receiving the gifts of the Estates of Flanders; in fact, he hoped he would get even more than his predecessors had got. Egmont seemed quite satisfied with all this.

Philip added a postscript in his own hand to the effect that he had decided to let Egmont have an additional 12,000 ducats, besides the 20,000 due him, on the security of Ninove. In other words, he was not only making the enormous gift requested by the Count, but he was increasing the bonus from 50,000 to 62,000—a tidy sum, and quite the largest he had given in the Low Countries.<sup>9</sup>

In several conversations the King spoke frankly to the Count on his intentions regarding religion, justice, finance, new fortifications, and so on. He made no secret of what Egmont already knew, that he would make no compromise with any imitation or perversion of Christianity. The Catholic Church was the one Church of Christ, divinely established for the salvation of men, and Philip earnestly told Egmont that he would rather die than betray it. Indeed, he would rather lose a hundred thousand lives, if he had them, than tolerate any compromise that sought by indirect methods to eliminate Christ from his kingdoms. But insofar as there were abuses resulting from human weakness and negligence—failure to teach the Christian religion or to discipline and order the clergy and lay members—he was willing to do anything in his power to improve matters. He was willing to have the Duchess and the Council assemble two or three bishops and as many more wise and competent theologians and other well instructed persons, and discuss means for having the people taught better and for improving the schools; also, they might consider whether there were any better means than those already employed of punishing the heretics. The King wrote all this himself, in substance, in a memorandum which he gave Egmont to take the Duchess; and he concluded with the welcome news that he had sent her 260,000 crowns, and would presently send her 150,000 more.<sup>10</sup>

When Egmont took his departure on April ninth, he wrote a most enthusiastic and grateful letter to the King, thanking him for all his hospitality, and effusively praising the part of the Escorial already completed, and the beautiful Wood of Segovia. He was returning to Flanders, he said, "the most satisfied man in the world."<sup>11</sup>

At the same time Philip allowed Margaret to grant Montigny what he had desired, the commandery of M. de Courrières. But Egmont had hardly returned to Brussels (he arrived on April thirtieth, with young Alexander of Parma, who went to marry

a Portuguese princess), when his friendship for the King suffered a quick evaporation. A few weeks later he was criticizing Philip as loudly as before. Armenteros wrote the King on June tenth that Orange, Egmont and Homes were alleging that, three days after the departure of the Count from Spain, Philip sent despatches of a tenor different from his messages carried by Egmont, on all the chief points. They accused Philip of doing this with artifice to make them lose their credit and reputations, and asserted they could no longer trust in words or in promises. What this refers to is not wholly clear. It may have been Philip's renewed insistence on the punishment of heretics. A letter of Margaret complained to the King that William of Orange was displeased with her on account of her efforts to repress the disturbers. Meanwhile, she complained, the Anabaptists were increasing rapidly in Holland.<sup>12</sup>

In the Council, before the Regent, Egmont gave a more favorable report on his voyage to Spain. The King, he said, had received him with great favor, and had shown much interest and love for the Low Countries. He wanted them well ruled, and wanted "certain heretics and Anabaptists" punished. Finally, he had stressed the importance of keeping the country Christian, and had asked for suggestions as to better ways of handling the subject of heresy than heretofore. There was much discussion of this in the Council. A committee was chosen to look into the matter; it included some of the most distinguished professors at Louvain, and the bishops of Namur and Ypres.

Nevertheless, the agitation continued. Philip soon began to suspect that the Duchess of Parma was being swayed and manipulated by some of the *confederados*. What had happened, evidently, was this: Egmont, a good man at bottom, had become involved in the oath-bound secret revolutionary society dominated by Orange, Montigny and others. As a good Catholic, he probably had nothing to do with the anti-religious phase of the conspiracy. He was also loyal to the King; and when he went to Spain, his sentiments of loyalty and of devotion were uppermost in him, and he meant to do as he promised. Returning to Flanders, however, he again became subject to pressure from clever and subtle friends, less shallow and less honest than he, who did not scruple to use intimidation, flattery and bribery to gain their ends. In some manner they won him back, and then, because he was most in favor with Philip and his government, used him to influence the Duchess. Thus they got her to promise a meeting of the Estates-General.<sup>13</sup>

William of Orange boasted later that he knew everything that went on in Spain, even the secret letters of the King. Margaret's secretary, Armenteros, was one of those suspected of this betrayal. Philip heard, but not until 1566, that this man was secretly on the side of the League, and had amassed a fortune of 70,000 ducats as secretary to the Regent. Yet the Duchess followed his advice blindly.<sup>14</sup>

While the cabal was flattering Margaret and trying to win her over, they were attacking her in Spain and working to bring about her downfall. They put her in a most embarrassing position by neglecting to provide the money she needed for her government. They made a new demand for a further modification of the placards of Charles V against heresy. It was decided that Montigny should make a second journey to Spain, this time with Berghes, to convince Philip of the wisdom of such a course.

Meanwhile, the Duchess of Parma, bewildered and often in tears, found her position more and more untenable. Perhaps the worst experience she had had since the assassination of her first husband was a sudden visit, in April, 1566, from three-hundred mounted noblemen. They had first held a great banquet, with much swilling of beer and wine according to their custom, and had then taken a Memorial, corrected and revised by Egmont, to the Duchess's palace in Brussels. Their leader, who presented it, was Henry, lord of Brederode and of Viana, a man of notoriously loose morals and turbulent habits, and well known to be under the thumb of William of Orange. With him was William's brother, Count Louis of Nassau.

There may have been even more of drama in this meeting than historians have noticed. Margaret of Parma was Philip's half-sister on his father's side: illegitimate daughter of the Emperor. But "authorities" differ much on the identity of the careless woman who was her mother. Gachard follows Serrure in saying that she was Jeanne Vander Gheenst, who later married Jean Vanden Dycke; but as there were no children by this marriage he is puzzled at Granvelle's asking the King to give a pension of 600 florins to the Duchess's brother.<sup>15</sup> Rachfahl calls her Johanna van der Gheynst, and says she was a dependent of the Montigny family.<sup>16</sup> The Encyclopedia Britannica, following other authorities, gives the lady's name as Margaret Van Ghent. Professor Merriman says she was the daughter of a cloth-weaver. Major Hume says she was a Flemish lady. Prescott also says she was Margaret Vander Gheenst, and "belonged to a noble Flemish house"; orphaned in infancy, she had been brought up in the family of Count Hoogstraten.<sup>17</sup>

There is some discrepancy here. It is rendered all the more tantalizing by a passage in a letter of that peripatetic Jewish Merchant of Light, Tremelius, to which none of the authorities seems to have referred. At the end of a report to Cecil's ambassador Throckmorton, telling of his success in organizing an international Protestant league, he mentioned rather casually a Flemish lord named "Bredrod, whose mother was the daughter of Robert de la Marche and was carried off by the Emperor Charles, by whom she had the Duchess of Parma; and being married to another, had this Bredrod."<sup>18</sup>

Tremelius had been a professor at Oxford and was well informed and intelligent. Nevertheless his unsupported account of a bit of gossip would not in itself be evidence enough to justify the statement that Margaret of Parma, Regent for her half-brother on her father's side, was now confronted by a rebellious half-brother on her mother's side. But there is supporting



evidence of a sort; enough at least to establish an hypothesis. Granvelle had asked the King for 600 florins per year for "the brother of Madame de Parma," who had married, and was "in extreme necessity." This was on October eighth, 1564.<sup>19</sup> Six months later we find Philip II, out of a clear sky, granting a pension of 1,000 *florins de quarante pattars* to the Lord of Brederode, "in accord with his services and those of his predecessors."

As Brederode was one of the most disloyal and outspoken of the critics of Philip II, it is difficult to understand just what were those services that entitled him to a pension. On the other hand, he was not weighty enough to be won over by gifts, as Philip had attempted to win over Orange, Egmont and Montigny. But, if he was the mysterious brother of Madame de Parma (as Tremelius asserted), the favor is explained; and the anomalous position of Margaret, as half-sister to each of two enemies, becomes clear. Brederode demanded the suspension of the Inquisition and the placards: otherwise there would be an uprising, and it would be her fault, not his. She replied helplessly that she had no authority to grant such concessions, but would convey the request to the King. One of her companions, incensed by the arrogant tone of the nobles, said, "Don't be afraid of those beggars!" The remark was overheard. From then on, the nobles of the League appeared derisively in old clothes, with knapsacks or bags on their shoulders and wooden bowls at their girdles, carried cudgels in their hands, and wore fox-tails for plumes. They adopted an emblem displaying hands shackled together, and the motto, "Long live the King, even to beggary." The movement spread rapidly. Riots began in some of the provinces.

Margaret, in tears, consulted the Council and poured out her heart to Philip in hot Italian words.<sup>20</sup>

The King repeated that he intended to go to the Low Countries as soon as possible, but that grave business detained him; when it was finished he would go, and provide suitable remedies.<sup>21</sup> The business referred to was evidently the preparation of a new fleet to meet the Turkish onslaught expected in the summer of 1566. He bade the Regent say that to conserve the Catholic religion, in which he wished to live and die, he would make any reasonable compromise. He would accommodate himself to the time to the extent of pardoning all who, through lightness or the misleading of others, had been guilty of disorders; and he would introduce no new religious laws. But he did expect the existing ones to be observed, as they had been under the Emperor; and as the Emperor had not feared his enemies, neither did he.<sup>22</sup> One thing Philip reiterated constantly: he would make any concession short of what he deemed a betrayal of Christ.<sup>23</sup>

Having heard that Montigny wished to make a second journey to Spain, this time with Berghes, he sent them a cordial invitation, and they set out; Montigny on May twenty-ninth, and Berghes later, for he was ill, and disabled by an open sore on his leg. On the voyage, too, Berghes was indisposed. When he reached Spain he was virtually a dying man. He arrived at Segovia on August sixteenth, and paid his respects to the King at Valsain the next day. Montigny had been there since July fifteenth. He had found the court in the Wood, the Queen in the last month of her pregnancy, and Philip watching her with much anxiety and tenderness.

After the usual amenities, the two lords explained to the King and the Council what was happening in Flanders. All the trouble, said Montigny, was due to Philip's letters regarding the Inquisition and the placards. The only remedy would be to suspend the Inquisition, moderate the placards, and grant a general pardon. If Philip took these three courses, the lords of the League would suppress all disorders, using arms if necessary. Montigny was careful to add that, if His Majesty refused, they would not take arms against him.<sup>24</sup>

As Philip listened gravely to this, he must have thought of a letter on his desk from Margaret of Parma, advising him that a certain "foreign gentleman" had told Count Meghen, who had told her, that the Protestant leaders of the Netherlands were planning to raise an army of 25,000 in Germany and elsewhere to terrorize the country. Egmont had heard the same report.<sup>25</sup> But Montigny, who had just received his lucrative commandery, spoke loyally enough.

Day after day, in that hot July, the King discussed the business with his Council both in Madrid and in the Wood of Segovia. He did not admit Montigny to the Council meetings, to the evident chagrin of that gentleman. But he had long conferences with many grave Castilian lords: with the Duke of Alba, the Duke of Feria, the Prior Don Antonio de Toledo, Ruy Gómez, Don Juan Manrique de Lara, old Luis Quijada, and Councillor Hopperus, lately come from Flanders.

The conclusion they came to, according to Cabrera, was that "one or two personages, envious and covetous" wished to rule the Netherlands themselves. Getting rid of Granvelle had been only a pretext. The present demands were probably similar. Regardless of that, it was clear that Spain had no army in the Netherlands capable of dealing with a revolution, if one occurred; therefore, some form of conciliation must be employed. Philip sat for hours over the transcript of the discussions in the Council, reflecting on the serious decision he had to make. As usual, he asked the priests and nuns in all parts of Spain to invoke divine guidance for him. In many cities public processions went to famous shrines with the same intent.<sup>26</sup>

The result of all this was that Philip granted everything that Montigny asked; but with certain slight reservations. For example, he told the Council on July twenty-sixth, and had his secretary inform Montigny, that he no longer opposed the suspension of the placards, but wished the proposal, as submitted to him, worded differently. The other two requests he granted. Montigny received this with very bad grace, and spoke so bluntly to the King that Philip changed color.

On August ninth Philip declared before a notary, in the presence of Alba and others, that he granted the general pardon under compulsion and against his will, and wished to put it on record (but secretly) that he reserved the right to punish crimes

against religion and against his sovereignty, especially as regarded the chief instigators of the rebellion. Two days later he wrote Requesens, his ambassador in Rome, that he had decided, pending the establishment of the new bishoprics in the Netherlands, to give up the Inquisition, to suspend the placards against heresy, and to authorize Margaret to grant a general pardon. Requesens was to tell Pope Pius V not to be scandalized, for Philip might make certain exceptions from the general pardon.<sup>27</sup>

These concessions, of course, were incompatible with Philip's repeated declaration that he would not permit the destruction of the Catholic religion. Shrewd Montigny saw this as clearly as Philip saw through him. He wrote his confederates not to believe the King if he made concessions. His warning reached Brussels before the news of the King's surrender. Philip did not learn of this until later. It was August seventeenth when Margaret wrote him of it, and the letter must have reached him in September.<sup>28</sup>

For the time being, Philip congratulated himself on having found at least a temporary solution for the northern troubles. He gave himself up to rejoicing over the birth of a daughter on August twelfth, the very day of his letter to Requesens. The Queen's condition had given him great anxiety, for she had been in delicate health since her miscarriage two years before. All that summer, while he was having his palace at Valsain enlarged to please her, new gardens laid out, and bridges built across little streams where she might like to walk, he must have had misgivings that she might never live to enjoy them. But at last, one Monday morning at two o'clock, she had a safe delivery.

The King's joy set church bells ringing from the Pyrenees to the Mediterranean, while swift horsemen carried the news to Catherine de' Medici. If Philip had desired a son to fill the uncertain shoes of poor Don Carlos in case of need, he concealed his feelings admirably from the young Queen. The watchful French ambassador reported that His Majesty said he was the happiest prince in the world and was just as glad to have a daughter as a son. Isabel herself told Fourquevaulx that her husband the King had never cared whether the child would be a boy or a girl; and when the child was born, he told her that he was glad, in fact, that it was a girl.<sup>29</sup>

When the baby was five days old, Fourquevaulx wrote her anxious grandmother, "She is very beautiful, her face long, her nose rather large, like her father's, but her mouth does not resemble his; though one finds it just a trifle large. In short, her features and her coloring promise a great beauty and sweetness."<sup>30</sup> This favorite child of Philip II, destined to be the consolation of his old age, was baptised by the nuncio on August twenty-fifth. The King watched from a secret window, as custom and etiquette decreed. Don Juan of Austria carried the baby to the font, and back again to her mother's room. She was named Isabel for the Queen, Clara for the saint on whose feast she was born, and Eugenia out of gratitude for the good offices of Saint Eugenius.

In the midst of all the festivities, however, joy gave way to intense anxiety. It became known that the Queen had developed a fever. Her condition grew rapidly worse until, on August twenty-third, the French ambassador wrote Charles IX that she was "only two fingers from death." Agonized prayers went up from the palace and from a hundred churches and convents. The Queen recovered. On August thirty-first Philip went to a Carthusian monastery to give thanks. On his return he had a headache and pains in his shoulders. He was still indisposed on September third, when a dusty courier arrived at Valsain with dispatches from Brussels. One of them was Margaret's letter of August seventeenth. The news it contained cut Philip to the heart.

It was exactly as he had feared. About the time Montigny arrived in Spain, reports from the north had begun to indicate a serious situation, and one that might not yield to the mere presence of royalty. There followed a sudden and ominous intensifying of the propaganda agencies of the Revolution. One of Philip's most trusted informants, Alonso del Canto, wrote him on July fourth that "Seven more of the League, seeing that they could not move the people according to their interest, have had evil preachers brought from France and Geneva, whom they have scattered through all the country, and who have persuaded people to go to hear sermons, so that now one sees troops of people leaving every town to hear preaching in French and Flemish. They preach liberty, and urge people to take arms." The Catholic nobles devoted to the King were helpless, having no orders to arm, and no money with which to do so. Canto suggested that, if Philip could not go himself, he send the Duke of Alba.

Antwerp was the center of infection. Foreigners were already beginning to leave the city, fearing an outbreak.<sup>31</sup> The people had taken the keys away from the magistrates. Fifteen thousand a day listened to Protestant sermons-In Brussels the dissenters walked the streets at night singing the Psalms of David and crying "Vivent les gueux!" In Brabant they were scattering billets in the streets against Margaret of Parma, such as "Awake, Brabant! You allow a bastard, wife of a traitor and son of an infamous bugger . . . to govern you . . . She has betrayed the King and the country. Chase her out and give her to the Devil."<sup>32</sup>

The technique of the enemies of Christendom was strangely similar to the one employed by earlier Huguenots and by later Communists, and moved toward similar results. Fray Lorenzo Villavicencio, a preacher of Philip's chapel whom he had sent to Flanders as an observer, wrote him that "The authors of the League, seeing that affairs did not go according to their pretension and desire, resolved to take another course to incite the people against Your Majesty, which was this: they chose



thirty persons of the League, whom they sent, some to Antwerp, some to Malines, others to Ghent and the most frequented places, that they and their friends and domestics should sit down and dine and sup at public tables and speak of the Inquisition of Spain, which Your Majesty wished to impose upon them.

"They said that Your Majesty intended to confiscate their goods, burn people or put *san benitos* on them; they invented all manner of cruelties of the Inquisitors of Spain, and a thousand other treasons and *vellaqueras* of their own imagining, to raise the people against Your Majesty. This work was not in vain." They then sent some *comissarios* to Geneva, to ask for Flemish, German and French preachers, whom they promised to pay and to guard. The commissars went to Admiral Coligny's chateau at Chatillon, where the Admiral and his brothers received them, and sent them on to Geneva with letters for Theodore Beza, the dictator there. That distinguished Freemason<sup>33</sup> not only granted their request for preachers, but urged them "to kill and plunder all the Papists, and promised to come in person to see them," and, concluded Fray Lorenzo, "he has done this very thing, for I myself have just seen him in Flanders."<sup>34</sup>

If anything could startle Philip II more than the name of Coligny, it was the details Fray Lorenzo sent him concerning the Anabaptists, of whom four had been burned at Alost, three at Louvain, and two at Antwerp. Two at Bruges had confessed that the seat of their sect was in Antwerp: that each one had four wives, who called their husbands "Lord," in imitation of Sarah; that when one of the Elect tired of a wife, the Minister took her into a wood and quietly put her to death (one of these holy men, it was confessed, had killed six or seven women); and that among other things they taught that it was right to kill and rob Catholics.<sup>35</sup>

To any one who knew the history of Münster and of Huguenot France, all this had an ominous sound. Even before the letter reached the hands of the King, the inevitable climax had occurred. On August fifteenth, when the Catholics of Antwerp were at vespers, singing the *Salve, Regina* in honor of the Assumption of Our Lady, a band of Calvinists entered the church singing some Genevan psalms, evidently the signal for an attack. The intruders proceeded to wreck one of the costliest and most beautiful churches in Europe, commencing with the famous statue of the Blessed Virgin which had been carried in solemn procession the previous Sunday. They quickly and methodically went to the other churches, convents and monasteries, sacking one after another, while the priests and nuns fled for their lives in terror, until, by three o'clock in the morning, they had filled some twenty-five or thirty churches with wreckage. Nothing beautiful or sacred was spared. With incredible thoroughness the vandals had ruined the ecclesiastical and artistic treasures of a great city in the brief space of nine hours.

Partisan writers have managed to dismiss this outrage as the regrettable but necessary price of progress: the growing pains of Protestantism, the revolt of a liberty-loving population against an old tyranny. Two contemporary accounts, one Protestant and the other Catholic, make it clear that nothing of the sort occurred. It was more like the deliberately organized sacking of Spanish churches by bands of Communists between 1930 and 1936.

Sir Thomas Gresham, who was out of the city, had a long report from his faithful man Clough. To this English worthy the destruction of the churches was "not so much to be wonderyd att of the doing, butt that so few pepell durst or colde do much: for that when they entered into some of the houses of Religion, I colde not perseve in some churches above X or XII that spoyled—all being boys and raskalls; but there were many in the churches lookers-on (as some thought, setters-on)." People stood at doors in harness as they passed through streets crying "*Vivent les gueux!*" and ordering all to be quiet.

Clough and 10,000 more went to see the churches. Lady Church looked "like a hell," the statues lying in broken heaps, the choirs and organs destroyed, even the sepulchres of saints broken open and the remains scattered about. It was all like a dream, he wrote his master, so quick and terrible it was. The Protestants, he said, were not to blame. It was the work of a paid gang of wreckers, mostly vagabonds, among whom he recognized some English criminals. All the gold, silver, and jewels in the churches had been stolen. Business was at a standstill, and the Calvinist preachers had "by this means and other . . . come into the derision of the people."<sup>36</sup>

Strada confirms the two most interesting points in the English version: that the atrocity was the work of a small, well-organized band, and not of an outraged populace, and that the chief motivating passion at work was a cold implacable hatred, not merely of priests, but of Christ and His Mother. After smashing the statue of the Virgin, they thrust swords through images and pictures of Christ, of Our Lady and of the saints. They chopped off the heads of statues of their Redeemer with axes. And all this "with so much concord and forecast in their sacrilege that you would think every one had his several work assigned him." The women of the streets, as in similar scenes in the French Revolution, played a part agreed upon. "The very harlots, the common appurtenances to thieves and drunkards, catching up the wax-candles from the altars and from the vestry, held them to light the men that were at work." The men swarmed over the altars, cast down the sacred vessels, defaced the walls, smashed picture frames, stained-glass windows, and organs, set ladders up against huge statues and hurled them down.

In affairs of this kind the explanation was generally put forward that the iconoclasts were objecting chiefly to the Catholic veneration of images. One curious incident, however, sheds some light on that. An ancient and very large crucifix, with the two thieves hanging on either side of Christ, was pulled down with ropes and hacked to pieces, but the figures of the two thieves were left standing, untouched, with the horrible gap between them, while the Reformers filled the chalices of the vestry with altar wine and drank in derision. The voices that mocked the fallen Christ were like an echo across fifteen tormented centuries of the jibes. He had heard in the courts of Caiaphas and Pilate.

Strada agrees with Clough as to the small number of the actual criminals. There were not over a hundred in all, he says, who accomplished so great a desolation. He can attribute their speed and efficiency only to diabolical assistance. Even the libraries of the convents and monasteries were wrecked. Hundreds of priceless volumes and manuscripts, never to be replaced, were burned, with paintings by some of the great artists of all time to the value of 400,000 ducats.<sup>37</sup> Art, learning and culture suffered, as usual, with the Church that had fostered them.

As if by a concerted signal, similar atrocities occurred in all the parts of the Low Countries where Calvinists and Anabaptists had been active. Within three or four days, four hundred Catholic churches were destroyed. The usual desecrations were reported. Sanctuaries were broken open, the Host flung upon the ground and trampled, the bones of saints dragged in the dust, nuns and priests beaten or driven away. All this had the look of having been carefully planned.

Cabrera, too, agrees with Strada and Clough as to the small number of actual criminals, and their character. There were only a hundred of them, and they were "ne'er-do-wells and hirelings" armed with pikes and pothooks.<sup>38</sup> The magistrates and ordinary police could easily have handled them, if they had not been cowardly, corrupt, or paralyzed by surprise. "In Brussels a single Spaniard with a pike defended the door of the principal church against a great mob of heretics who attacked it, and with a little assistance drove them from the city."<sup>39</sup>

In other places where the Terror began, the Catholics were alert enough to dispose of the trouble-makers without serious losses. At Nimègue they expelled the rioters and deprived Calvinists of offices, while the women of the town burned the meeting-place of the heretics where the mischief had been hatched. At Tornay and other places some Catholic churches and libraries were burned. But in one town four hundred laborers defended the priests and drove off the assailants.<sup>40</sup>

When Philip heard of all this on September third in the Wood of Segovia, he was still indisposed. The nervous shock brought on a violent tertian fever. The dispatches he received on September eighth increased his anxiety, and the fever continued for another week.<sup>41</sup> During his illness he never gave up work, but read all the letters from Flanders, besides others, and wrote innumerable replies with his own shaking hand. The members of his Council with whom he conferred daily admired his fortitude. "In all his actions he showed himself naturally so grave, gentle, and constant that not once was any sign of passion noticed in him, nor of flagging attention; but he was always under the sway of reason."<sup>42</sup> On the eleventh he sent orders to all the churches and monasteries to offer thanks for the Queen's safe delivery and recovery. On the fifteenth his fever left him, and on the next day he went hunting. This attempt at diversion brought back the fever. The King did not recover until October.

He was deeply offended when he learned that the news of his concessions had reached Brussels on August twelfth. It seemed highly suspicious that the outbreak should have occurred three days later. Such a surrender as his should have placated the discontented, if the real cause of the discontent was the rigor of the religious laws. But if the true objective of the League was to keep up an agitation until there resulted a period of anarchy which would bring them into power, a concession on the part of the King would be bad news, and they would be stung to some retaliation that would keep the sense of grievance alive. This was exactly what had happened.

Philip believed that behind all the church wreckers and Calvinist preachers was a small secret group of conspirators hungry for power. His Council concluded that in this whole strange affair "there were four kinds of men, dependent one on another as in a chain: (1) the least, the plebs, or vile fellows who pillaged and burned churches; (2) a little higher, the heretics and sectaries, who paid them for the work; (3) still higher, the *confederados*, who received the same heretics,<sup>43</sup> and finally (4) "the *principales* of the first league or alliance," the members of the inner circle, the wheel within the wheels.<sup>44</sup> The chief *confederados* were known to be closely associated by family and social ties. The connection of this group with the fourth was equally evident in Spain, and Cabrera mentions a secret paper that proved it.

The analysis of the Royal Council points to an interplay of secret societies, the inner ones controlling the outer ones without the knowledge of most of the latter; this strikingly suggests Freemasonry, its hierarchical degrees, and its dependent organization. There was no doubt in Madrid that William of Orange stood close to the center of the whole intrigue. The fact that he left Antwerp on the morning of August fifteenth, only a few hours before the sacking of the churches, was considered highly suspicious.<sup>45</sup> From Margaret and other informants in the north, too, came confirmation of the theory that Philip had to deal not with a local uprising which would be appeased by granting local rights or privileges, but with a phase of a deep international conspiracy to wreck Christendom.

A few days after the sacking of churches, the Duchess wrote the King that she had learned the plan of William of Orange, which was nothing less than to make himself master of the Estates and to divide up the towns among the other members of the League. There was no longer any hope that they would change their attitude, "for in words and in deeds, they have declared themselves against God and against the King."<sup>46</sup> The Duchess may not have known that William's brother, Count Louis of Nassau, was already raising troops for him, though King Philip had not even begun to decide what he would do; but the correspondence of the two brothers proves this.<sup>47</sup>

Her letter of September thirteenth, however, was even more revealing than her first. There were disorders everywhere, and good Catholics were being forced to leave the cities. Some of the lords—Mansfelt, Berlaymont, Noircarmes and Arschot—were faithful to the King, and Mansfelt had told her that the Protestants were raising troops in Saxony and Hesse to make



war on the Catholics of the Low Countries, and "that all the Protestant princes of Germany are leagued with the confederates, and wish not only to expel from their country all the Catholic refugees from the Low Countries, but even to *provoke a general revolution; dethrone sovereigns, ruin the house of Austria, and bring it about, finally, that the other heretics do the same in France and England* and everywhere else where they may be strongest." This sounds uncomfortably like the program which Popes of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were to impute to Freemasonry and its satellite organizations; like that of Communism; like the Protestant World State, the Anti-Catholic League of Nations in embryo.<sup>48</sup>

Not long afterwards, the Duchess discovered the connection between all this international political intrigue and international finance. "As for money," she wrote the King, "they say that they have in the town of Antwerp alone a hundred merchants who furnish 1500 florins each per month, others in great number who have given large sums . . . up to ten or twenty thousand florins, some more, some less, without the aid and contributions of the other towns or consistories: so that they persuade themselves they have money enough to raise at once and maintain a very large armed force." That done, a German Protestant army would be thrown into France, and would seize the principal cities and those on the German frontier; and "they persuade themselves they will be strong enough to prevent Your Majesty's access to the country . . . I learn that Orange and Hoogstraten are in all this."<sup>49</sup>

The riots and sackings of churches continued. Margaret wrote the King in despair that she was helpless and at her wits' end. She had weakly promised the League not only what Philip had conceded, but complete freedom of religion; yet she wrote him in September that it was not freedom of religion that the rebels wanted but "freedom of all religion except the Catholic." She begged him to come and restore order.<sup>50</sup>

While Philip and the Council were still debating whether he ought to go, or send an army, other facts about the outrage of August fifteenth were coming to light. One of the best informed foreigners in Antwerp, probably, was that English financier and Merchant of Light, Sir Thomas Gresham. When the rumor got abroad that Philip II was coming with a huge avenging army to cut off the heads of his enemies, a committee of Elders of the Reformed Church of Antwerp (Calvinist) waited upon the great banker, showered him with flattery, and begged him to obtain for them the protection of his powerful Queen.

They deeply deplored the misconduct of a few persons belonging to their congregation (alluding to the sacking of the churches), but protested that they were not to be judged by such acts and that it was unjust to make the many suffer for the guilt of the few. They entreated that the Reformed Church might stand acquitted in his eyes of the misdeeds of its unworthy members and that he would obtain the intercession of Queen Elizabeth on their behalf in such wise that Philip II would not only refrain from punishing them, but would grant their reasonable request, liberty to worship God without molestation. And would Sir Thomas please write *un petit mot de lettre* to Her Majesty? All this was drawn up in the form of a Memorial, and signed by "the very affectionate servants of your lordship,"

"Marcus Pérez

"Carolus Bombergus

"Hermanus Vander Meere

"Nicholas Cellin

"Jehan le Carlier."

If this document had come under the eyes of Philip II, he might not have known who Bomberg and the rest of the lieutenants were, but he could have consulted a little dossier that Margaret had sent him on Marco Pérez, as she called him, about a month after the sack of the churches. She had warned the King of an international plot to carry anti-Catholic propaganda into Spain on a large scale—this as part of the scheme for world-revolution already mentioned. The Swiss Protestants were to oppose the passage of any troops of Spain through Savoy, and were to send, by way of Sevilla, 30,000 volumes of Calvin, to scatter through various parts of the Peninsula. Six preachers also were to be sent to Spain, and Margaret urged the King to have ships watched. "The principal mover of this project," she wrote, "would be Marco Pérez, at Antwerp."<sup>51</sup>

This reforming minister of purified Christianity, like so many of the merchants, preachers, publishers and intellectuals of Antwerp, was a Spanish Jew.<sup>52</sup> He was evidently a "key man" of some importance in the world-wide anti-Christian revolutionary organization. Not the least interesting fact about him is his connection with William of Orange. The two men seem to have had very similar ideas on the Spanish question. When Gresham forwarded the Memorial to Cecil, he wrote him that "these letters from the doers and maintainers of God's word in Antwerp" were "to the like effect and communication" as the Prince of Orange had with him at his last visit to Antwerp several months before; which Gresham had declared, when in England in the summer of 1566, to the Queen and Cecil. In March, Pérez disappeared from Antwerp, going either to England or to Germany: but his wife was still there, and was planning to leave "with the Princess of Orange, when she goes."<sup>53</sup>

If any further proof be needed of the treachery of William of Orange—not merely his repudiation of Philip II after the coming of Alba's *tercios*, not even his deliberate and carefully concealed betrayal at a time when he was accepting favors from the King for himself and his brother, and when Philip was making every concession to keep him loyal, but his cold-blooded

selling-out of the cause of Christendom to the enemies of Christ—it may be found in the works of certain modern Jewish investigators.

William was in debt, as has been noted, to that international Jewish banker, Joseph Miques or Mendes, who had left the Netherlands to go to Turkey some years before and had there assumed that title, once worn by Annas, of *Nasi* or Prince of the Jews. Once introduced at the Turkish court by French statesmen,<sup>54</sup> Don Joseph Nasi, as he now called himself, had found a means of ingratiating himself with Selim, the youngest and weakest son of Solymán the Magnificent: an alcoholic known as Selim the Sot. This young man was so fond of Jews that the story was current that he was a Jewish changeling, substituted by some Jewess for a child of the Sultan.<sup>55</sup> He showed much favor to Joseph Nasi and numerous other Jews "who, though only in subordinate positions," as Graetz says, "exercised influence—the men on the holders of office, the women on the ladies of the Harem."<sup>56</sup>

These Jews became so powerful that they virtually ruled the vast Empire of Islam.<sup>57</sup> Graetz says, "Foreign Christian courts strove yet more earnestly to obtain the favor of the Turkish Jews in Stambul. If one of them wished to effect any object with the Porte, it first of all sought a Jewish negotiator, because without this aid there was no prospect of success. Even the morose Philip II of Spain, that incarnate hater of Jews and heretics, was obliged to turn to Jewish mediators in order to obtain peace with the Turks. The position of the Jews in Turkey, and above all in the capital, under the very eyes of their powerful protectors, was therefore extraordinarily favorable. They were able to put forth all their power freely, and thus earned the wealth which then meant power, as it does now. The wholesale trade and customs dues were mostly in their hands."<sup>58</sup> Again, "Joseph Nasi, through his riches, and through the attachment of his fellow-believers in Christian countries, was kept well-informed as to what was going on in Christian courts, and could tell the Sultan the state of political and military affairs, relieving the latter of the necessity of employing spies."<sup>59</sup>

In short, Joseph could place the entire Jewish spy ring of the great Spice Trust of Antwerp, Lisbon and London at the service of the militaristic foes of Christendom. He had other resources too. He won the gratitude of Selim, whom he kept in an agreeable state of intoxication, by helping him accomplish the murder of his brother, Bajazet, heir to the throne, and of his brother's children. Selim had him made governor of the city of Tiberius, with a huge tract of land by the sea, where he planned a Jewish homeland on a splendid scale, a forerunner of modern Zionism. When Solymán the Magnificent died leading his army to the conquest of Hungary in 1566, Philip II was freed from his fear of a new and perhaps greater attack in the Mediterranean. Selim, however, became Sultan, and with him rose the star of Joseph Nasi, now Duke of Naxos. The creditor of William of Orange became the almost hypnotic master of the will of the ruler of all the East.

He must have been in communication with Marcus Pérez, for, "in 1566," according to a Jewish account, "Nasi encouraged the Protestant council of Antwerp to hold out against the Catholic King of Spain,"<sup>60</sup> by promising them aid from the new Sultan; and as a result of this "William of Orange sent a confidential message to him, asking him, in view of the revolt which the Dutch were planning, to urge the Sultan to declare war on Spain, so that the latter would be obliged to withdraw her troops from the Netherlands." Joseph did not succeed at that time (1569). He did manage to get the Grand Turk to launch a fleet against Cyprus, thereby inflicting upon Christendom a new and real danger, whose results will presently appear. William of Orange, then, played a doubly ignominious part. He was traitor to Philip, to whom he had sworn allegiance, and traitor to the whole Christian world. He later repaid the services of Joseph Nasi, however, by great concessions to the Jews in Holland.<sup>61</sup>

The part William was playing was well understood in London. He and his brother dined frequently with Gresham and Wotton. The latter reported to Cecil that both spoke "as it seemed they feared the King was nothing content with either of them for their proceedings heere, and that they had not great hope of any goode ende of these matters." At another dinner they were more sanguine; after he had drunk roundly, the Prince loudly inveighed against Maximilian II for refusing to let German Protestants bear arms against Philip of Spain, and declared that "the Emperor and the King, and whosoever was of that opinion, deceived themselves: that not only the Germans would take arms, but a great sort of other nations bordering upon the empire; that the Danes, the Swedes and many others would and could help the confederated Low Countrymen. Thus threatening in his rage, after supper he was mollified by a song."<sup>62</sup>

This prophecy of the wreck of Europe and of Western culture through a long series of bloody wars was truer than the Prince could have divined. Of one thing he had complete certainty: the displeasure of the King of Spain over what he had done. Philip called his Council together for a final decision in October, after he had heard, with much annoyance, of the concessions Margaret in a hysterical moment had granted on her own responsibility.

Cabrera has left a vivid account of this meeting which shows plainly the dominating influence of the Duke of Alba. Philip still followed his father's advice to allow two factions to form in his Council, that he might play off one against the other and keep them both in hand. The leaders were Alba and Ruy Gómez. The latter was a personal friend on whom he could depend for any service; suave, political, tending to seek the course of least resistance, likely to support whatever he believed to be the King's opinion. Alba was a harsher and more severe man, with an irritating habit of arguing from rigid and unassailable principles and of asserting his conclusions with a cold imperious air of finality which, says Cabrera, was "little agreeable to his Prince."<sup>63</sup>



It was the advice of Alba, and not that of Ruy Gómez, Feria, or others of the opposing faction, that Philip most often followed. Charles had been right as to the Duke's knowledge of military and foreign affairs. Whatever Alba's faults might be, there was greatness in him, there was a power of thinking and acting in him that none of Philip's more agreeable councillors possessed. The heroic history of Spain seemed sometimes to live and speak in him. He was the typical Castilian grandee.

On the present occasion Ruy Gómez and Cardinal Espinosa wanted the King to go in person to Flanders. The Count of Chinchon made a long and pompous speech to the same effect, but urged that, since the Cortes was to meet in December, His Majesty postpone his voyage until February. The Duke of Feria sided with the enemies of Alba. His opinion was weighty, for he was "not inferior to Alba in the knowledge of international affairs, Government and diplomacy, prudence, nobility, personal gallantry and elegance" and he had a more liberal spirit.<sup>64</sup>

Don Juan Manrique de Lara was against the King's going. His Majesty's life was too important to risk, having dependent on it not only the safety of all the peoples of his Empire, but that of the entire Holy Catholic Church. He could not go secretly; all Europe would know it. If he took only a few ships, he might be stopped by corsairs, or the Flemings might be armed against him when he landed. If he disembarked in Zealand, he would have to pass through the towns of the heads of the League. If without force, he would be in great danger; if the force were large, he might cause alarm and provoke resistance. If he wished to take an irresistible army, the road from Italy through Germany would be best. Yet this would rouse suspicions in Italy; and his foes would have powerful allies in Germany. Moreover, his own army would have to consist in great part of German mercenaries, whom he could not be sure of.

Alba listened to all this in silence; tall, straight, self-contained; his hair and beard no longer black as when he had ridden with the King to Perpignan or sailed with him to England or marched to the gates of Rome, but grizzled and longer. When all had been spoken, he gave his opinion incisively. Every one listened, feeling the power of the man.

If the State alone were concerned, he said, it would be well for the King to go to Flanders. But there was much more involved here: the defense of religion, of divine worship, of the temples, sacraments, and ministers of God. It was necessary to entrust the matter to some one of resolute will, who would not in time fall under the influence of those who, fed on the license of evil living, apostatized from hour to hour. Under pretext of religion these men were glutting their covetousness, sensuality, cruelty, and lust for vengeance; they were sacking temples, oppressing the people, setting father against son and friend against friend. The poison had spread from the great conspirators to lesser ones, and all grew worse with delay. Things had come to such a criminal pass now that it was necessary to blot out the prevalent false teachings with the blood of the guilty, and not to spare the ringleaders, even if they gave themselves up, without great evidence on their part of repentance and submission and willingness to do whatever it might please His Majesty to command them; in this way making the vassals of other kingdoms afraid to conspire against him. . . .

Talk and discussion were superfluous and vain when "the audience of common consent" was deteriorating so rapidly; for the declaration of Madame de Parma had not mended matters, and the real root of the disorder was envy of power and riches. Reason little prevailed where passion was, and where there was more power there had to be more justice. Evil should be attacked when and where it appeared . . . For even if people complained justly, and made an uproar with some reasonable cause, their insolence must be chastised, that they might not become accustomed by riotous ways to proceed to injustice. It was too late for the remedy of ordinary laws and ministers. And so there must be named men of extraordinary powers, grave and energetic. In a quiet sea it hardly mattered if the helm were given to one who did not know much. In a storm it had to be committed to an expert, generous and wise."<sup>65</sup>

It was not difficult to guess whom the Duke had in mind. The King, who had listened calmly to all the arguments, decided that Alba himself should go to the Netherlands as soon as an army could be assembled. He reasoned that if the Duke could not put down the disorders, he might then go himself and try what his royal prestige would do. But if he went first and failed, there would be no remedy left.<sup>66</sup> As for money, some treasure ships from America had just arrived at Sevilla, providentially, as it seemed; the King's share of the gold was 1,000,000 ducats. It might be said then that Christopher Columbus had taken care to provide for the first cost of Alba's expedition to the Netherlands.

The great soldier was glad to get away from the Council Chamber, where less able men were on terms of equality with him, to the camp and the field where his military genius subordinated to itself all lesser minds. Not less delighted were his rivals, Ruy Gómez and Cardinal Espinosa, who were "glad to have the Council chamber rid of an authority which they hated so much."<sup>67</sup>

A new face appeared at that memorable Council meeting—the face of a very young, smiling, dark man, somewhat too brilliantly dressed, perhaps, for Castilian taste, but with an irresistible courtesy and charm, and, as time quickly revealed, an extraordinary ability for conducting negotiations, conciliating enemies, getting things done. He had been brought up in the home of Ruy Gómez, Prince of Eboli, and the one-eyed Princess, and was generally believed to be the illegitimate son of Secretary Gonzalo Pérez by a married woman named Juana Escobar, who had lately died; though some irresponsible gossip had it that he was the son of Ruy Gómez himself. Charles V had declared him legitimate by a royal *cedula* of 1542. After the death of Gonzalo Pérez, Ruy Gómez asked the King to take his son into the Council. Philip was reluctant; chiefly objecting to the youth and inexperience of Antonio. But one of his old and trusted secretaries, Zayas, a great friend of the elder Pérez, promised that,

if the young man did not prove as valuable as his father, he would make up the deficiency himself.<sup>68</sup>

Antonio Pérez applied himself to his duties so earnestly and with such quiet and sure efficiency, he had such a remarkable knowledge of men and affairs, such an accurate memory, such unfailing tact and courtesy, and above all, such apparent devotion to the Church that the King before long was glad that he had changed his mind. Antonio was always there when he needed him, always of some practical help. He saved all manner of trouble, never obtruded, and seemed trustworthy and discreet. One of his portraits shows him wearing a velvet cap with a gold chain about it, a glove on his left hand, a paper in his right: he has the face of a carnal man, but one of great courage and ingenuity. His clothes were "rich and very highly perfumed."<sup>69</sup>

The Holy Office later accused him of being of Jewish descent and a secret enemy of the Church. But it might almost be said that this adroit man was able to get out of embarrassing situations even after death; for the Inquisition revoked its sentence at the request of his sons. In his prime his skill and plausibility were phenomenal. Naturally he threw his small but growing influence on the side of his benefactor Ruy Gómez. This was all the easier, because for some reason he had conceived a lively hatred for the Duke of Alba, whose clothes, speech and mannerisms he never lost the opportunity to ridicule.

The day of his entering the Council was a momentous one for all three. It might be said to mark the beginning of the decline of Alba's political fortunes (whatever his military triumphs might be) and the ascendancy of the star of Ruy Gómez. With that star, as in a new and brilliant constellation, arose that of the beautiful one-eyed Princess, and that of the elegant young Antonio Pérez, who was known about the Court as "the Portuguese."

Not all of Philip's advisers were as well pleased with the King's decision to send Alba to the Netherlands as the Ruy Gómez faction were. Granvelle's letters during the autumn of 1566 reveal a man quite different from the vindictive portrait William of Orange painted of him in his *Justification* of 1568 and his *Apology* of 1580. Far from taking advantage of the passions of the moment to urge vengeance against the men who had cruelly libeled him and caused his dismissal, he begged the King to be merciful. "All that can be gained by gentleness and clemency seems to me better; and I believe that one must forgive much that is past, and must consider that many have been deceived; and the services rendered by them and by their ancestors should have more weight than the errors committed by people who have been misled, all the more since to shed the blood of one's vassals is to weaken oneself."<sup>70</sup>

Again, "The way of mercy is the surest and most lasting." When he learned that Philip had decided to send an army to the Netherlands, "It gives me pain," he wrote on November first. "I fear that it may do harm, and may drive these people to desperation."

Of William the Silent, his bitter foe, he wrote, "It is being said that I seek to have the head of the Prince of Orange cut off, by means of the Inquisition. Never has such a thought entered my head, and even less of threatening them, as they claim, with the coming of Your Majesty . . . I have no resentment of what they have done against me, imputing it to wicked and evil men who wished to advance themselves by embroiling us with their false inventions; I add that, even though they wish to be harmful to me, I have no wish to injure them, but would rather do them pleasure and service, even against their will, whenever I can without hurt to the interests of Your Majesty; and Your Majesty knows . . . the trouble I took, on leaving the Low Countries, to see that Pope Pius IV should not give the principality of Orange to the Constable of France."<sup>71</sup>

Granvelle had his faults, but among them no lack of magnanimity or of Christian charity.





## Don Carlos—The Problem Child [1567-1568]

**A**T FORTY years of age King Philip seemed a happy man, as men go; happy even for a king. His life had settled into a routine that was agreeable, balanced and stimulating. He exhausted his secretaries and councillors with hard work. He overawed ambassadors, yet it was still noticed that he almost always smiled when he addressed any one, and hardly ever allowed himself to be ruffled, hurried or annoyed, even by very bad news. He was most at his ease with the artists and architects at work on the Escorial; with Don Carlos, gravely affectionate, but more and more disturbed about his escapades; with his buffoons and dwarfs, child-like; with his wife, unfailingly considerate, according to the observations of the shrewdest ambassadors.

Isabel reciprocated her lord's affection, and delighted in his tenderness to their children, the second of whom, Catherine, was born in October, 1567. At Holy Week, and at certain other times, they would separate, to be alone with God; Philip in a monastery, the Queen in a convent. Their reunions were occasions for feasting and rejoicing. Ordinarily the King dined alone, whether in public or in private. Hungry eyes of foreign observers noted that he still ate meat every day in the year, except Good Friday. On ordinary Fridays, ember days and vigils he would dine privately, that he might not give scandal by taking meat, for which he had the Pope's permission. He always ate moderately, and during a meal would take but two or three sips of wine from a crystal goblet.

He wore no gold or gems, as a rule. His clothes were always of silk, quiet but rich in effect. The Queen would dine with him on great occasions, but ordinarily by herself, attended by her ladies; and the King would join her afterwards for conversation, jokes and music, or other entertainment. Philip was often found walking in his gardens or praying in his oratory. His nature demanded a certain amount of solitude. He had every reason to thank God, and did so daily at Mass. He was respected and feared abroad and beloved at home.

The departure of Alba for the Netherlands set in motion, invisibly as yet, a momentous change in the pattern of this man's life. He was throwing down the gage of battle to the whole anti-Catholic world. Since not men merely, but spiritual principalities and powers, were to clash in deadly combat, the repercussions were bound to be tremendous. They would touch not only his public concerns, but force their way into his personal affairs, into the very sanctuaries of his heart, in a manner ruthless and devastating beyond anything he could then imagine.

All through the winter and spring he devoted himself to the preparation for Alba's expedition. The armories and arsenals echoed again with sounds of war. The troopships lunged heavily through the Mediterranean. The crooked roads rattled under the armored tread of the bezonians of many nations, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Swiss, paid with funds hired at mounting usury. Less than six months after the decision to use force, a disciplined army of 20,000 was ready to march. Philip worked so hard, in fact, that he became ill with a tertian fever early in the spring;<sup>1</sup> but carried on his correspondence and other business nevertheless, exhausting every means of raising the large sums of money the Duke was constantly demanding.

Alba, too, was a sick man when at last he left Cartagena, after waiting for more money, on April twenty-seventh. It was May sixth when he left Catalonia. He was so gouty when he reached Genoa that he had to remain in bed there several days.<sup>2</sup> He was not yet well when he left Alexandria for Asti; and there a burning fever laid him low again. Yet his army was already on the march—20,000 in all, including 8,680 Spaniards.

As soon as the weather permitted he led them over the Savoyan Alps, some said by the pass through which Hannibal had descended into Italy. The Swiss Calvinists promised the Coligny faction to stop him if possible, but were unable to muster forces enough. The famous Spanish *tercios*, with *banderas* flying, passed north relentlessly. On June twenty-eighth, they were at St. Jean de Maurienne. In fourteen days they went from Savoy to Montfleur, near the Burgundian border. In twelve days more

to Fontenoy, in Lorraine. In twelve more to Tienville, on the frontier of the Netherlands.

It was one of the most memorable marches in history: memorable not only for its speed, but for the iron discipline of the Duke. Pillaging and foraging were forbidden. A soldier had only to insult a woman to find himself hanged on the nearest tree. Alba was not the most spectacular military genius in history, but he was one of the most thorough and scientific. On July tenth he rode at the head of his vanguard, including the famous *tercio* of Naples, over the border of the Low Countries. His son Fernando followed with the *tercio* of Lombardy. Chapino Vitelli brought up the rear with the *tercios* of Sicily and Cerdaigne.

Alba proceeded methodically to occupy the country. The *tercio* of Sicily went to Brussels, the Walloons to Antwerp, the Neapolitans to Ghent, the Lombards to various other places. The cavalry was spaced out a distance of ten leagues to await orders. On August eighth, at Theonville, the Duke met Berlaymont and others of the great Catholic lords who were loyal to the King. On the twenty-second he made his formal entry into Brussels, and sent his respects and his credentials to the Duchess of Parma.

Margaret was not at all pleased. She had made no attempt to conceal from the King her anger over his having decided on such a step without consulting her. The Duke's coming, she wrote, was so odious that all Spaniards would be hated in the Low Countries. Next day she wrote again, protesting against the seizure of the property of the Marquis of Berghes without due process.<sup>3</sup>

Her anger was no greater than that conveyed in Philip's letter of June twenty-ninth, which must have crossed hers, expressing his opinion of one of her edicts concerning heresy, which he commanded her to revoke at once. He felt that he must tell her the pain and distress he experienced, to find that any one should do a thing "so illicit, so unbecoming, and so contrary to the Christian religion." Nothing in this life could offend and chagrin him more than any outrage, were it the slightest, against God and the authority of His Catholic Roman Church.<sup>4</sup>

In October the Duchess resigned. At the end of the year she left the country.

With the approach of the Spanish, a panic had spread through the Low Countries. Hundreds of enemies of the Church fled to England or Germany. The chief conspirators, to whom it had never occurred, apparently, that Philip with his depleted treasury could make such a demonstration, hastily met to consider what to do. Berghes was dying in Spain. Montigny was being carefully watched there. Orange, Egmont and Hornes, however, had been holding secret meetings for several months when Alba arrived; and William was discussing with Coligny and the German Protestants a plan for introducing a Protestant army into the Low Countries. But Philip had been too prompt for him. For some time the Prince continued to play a waiting and dissembling game with Margaret of Parma. Gresham wrote William Cecil in March, 1567, that Marcus Pérez and the other leaders of the Calvinist "congregation" had offered Orange "a great piece of money for to maintayne God's word and the promise he made to them that they should not be molested with their religion and preaching until the States had decided the matter." It was not known what the Prince would do.<sup>5</sup>

That same week the observing financier reported that 1,200 men, well armed, had passed through Antwerp, "and as they go, they do break downe all the idols in the churches, and pay well for all the things they take. And their captaine was here daily with the Prince." They camped outside the city walls. When Margaret sent an equal number to repress them, they fought a pitched battle early one morning, while all the town looked on, until the loyal troops retreated. The Calvinists assembled, and were prepared to seize the city if William of Orange would lead them; but he feared to take the decisive step.

On the sixteenth they assembled for another attempt. Then a most unexpected thing happened. The Lutherans joined with the Catholics against them, and the Calvinists found themselves outnumbered six to one. William of Orange cried "Vive le roi!" before the town hall and Our Lady Church. The various groups echoed the cry, last and most reluctant the Calvinists.

When the news of Alba's arrival in Italy was confirmed, a great meeting of Leaguists was held. William made a long and fiery address, calling upon them to raise an army, and, with the help they would get from French and German Protestants, to resist Alba's troops and shake off the Spanish yoke. "Who wants to live as a slave?" cried this rich man who had an income of 152,785 florins per year.<sup>6</sup> The King, he declared, intended to burn their preachers, desolate their cities, and introduce a false and tyrannical peace. They should resist, and he was ready to offer his goods and his person. The speech was much applauded.

Egmont spoke in another key. He declared that he had never desired a change of government, though the King's rigor had displeased him. Resistance was useless, now that Alba was coming. They had neither troops nor money. Any effort to resist would plunge the commonwealth into worse calamities. Egmont had a noble presence, and was known to be a soldier of far more experience and ability than William of Orange. His advice therefore prevailed.

William then said that he, for one, in that case, would look for a safe retreat in Germany.

"So, I shall have an exiled cousin," said Egmont.

"And I a decapitated one," returned William.

Egmont stayed, and Orange departed for Germany, first taking the precaution to sell many of his properties to Melchior Schetz, brother of Jasper.<sup>7</sup>

If there was any doubt as to which of these men had the greater political acumen, Alba's arrival soon put an end to it. That typical soldier had never made any great secret of what he would do to the enemies of his King if he had the chance: he would cut off the heads of the leaders, he had said repeatedly, and scare the rest into obedience. Nor was such a mind as his,



accustomed to seeing things as either black or white, very likely to make fine distinctions. He had his orders. He meant to carry them out.

A memorandum drawn up for him before he left Spain shows what they were: The chief offenders to be punished; those recognizing their errors and wishing to live as good Catholics to be pardoned; the authority of the placards of Charles V and of the Inquisition of the Netherlands (not of Spain) to be re-established; the livery of the Confederates to be stopped; those who had served the King to be rewarded; erection of new bishoprics to be carried out; offices and benefices to be conferred "without corruption or favor, which has not been the case these last three or four years"; all, great and small, to be forbidden to interfere in the government, in private or in public, or to form assemblies or leagues, etc.<sup>8</sup>

He established his quarters in the house of Count Colenberg, where some of the first meetings of the League had been held. All the riots and church sackings in the various provinces having stopped as if by magic, he proceeded to the principal business on which he had come. He asked the great lords of the Council and the governors of provinces to come to his house on September fourteenth, to see his commission as Captain-General; and had Egmont and Hornes arrested as they left.

Clough wrote about it to Gresham: "all men much lamentyng the County of Hornes, but no man the County of Egmont: for that, as the saying is, he was the first beginner, as also he first brake off, to his confusion and all theirs." Alba and the Catholics generally, however, felt more pity for Egmont. He was allowed every possible privilege in the house where he was kept as a prisoner; and one Wednesday night he won 1,400 dollars from Alba's bastard son Fernando.<sup>9</sup>

The Duke then established a tribunal called the Court of Troubles, to inquire into the anti-Christian conspiracy and to punish the guilty. He appointed as judges some of the best and most highly respected men in the Netherlands, both Spanish and Flemings: Berlaymont, Juan de Vargas, Adrian Nicolay, Doctor Luis del Rio, Jaques de Hessele of the Council of Flanders, and others. The Duke himself presided. He ordered that image-breakers, desecrators of the Blessed Sacrament or of sacred vessels, rioters against the King's law or officers, and those who had summoned foreign preachers of heresy or other agitators, be brought in and judged according to the ancient laws of the Low Countries, including those enforced by Charles V.

The number of persons executed by orders of this tribunal during the few years of its jurisdiction has been variously estimated, from Cabrera's 1,700 to the highly exaggerated Protestant total of 8,000.<sup>10</sup> But whatever the number, each execution gave splendid inflammatory material to the anti-Catholic propaganda organization, of which the moving spirits were Jews, scattered through the world. The "Council of Blood," as it was soon dubbed, became even more odious, if possible, than the Spanish Inquisition.

All this was bewildering to Alba, and troubled him much later on. He was not a cruel or bloody man. In all his wars he was noted for shedding only such blood as might be necessary to attain his objective. If the court be judged by the standards of the time, it compares very favorably in methods (less favorably, perhaps, in numbers, but only slightly so) with the tribunals which condemned so many English Catholics to far more brutal deaths under Henry VIII and Elizabeth. One story has it that Alba on his deathbed felt no sense of sin regarding his acts in the Netherlands; another has it that he was troubled, and that Philip II told him that he himself would assume all responsibility.

However that may be, Philip always insisted that the deaths his court caused were just and necessary for the good of the society over which he had the right of life and death; and that those put to death, if not so punished, would have deluged all Christendom in blood. "Why talk about 1,700 persons put to death," Philip would say, "—and many of them vile criminals, such as the Anabaptists—and not about the thousands who would die in the Netherlands if they succeeded in transplanting the Huguenot wars there from France, as they wish to do?" Alba has been blamed for the fate of Egmont and Hornes; but after their arrest he sent to Madrid for instructions. It was Philip who ordered the executions.

Of the complicity of both in the conspiracy that had paralyzed Philip's government in the Netherlands for eight years, had caused the failure of Granvelle and Margaret, and put Spain to the unnecessary expense of meeting a huge annual deficit in a rich and prosperous country, there can be no doubt. Granvelle expressed a popular view of Egmont's case, shared by many in Rome and even in Spain, when he wrote a friend, "On my faith, I feel extremely the trouble in which M. d'Aighemont, Madame his companion, and all his house find themselves, and I am of your opinion; that he has not erred through malice nor bad will, but deceived by others."<sup>11</sup>

Granvelle had nothing to say of the liveries in mockery of him that Egmont had given his servants two years before. He could think objectively, and feel charitably, concerning the man who had advertised him as a fool. But he changed his mind about the wisdom of the King's going to Flanders in person.

When the second Huguenot war began in France, almost immediately after Alba's arrival, and spread into the Low Countries, it was apparent that in sending the Duke, Philip had barely anticipated an offensive by the international opposition to Spain and the Church. Coligny and his confederates had never intended to remain satisfied with the Peace of Amboise, and had been preparing quietly all the while for war. It was plain enough now that, if Philip had gone himself with a small force, he would have failed, probably with great danger and loss of prestige. If a large army was to be sent, it was better to wait for the restoration of order, so that he could make his appearance as a conciliator rather than as a policeman.<sup>12</sup>

Philip's not going to the Netherlands in person, after he had promised so many times to do so, has remained one of the fascinating mysteries of his life. From 1560 to 1566 his excuses were excellent: lack of money, the relief of Malta, the Cortes

of Aragon, the Prince's illness, and so on. But in 1566 the whole Christian world expected him to go. Pope Pius V was so eager for the journey that he met the financial objection, in February, by granting the *excusado* of 500,000 *scudi* (besides the *cruzada*) expressly to defray the expenses of the voyage.<sup>13</sup>

The Holy Father said at one time that year, "I consider Philip the Second an obedient son, and I love his virtues; his piety and religion are greater than his ambition."<sup>14</sup> Yet about the time of the sacking of churches in Antwerp, Pius was so displeased that he wrote his nuncio in Spain that Philip would one day have to render an account to God for the loss of so many souls in the Netherlands, since only his personal appearance could avert a catastrophe.<sup>15</sup> Philip at that time gave his wife's condition as a reason for postponing his journey. Immediately after the birth of their daughter, his own illness justified a further delay. Meanwhile autumn came, and he decided to send Alba.

Pastor's opinion that Philip deliberately kept up the pretense of going to the Netherlands to get all the money he could out of the Pope has found much acceptance. But it leaves some questions unanswered. It does not explain why the pretense was kept up for two years after the Holy Father granted the *excusado*, which was the most to be expected of him. In view of Philip's actions of 1567, it endows him with a hypocrisy so skilful, profound and unscrupulous that it would be easier to find parallels in melodrama than in history.

This theory presupposes that the King deliberately deceived Alba, his sister, his wife and his own servants; all the sovereigns of Europe; everybody in the world, apparently, except William Cecil, who expressed doubts from time to time that he would ever appear in the Netherlands,<sup>16</sup> and the Pope.<sup>17</sup> In June, 1567, Philip wrote Margaret of Parma that he was preparing to leave and desired nothing more in this life. The Duchess ordered ships fitted out to meet and escort him. The announcement of his coming, she said, had caused universal joy. Granvelle, to whom the King had written in like vein, reported similar rejoicings in Rome.<sup>18</sup>

On August first, the nuncio Castagna wrote to Rome that all was ready for the King's departure; he was waiting only to hear of Alba's arrival in the Netherlands and would probably embark at Laredo between the twelfth and the fifteenth. Philip's preparations were complete down to the last detail. Regiments of troops were on the march to escort him, the fleet was mobilized and draped with damask and with his banners and ensigns to receive him. Ruy Gómez told the nuncio that the King had spent 200,000 *scudi* preparing for the voyage. Seven ships were stocked with biscuit and other provisions at Malaga, ready to sail. The King had written to Charles IX asking for a safe-conduct for the passage of his family and household through French territory. The palace servants, including the Queen's, were all paid off. Royal schedules arranging for the government of Spain in the King's absence were signed and sealed. The King's clothing and personal effects were packed in boxes.<sup>19</sup>

Yet on August eleventh, the very eve of departure, it was announced that the King's journey had been postponed. Everyone was dumbfounded. The nuncio wrote that either Philip had received news from Alba, causing him to put off the voyage; or he had never intended to go.

Now, it is possible that Philip had been pretending, perhaps to add to the effect of Alba's arrival, perhaps to outwit enemies in Spain or elsewhere. But there is another hypothesis which does not seem to have occurred to historians; and that is, that the King's mysterious decision had something to do with two other mysterious affairs, namely the affair of Montigny and the affair of Don Carlos. The chroniclers of the English Protestant tradition, from Prescott to Merriman, have taken the relationship between the Prince and the Flemish lord very lightly indeed,<sup>20</sup> though Prescott has noticed that it "could explain much that is enigmatical in the subsequent history of Carlos." Neither Prescott nor any one else seems to have connected it with the King's sudden determination to remain in Spain. Yet the events of these next few months furnish much material pointing to the hypothesis that all three mysteries were in reality one mystery.

Six weeks after postponing his voyage, Philip had Montigny arrested and taken to the Alcázar at Segovia. But on August twenty-first, ten days after the voyage was given up, Fourquevaux wrote Charles IX that the Spanish King was much annoyed by the follies of Don Carlos and that some thought he would shut him up in some tower "to make him more obedient."<sup>21</sup> Curiously enough, this was only two days after William Cecil wrote (August nineteenth) that it was likely Don Carlos, instead of his father, would go to the Netherlands.<sup>22</sup> Certain it is that from that time on the King was more watchful and more severe with his son. What had happened?

There is not a particle of evidence of any "affair" between Don Carlos and the Queen. The probabilities are all heavily against it. No one thought of it, apparently, until William the Silent, in his desperation, invented it as a means of inciting rebellion in Holland. The story becomes even more ridiculous in view of the appearance of the Prince and the discouraging inquiry into his virility made at the instance of his uncle, the Emperor Maximilian.

By 1564, when Carlos was a suitor for the hand of Mary Stuart, there were rumors of his impotence. When the King, encouraged by Alba, began to consider more carefully a match with Anna, the daughter of Maximilian and Maria, it became important for the Emperor, in this gamble of royal match-making, to know whether or not his nephew was likely to have heirs. His ambassador, Baron Dietrichstein, went to Spain in 1564, fully determined to send home a complete and accurate account. It seems he did so, and more than once.

From the ambassador's letters the very shape and lineaments of poor Don Carlos arise to challenge our wonder and



pity: his smooth brown hair, his gray eyes changing from gentleness to anger; his yellow pallor, his thin lips and rather long chin—the whole face "with nothing of the Habsburg in it"; his hollow chest and the little hump low down on his back; his right shoulder lower than the other, his right leg a little short, the whole right side more sluggish than the left; his thin high voice, his slight stuttering, and difficulty, even at nineteen, in pronouncing "r" and "l"; his desire to do something great and his chagrin because his father would give him no employment to his taste; his violent bursts of wrath, his stubbornness, his doing whatever came into his heart, no matter who might be hurt; his vindictiveness; his good memory and pregnant wit; his hatred of wine and preference for water; his love of justice and truth, and detestation of lying—all these details, and more, passed by couriers from Spain to Vienna in the spring and summer of 1564.

The ambassador added that something better might have been made of this young man, if his education had been well directed. Yet from his own account it seems clear that the Prince's brain was not quite normal. Carlos had infinite curiosity and asked questions continually, like a child, but without judgment, and to no end. He was chiefly interested in eating. One meal was hardly over when he began to think of the next. As he took no exercise, his gluttony was the cause of his illnesses. Many people thought that, unless he changed his habits, he could not live long. Some said he was impotent. Others had heard him say that he wanted the woman he married to find him virginal.<sup>23</sup> "The general opinion," wrote Dietrichstein, "is that he has not yet had to do with any woman." King Philip had been urged to have a test made of the Prince's capacity. Naturally he had refused to consent to anything of the sort.

When Carlos was ill in 1564, during his father's absence in Valencia, he feared he was going to die, and ordered Dr. Suarez of Toledo to draw up his will, a highly intelligent document, ardently Catholic, and indicative of a grateful and generous nature. It does not necessarily prove Carlos as intelligent as Gachard imagines, for the composition was that of Dr. Suarez; but it does reflect the Prince's wishes and feelings.

In this will Don Carlos remembered his friends and servants with numerous bequests; he wanted the King to dower a Mariana de Garcitas, whether she married or entered a convent; and when he recovered he gave this poor girl, whoever she may have been, a beautiful *mantilla*.<sup>24</sup> He wanted his debts paid; his two slaves freed if they behaved well; and the money he had vowed to give to certain shrines in gratitude to San Diego of Alcalá (which the King had promised to give, but had not yet given) to be paid by His Majesty; and to have the canonization of the holy friar hastened, since the miracle of his cure undoubtedly proceeded from his intercession. He made the King his general heir, provided he died childless; and asked to have Masses said for his soul, and his body to be wrapped in a Franciscan robe and buried in a simple grave at Toledo, without any monument save a plain stone.<sup>25</sup>

A great change became evident in Don Carlos during the spring and summer of 1565, while his father was toiling for the relief of Malta. He wished to leave Spain, first to go to Malta, then to the Netherlands. The desire grew by degrees into something like an obsession. It is easy enough to understand his ambition to save Malta. Carlos was impressionable, and the example of Don Juan fired his imagination. But how came the idea of going to the Low Countries into his head?

It seems to have had its genesis not in Spain but in the Netherlands. There is a curious sentence in a letter Viglius wrote from Brussels to Granvelle, August twenty-third, 1564, which has been generally overlooked: "They speak between their teeth here of the coming of Monseigneur our prince in place of the King; but I do not believe it will be convenient."<sup>26</sup> Granvelle's reply from Burgundy indicates that the idea was new to him: "Of the coming of Monseigneur our Prince . . . nothing has been resolved; and to tell you the truth, I don't think that will be the remedy of affairs."<sup>27</sup>

Cabrera says definitely that it was "during the summer of 1565 and the siege of Malta" that "Don Carlos decided to go to the Netherlands and be free." How did this idea transmit itself from Brussels to the disturbed mind in Madrid? Surely nobody in the Spanish court considered him capable of settling the difficult problem that had unseated Granvelle. But Count Egmont had been in the palace for a whole month, and the gossipy Brantôme, who was there about the same time, wrote afterwards that the Count had urged the Prince to go to Flanders (presumably to rule the country), even if he had to do so without the knowledge and assent of his father.<sup>28</sup>

Gachard doubts this; it was probably something Brantôme heard later, he believes. Apparently he has not noticed that Cabrera confirms the report, saying that Egmont first set in motion the "plot," later continued by Montigny and Berghes, to induce Carlos to go to Flanders.<sup>29</sup> Cabrera plainly affirms that when Montigny and Berghes arrived in Spain the following summer (1566) they carried on the intrigue that Egmont had begun with the Prince. Their plan was "that the Prince, with the consent of his father or without it, should pass to the Low Countries, where they would obey him, serve him and marry him with his cousin, the eldest daughter of the Emperor; and if necessary for his defense, or if he went without his father's consent, they could have a fleet ready to keep it or reduce it in his favor."<sup>30</sup> Cabrera adds that Maximilian II urged that either Philip *or Don Carlos* go to the Netherlands.<sup>31</sup>

Now, this illustrious Catholic ruler (who was secretly a Protestant) had ample evidence in his letters from Dietrichstein and others that Carlos was not the man for such a mission. Why then, did he suggest it?

In November of that year Berghes and Montigny, still in the court, made a rather strange proposal to the King, couched in language too elaborate to be sincere. It was that Philip send Ruy Gómez, Prince of Eboli, to the Low Countries. Possibly the

request struck His Majesty as odd. He asked them to make him a memorandum of it. They did so, November fifteenth, 1566: "And since we recognize the said Prince of Eboli to be so highly esteemed and reputed in our country, among the principal personages, nobles, good *bourgeois* and merchants as a man sincere, truthful, affable, and one whom we know, from the service he owes you, to be not at all prejudiced in this affair, but on the side of reason and equity, certainly, Sire, not only will the good find they can comfort and inspirit themselves with such a precursor, but even the evil will find themselves astonished, venturing divers opinions on his coming. Yes, and what is more, we dare almost assure Your Majesty that many of the evil men, and the principal ones, seeing the same Prince of Eboli, will come to reconcile themselves to him, and to beg to have, through his means, favor with Your Majesty. And we hope that a hundred thousand other benefits will come of it, which cannot be written; and that without danger of any evil."<sup>32</sup>

Historians have failed to see—one is tempted to say they seem determined not to see—any connection between the extraordinary verbiage of this sales letter, so suggestive of modern advertising hyperbole, with Don Carlos. Both Philip II and his faithful Granvelle noticed it. The King must have mused on it a long time in his deliberate fashion, for it was fully three months later when he wrote his adviser in Rome for an opinion on it. It was then known that Alba was going to the Netherlands. Granvelle replied (March fourteenth, 1567) that the choice was the best possible; adding, that the sending of the Prince Ruy Gómez to negotiate on what the two (Montigny and Berghes) offer, would have little effect: *it would only serve to put His Majesty to sleep. Perhaps they only proposed it, as the King had written, with the end of going with the Prince.*"<sup>33</sup>

Ruy Gómez was then the majordomo of Don Carlos, and the person most able to handle him in his difficult moods. If he went to the Netherlands, it would be easier for the Prince to get permission to go.

There is still another contemporary reference to the general belief in the Spanish court that something was on foot between Don Carlos and the Flemish lords, "They say that he had an understanding with the Flemings, and mention specially the lord of Montigny," wrote the French ambassador to Catherine de' Medici at the time of the Prince's arrest.<sup>34</sup> Another statement by Cabrera, which seems to have been generally overlooked, explicitly says that Montigny "spoke several times to Don Carlos in secret," and that this was the real cause of the King's displeasure against him.<sup>35</sup> There is extant a letter in Philip's own handwriting to support this assertion.

For more than a year he kept Montigny in his court, treating him with all courtesy and honor, and pretending to be taken in by him. As the months wore on and His Majesty did not prepare to depart for the Netherlands, the visitor grew visibly alarmed and began writing letters to Margaret of Parma, to the Emperor, and various others, to intercede for him with the King, that he might return home. Finally he penned an almost abject letter to Philip himself, saying that he had been calumniated, and asking to be exonerated; he also recalled his services to the Emperor Charles.<sup>36</sup>

After the atrocities of August 1566, Montigny wrote Margaret of Parma that he greatly regretted them, "as I ought, being vassal and servant of His Majesty and native of the country"; he had never thought things would come to such a pass. Yet he had been in France after the Huguenot atrocities there,<sup>37</sup> and in close communication with some of the chief instigators of them. He must have known that the same sort of agitation would produce similar consequences elsewhere.

With the departure of Alba the plight of the two Flemish lords became more alarming. For Berghes, at least, there was no longer any possibility of escape, for he was at death's door. On hearing of his condition the King wrote a memorandum so confidential that he felt it necessary to write on the envelope,

*"Ruy Gómez, in his hand. Do not open or read in the presence of the person who gives it to you."*

Philip had proof enough that his enemies had subtle and secret spies about him, in his very palace, among his secretaries, perhaps even among his councillors. His sense of being constantly watched is plainly revealed in this caution with his most trusted adviser. What hidden enemies were there at Valsain, so clever that they might read the King's intentions even in the face of Ruy Gómez as he read a letter?

When the Prince of Eboli could safely open the missive, unwatched, he saw, in the King's handwriting, a long and careful instruction. He was to visit the Marquis of Berghes and ascertain the real state of his health; if he found him hopelessly ill, as was reported, he might say that the King was pleased to allow him to return to the Low Countries. But if he deemed his recovery likely, he must merely give him hope that the King would soon give his permission. If Berghes should die, Ruy Gómez must confer with Cardinal Espinosa, President of the Council, and with the Duke of Feria, on the obsequies; they must show the regret that the King and his ministers felt, and how highly they regarded the lords of the Low Countries. The three ministers must also decide whether Madame de Parma should be told to seize the town of Berghes and the property of the Marquis; on these points, whatever they decided could be done.

Meanwhile Ruy Gómez must give *careful and secret orders to prevent the flight of Montigny*: he must keep an eye on



him, and instruct the viceroys and governors of Catalonia, Navarre and Guipuzcoa to have him stopped, if he attempted to escape: and must assign one or several persons to watch him. At the end the King wrote an additional caution; highly significant under the circumstances:

*"The Prince must know nothing of all this."*<sup>38</sup>

It must have been well understood between His Majesty and Ruy Gómez that Don Carlos could not be trusted with important State secrets. Ordinarily, therefore, it would have been superfluous to write such a warning. The careful and methodical King must have had some special reason for fearing that, if Don Carlos knew of the surveillance of Montigny, Montigny would learn of it also.

The desire of Carlos to go to the Netherlands had certainly become more intense since the arrival of Montigny at court. It was brought to the King's attention in unpleasant fashion about a month after the suggestion of the two northern lords that he send Ruy Gómez to the Low Countries. Philip had opened the Cortes of Castile December eleventh (1566), had asked for a supply of money (which was granted after the usual long discussions) and after hearing himself praised for his "holy intention, wisdom and prudence," had left the *procuradores* in session while he went to the Escorial to spend his first Christmas in the modest quarters provided for him under the choir of the partly finished church. No sooner had he left Madrid on the twenty-second than Don Carlos went before the delegates with a lordly air, and said,

"You must know, my father intends to go to Flanders, and I intend, by all means, to go with him. At the last Cortes you had the temerity to ask my father for my marriage with my aunt the Princess. I find it very singular that you take it upon yourselves to interfere with my marriage, which does not concern you; I don't know why you should want my father to marry me to one rather than to another. I hope that the idea does not occur to you to commit a new piece of impudence, by asking my father to leave me in Spain. I command you not to do so. The *procuradores* who do will have me for their mortal enemy, and I will employ all my means to destroy them."

So saying, the Prince turned his back on the startled delegates and limped out of the room. Philip was highly displeased, of course, when he learned of this exhibition: but as usual, he bided his time. Carlos sat beside him on the dais when he returned on January ninth to close the Cortes.

Gachard's conjecture that the Prince was actuated merely by a desire to get away from his father rather than by any political intrigue fails to explain the determination of Carlos to go *with* his father, and not to be left behind him in Spain. The absence of the King, which he then expected, would inevitably give him greater importance in Castile, regardless of his known weakness. Philip could hardly avoid setting him up as a Regent (at least in name), as he himself had been established by his own father. Yet this prospect did not satisfy the grandiose ambitions in which Carlos no doubt sought compensation for his multiple inadequacies, and for the smarting wound dealt to his self-esteem by the rumor of his impotence.

This perhaps explains, in part at least, his strange conduct toward women, which Brantôme reports as of 1564; his seizing them on the street, no matter how high their social position, and kissing them exuberantly but modestly, though the terms of endearment he bestowed on them were far from flattering; if we may believe Brantôme, they were "*P . . . ns, bagasses, chiennes.*" If they consented to be embraced, he called them his very gracious *vesses*. He especially detested great dames, saying they were all hypocrites and traitresses in love. He made one notable exception of the Queen, whom he revered.<sup>39</sup>



## THE DUKE OF ALBA

BY ANTONIO MORO, NOW IN THE ROYAL MUSEUM, BRUSSELS.

*Photo by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*



One night as Carlos passed through a street, some one threw a little water on his head. He ordered the guard to go to the house, burn it down, and slay all the inhabitants. The soldiers returned shortly to say that the Blessed Sacrament was being given in Viaticum to a dying man in the house in question; and for that reason they had respected its walls. This subterfuge succeeded in quieting the Prince's wrath; reverence he never lacked.<sup>40</sup>

One day he seized a young nobleman who had neglected to answer a bell, and would have thrown him into the palace moat if some one had not approached. When a boot-maker brought him some shoes that fitted badly, he had them cut up into small pieces and fried like a fricassée of tripe; and commanded the hapless workman to eat this dish.

One of the persons for whom he conceived a sudden but lasting hatred was Cardinal Espinosa, president of the Council. He resented the elevation of this proud upstart and his favor with the King, who had only recently obtained the Red Hat for him. His wrath knew no bounds when he learned that the Cardinal had cancelled his order for a comedy at the palace by Cisneros, a popular actor. When His Eminence next appeared, Don Carlos seized his rochet, and cried, with his hand on his dagger, "Little priest, do you dare cross me, telling Cisneros not to come to serve me? By the life of my father, I've a mind to kill you." All the bumptiousness of the new Cardinal vanished. He fell on his knees and begged for his life.<sup>41</sup>

The King was grieved and mortified, and sought (in 1567) to increase his son's sense of responsibility by introducing him into the Council. But Carlos grew more wilful and more truculent. His ambition to rival his father in everything became almost irresistible. He wished to ride the King's favorite horse, called *El Privado*, because no one else was ever allowed to mount him. The master-of-the-horse refused several times. Carlos persisted until, swearing by the life of his father that he would do no harm, he had his way. He rode so viciously that the horse died in consequence. Philip was naturally much displeased.

It is possible that all this accumulative evidence of emotional, if not mental, instability would have brought the King to the decision he finally made. Undoubtedly the desire of the Prince to go to Flanders played an important, if not decisive part. The choice of Alba was a serious blow to the project of Don Carlos, for, as Cabrera says, "it ended his hope of going to Flanders, with or without his father's consent."<sup>42</sup> When the Duke went to the palace to say farewell and to kiss his hands, the pent-up wrath and disappointment of Don Carlos burst furiously upon him. "You don't have to go there, it is my business," he said in effect. The Duke answered tactfully, reminding him how valuable his life was to the monarchy: his person should not be risked in Flanders: it was better that the Duke should go and quiet the Estates for the arrival of the King, after which His Highness could go in safety, if there was no need of him in the government of Spain.

This guarded promise, instead of mollifying the Prince, aroused his wrath anew. Drawing his dagger, he threw himself upon the Duke, screaming, "You are not going to Flanders, or I am going to kill you!"<sup>43</sup>

Alba was not Espinosa. His powerful hands closed upon the arms of Don Carlos, forcing them to his sides until, after a moment of struggling back and forth, the Prince stood helpless, panting for breath. The Duke released him. The Prince then flew at him again, even more wildly, lunging with his dagger. Again the Duke skilfully pinioned him. A gentleman entered the room, and Carlos departed.<sup>44</sup> The Duke reported all this to the King, both of them grieving much and at a loss what to do. Naturally the Prince was watched more closely by Ruy Gómez and other officials while the Spanish army was passing through Italy and sweeping across the Alps to the Low Countries.

The surveillance of Montigny continued, his uneasiness grew, and he struggled against the net that was closing around him. When he asked permission to go home, alleging urgent business, the King replied affably that he himself would be going soon and they would go together. During that summer, no one in Spain except Don Carlos took his ambition to go to the Low Countries seriously; but there were echoes of it in Protestant circles. While Alba's *tercios* were occupying the Flemish key towns, William Cecil in his manor of Guilford was writing to his envoy in Paris, "We begin to doubt of the King of Spain's coming out of Spain, finding it more likely for his son to come."<sup>45</sup> It was at this juncture, in mid-August, 1567, that Philip suddenly gave up his plans to go.

Montigny's arrest late in September, following that of his brother Hornes and that of Egmont, had a pronounced effect upon Don Carlos. He had been expecting it, according to Cabrera, who adds that they had met secretly several times.<sup>46</sup> Deprived of the advice of so cool and deep a negotiator as Montigny, the Prince now followed the prompting of his own reckless impulses. He began definite preparations for flight. He sent his servants here and there to money-lenders and others, trying to borrow the necessary funds. On this point the testimony is generally accepted. Don Carlos was planning to leave Spain without his father's consent.

His attitude toward the King became almost openly disrespectful. It was noticed that Philip spoke to him coldly or not at all. The Queen and Doña Juana tried to reconcile the two, but without success.<sup>47</sup> The Prince redoubled his efforts to raise a huge sum of money. He sent servants or gentlemen of his household to Toledo, Medina del Campo, Valladolid and Burgos, to interview money-lenders. In November he sent García Osorio, Master of the Wardrobe, to Seville, to look for the enormous sum of 600,000 ducats.<sup>48</sup> He wrote letters to various bankers. All he could get was the comparatively small sum of 6,000 ducats, which Juan de Cuadra, an *ayuda de camara*, managed to borrow from one of the Affeitati.

Whatever the grandiose project of Don Carlos, this was not enough for its commencement. His failure goaded him to

further indiscretions. A bitterly cold winter was setting in. The hills of Castile were white with snow, wolves came down into the northern plains, and now and then frozen bodies were found by the roadsides.<sup>49</sup> But neither the weather nor the immense and formless peril that he must have felt hanging over his son, his kingdom and himself, could altogether ruffle the serenity that had grown habitual with the King, nor his pleasure in the fact that enough of the Escorial had been built to permit him to take up quarters there for an occasional retreat. On December twentieth he went himself for the celebration of Christ's birthday.

There had been installed in the finished portion of the monastery a small community of monks chosen from Philip's favorite order, that of Saint Jerome, for their learning and their holy lives: with the intention, which he carried out by degrees, of using them for the nucleus of a seminary which would influence the whole clergy of Spain, sending to all parts of the country men well instructed in all the niceties of the liturgy and of the Gregorian chant. Philip knew the divine offices as well as a priest, and attached great importance to accuracy and uniformity. When he went to take up his humble quarters, as simple and bare of luxury as those of a monk, under the narrow choir, he insisted on being treated as if he were one of the order, and not the King of the world's largest empire.

On Christmas eve, at Matins, all the observers were edified to see him kneeling uncovered in the nipping cold, erect and motionless, "without ever leaning on anything until the first psalm." All marveled at his composure and serenity; "his devotion and piety never flagged during the divine office, no matter how long it might be." When he was advised not to spend the night in the narrow room under the choir, because the friars would disturb him with their chanting overhead and the shuffling of feet and raising and lowering of tables and seats, he replied, "True; but I am not worthy to be under the floor trodden by the servants of God."

He insisted nevertheless on sleeping there. Although he was forming the habit of working very late at night, as the demands of his correspondence increased, he would arise at four o'clock in the morning to hear the first Mass at dawn. Nor would he allow the hour to be changed, saying that the voices of the monks, far from annoying him, seemed to him like those of angels singing, and that he liked to be waked in that manner.<sup>50</sup> In such an atmosphere Philip found not only personal peace in prayer and meditation, but a freedom to think out problems of State.

This first retreat of his, however, was rudely interrupted by voices of the world. On Christmas Day Don Juan of Austria came riding to the Escorial with news that must have ruffled even the habitual calm of the King's face. He reported a most alarming conversation he had had the day before with Don Carlos. The Prince had confided that he meant to leave soon for Germany; and if Don Juan would go with him, he should have a large sum of money and a distinguished future. Don Juan replied "with friendly submission," warned him of the dangers of the enterprise, and advised him to wait and consider the possible consequences. Meanwhile the Prince might be sure he would serve him until death. When the Prince had gone, Don Juan decided that it was his duty to tell the King.<sup>51</sup>

About this time it came to light that Don Carlos had written letters to a large number of the great lords of Castile, asking them to contribute money for a great enterprise he was considering. Several of them sent cautiously worded replies, most of them to the effect that they would gladly serve the Prince in anything, provided of course it was not against religion or their allegiance to His Majesty. Only two gave the Prince any real encouragement: the Duke of Sesa and the Duke of Medina Rioseca. Both these men said they would go with him, astonishing though the fact appears.<sup>52</sup> The Admiral of Castile sent to the King his letter from Don Carlos.<sup>53</sup>

The mind of the Prince took an even more dangerous turn that Christmas season. It was the custom for the members of the royal family to attend Mass and receive Holy Communion together on December twenty-eighth, the Feast of the Holy Innocents. Don Carlos went, as usual, to prepare himself by confession. When he said that he had a mortal enemy whom he could not forgive and meant to kill, if possible, the priest naturally refused to give him absolution. Carlos went to the Jeronymite monastery near Madrid, explained his predicament, and asked for a confessor who would absolve him. Twelve theologians were summoned. All, of course, agreed that the thing was impossible; nor were they much less scandalized by the sacrilegious proposal of the Prince that arrangements be made to give him an unconsecrated Host when he knelt at the Altar with his father, the Queen and the Princess.

One thing is certain: Carlos had so real a belief in the Real Presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist that he was unwilling to receive without absolution. During those conversations he revealed that the person he wished to slay was his own father. The possibility that this notion of his might easily go from words to action was unpleasantly suggested by an attack he made about this time on Don Juan of Austria, doubtless on suspecting that his uncle had not kept his confidence.

The King's state of mind could easily be imagined, even if he had left in his own words no record of his grief and perplexity. The degree of self-control he had attained is apparent in the fact that, although he had been receiving so many alarming reports about his son and had good reason to fear a murderous attack on his own person, he stayed at the Escorial until he had finished what he had to do there. He was present, for example, and wore his usual calm and serene air of majesty, at the blessing of the new small chapel on January sixth and the profession of some new monks on January eleventh. But two days before his departure from the monastery on January fifteenth, he sent a command to all the churches and monasteries of Madrid, that prayers be offered asking God to inspire and counsel him in a certain deliberation and design that he had in his



heart. There was much speculation in the court as to what this could possibly mean.<sup>54</sup>

About the same time, Philip asked the advice, according to custom, of several of the "gravest" doctors; especially that of Master Gallo, Bishop of Origuella, Fray Melchior Cano, whom he had consulted about his war with Pope Paul IV, and others. The only opinion that Cabrera saw and recorded was that of the famous jurisconsult, Doctor Navarro Martin Dazpilcueta. This document is interesting for such light as it sheds, indirectly, on Philip's grounds for complaint against his son. It certainly supports the theory which connects Don Carlos with Montigny and the affairs of the Netherlands.

It begins with the customary reciting of precedents, especially the rebellion of Louis XI against his father, and goes on to argue that, if Don Carlos fled from Spain, the dangers to Spain and to all Christendom would be serious: the greatest of them the possibility of a civil war on a grand scale, not merely in Flanders but even in Spain, with the King on one side and his own son set up as leader on the other. The Protestant factions, with a royal personage as a figurehead, would gain enormously. The cause of God would be injured; all the more so, in view of the distance of the King's estates, the unstable character of the Prince, "who has not given proofs of such obedient, quiet, prudent and military qualities as there was need of, but wishes to be free and to command in everything," and the fact that he was the only heir-apparent. His going would plunge Europe into war and perhaps ruin the Spanish empire and its people. Therefore, it was not only His Majesty's right, but his solemn duty, to take whatever steps might be necessary to avert these dangers.<sup>55</sup>

While Philip was coming slowly to a decision, Don Carlos forced the issue. On January eighteenth, just after Garcia Osorio had returned from Sevilla, evidently with some money and the promise of drafts to be sent for more, the Prince decided to make his departure. He ordered the *correo mayor*, Raymond de Tassis, to have post-horses saddled for the following night. Tassis gave the excuse that all the horses were out on the roads; meanwhile he quietly sent word to the King.

Philip had returned to the Escorial. The news he received on the seventeenth made him return immediately to Madrid. He went directly, with Don Juan of Austria, to the apartments of the Queen. There Don Carlos found them and paid his respects. It was noticed that his manner was all that could have been desired. The King was calm and gracious, as usual. No one could discern any evidence in his face, words or manner, of unusual pleasure or displeasure. On the next day, the eighteenth, he appeared at Mass with Don Carlos, grave, devout, imperturbable as usual. During the day he sent for the Prince. The latter had gone to bed, pleading illness; some said afterwards because he did not wish to answer his father's questions in private. There was no outward sign on that momentous Sunday of the tragic events that were impending.

Late that evening the King sent for the Prince of Eboli, the Duke of Feria, the prior Don Antonio de Toledo and old Luis Quixada, and quietly gave them his instructions.



## How Did Don Carlos Die? [1568]

**A**T MIDNIGHT or a little after, a great door of the palace opened silently. Five men passed like ghosts into the frosty night: first the Duke of Feria, carrying a torch, then King Philip, with a casque on his head and a coat of armor under his dressing gown, then the other councillors, and a guard of twelve men with their officers. Thus they proceeded to the Prince's apartment.

Carlos was taken completely by surprise. Even the elaborate system of pulleys by which he could bolt and unbolt his door while lying in bed had been put out of order, at the King's command, by Louis de Foix, the French engineer who had contrived it.

As the Prince awoke from sound sleep, he beheld tall muffled forms standing about his bedside. The Duke of Feria had already drawn aside the curtains of the bed. The King was taking possession of the sword which hung on the head-board.

"Who is there?" cried Don Carlos.

"The Council of State."

"What is the Council of State doing in my room at this hour?"

Then he saw his father, standing behind the others.

"Does Your Majesty wish to kill me?" he cried in terror.

"Calm yourself, and pull yourself together," replied the King. "What I wish to do is only for your good."

Philip then asked Don Antonio to bring him a small box of steel, inlaid with gold, which lay on the Prince's desk.

"What are you doing with that?" demanded Don Carlos.

"I will give it back to you," said the King.

As Carlos handed over his keys, Don Antonio opened the box and the desk on which it had been found, and took out some papers which, "damaging as they were to the Prince and his associates" (as Cabrera says), he handed over to the King.<sup>1</sup>

Among the papers in the strong box were two lists, one of the Prince's enemies, the other of his friends. The first four enemies listed were the King, the Prince of Eboli and his wife, and the Duke of Alba; the first friends the Queen, Don Juan of Austria, and Luis Quixada. The nature of the other papers has never been revealed. The King took possession of them and probably destroyed them.

When it dawned on Carlos that he was to be kept a prisoner in his room, he threw himself at his father's feet, and begged to be killed.

"If you don't put me to death, I will do away with myself!"

"That would be the act of a madman," returned Philip.

"I am not mad," answered the Prince, shaken with sobs, "but I am desperate."

The King departed, leaving his son under guard in the locked room. For a week he left him there, with all his usual servants to wait upon him but with the Duke of Feria always watching him. On the twenty-fifth of January the Prince was removed to another room of his suite, which formed part of a tower and, having but one window and one door, could be more easily guarded. A hole was made in the wall, so that Don Carlos could see and hear Mass in the next room.

Several weeks later (March second, says Cabrera) the King drew up an instruction for the regulation of his son's life during his confinement. Most of the Prince's old attendants were dismissed. Feria's office as chief jailer was transferred to Ruy Gómez, who with his one-eyed Princess established a temporary residence in the apartment next to that of the Prince. Don Carlos was never to be allowed, under any circumstances or for any reason, to leave his room, the door of which was to be kept locked day and night, except when his attendants entered to serve him. Two halberdiers were on guard outside the door, with orders to admit only the King or Ruy Gómez or those they might send. Six *monteros* took the food of the Prince to an outer



chamber, whence it was carried to His Highness by the cavaliers assigned to attend him, all young men of noble blood—chief among them the Count of Lerma, Don Francisco Manrique, Don Juan de Borja, Don Juan de Mendoza, Don Rodrigo de Benavides and Don Gonzalo Chacon.

Besides these, none could enter (save the doctor and the barber, when there was need) without the King's express permission. Lerma was to sleep in the Prince's room each night; the others to take turns in the daytime, so that Don Carlos should never be alone. They were to treat the Prince with all the respect due to his rank. None of them could wear arms, since he was disarmed. They were to look to his food, his clothing, and the cleanliness of his room. For prayers he might read the breviary and say the Rosary; for reading, only books of good doctrine and devotion.<sup>2</sup>

The King's act naturally caused a tremendous sensation, not only in Madrid but in all the courts of Europe. People at court took sides, some defending the Prince, some his father. As Cabrera says frankly, the courtiers looked at each other in silence, their fingers on their lips; or if they broke silence, some called Philip prudent, others severe, "for his smile and his knife were close together." But the King did not offer a word of explanation.<sup>3</sup>

The grief of the Queen and of Doña Juana was intense. Both interceded for the Prince and asked permission to see him. Both were refused. Foreign ambassadors, seeking to verify the many wild rumors that were whispered about, met an equally stony silence. They were not allowed to see His Majesty and got little information from Ruy Gómez and Cardinal Espinosa, to whom they were referred. For several days, by royal command, no couriers were allowed to leave Madrid, even with mail; nor could any private person leave on horseback or on foot. Philip, understanding well the importance of what he had done and the probability that it would be seized upon and exaggerated or misrepresented by his enemies, wished to give the world his own version of what had happened.

Almost immediately he wrote to a large number of important personages, stating in general and guarded terms the bare facts of the situation. He wrote Pope Pius on January twentieth; the Emperor and the Empress, on the twenty-first; Queen Elizabeth and the grandees of Castile on the twenty-second; the Duke of Alba on the twenty-third. These letters, in spite of their tantalizing lack of detail, convey two reasons for the incarceration of the Prince: first, his mental and moral irresponsibility, which the King deemed incurable and from which he feared the gravest consequences: secondly, some new and specific manifestation of this condition which was so serious as to constitute a menace to both Church and State.

Philip assured the Pope that he had decided to confine his son because, in spite of all efforts to educate him, "certain excesses proceeding from his nature and personal makeup" would not yield to kindness or reprimand. "I hold it certain," he added, "that my determination is so necessary and just, and so in conformity to the service of God and to the public good, as truly it is." He promised to write His Holiness further. Some weeks later he did so, merely restating in Latin, however, what he had previously said; God had been pleased to give him, he added, in punishment for his sins, a son of so many defects of mind and disposition that it had been necessary, for the public good, to imprison him. The King asked for the Holy Father's prayers.<sup>4</sup>

Even to his sister Maria, the Empress, Philip was not much more explicit, though he revealed more of his feelings. "The grief and pain with which I have done this, Your Majesty can well estimate from what I know you would feel in similar circumstances. But at last I have chosen to make a sacrifice to God of my own flesh and blood, and to place His service and the universal welfare and happiness before all other human considerations. The old causes, like the new ones which have supervened, forcing me to take this resolution, are such and of such a nature that I could not relate them, nor Your Majesty hear them, without renewing our anguish and sorrow. I will only say that the fundamental cause of my determination does not depend on any one fault or lack of respect, nor is it merely a means of punishment, which (sufficient though the grounds would be) could have its time and termination. Nor have I taken this step as a means to reform his disorders. This business has another origin and root, whose remedy does not lie in time or in measures; which is the chief and most important consideration, to satisfy my obligations to God. . . ."<sup>5</sup>

Philip wrote more briefly and unemotionally to the Emperor. He had hoped to go to Flanders and take Don Carlos with him, as Maximilian had urged; but the arrest of the Prince was inevitable and did not proceed from wrath or irritation on his part, nor was it a punishment, but the sole means of avoiding great and notable evils, which, however, the King did not specify.

What were these great and notable evils that made such severity necessary? The foreign ambassadors at Madrid were naturally full of curiosity on this point and employed all their ingenuity to ferret out the mystery. It is more than probable that the King destroyed all the documentary proof. The circumstantial evidence points strongly to a deep, well concealed and well executed plot on the part of the conspirators in the Netherlands. Merely as a hostage, the only son and heir of the King of Spain would have been useful in the hands of William of Orange and the Coligny faction, with whom he undoubtedly had an understanding. But as a figurehead, set up in opposition to his father to divide the Spanish Empire and to complete the division and ruin of Christendom, he would be invaluable. The very defects which made wise Spaniards doubt his ability to rule Spain or any other country would be assets to the astute men who would rule the Low Countries behind the appearance of his authority.

Again, Carlos, as descendant of a long line of Kings and Emperors, would satisfy the strong feeling for legitimacy which bound so much of the country now to Philip. If he remained a Catholic, all the better, perhaps, for the sake of attracting the Catholics, who were in an overwhelming majority, provided his Protestant advisers had complete control of his policies.

And of that there would be little doubt. Men like William of Orange and Montigny would know how to keep him busy and out of mischief; how to flatter his vanity, his generosity, his touch of megalomania; how to give him the illusion and shadow of power, while they kept the substance.

A century later the Freemasons would set up, in the person of William III, grandson of William the Silent, a figurehead king to win the English people away from the Catholic monarchy of the last Stuart. Jewish gold from Amsterdam would pay the bills, as Jewish gold from Antwerp financed the propaganda against Philip II and probably would have financed Don Carlos, once he had got to the Netherlands. Nothing less than the conviction of the existence of a plot of this nature can explain the extraordinary precautions Philip took to prevent the escape of his son. Don Carlos might safely have been allowed a considerable amount of liberty in some secluded castle—even at Valsain or at Aranjuez—without the fear of his doing anything more embarrassing than he had been doing off and on for years.

It was his ambition to go to the Netherlands, and the very definite hopes he manifested of being set up there as a ruler, that made his liberty impossible. It is not reasonable to suppose that in Spain, where his character was so well understood, he could have headed a successful rebellion, or even a formidable faction, against his father, then at the height of his popularity. It is difficult to conceive how he could have disturbed the religious peace of Catholic Spain, even had he wished. But in the Netherlands, where the gigantic conflict between the Catholic culture and its enemies was then about to center, his presence on the confederates' side might well have been decisive. There is no other plausible explanation for the numerous references, by Philip and others, to the menace offered by Don Carlos to religion.

The reports of the most intelligent diplomats in Madrid, just after his arrest, tend to support this view. Castagna, Bishop of Rossano and papal nuncio (later Pope Urban VII) wrote to Cardinal Alexandrino, Papal Secretary of State, lengthy accounts of all that had happened and added what Cardinal Espinosa had guardedly told him. The President of Philip's Council said that the King would not have confined his son if there had been question only of danger to his own person. But there was something here even worse than assassination, and it had been going on for nearly two years continually.

"In truth," added the nuncio, "knowing this King to be so justified in all matters, and so loving and charitable to his own family, and very circumspect in all his actions, I hold it certain that the cause must be most urgent and necessary."<sup>6</sup>

In another letter the nuncio wrote, "I believe that the principal foundation (of the case against Don Carlos) will be that he is of unsound mind and reason, and to this they add other causes which are said to appear in his own papers, namely having intended to flee, to take possession of the fleet of the Estates (the Netherlands) and similar things."<sup>7</sup> Espinosa had told the nuncio also that, if the King had not imprisoned his son, the danger to religion would have been great.<sup>8</sup> Fourquevaux, the French ambassador, wrote even more specifically to Catherine de' Medici four days after Don Carlos was arrested, that 36,000 *scudi* in gold had been found in his coffers besides his papers, and a diamond worth 25,000 *scudi*. "*On dit qu'il s'entendoit avec les Flamands,*" he added, "*nommement avec le seigneur de Montigny, et qu'il vouloit tuer son père.*"<sup>9</sup>

Both these letters appear in the appendix of the book in which the industrious Gachard tells us that the diplomatic correspondence of the time contains no hint in support of Cabrera's statement that Montigny was arrested chiefly for his intrigue with Don Carlos!

Protestant tradition takes note of the probability that poor Don Carlos had been drawn into the anti-Catholic plot, but does so in such a way, of course, as not to incriminate any of the Protestant faction or their friends. For a long time, in the dominant literature of northern Europe, the Prince appeared as one persecuted by his despotic father and the Inquisition because his conscience had urged him to throw aside the dogmas and superstitions of the Church and to embrace the purer gospel of Wittenberg or of Geneva. But the evidence of the sincerity of his Catholic faith—in his will of 1564, in his scruples as to Confession and Communion three weeks before his arrest, and in his sickness and death—is fairly overwhelming. King Philip, though he never broke his proud silence to deny that his son had been involved in some sort of political plot against him, could not endure to have men think that he could have been false to the Church of Christ. Eighteen years later, when his ambassador wrote him of a French book in which it was alleged that Don Carlos had been a Protestant, he replied, "You are right in being indignant at the false testimony it bears against one who was so good a Catholic. It is not well to let so great a lie be current."<sup>10</sup>

Far more likely than the story of the Prince's conversion to Protestant beliefs is the tradition among Freemasons connecting him with their order. The Masonic orator Carrasco, member of the lodge *Alianza, Number 5* of Santander, belonging to the jurisdiction of the *Oriente Lusitano Unido*, delivered a discourse in July, 1874, in which he asserted that Don Carlos was a martyr of the Masonic sect and that his memory was still kept in veneration, as such, in certain lodges of the Netherlands.<sup>11</sup>

Uncorroborated statements of this type have little evidential value. Even if Masonic records were otherwise trustworthy, their tendency to claim all distinguished personages as members, back to and including Adam and Eve, would rob the boast of Señor Carrasco of any historical significance, unless accompanied by revelations from archives of the Netherlands or elsewhere. It cannot be asserted, therefore, that Don Carlos was a Mason. It is, in fact, quite improbable. But it might be worth while to consider the hypothesis that members of an international secret society, Freemasonry, or its parent organization,



were conspiring to use him as a stepping-stone to power, playing upon his vanity, his ambition and his discontents. If he was unaware of being a tool, so much the better: he could act more sincerely in his part, and reveal no secrets. It was not until after William III had been placed upon the throne of England by Freemasons that he became a Mason.

Is it far-fetched to suppose that the faction of the first William of Orange (then the secret ally of Coligny and later his son-in-law) was following a similar technique in regard to Don Carlos? The fact that some of the League—Egmont, for example—were good Catholics, is beside the point. Many misled, lukewarm or naive Catholics were drawn into the net of the secret societies before the Popes first called attention publicly to their true nature in the eighteenth century. Most of them probably never got far enough in the hierarchy of degrees to what was concealed under the robes of fraternal charity. Most of the first Freemasons, after all, were recruited among Catholics.

It is not without significance, perhaps, that the only two Spanish lords who gave Don Carlos any encouragement in his plan of flight have been connected in some way with Masonic, Jewish or Protestant tradition. The third Duke of Sesa, if we may believe a memorial read by the Freemason Amorbieta in the lodges of Córdoba in 1886, was the founder of a Masonic lodge in 1563. Descendant on one side of the famous Jew Ruy Capon, and on the other of the Great Captain Gonsalvo, who had defended the Jews of Córdoba against their enemies with his sword, he had come back from Germany with strong Lutheran tendencies. His wife also was suspected of being a Protestant, and at one time the King asked for prayers for her. The Duke of Medina Rioseco was partly of Jewish descent, a relative of Rubi de Bracamonte, who built the curiously Masonic chapel in Avila in 1516.

Against this hypothesis, however, must be set the fact that Philip later gave an important military command to the Duke of Sesa, and appears to have taken no action against Medina Rioseco; though, to be sure, a few years later he had one of the Bracamontes beheaded for treason.<sup>12</sup>

However this may be, King Philip undoubtedly felt himself face to face with some great and secret evil. He acted accordingly. He never relented in his determination not to allow any one, even his sister who had been as a mother to the Prince, to enter the tower room. When the Pope intimated that he would like to send a special envoy to Spain to condole with the King (and no doubt to learn more about the affair) Philip's ambassador told him plainly that his lord would not welcome such a courtesy.<sup>13</sup> When the Emperor Maximilian protested against the incarceration of the Prince, he received a very polite but unmistakable intimation that his interference was not wanted.<sup>14</sup> Yet the King seems to have realized that he owed the country an explanation of so serious a step as the perpetual imprisonment of the heir-apparent and his exclusion from the succession; for that is what he intended. In March, therefore, a sort of trial was held by three councillors especially appointed as judges: Cardinal Espinosa, the Prince of Eboli, and the Licenciado Birviesca. These, according to Cabrera, drew up a process justifying the imprisonment of Don Carlos.<sup>15</sup>

Gachard doubts this contemporary evidence, on the ground that no copies of such a document were ever found. Nevertheless Cabrera had access to the castle of Simancas, where Philip in 1566 established a great bureau of archives, and his story is circumstantial and explicit. He says that the court sent to Barcelona for the process by which Juan II of Aragon excluded and imprisoned his son, Carlos of Viana, as a rebel (he was later accused of having had him poisoned); and this they had translated from Catalan to Castilian, and kept as a justification by precedent. "Both," adds Cabrera, "are in the archive of Simancas, where Don Cristóbal de Moura, of his household (the King's) placed them in the year 1592, in a green box in which they are preserved."<sup>16</sup> The disappearance of this box in the course of time does not prove that it was not there in the time of Cabrera, who had access to so many archives, and who has been found so accurate in matters of this sort.

Philip had done what he believed to be his duty. He was not the man to turn back. He could hardly have been unaware of the atmosphere of gloom that had settled over his happy court. The whispers, the downcast looks, the evidences of tears on the faces of the Queen and Lady Juan, the protest of the Constable of Castile left no doubt that his action had not the unanimous approval of public opinion. But he was satisfied with such support as he had received. "Although I feel the grief and regret that you can imagine," he wrote Alba on February eighth, "I render thanks to God that people take it so well, since it is unavoidable; and this is a proof that His Divine Majesty will be served by it, which is the sole end that has decided me."<sup>17</sup>

Cabrera shows, however, that the approval of Philip's course was by no means as general as he chose to believe. "The Pope begged the Catholic King to show himself as a father in the correction of his son, and not to add to his confinement the rigor of punishment. The sovereigns of Portugal also intervened, as did many prelates, with pious supplications. Likewise did Queen Isabel and the Princess Juana, who were not allowed to see Don Carlos. The King did not leave Madrid, not even to go to Aranjuez or to San Lorenzo to see the progress of the building, so attentive was he to the affairs of the Prince, and mistrustful of the gossiping of his people." The chronicler seems to add in one of his almost untranslatable gongoristic passages that, if there was any unusual noise in the palace or in the streets, Philip feared a sudden uprising to release the Prince from his prison; and that he suspected a plot of his enemies, "both in and out of Spain" to use his supposed rigor against Carlos as a pretext for a revolt against him.<sup>18</sup>

There was no longer any question of his going to Flanders, or anywhere else. As Fourquevaulx wrote to Paris, he could not even go to Aragon while Don Carlos was in prison. The escape of the Prince had become the worst possible misfortune

that could befall Philip and his empire; and, as he believed, the Christian cause. Thus, Carlos in his tower room was keeping his royal father an uneasy prisoner in Madrid; and this must go on as long as the Prince drew breath.

Although Alba sent word that all was tranquil in the Netherlands, following his prompt and careful acts of repression and the arrest and trial of Egmont and Hornes, it was already apparent that, in sending the Duke on his momentous journey, Philip had set in motion a more complicated chain of circumstances than he could have anticipated. One was the second Huguenot war in France. The other was the rising of the Moriscos in Granada. Both of these events undoubtedly would have occurred sooner or later. But Alba's going hastened them.

Coligny and Condé formed a new plot in the fall of 1567 to seize Charles IX and his mother. In fact, both Pope Pius in Rome and Alba in the Netherlands were convinced, from information they had received, that the Huguenot leaders meant to kill them, and sent warnings to that effect. Coligny wrote to the Calvinist churches, urging them to take arms against their King. He and his friends assembled a large force with the hope of seizing Charles when he rode forth to hunt on the Feast of Saint Michael. But thanks to the warnings of the Pope and of Alba, Catherine de' Medici called out 6,000 Swiss troops to overawe the cavalry of Condé and Coligny, and the King passed safely. The Huguenots took possession of Saint Denis, sacred burial-place of the French Kings, and planned to sack it. The situation of the royal family and the Church was critical when the papal legate saved the day by advancing 200,000 *scudi* with the promise of 25,000 more each month, on the Pope's behalf. Alba rushed 1500 of his cavalry across the border. The French Catholics, with the aid of the Spanish *tercios*, won a brilliant victory in a bloody night battle at Saint Denis, in which the valiant old Constable Montmorency, once the foe of Philip II at Saint-Quentin, was killed, fighting side by side with Alba's men. Gory civil war raged anew all over France.

Catherine de' Medici, with the aid of the infantry which Alba now sent to reinforce his cavalry, might have crushed her enemies once and for all. Being badly frightened, and still under the spell of the political Catholic l'Hôpital, she played directly into the hands of Coligny. First, she sent word to the Pope that she would make peace with the rebels if he did not send 200,000 more *scudi*. "The Holy Pontiff, who would give his most religious blood in defense of the Church, provided them."<sup>19</sup> As soon as the Queen-Mother had the money, she agreed to a thirty days' truce; during which l'Hôpital met Condé and arranged a peace to the advantage of the defeated Huguenots.

By this infamous agreement, Charles IX was compelled to pay German Protestants who had invaded his country to fight on the side of his enemies; and this expense he met with the money given him by the Pope! Cabrera is surely not overstating the case when he remarks that Saint Pius was "gravely resentful" at finding himself the victim of such Medicean dishonesty on the part of Catherine and her son. Nevertheless he magnanimously sent further help, at great sacrifices, when the Huguenots again took arms. It was over the keys of this heroic Pope's escutcheon, gleaming on the papal banner on the field of Montcontour, that some of the Huguenot soldiers saw figures of armed horsemen against the blue sky, with bloody drawn swords, just before they were scattered and crushed by the Catholic army.

Philip was greatly disturbed about France. But a more immediate danger existed at home among the Moriscos of Granada. These descendants of the medieval conquerors and despoilers of Spain had been reduced to submission by Ferdinand and Isabel. Most of them had professed Christianity (many under compulsion), but with large numbers it was a pretense. Neither Philip nor his father had ever felt sure that this secretly Mohammedan population would not take advantage of any war, especially one with the Turk, to seize arms and plunge Spain once more into anarchy.

The present unrest dated from 1560, about the time of the international conspiracy that led to the Tumult of Amboise, and had agents at work, according to a confession already referred to, among the Moriscos in Spain. But the more obvious occasion was an edict by King Philip, forbidding them to have Negro slaves. This was not a despotic act of his own devising, as the Moriscos represented it. It was rather a manifestation of the will of Spanish democracy; expressed in a request made by the people's representatives at the Cortes of 1560, at Toledo.

The dominant motive, it must be said, was not pity for the Negroes (though slavery had become increasingly odious in Spain since the blows dealt it by Isabel, Las Casas, and Pope Paul III) but concern over the growth of Mohammedanism; for the Moriscos brought in the Negroes as children and reared them secretly as Moslems. Ill-feeling had grown until it was no longer safe for Christians to go abroad at night in Granada. Christian corpses, frightfully mangled, were often found on the streets in the morning. Christian women and children were carried off frequently from the very gates of the city to be sold as slaves in the human flesh markets of Tunis and Tetuan. Alba, before going to the Netherlands, had recommended that the old edict of Charles V be revived. Philip had done this, adding a few clauses of his own which forbade not only Arabic dress and language, as in 1526, but even contracts in Arabic. When this was published in Granada on January fifth, 1567, the Moslem chiefs began planning a rebellion.

Philip's Governor-General, the Marqués of Mondéjar, advised him to enforce the law leniently, by slow degrees, or else greatly to increase his military forces in the south. Philip listened rather to Cardinal Espinosa, who was sure that a display of firmness by the King would be enough, and that Mondéjar would need no more than his usual 300 men. With every available man needed for Alba's expedition, Philip was only too ready to follow this advice. By April a well organized plot was on foot to send 8,000 Moriscos from the mountains and plains of the south to seize Granada and to butcher the Christians. When Mondéjar made a tour of inspection, he discovered, on a captured boat, a letter from some of the Moriscos to the



Mohammedans of the East, urging them to come and make war on Catholic Spain when the impending revolution should begin.

The reality of the danger is indicated by an edict of Philip toward the end of that year, complaining that "the Turks, Moors and other corsairs have already committed, and still commit, in the ports of this kingdom, on the coasts, in the maritime places . . . robberies, misdeeds, injuries and seizures of Christians; evils which are notorious, and which, it is said, have been, and are committed with ease and security, by favor of the intercourse and understanding which the ravishers have had and still have with some of the inhabitants of the country, who give them intelligence, guide them, receive them, hide them, and lend them favor and assistance, some of them even going away with the Moors and Turks, leading away and carrying Christian captives, with their wives, children and goods, and the things that they were able to ravish from Christians."<sup>20</sup>

Philip's burden was never more heavy than at that moment. Never did the vast power of his Empire rest upon more uncertain and shifting combinations of millions of people, imperfectly assimilated and coordinated. Never was it more embarrassing to be unable to leave Madrid, even for a day, for fear that a small group of daring and skilful conspirators might release the Prince by some stratagem and spirit him out of the country to join Coligny or William of Orange. The crisis was acute. It cannot be denied that the death of Carlos at that moment would be highly useful to Philip as a monarch, however it might hurt him as a man.

What, then, did Philip do?

Consider first what happened: Carlos at the outset accepted his confinement with gentleness and resignation, hoping perhaps by that means to obtain his liberty. As weeks passed and his father gave no sign of relenting in his determination, the poor wretch yielded to alternate fits of rage and despair. Fretting under the summer heat, he drank huge quantities of icy water from a great fountain of snow, chilled his bed with it, poured it on the floor and splashed around in it barefoot. He tried to starve himself to death. He swallowed a diamond ring, as it was thought, with suicidal purpose. Yet at Easter he confessed and received Holy Communion devoutly, and seemed reconciled to his fate.

Presently he began to pine again. For some days and nights he spent most of his time in bed, changing his position every moment, "which would kill the most robust," as Cabrera observed. At times the least annoyance enraged him and he would storm and grumble. Again, he remained motionless, as if bereft of all hope. For three days he ate nothing, staring in profound melancholy at the ceiling, seeming to be half-dead until "the King visited him and comforted him at this time." Carlos then resumed eating. After bolting several dishes with his old-time voracity, he devoured the whole of a highly spiced partridge pie. This caused an acute attack of indigestion, and the Prince "became gravely ill with malignant double tertian fever, vomiting and diarrhoea caused by the chill of the snow." Doctor Olivares, unable to stay these symptoms, summoned several other physicians. They held a consultation in the presence of Ruy Gómez. They gave the Prince a purge, "without good effect."

The doctors now pronounced his sickness mortal, and the King's ministers begged him to see his son and bless him before he died. Philip apparently wished to do so; but, in view of the hatred Carlos had again expressed for him, hesitated whether he should, for fear of disturbing him further. In his dilemma he consulted the Prince's confessor, Fray Diego de Chaves, and his old tutor, Honorato Juan, now Bishop of Cartagena. Both agreed that the visit might have an unfortunate effect. The Prince had confessed and had forgiven his father, and was disposed to die peacefully as a good Christian; but, knowing how suddenly his rages came upon him, the two good old men were afraid that the sight of the King would undo all their work in quieting Don Carlos, and might even cause him to die in anger and sin. They added that the meeting would only revive the pain of both, and would do no real good. Philip acquiesced; but during the evening he quietly entered the Prince's room, walking behind Ruy Gómez and the prior Don Antonio. When they had reached the bedside, he raised his hand between the shoulders of the two men, and gave the dying lad his blessing. Then, "he shut himself up in his room, with more sorrow and less worry," and waited for news of the end.<sup>21</sup>

The Prince knew what was happening to him, and was conscious to the last. Apparently, from Cabrera's account, he made a second will, much like his first, but asking his father's pardon for all his offenses, and commending his servants to him, and his soul to God. One version says that he received the last sacraments. Another says that he confessed, and wished to receive Holy Communion again, but since he could keep nothing on his stomach, the priest feared a desecration of the Host, and instead of giving It to him, held It up for Don Carlos to adore. When he heard it was past midnight, he said, "Now is the time," and asked his confessor to tell him some words that could help him in the last moment. "*Deus, propitius esto mihi peccatori,*" said Fray Diego. Repeating that phrase, Don Carlos, fully conscious to the end, and with such serenity of mind as he had never before shown, died at four o'clock on the Vigil of Santiago, July twenty-fourth; the day he himself had hoped would be his last. He was twenty-three years and sixteen days old.

Fourquevaux wrote to Catherine de' Medici that the Prince's face did not look much changed, though it was yellow: the rest of his body seemed to be only bones, as if death had been caused by starvation.<sup>22</sup>

Cabrera gives a curious account of the obsequies. "The necessary arrangements for the funeral pomp were made the same day, and they went out with the body at seven o'clock in the evening, the King, with his usual fortitude of mind, having composed from a window the differences of the councillors as to the order of precedence (of Poland and Portugal), thus putting an end to their rivalry. The casket was of lead, inside another of wood, and was very heavy, and they bore it on some poles, litter-wise, covered with a cloth of brocade. It was carried on the shoulders of the Count of Lerma, Don Juan de Borja and the

other companions who guarded him, though the Grandees took it from the Palace."

The whole court was present, including the papal nuncio, the Bishops of Cuenca and Pamplona, and finally, Cardinal Espinosa between the Princes of Bohemia, nephews of King Philip. "But he (the Cardinal) returned to his house from the door of the church, without attending the funeral, saying he was not well, and he could better have said it was not well with the Prince: by which it was understood that his death had not displeased him." It is difficult to say whether or not Cabrera is conveying a dark hint in this peculiar sentence, as he sometimes seems to be doing when he lapses into ambiguity; or was his manuscript altered in such places, as it apparently was in others?<sup>23</sup>

However this may be, the Cardinal did attend the later obsequies of the Prince, which were continued, with sombre splendor, for nearly three weeks. The speedy arrangements cannot be construed as an attempt to hurry the poor body in its Franciscan robe to its grave with the least possible delay and gossip. The special agent who drew up a secret report for Cecil was present at the Requiem Mass on a later day and describes funeral rites which did not end until "St. Lawrence's Day and the next morning" (August twelfth).

During all of this time the body reposed in state under a magnificent baldachin in the black-draped Church of Saint Dominic el Real. There, under the royal arms of Castile, and the colors he had worn in tourneys and cane games, guarded by four kings-of-arms and four mace-bearers, with the great sword and sceptre at his feet and head, and the banners of his parents and Imperial grandparents at the corners of the canopy, lay Don Carlos under a gold brocade, receiving his last royal honors; and there went most of the mighty ones of Madrid to mourn for him, some with decorum, others with real tears of anguish. Cecil's agent mentions especially Cardinal Espinosa and the Princes of Bohemia, the foreign ambassadors, the grandees of Spain, all the King's council, and all the rest of the court according to rank. Queen Isabel and the Princess Juana, in deepest mourning like all the rest, paid their last respects to the boy they loved from the monks' choir. King Philip was not present, being still in retirement at the monastery of Saint Jerome.<sup>24</sup>

To the living silence of that holy place he had gone, half-delirious with fever, to mourn, as he supposed, for the death of Don Carlos on that stormy night in 1562. There the messenger of Alba had gladdened him next morning with the news of the Prince's virtual return from the dead. Six years! Only six years ago he had implored Almighty God with tears of anguish for the life of his only son. God had heard and answered his prayer. The life for which he had begged had become an intolerable care and burden to him. Whose fault was it that it had not become a blessing?

If Philip had stayed in Spain during the most critical formative years of this boy's life, instead of seeking glory and power and universal influence in England, if instead of seeking a new heir by marriage with Mary Tudor—and the very treaty of that marriage had been a betrayal of Don Carlos, and the first grievance he had had against his father—if, instead of tilting at the wind-mills of English greed with the poor weapon of compliance with church robbery which his father had forged for him with such crafty futility; if instead of that wild-goose chase he had made himself a companion and a true father to Carlos, giving him the guidance and understanding that good Doña Juana and the rest could hardly have bestowed, would all have been different? Was Dietrichstein right in saying that education might have made something of Don Carlos?

It was almost inevitable that questions of this sort must have gone through his lonely and agonized mind. Philip, stubborn though he was in carrying out a course of action he had decided upon, could look on his past actions objectively, and frequently admitted his mistakes. It was no secret, for example, that he regretted the whole English venture as a colossal blunder, and must have realized that the worst part of that folly was his own setting up of Elizabeth and Cecil to mock him all the rest of his life. What else went through that mysterious mind during those four days men will probably never know. Surely nothing very pleasant.

"I write what I have seen and heard," concludes the well-informed Cabrera who, like his father and grandfather, enjoyed the confidence of the greatest statesmen of this time. He adds cautiously that "various things were said in and out of Spain," without saying what they were. One of them undoubtedly was that Philip had had his son quietly put to death in prison. William of Orange was the first to make this accusation publicly, giving reasons which, as Stirling-Maxwell has said, are contrary to known facts and discredit the whole statement.<sup>25</sup> But the story grew and was widely believed and embellished. One version was that Carlos had been strangled in prison; another that he was beheaded. The most common story, of course, was that the King had got Doctor Olivares to give him a *bocado*.

Catherine de' Medici accepted Philip's version of the affair, and expressed her keen sympathy for him in his affliction. Yet, six years later, in rebuking her son the Duke of Alençon for disloyalty to his brother the King, she sharply reminded him that "The King of Spain for less cause put his only son to death in prison" whereat the Duke began to weep bitterly and fell on his knees before his royal brother.<sup>26</sup>

Now, Catherine was a highly emotional woman who frequently said whatever was most useful for the purpose of the moment. In 1574 she was angry at Philip for not marrying her second daughter Marguerite. Consequently, her testimony is of doubtful value, especially where, as in the present instance, it has no support stronger than gossip. Philip himself had a statement prepared in which it was said that the death of the Prince was caused by his own excesses. This was generally accepted in Spain.

Of late years, as the discovery of archives has exposed the falsity of so much of the "black legend" about Spain, the



tendency of historians has been to exonerate Philip. Hume thinks him justified in confining his son, and holds him entitled at least to the benefit of the doubt as to the death, to which he adds, "nature and the Prince's mad excesses had apparently condemned him" in any case.<sup>27</sup> Merriman also reasonably argues that "perhaps the best of all reasons for believing Philip to be innocent of the crime with which, before the days of critical historical scholarship, he was so often charged, is that it was unnecessary for the attainment of his ends; for he must have foreseen that Don Carlos' physical excesses in solitary confinement would be ultimately certain to cause his death." Citing Rachfal's harsh judgment, especially on the "utterly heartless" refusal of the King to visit Don Carlos during his imprisonment, he charitably surmises that "Philip's refusal to visit his son may have been due not to cruelty" but to his inability "to stand the strain upon his own affections." Both Rachfal and Merriman overlook the contemporary testimony of Cabrera that Philip did visit his son twice, and would have gone more often, doubtless, but for the advice of the boy's confessor.<sup>28</sup>

Miss Tennison triumphantly clears the King on the ground that the death of Don Carlos would have been against his interest: his marriage treaty with Portugal, in 1543, provided that, in default of other heirs, the issue of his marriage with Maria would inherit the crown of that country. This view is more generous than convincing. The treaty supposed a normal heir. To have a Don Carlos, with his temperament and his Flanders associations, on the throne of a neighboring state would have been a calamity of the first magnitude to Philip and to Spain. William of Orange was bad enough in Antwerp. What would he have been in Lisbon?<sup>29</sup>

Let us face the revolting probability that Philip was quite capable of putting his son to death under the given circumstances. The weakness of all the arguments tending to show that he was too moral, too kind or too religious to consent to the execution of his son seem based upon the assumption that in his eyes such an act would be murder. But Philip did not consider himself an ordinary individual, to be judged by the general law of Christendom. The great sword which was borne before him on State occasions and which now lay at the feet of Don Carlos was more than an empty ornament; it meant that the King, by common consent and by all the force of Spanish tradition, held over his subjects, as the representative of God's authority in the political sphere, the right of life and death.

The same right has been claimed and exercised by every government that ever existed on earth. It is generally applied, by the consent of mankind, through courts and other machinery of justice. In most civilized countries the person condemned for the public good or safety has some right of appeal; if he loses, he is executed more or less publicly. This was generally so in Spain; but there was a tradition which permitted the King, under exceptional circumstances, to have public enemies put to death in private, if the public good, in his judgment, demanded.

It would not astonish anyone who knows the history of Spain if some process were found whereby Philip had availed himself of his dreadful prerogative to judge his son. If he was capable of sacrificing his own flesh and blood to the will of God and the welfare of the State (as he said of the confinement of Don Carlos), it is quite conceivable that he could have taken the further and ultimate step, had it seemed to him necessary. The step was not great from the sort of incarceration he had decreed, with every indication that he meant it to be for life.

It is odd that his most uncompromising enemies, the Jews, have not seen in their own history a parallel to this stark and terrifying heroism. It was probably not much easier for Philip II to condemn his only son to life imprisonment (let alone death) than for Abraham to set about slaying Isaac. Philip was no less convinced than the Hebrew patriarch that God wished the sacrifice to be made. There was indeed in the Spanish character (whether from centuries of persecution and righteous warfare, whether from the incalculable mixture of Jewish blood that had gone into the making of the complex racial strain) a ruthless austerity, especially in dealing with the enemies of God, that has no closer parallel in history than the annals of the ancient Hebrews.

The names of Sisera and Holofernes are only two that suggest the thousands of executions, without formal judicial process, whose righteousness no child of Israel in his right senses would have questioned. Some of this stern rigor in holy affairs was carried over from the Synagogue to the Church, and even travestied and exaggerated by Calvinism and other spurious forms of Christianity. King David would have understood King Philip II and Pope Pius V better than the harassed and neurotic Jewish mind of the Talmudic age has understood them.

As for methods, Philip's treatment of Montigny shows plainly that he did not consider publicity a requisite of trial or execution, once he and his Council had found a man guilty of high treason. In Alba's requisition of the property of the Baron, November sixth, 1568, he accused him of high treason and *lèse majesté* as one of the principal organizers of a secret, oath-bound association against the King's authority: of inciting rebellion by promises, threats and propaganda; of plotting against the life of Granvelle and causing his retirement, to the public hurt; of having consented with Orange and others at Breda to bring an army of 4,000 horse and four regiments of the infantry from Germany to oppose the King; and of having said that Coligny was the director of the whole revolutionary movement in the Netherlands, indicating that he was conspiring with that enemy of Spain.<sup>30</sup>

The questions asked Montigny at his formal examination in the Alcázar of Segovia on February seventh, 1569, suggest the same charges, and drew from him, among many cleverly evasive answers, some damaging statements. He admitted the various meetings at the houses of Orange and others, but said they were purely social. He admitted having been at the house of

Gaspar Schetz when the lords decided to use livery in mockery of Granvelle. Most damaging, perhaps, of all, he admitted that on his way to Spain in 1566 he had visited the chateau of his relative the Constable of France at a time when Admiral Coligny and his brother Cardinal Chatillon also were guests there; and had ridden with those two illustrious Huguenots and their brother d'Andelot to Paris, conversing all the way. Coligny had said that he understood affairs in the Netherlands were upset in a religious way and had laughed as though the idea pleased him. Montigny, according to his own account, replied that it was true in certain parts, but he hoped that, with God's help and the good disposition His Majesty had made of affairs there, there would quickly be a remedy.<sup>31</sup>

Even the Grand Inquisitor, Espinosa, must have smiled when he read that last statement. The Council had little difficulty in arriving at a verdict of guilty. There is nothing in either of these documents, however, about any conversation of Montigny with Don Carlos. This might mean either of two things. It might tend to prove, as Gachard and others are so eager to believe, that there was no understanding between Montigny and the Prince. On the other hand, it might mean that Philip, feeling that he had grounds enough for executing Montigny for his conspiracy with Orange and Coligny, gave orders to keep the name of Don Carlos out of the inquiry. This would be consistent with his pride and his extreme solicitude for the good reputation of his family and of the monarchy, as well as with his later insistence on keeping the reputation of the Prince clear of any charges to his discredit. Otherwise one would certainly expect that, if he knew the gossip going about his own court and the chancelleries of Europe as to an intrigue between his son and Montigny, he would have the Flemish lord questioned on the subject.

And know it he did. His own ambassador, Alava, wrote him and wrote Alba of it from Paris fully eleven months before the interrogation of Montigny at Segovia, already referred to, and about six weeks after the arrest of Don Carlos. Catherine de' Medici had said on two different occasions, and her son Charles IX had confirmed it, that during the previous year, when Philip II seemed about to depart for the Netherlands, Coligny had assured her that the King would not go, for there would presently be great troubles in Spain as the result of a conspiracy, and both the crown and the life of Philip would be in danger. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell makes light of this astonishing testimony only by incredibly distorting it.<sup>32</sup>

Whether Catherine was telling the truth or not, Alava reported the whole story to the King at the beginning of March, 1568, and to Alba less than three weeks later. It is inconceivable that Philip, with Montigny then under his lock and key, should not have been curious to know what he would say on the subject. It seems likely, then, that since Don Carlos is not mentioned in the examination of February, 1569, it was either because the King wished no record to be made that might stand to his son's discredit, or because Montigny had been examined privately on that particular point on some other occasion.

At any rate, Montigny was found guilty by Alba's court *in absentia*. The Council at Madrid ratified the verdict. All agreed with the King that Montigny's death should be secret, and should be assigned to natural causes—this doubtless to prevent an unfavorable effect on public opinion in Flanders. Most of the Councillors were in favor of giving him a *bocado* in prison, so that he would die slowly and have time during his illness to prepare his soul for eternity. But the King felt that this would be irregular, since the law prescribed strangling as the extreme penalty for treason. It was decided, therefore, to give Montigny the *garrote* in prison.

Elaborate instructions were drawn up, arranging the last detail of what was to be done. A physician was to visit Montigny for several days, to give color to the report that he was ill. On the eve of a feast, Don Alonso de Arellano must go after dark to the castle of Simancas, where the accused had been removed for safer keeping, and taking only a notary and the smallest possible number of assistants, must read the sentence of death to the Baron. They must then console him (such were Philip's instructions) and leave him with a religious, with whom he might spend that night and all the next day, until after midnight, when, after he had confessed and received the last sacraments, and turned his heart to God in repentance, the execution should be performed in the presence of the appointed witnesses.

All these orders were carried out with clockwork precision. Montigny not only died as a good Catholic, but signed a paper to the effect that he abjured all heresy and wished to die in the communion of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. He admitted that the sentence was just, if we may believe such partial evidence: and died calmly, like a Christian and a gentleman. It was given out that he had died of an illness. Years passed before any proof to the contrary was discovered.<sup>33</sup>

The King who was capable of disposing of his enemy in this secret and unconventional manner (even if we admit that Montigny was guilty of treason, and would have fared much worse had he been condemned as a Catholic, for instance, in Elizabeth's England) was probably capable of having Don Carlos executed, if convinced that the public welfare demanded his death. But it is one thing to be capable of an act, and another to do it. There is no proof that he did do it. As Merriman says, he had no need to do it. As Cabrera observes, there were sufficient natural causes to account for death.

It was not Philip's way to parade his grief. Yet the nuncio believed that he was hard hit. "The King, as a father, has felt this death much," wrote the future Pope Urban VII, "but as a Christian he bears it with the patience with which one ought to receive the tribulations sent by Our Lord God."<sup>34</sup>

It must be added, however, that in this instance Philip carried his reticence to rather unnecessary lengths. Pope Pius V, who had felt much sympathy for Don Carlos, held obsequies for him on September first. He wished to have the same rites as were celebrated for the French Dauphin in the time of Pope Paul III; but the Spanish ambassador, Zuñiga, protested against the



sermon and the epitaphs, and did all he could to make the service inconspicuous. When the Pope proposed to send the customary envoy to Madrid with his condolence, he was informed that this courtesy would be unwelcome.<sup>35</sup> On the same day the French royal family held obsequies in Paris for the Prince. The English and other Protestant ambassadors were absent. So was the representative of Philip II. He explained that he had not yet been notified officially of the death of Don Carlos (nearly six weeks before) and therefore could not be sure he was dead.



## The Subtle Diplomacy of Philip [1568]

THE tragedy of Don Carlos was a great sorrow to the Queen. At the time of his arrest she was still convalescing from the birth of Catherine in the fall of 1567. She wept for two whole days, until Philip bade her stop grieving and reconcile herself to the inevitable. She wrote a little hasty note to her mother's ambassador, saying, "My obligation to him (Carlos), and the King's grief at having had to arrest him as he has, have affected me in such a fashion that I have been afraid to let you know of it as I should have wished; but I assure you I feel his misfortune no less than if he were my own son."<sup>1</sup>

After Easter Philip took her to Aranjuez, where the woods were in bud and the gardens in bloom. Her health improved rapidly during May, and she seemed her old self. But in the summer she began having severe swooning fits each month, with weakness of pulse and respiration, dizziness, the sensation of choking, and numbness of the hands and right arm. At first she concealed her symptoms as best she could. It was not her way to demand much attention. Moreover, as Cabrera notes, "she was the enemy of medicines" and "had small confidence in what doctors could do."

The royal *medicos*, however, noticed her bad color, and the swelling and inflammation of her eyes. Attributing her *grosse* to an obstruction (for some reason still to be explained), they began giving her very strong purges, which naturally weakened her much. The death of Don Carlos, in the latter part of July, renewed the pain she had felt over his arrest. All through August she was ill, or half-ill. In September she retired to her bed with a high fever, and increased swoons and giddiness. To a modern physician these symptoms would probably indicate a heart and kidney condition. To Isabel's doctors they seemed to spell tuberculosis.

Philip visited her frequently, and could not conceal his distress. By the end of September the doctors felt obliged to tell him that her condition was very grave. It was then well established, of course, that she was to have a child. Women were giving her amulets and various kinds of flower-water warranted to prevent miscarriage and ensure her a safe delivery. In fact, the whole country grieved and prayed, for the Queen of Peace was immensely popular.

On Friday, October first, her condition became so serious that she received the Viaticum. Philip visited her afterwards. Weak though she was, she insisted on speaking with him at some length. She told him of her regret at leaving him, and even more at not being able to please him in giving him a son, the sight of whom, and the thought of whose succession to the throne, might lessen his grief for her death. As a mother she could not help feeling the separation from her two little daughters. Knowing Philip as she did, she would not have to commend them to him. She did, however, beg him to reward her ladies and attendants, especially the French ones, according to their merits. Above all she begged him, for God's love, to aid her mother, Queen Catherine, and her brother, King Charles, in the defense of Christianity against the Calvinists, and always to keep peace with them. "I have great confidence in the merits of the Passion of Christ," she said, "and I am going where I can plead with Him for the long life and success of Your Majesty."

She spoke with such tenderness, says Cabrera, that Philip wept.

Presently he replied, "I hoped that God in His mercy would give you health, that your holy desires might be carried out by my hand, and if I had my way, Your Highness would never be touched by any care or trouble, and would have a very long life. But since it has happened otherwise, on account of my sins, be sure that I will carry out your wishes in everything, even more than duty and respect demand." He begged her to rest, and not to doubt that he would remember her, and then "spoke even graver words," which moved the dying Queen so much that Philip, "seeing her anguish increase," retired from the room.

The next thought of the Queen was to send a message to Philip's sister, who "was then sick of a tertian fever and greatly depressed and anguished over the Queen's peril, for they loved each other." She begged to be allowed to repose in death in the monastery of Discalced Franciscans which Juana had built in the house of her own birth; and the Princess "affectionately



allowed it." At three o'clock on the morning of October third, the vigil of Saint Francis (to whom she was greatly devoted) Isabel made her will, and asked for a Franciscan habit, for her time was at hand. Because Saint Louis, her ancestor, had been of his order, Saint Francis would be her protector in her agony. At dawn she was anointed, and heard her confessor say Mass. Cardinal Espinosa gave her his blessing, and the bishop of Cuenca spoke solemn and tender words of consolation, bidding her take courage to die happily through the merits of the Blood of Jesus Christ.

The Duchess of Alba, Fourquevaulx and other friends were weeping. But the young Queen was tranquil and happy. At noon she was delivered of a five-months girl, perfectly formed, who lived long enough to be baptized on her mother's breast. Isabel adored the Wood of the True Cross, asked her Lord to pardon her sins, invoked the name of the Queen of Heaven, of Saint Francis, of Saint Louis, called upon her angel to guide her, and a little while after died with great serenity, whispering the name of Jesus. She was not yet twenty-three.<sup>2</sup>

Thus Cabrera, corroborated by other contemporaries, describes one of those strangely joyous, actually triumphant death-scenes so common in Catholic annals, especially in those of Spanish royalty. Philip was grieved and shaken beyond measure. At midnight he went with Don Juan of Austria to pray beside the bier where she lay so still and white amid a forest of candles. Then, having committed his two little girls to the care of the Duchess of Alba, he withdrew to his old retreat at San Geronymo to mourn.

All Spain spoke of the great love he bore his wife, and shared his grief. The people considered Isabel a saint. When her body in its rough brown Franciscan robe was borne through Madrid on the day after her death, they knelt in the streets and begged her to intercede for them with God. They put on mourning for her. They even gave up wearing gold embroidery for a time. Everybody in the court wore black for an indefinite period. King Philip, except on rare State occasions calling for display, never wore any other color to the day of his death.

His enemies did not fail to whisper that he had had his third wife poisoned. William of Orange has been given the unsavory credit of having originated the rumor; but he may have got the idea from Calvinist sources in France. A century after the event, the official French historiographer, Mezeray, repeated categorically, as if reporting facts too well known to need proof, that Philip II had had his wife and his son poisoned.

Catherine's deferred opinion on the demise of Don Carlos has been mentioned. It is possible that, in the first shock of her grief over her daughter, her suspicious mind, full of Medicean and Machiavellian traditions, did not fail to envisage the worst possibilities. Although she had known of Isabel's illness during the summer, she had not been prepared for the ending. Neither, apparently, had Fourquevaulx. Nor is it clear that Philip himself realized the full gravity of his wife's condition before October first. For a long time, after discovering that Catherine de' Medici meant to use his wife not only as an ambassadress but as a highly privileged spy in his household, Philip had supervised her communications with Fourquevaulx. He could not trust Catherine, who was always oscillating between the Catholic and the Huguenot side, and there was always the possibility that whatever reached her would pass to Coligny and others of his enemies. It was not until the morning of October third, the day of the Queen's death, that Don Juan Manrique went to tell the French ambassador of the serious state of Her Majesty.

Thus Fourquevaulx's letter announcing the death to Catherine makes it seem a much more sudden affair than Cabrera's account. He wrote her that on October first her daughter had been seized with vomiting; this continued next day, with weakness of the heart, and the Queen's condition grew rapidly worse until Sunday morning (October third) when he went to the palace to receive her last message for her mother. Fourquevaulx then makes a statement which seems incredible in view of what he had already written of her condition on the two previous days; he says she went to bed between ten and eleven that morning, and died about noon. Some misinformation or misunderstanding is clearly suggested here.<sup>3</sup>

Catherine's reply of October twenty-eighth indicates that she was quite taken by surprise. She wrote her ambassador of her grief, and of the affection she had for her daughter, which he well knew. He was to act with his usual discretion and as he judged necessary, "taking the trouble to understand clearly what is being said about this event, writing and informing Us of it immediately, with whatever news you consider appropriate for the service of the King my son."<sup>4</sup>

Into these words of maternal curiosity and anxiety, the enemies of Philip II have read more suspicion, perhaps, than existed even in the harrowed mind of the French dowager. If Catherine had suspected poisoning, would she not have said so to her ambassador in plainer terms? To this it may be answered (1) that she may have feared that her letter would fall into Philip's hands at a time when she was most anxious to keep him friendly to Charles IX; and (2) that in any case, only a hint was necessary to so intelligent an agent as Fourquevaulx. Catherine's correspondence with her son-in-law during the ensuing weeks of emotional stress is of such a nature that partisans on either side can read into it what they will. She must have known of her daughter's death on October twenty-eighth, when she acknowledged Fourquevaulx's letter containing the sad news. Two weeks later, November thirteenth, we find her writing to Philip of her sorrow over the *illness* of Isabel, and her hope that nothing would occur to break the peace existing between him and Charles IX. It was not until the fifteenth that she wrote Philip, at the same time sending Cardinal de Guise to condole with him, as follows:

"Monsieur my son, the King your brother and I, on account of the extreme distress we have felt and still feel over the loss which it has pleased God to make us have in the so sudden death of the Queen my daughter, have been unable sooner to perform our duty of sending some one to visit you with our condolence for our common affliction. Without God's aid . . . I do

not think I could possibly bear the pain and grief it has caused me; but knowing that it is He who gave her to me and placed her for the consolation of my age under the protection of Your Majesty, I must also acknowledge that He could also take her away when it pleased Him, and if for my sins He has wished to wound me after showing me His bounty, I must conform to His will." She besought Philip to keep in his grace her son King Charles, who would never forget "the good treatment that the Queen his daughter (*sic*) has received from Your Majesty" and would always feel under obligations for it, and would render Philip all services in his power.

The day before Catherine wrote this, she sent Fourquevaulx a brief summary of what she intended to say to the King. She told him again of her sorrow and her love for her daughter, and added, in her rambling style, "Knowing how much the Queen my daughter loved him, I cannot but share this affection, and the same desire to serve him, and to see the friendship between him and the King her brother maintained as I know she desired." Fourquevaulx was to tell this to Philip, saying that a messenger from the Queen-Mother would soon arrive. In these and subsequent letters, the dominant thought was the necessity of friendship between Philip and Charles. This political motive makes it difficult to judge how real was the affection she professed for Philip. To convince him of it, she even went to the extreme of writing him letters in Spanish, not bad Spanish either, compared with her garrulous and fantastically spelled French. She usually began with "*Mos, mi hijo*" or "*Mons, mi hijo*" and signed herself, "Your good mother and sister, Caterina."<sup>5</sup>

It seems clear that Philip loved his third wife and spent his happiest years with her. Yet on the day of her death the papal nuncio predicted his fourth marriage and accurately named the lady who would be chosen. It is legitimate to inquire then, whether the King did not consider the possibility of a union with Anna of Austria before the death of Isabel of Valois.

His sister, the Empress, had two daughters, Anna and Isabel, who were of course the best royal catches in Europe. Philip, having bound France to Spain by his own marriage, had long planned to increase his influence in Germany by uniting Don Carlos to the elder of his nieces, and to keep his hand in Portuguese affairs by having the younger married to King Sebastian, son of his sister Juana. Thus nearly all of Europe would be, so to speak, in the family. Philip, as the most purposeful and intelligent living Habsburg, would have the final word in all matters of importance.

Unfortunately there was doubt as to the fitness of both the prospective bridegrooms for marriage. In the case of Don Carlos all hope was abandoned, both in Vienna and in Madrid, in the spring of 1567, shortly before the arrest of Montigny and the postponement of Philip's journey to the Netherlands. But, at the moment when Philip seemed to see Anna of Austria withdrawing from the sphere of his influence, a fortunate thing happened: Catherine de' Medici asked him to help her obtain this princess for Charles IX. Philip wrote his envoy Chantoné on May twenty-sixth, 1567 of the timely request, made in the name of Christian concord. "You will say to the Emperor," he wrote, "that holding it for a good thing, I will interpose myself and carry on the negotiation with the same will as if she were my daughter, as indeed in love I hold her, and I believe it will be concluded to the satisfaction of all, since the Queen-Mother has already asked this of me with instance, and I have offered to take it in hand, and I will proceed in it according to the will and advices of the Emperor."<sup>6</sup>

All that year, while he was watching Don Carlos and Montigny and sending Alba to Flanders, he kept himself informed about this niece. When she had the smallpox during the epidemic of 1567, his ambassador told him of her improvement on July nineteenth. July twentieth she still had her face covered. August second she was quite well, but still weak. When the French became too importunate, the claims of Don Carlos were partially revived. He might, after all, improve. Toward the end of the year the Emperor, strangely, was encouraging the Prince to go to Flanders and to marry Anna. When Portugal pressed for an answer, it was said that the Emperor would not marry his second daughter before the first. Meanwhile Anna, having seen pictures and heard anecdotes of Charles IX, conceived a violent dislike for him.<sup>7</sup> The Empress, too, was determined not to ally her elder daughter to the corrupt stock of the Valois. At one time, as Philip's ambassador wrote him, she spoke "passionately" to the Emperor against the project.<sup>8</sup>

In 1568 the Austrian marriage became an important item in the diplomatic correspondence of all Europe. With the exclusion of Carlos from the succession in March, the French felt they had a clear field and renewed their suit in Vienna, Rome and Madrid. Zuñiga wrote Philip on April seventh that he had discussed the matter with the Pope, who had been asked by Catherine de' Medici to help arrange the match between Charles and Anna. When the Holy Father observed musingly that all the troubles of France had come through women, the ambassador hastened to say that "the religious troubles of France were too great to be remedied now by a woman, and she such a mere girl and daughter of parents so Catholic, it would not be well to place her in such danger, as in France, of being perverted from the truth." In short, here is Philip's ambassador strongly urging the Pope not to favor the Austrian-French alliance, as opposed to the best interests of Christianity, at the time when Philip was supposed to be arranging the matter for his brother-in-law in Paris.<sup>9</sup>

The papal nuncio in Madrid considered the affair of Anna's marriage so important that he usually wrote to Rome about it in cipher. On May first, 1568, he reported his attempt to learn something about it from King Philip, who replied that "there are two or three things pending of which he cannot tell me more at present; but until he has come to a determination, His Majesty cannot declare his mind on this subject . . . I believe that the deliberation will arise from that which follows concerning the Prince and perhaps from that which follows from this peace of France, especially touching the interests of Flanders; and even though he thought well of giving one daughter of the Emperor to the King of France (which I will never



believe) he would not be able to declare this, because it would amount to an admission that the Prince will never be freed, or that he does not wish him to marry, or that he considers him impotent, or something of the sort; and so he will declare the contrary, denying it; and this because one of the daughters is already promised to the said Prince and the other to the King of Portugal, as His Holiness knows."<sup>10</sup>

This letter shows how closely bound together, in the mind of the acute nuncio, were Philip's personal and public affairs. Even the marriage of his niece Anna depended on the fate of Don Carlos and on what effect the treaty of Catherine de' Medici with the Huguenots would have in the Netherlands.

The affairs of France just then were causing the greatest anxiety in Rome and Madrid. Catherine and Charles had allowed themselves to be tricked into throwing away, by the disgraceful peace of Longjumeau (March twenty-third, 1568), all the advantages of the brilliant victories won by the French Catholics. Coligny and Condé made no secret of the fact that this undeserved triumph would enable them to concentrate their force against Spain in the Netherlands, and within a few months had signed a secret treaty of mutual offense and defense with William of Orange. When this news arrived, toward the end of Lent, the Spanish court was profoundly depressed. Philip's displeasure was evident. Queen Isabel was so grieved, as the nuncio wrote to Rome, that she not only wept much in secret but was literally almost prostrated by sorrow.<sup>11</sup>

Philip wrote Catherine that it would have been better for her to lose a good part of her kingdom than to make such a shameful peace. It was not merely a question of France;<sup>12</sup> this second surrender had imperiled the whole Christian cause. Pope Pius sent Philip word that he had reliable information of a Protestant plot to assassinate him, and begged him to have his person more carefully guarded, since the welfare of all Christendom depended upon his life.<sup>13</sup> Philip apparently paid little attention to the warning. On July fourth that year the nuncio reported that he went about the woods without a guard, to the great concern of his Council, who feared an attempt on his life.<sup>14</sup> The Pope also feared that the Huguenots would attempt an invasion of Italy. All that spring there were expectations in Rome that the German Protestant cavalry, lately been paid off by Catherine de' Medici with the Pope's money, would cross the Alps and bring new devastation. Philip felt obliged to have the defenses of Milan strengthened against this threat.

Worst of all was the news of what the French Calvinists were doing in the East. Not only had William of Orange appealed to his Jewish banker friend to unleash the hounds of war against Spain, but the official French ambassador at Constantinople, who was a Huguenot, was arranging with Piali Pasha for a league of all the Protestant powers with the Turks, for the conquest of Italy and the ruin and overthrow of Spain and the other Catholic powers; promising that after the destruction of Christendom "they would all unite together and be of one faith with the Turks."

This infamous intrigue was carried on from the fall of 1567 to the spring of 1568. Philip heard of it from the Papal Secretary of State, who remarked that such a proposal would ordinarily be laughable, but in the present state of Christendom gave grounds for serious dread.<sup>15</sup> Small wonder that at Rome the Huguenots and other Calvinists were not considered Christians at all; and that Saint Pius told Zuñiga he hoped that, after Philip finished with the business of Flanders, he would carry on a crusade against Geneva, "for he desires nothing so much as to see that seminary of all the heresies of the world destroyed and burned to the ground."<sup>16</sup>

In the spring of 1568 Philip was disgusted with his mother-in-law. It was not that Catherine wanted the Huguenots to rule, but she was almost as fearful of the Guises. Pius V remarked one day that that family was most devoted to religion, but he sometimes thought there was as much self-interest as holy zeal in their devotion; and the covetous ambition of the Cardinal of Lorraine, he said, was the true reason for Catherine's distrust of them.<sup>17</sup> Desiring the friendship of Philip II (for without it she might be at the mercy of Coligny) she also wished to avoid any situation in which Philip or the Guises might dictate to her. It was characteristic of her that, soon after surrendering to Coligny and Condé in the spring of 1568, she planned to have them both assassinated. Fortunately, she had the temerity to broach the subject to Pope Pius, who at once condemned the idea, saying that he could not approve or advise it, or even in conscience allow himself to imagine such a thing. So Philip's ambassador reported, adding that the Pope was certainly right, for such a deed would do great harm to the Christian cause.<sup>18</sup>

Philip, on his side, no longer feared the united militaristic France of Francis I and Henry II. But he was far-sighted enough to see what Catherine seldom, if ever, saw: the general direction of the Protestant revolution. Hence he wished above all things to see the Huguenots crushed; but he no longer had any motive for the close alliance he had sought in marrying Elizabeth of Valois. Various circumstances were making it advisable, on the contrary, to strengthen his ties with the Empire, to fortify his positions in the Netherlands and in Italy. The need of this new orientation of Spanish policy must have become clear during the last weeks of Lent in 1568.

Apparently this was the time, too, when Philip had his first attack of gout. A postscript of a dispatch by the nuncio gives the first hint of it: "The King has been ill quite a few days with gout in the right hand, which was swollen. Yet he does not admit that it is gout. He has had some fever with it, and has been in bed. Now that they have bled him he is well again and will go away to keep Holy Week."<sup>19</sup>

It was small consolation to Philip, no doubt, to hear that his cousin Maximilian also had the gout, or to know that nearly every man over forty, in that age of meat diet, had gout. Gout was gout. In combination with his displeasure over the affairs of

France, it must have put a strain on his serenity, and have added to the trials of his wife just before they went to Aranjuez.

About a month after the attack of gout, and about the time when his wife became pregnant, Philip wrote the Pope, as the nuncio had predicted, about his niece Anna; casually, at the end of a long letter explaining, or professing to explain, the arrest of Don Carlos. The King denied any plot or rebellion involving the Prince, or any religious aberration; he assured the Pontiff that Carlos was unfit to reign, by mind and temperament, and that the results of letting him attempt to rule would be so disastrous that time must be forestalled. He begged the Pope to treat this as a great confidence (although he had written substantially the same thing to people all over Spain and all over Europe) and he did not attempt to explain why, if the unfitness of his son were the cause of his arrest, he had not acted before, or why, if Carlos could be allowed at large for so many years, with no fatal results, he could not be allowed to go free longer, under surveillance.

In this obviously insincere letter Philip said not a word of the Prince's intention to go to the Netherlands; but he did add a paragraph about the Princess Anna. The nuncio, he wrote, had told him that the King of France and Catherine de' Medici had asked the Pope to intervene in the matter of Charles' marriage with a daughter of the Emperor. "They have asked me to do likewise. I am writing to the Emperor, to understand his wishes, and the manner in which he wishes to proceed in this business. When his reply has come and his will is understood, I will inform Your Holiness of it, advising you what office and intervention, in my opinion, it will be suitable for Your Holiness to make in this case, if necessary. Your Holiness' very humble son, I, the King."<sup>20</sup>

Philip had had the president of his Council tell the nuncio of his letter which had gone to the Pope. The president explained that the King, out of respect for his office, could not avoid interfering in the matter, since the Princess had been promised to Don Carlos. As soon as the Emperor's reply came, he would let the Pope know his mind. "Meanwhile he desires that nothing new be done, and that His Holiness leave the thing in suspense."

Castagna protested against this cavalier manner of dealing with a request by the French sovereigns to the Pope. In such matters, involving the friendly relations of various Christian nations, it was only right that the Pope be consulted. To this King Philip replied that he had no intention or wish to exclude the Pope, but only to remove the obstacle concerning the respect due Don Carlos, so that His Holiness might then proceed with the negotiation.<sup>21</sup>

Almost immediately after returning from Aranjuez to Madrid, Philip carried out his promise, made long before, to advocate the marriage of Charles IX to Anna. Possibly the Pope's attitude influenced him. In spite of having been told virtually to mind his own business, Pius made it clear that he considered the match very desirable for the good of Christendom and of the whole world, since it would unite the three greatest Catholic kings of Europe by family ties.

On June ninth, 1568, the Pope sent instructions to his nuncio at Madrid to "warm up" His Majesty (*riscaldi S.M.*) on this project. The French had already had some reassuring news. On June tenth Zuñiga wrote his master that they had told the Pope everything was settled and that Philip had consented to the marriage of Anna to their King. "I told the Pope that I thought it was all nonsense," wrote Zuñiga. The same information got to Vienna by July sixteenth, when Philip's ambassador there reported the astonishment of the Emperor at Philip's change of mind and the Empress' displeasure. The French ambassador took it all for granted. Chantone, Philip's envoy, told the Emperor he thought Isabel would be better for Charles IX than Anna; at which Maximilian laughed, and said some people would be offended if Isabel went to France and Anna to Portugal.<sup>22</sup>

This was only a week before the death of Don Carlos. The mystery deepens when one reads in Castagna's dispatch of July twenty-eighth (four days after that event) of a conversation he had had with Philip a few days previously. The nuncio had been curious about the reports that Philip had decided to support the French-Austrian match, but "the King told me," he wrote in cipher, "that the nature of the French is to anticipate events before they happen and to say that things are done when they are only thought about," and he wondered at the news Castagna gave him of what the French had told the Emperor. He had written the Emperor but had received no reply. When he did, he would come to a decision and let the nuncio know. But now that the Prince was dead, Castagna believed Philip would favor the French match because he would have no reason to oppose it. The nuncio advised the Pope to use his good offices to the same purpose, since the union of the three countries would be so favorable to the welfare of all Christendom, and the King of France would be stronger to purge his land of heretics.<sup>23</sup>

In the six weeks that followed there were very few references to the Austrian marriage. On September twenty-eighth Philip wrote Vanegas, in Vienna, rather vaguely about Don Carlos and the marriage. On the last day of September he wrote him another long letter on various political matters. He said nothing in this missive of the marriages, nor of the illness of his wife. Considering that only the next day he was called to her bedside for the affecting farewell that Cabrera reports, the omission seems strange. But it was not the custom of the reticent King to discuss his personal feelings, affections and griefs in his letters; besides, he mentioned another letter he was sending in code, and it may be that he took this more private means of informing his sister and brother-in-law of the condition of his wife.<sup>24</sup>

When Isabel died three days later, the nuncio sent a long and sympathetic report before nightfall, speaking of the Queen's holy death, her virtues and the King's great sorrow. He added a postscript in cipher that would be astonishing if one did not know how casually such matters were dealt with by royal personages: "It is considered certain that the Catholic King will pick another wife, and the common opinion is that he will seek the eldest daughter of the Emperor; and if perchance after the news of the Prince's death the Emperor gave a positive consent to the King of France, there will be much ado about it." He



doubted that Philip would consider Marguerite of Valois, his wife's sister, "for it is thought that all the children of King Henry of France are of poor complexion and ill health."<sup>25</sup>

A week later the nuncio wrote: "The Queen's death has given enough to talk and think about." The various ambassadors had spoken to him confidentially; and the Emperor's representative "has spoken to me in such a way as to let me understand that since the Prince's death nothing had been done about the marriage by the Emperor and the King of France that could not be undone; because the Emperor has agreed with this King not to give his consent or to do anything, except through him." The Portuguese ambassador told him something even more interesting; he said "that it is already done," and that it was expected daily that a power-of-attorney would come from the Emperor for Philip II to conclude a marriage agreement between the second Austrian princess and the King of Portugal; "and that he knows for certain that he of France will have neither the one nor the other, because the oldest will be for the Catholic King, and the second for the King of Portugal. I don't know if the thing is as far advanced as he says, but I see that he is very solicitous that the King may not change his opinion . . . The ambassador of France is very much displeased, because he not only sees broken the knot he had tied, but sees prepared by the said cause the occasion of enmity."

Fourquevaux was saying openly that King Charles had had letters, before the death of Don Carlos, assuring him the good offices of King Philip for the hand of Anna; and now he was not even to have the second daughter.<sup>26</sup>

During the weeks that followed his wife's death, Philip seems to have wavered between a desire to follow his new policy of closer cooperation with the Empire, and the French marriage which would enable him to keep his promise to Charles IX. It was generally believed in Rome, according to Requesens, that he ought to let Charles marry Anna, and take Marguerite of Valois as his fourth wife. But Pope Pius, who was sounded on both the projects, refused to promise a dispensation for either. In marrying his dead wife's sister Philip would be repeating the experiment of Henry VIII, which had turned out so badly for Christendom. Pius recalled that some of his predecessors had thought God was displeased with the dispensation then granted. As for Anna, the Holy Father remarked that he had noticed such marriages within the first degree invariably had bad results, and even though other Popes had granted dispensations, he was not disposed to do so.<sup>27</sup>

All this time Maximilian was finding fault with Philip's policy in the Netherlands and preparing to grant the Augsburg Confession in Austria. The Archduke Charles remained at Madrid from December tenth, 1568 to March fourth, 1569, discussing these matters and Philip's replies, to which were added complaints of the religious laxity of the Emperor. Charles proposed the marriage of Anna to the King of France, and her sister's to the King of Portugal: but when the Emperor learned of the death of Isabel he promptly offered his elder daughter to Philip. It was probably in February, 1569, that the King of Spain received this news. He replied that "if he were to consider his personal satisfaction, he would remain as he was, but having so few heirs and no male successor, he rejoiced, for the good of his kingdom, in the overture that had been made to him, and would see how it could be arranged with France."<sup>28</sup>

So it was agreed that King Philip should take as his fourth wife the Archduchess Anna, daughter of his sister and the Emperor. This decision was not without its effect on the affairs of the Netherlands.

Alba had gone there to do certain things. He had done them. He had made what he considered just enough show of force to uphold his King's authority, to frighten the Calvinists, Anabaptists, Jews and other agitators into flight or silence, to inflict just punishment on the ringleaders, and then, when peace and authority were fully restored, to grant a general pardon. Coolly and dispassionately he had rounded up people guilty of burning or sacking churches, desecrating the Host, or taking arms against the King or his officers. As Cabrera says, reflecting the Spanish point of view, "he began to dispense justice with moderation, that none might be scandalized." With the best trained and best disciplined army in the world, the country was in his hand.

By the spring of 1568, however, Count Louis of Nassau was in the field with a large army, including 30 companies of German roysters of Count Casimir (who had gone to the Netherlands instead of to Italy) and 8,000 Gascons, Walloons, and Protestants of Lorraine. This force intercepted 1500 cavalry, sent by Alba to aid Charles IX, and on their way back under Count Aremberg, one of the loyal Flemish lords. The Catholic force, outnumbered ten to one, was overwhelmed, its leader killed, the survivors straggling through the country. Some were butchered by Calvinists whom they asked for food. Others made their way to Count Louis of Nassau and surrendered. He freed the Italians and Walloons, but handed the Spaniards over to his infantry to mow down, defenseless, with arquebusses. Count Louis introduced the Netherlands to the custom of slaughtering disarmed prisoners, following the barbarous example of Coligny, who, in the first Huguenot war, to make his men fight better, bade them give and ask no quarter.

Alba was not a cruel man by nature, but he was a soldier. In his indignation he decided that, if the rebels wanted blood, they should have it. First taking the precaution of building a strong castle at Antwerp, and having a statue of himself set up in the public square that all might know who their master was, he resolved on the earliest possible judicial execution of Egmont and Hornes; this execution took place in June.

He was beginning to have some trouble with his own troops. During the spring he owed them in arrears of pay, at one time, 3,000,000 ducats, and reported to Philip that he was having many desertions. The King managed to secure the money. Thereupon the Duke sought out Count Louis in Frisia. In a masterly campaign, during which he transported his musketeers in

carts, made brilliant night-marches and wore down the enemy with repeated skirmishes to reduce their numbers and save the lives of his own men, he inflicted a crushing defeat on the rebels. Thousands of the best men of Louis of Nassau perished. The fugitives were hunted down in the woods and slain, in reprisal for the butcheries on the other side. The superior knowledge of a difficult country, with roads so narrow that troops had to walk sometimes in single file and dikes that could be broken (as they were by Louis' men) in order to flood the meadows, was of no avail against the skill, promptness and caution of the Duke. When Alba dealt his final blow, Count Louis fled by water and went abroad to raise a new army.

The news of this success gave great joy in Madrid. Philip wrote an autograph letter of thanks to Sancho d'Avila, who had carried out the Duke's orders to behead all the rebels he could capture at Rorandum.<sup>29</sup> Saint Pius rejoiced exceedingly, and went on foot in a procession on each of three successive days to the Minerva, the Sancti Spiritus and Santiago of the Spaniards; this last in a heavy downpour of rain. Zuñiga reported to King Philip that he had never seen a happier man than the Pope, and he took advantage of the Holy Father's joy to renew his request for the concession of the *cruzada*. The great Pope spoke of a league of Spain and Venice against the Turk. Whenever he spoke in this vein the ambassador turned the conversation to the *cruzada* again, but so far without material success.<sup>30</sup> Pius wrote to the Duke of Alba, highly approving of his manner of proceeding in the Netherlands and congratulating him on his success in doing God's work, for which he said he would continue to pray.<sup>31</sup> When the Duke sent copies of the sentences of Egmont and Hornes to Rome, Pius considered them just, and approved of the executions.<sup>32</sup> Both men died as Catholics. Egmont had never been anything else. It is arrant nonsense to say that they were "the first Protestant martyrs." These executions were purely political.

Alba's success was not so gratifying in other quarters. Wires of intrigue were pulled from one end of Europe to the other to stop him by diplomatic pressure, since force had failed. The French and Flemish Calvinists communicated with the German Protestant princes, who in turn enlisted the help of the Emperor; threatening that, if he did not intervene, France would take over the Low Countries, to the prejudice of Germany. The German Protestants joined the league against Spain and elected a King of the Romans for themselves, instead of choosing one of the Habsburgs. They demanded the recall of Alba, the appointment of an Austrian Archduke to rule the Netherlands, the taking of the Estates under Imperial protection, and a hearing for William of Orange before the Emperor.

Maximilian, not sorry to enhance his own prestige, and still conscious, perhaps, of an old and fundamental dislike for Philip, had sent his brother Charles to Madrid, ostensibly to discuss the marriages of his daughters. The Archduke also took with him a long Latin instruction (it covers thirteen large pages) protesting to Philip against the actions of "the illustrious Don Fernando de Toledo" in the Netherlands. The Emperor called attention to the "very grave hatred and horror in which the present government of His Serenity is universally held, and the manner and form observed in the conduct of the war in his Belgian provinces, and how irritated are the minds of men, and the sinister and not wholesome things that are being said in all parts, which almost signify a universal alienation and exasperation, and to what dangerous and unhappy state matters seem to be moving." The troubles of Flanders were disturbing the minds of Germans, great and small, priests and laymen, he said. He reminded the King of the Peace of Augsburg in 1555, whose spirit the Duke of Alba was violating. For forty years the religious problem had been dealt with in Germany by leniency, whose justification was apparent. Charles V had used moderation and clemency instead of rigor and persecution. The real fault, said Maximilian, belonged to the Catholic clergy, and the best way to restore the Catholic religion would be to remove the prevailing scandals and abuses, and trust to sound doctrine and the example of holy lives. He pointed out to the King the danger from the Turk in the East, and said that he could not resist him alone, and must depend upon Spanish help; which of course the expedition of Alba rendered uncertain.<sup>33</sup>

Philip at once replied to this, informally, through his ambassador-extraordinary, Figueroa; letting his Imperial Majesty know that "no human respect, no consideration of State, nor all else that could possibly be proposed in this matter or could befall His Catholic Majesty, could ever turn him aside or divert him from a single step of the way he had chosen in the conservation of religion. William of Orange could never have raised such forces in Flanders without help from princes and cities of the German Empire, which the Emperor could have prevented, since they were his subjects. It was insufferable that Maximilian should interfere for a man who had invaded the estates of his liege lord with foreign troops, a traitor who had broken his oath of allegiance, a rebel who was virtually a public enemy. Philip felt himself greatly aggrieved that the Emperor should ask for a suspension of arms and truce with a seditious subject. And not only had he overstepped the bounds in this, but he had committed a gross impropriety in sending an embassy to the Duke of Alba. The sovereignty of the King of Spain over the Netherlands was undisputed, and was under no obligation to the Empire, nor was there any reason why Philip's subjects should have recourse to the Empire, and much less so in religious matters."<sup>34</sup>

Not content with this, Philip drew up a formal reply. He had never thought it would be necessary, he said, to defend his action in the Low Countries. He had expected congratulations from other princes, for he had been defending the authority of them all against rebels in general. The Emperor must have been deceived by false reports of the insurgents and their friends. . . .

"After His Catholic Majesty succeeded to the said Low Estates and assumed the rule and governance of them, his principal study and care, in those as in the greater ones that God has committed to him, has been to maintain and sustain the



true, ancient and Catholic faith and religion which he has professed and does profess, and in which he will live and die, and to keep them in the obedience of the Holy Roman Catholic Church" . . . In religious matters there could be no lawful way but that established by the one, true, just and holy Catholic Church, for she alone had been appointed to teach such matters. "And since this is not an affair which depends on Our will or Our consent, nor upon Our purposes and convenience, no human authority or respect or temporal considerations can justify an attempt to make it otherwise."

Secondly, "His Catholic Majesty has not persuaded himself, nor can he ever persuade himself, that trifling and dissimulation in this matter of faith can be just or fitting, or can fulfil the obligation imposed. Not only should the heart conceive it and the mouth confess it, but the very hands should perform it and guard it." Reason and experience had shown clearly the dangers of temporizing and compromising on eternal principles, "and from this chiefly has come the ruin and wretchedness of the present state of religious affairs."

Perhaps Philip was thinking of his own experience with England when he added, "This is a fire of evil which must be extinguished in its very start, otherwise it spreads, and is so difficult afterwards to remedy; as ancient examples and those of the present age (with so much injury and common woe) have shown us. And the condition of the times confronting His Catholic Majesty, as well as the experience which His Caesarial Majesty urges, is such as to cause His Catholic Majesty not only to avoid deviating from this principle, but on the contrary to guard and preserve that which remains with greater vigilance, and not to increase in his own Estates this evil so pernicious."

As for the accusations of harshness and despotism in the matter of Egmont, Hornes and the others condemned by Alba's court, they were all treated legitimately and juridically, were heard and defended before competent judges, and were fully and completely convicted of their faults, the crimes of rebellion and *lèse majesté*; which, under all laws, ancient and modern, Christian and infidel, and by the common consent of mankind, deserved the punishment he had meted out. And although His Catholic Majesty understood how well the virtues of clemency and pity became princes, these virtues had their time, mode and limit, and must at times give way to justice in the interests of public order, safety and peace. There was no just reason for the rebels to complain, or for outsiders to be scandalized; and as only the chief conspirators had been punished, it would be found that His Majesty had used no rigor, but on the contrary much clemency and pity, considering the circumstances. Following the order with which he began, he would come in due time to general clemency and compassion; but these must follow justice.

He denied that he had made any changes in the government of the Netherlands until forced to do so by the crimes of the conspirators. As for Alba's being both governor and captain-general, His Majesty was free to name the person he could trust, and give him what title he pleased, all the more so in time of trouble, when there was need of a minister of prudence, Christianity and rectitude, and other good qualities which concurred in the said Duke . . . This choice had displeased the rebels and men of ill-will as much as it had pleased the good citizens of the Low Countries, zealous for the service of God and of His Majesty and the public welfare.

William of Orange had violated his oath as a vassal and his oath as a Knight of the Golden Fleece, of which His Majesty was the head; he was the principal author of the plots, leagues, tumults, oath-bound conspiracies and seditions of the Low Countries, and to him must be imputed the guilt for all the evils, injuries, robberies and sacrilegious violations of churches, battles and other commotions that had occurred. Not content with all this, he had plotted and intrigued with princes of the German Empire against Philip and his subjects, and finally had openly taken arms against him, invading his Estates; crimes so enormous that there was no room for clemency while the King had arms in his hands and the vassal showed so little evidence of submission and repentance.

The Emperor would not be offended if His Majesty did not condescend to grant the truce he asked. His Imperial Majesty ought to consider how indecent and unprecedented, and against the authority of His Majesty it would be to condone such flagrant crimes. True, the public peace had been broken, but this was not Philip's fault. It was his right, surely, to defend his own. If there was danger from the Turk, that was not his fault either. He grieved for it and had done all in his power to help. At various times he had warned the Emperor of the dangers that would result from too great leniency in the Empire, but the Emperor did not follow his advice. The results of Philip's policy in dealing with religious intrigue had been so much better, and had avoided so many public evils, that he could not but feel satisfied in his conscience at having done his duty, nor could he be persuaded that his advice to the Emperor had not been good.<sup>35</sup>

Philip packed off the Archduke with this reply, and a gift of 100,000 ducats for his homeward voyage; and sent a copy of the document to France.

The Duke of Alba also wrote the Emperor, answering his protest against the executions of Egmont and Hornes. As his Imperial Majesty's letter "further touched on the universal indignation and animosity excited throughout Germany by the late executions," the Duke could well conceive "that the perverted nature of certain wicked people leads them to give everything the worst possible interpretation, the truth of which can only be committed, then, to time and to God to decide," but in order that His Imperial Majesty might hear the reverse of the story, and exercise his own judgment as to the real grounds of the justice executed on the two Counts, he sent him copies of the indictments concerning their principal deeds, which, as His Majesty would perceive, were carried to such a degree that it became impossible not to make a deterrent example of the leaders of the outbreak. It was really a formidable rebellion, and the King of Spain, as the supreme fount of salutary justice,

was obliged to give such detestable crimes their true punishment.<sup>36</sup>



The Emperor meanwhile had heard of the death of the Queen, and had had time to consider the effects of the death of Don Carlos. The whole situation had changed since he had sent his tart note on behalf of the Protestants. There was now some possibility that one of his sons might have a chance of the Spanish succession. Philip had but two delicate little girls and no male heir. It might be well to bind Philip further to his house by marriage. One political effect, then, of the deaths of Don Carlos and the Queen was to free Alba from open opposition from the Empire.

The first serious blow at the Spanish project in the Netherlands came from another quarter. Indeed, Alba probably would have had a quick and comparatively bloodless success, but for England. Cecil, whom the English Catholics called "Sinon," had been advancing patiently, step by step, to a position where he could throw off the pretense of friendship for Philip II. For nine years he had spun a web of treachery about Mary Stuart, who, as the legitimate heir to England, might unite most of Scotland and the English Catholic majority against him. He had sent Francis Russell to Scotland to spy on Lenox and her other Catholic friends, and had subsidized her bastard brother Moray. Her marriage to Darnley, Lenox's son, was a defeat for Cecil. He recouped on the intrigues of Moray and Bothwell, and Darnley's own contemptible weakness. Darnley was murdered by men who accused Mary of the deed. Further scheming got her into the power of Bothwell, who, having served his purpose as a tool, was cast aside by the conspirators. At last came the humiliation of Carberry Hill, and Mary's desperate determination to appeal to the generosity of her cousin Elizabeth. The moment she crossed the English border on May sixteenth, 1568, Cecil had her completely in his power.

Queen Isabel of Spain confided to the nuncio that she was very unhappy about the Queen of Scotland: "for they had been brought up together and loved each other dearly."<sup>37</sup> Mary was under no misapprehension as to who her enemies were. "Throckmorton, Cecil and others," she wrote, were the ones who had given orders for the harsh treatment of her servants.<sup>38</sup> Yet she trusted in Elizabeth. Apart from sentiment, was it not to the Queen's interest to protect another royal person from upstart commoners? The very existence of royalty in the future was involved in her safety; perhaps she intuitively felt this.

Cecil cared nothing for royalty. He cared nothing for England. One looks in vain through his correspondence for any expressions of that patriotic nationalism or Anglo-Saxon pride of race which preachers and pedagogues have attributed to him. Nor is it true, as some historians have attempted to show, that Cecil was a personification of enlightened selfishness, seeking only his own wealth and power. He was more selfless, in one sense, than most men. Having amassed a comfortable fortune at the expense of the pillaged Church, he was content.

If he sought power, it was not for the vainglorious thrill for which "strong men" of the dictator type hanker, but for the sake of merging his authority in an entity greater than himself: a sinister entity created by a perverted idealism; crescent, international, anti-Christian, cloaked for the moment under the appearance of Protestantism. Everyone knew (who knew Cecil) that he cared no more for the dogmas of Luther and Calvin than he did for the rosary beads he had rattled at Mass in Queen Mary's time. Yet he could write to Norris in Paris, in the middle of that year of grace 1568, a code letter fervent with a more expansive loyalty. Referring to the Huguenot leaders by symbols (one of which curiously suggests—though it may mean something quite other—an uncompleted double-star of Freemasonry and of Judaism, imposed upon a cross) he said:

"And for  and , I pray you put them in comfort, that if extremity should happen, they must not be left; for *it is so universal a cause as none of the Religion can separate themselves one from another; we must all pray together, and stand fast together.*"<sup>39</sup>

Cecil understood, as Philip II and Saint Pius understood, the international significance of the struggle going on in the Netherlands. In August that year he wrote his man in Paris: "Our whole expectation (as yours there is) resteth upon the event and success of these matters in the Low Countries, which as they shall fall out so, are like to produce consequences in the greater part of Christendom; and therefore I beseech God, it may please Him to direct them to his honor and quietness (if it may be) of his universal Church here in earth."<sup>40</sup>

He was too intelligent to look for doctrinal unity in a Protestantism already breaking up into multifarious sects and contradicting one another on essentials. The universal entity he sought was political. Its unity in the order of ideas consisted of a hatred of the opposing universal and international unity of the Roman Catholic Church. He wrote Norris to open the eyes of Catherine de' Medici concerning the devotion of "the Pope's ministers" to "the state of their corrupted Church, before the weal of any Kingdom in the Earth."<sup>41</sup> Was the God he mentioned on every possible occasion the One for whom so many Catholic Christians had shed their blood, or the Great Architect of Rosicrucian and Masonic ideology?

At the moment when Philip II and his wife were grieving over the shameful peace Catherine de' Medici had made with the Huguenots through l'Hôpital, Cecil was gloating over the arrival of that Jewish Merchant of Light, Tremelius, who, in the course of his travels from one Protestant prince to another, cementing the league against Rome, had just arrived to tell Elizabeth of the German roysterers who had gone to France to fight Catholics and to be paid with the Pope's money in France. "Emmanuel Tremelius, who heretofore in King Edward's time read the Hebrew Lecture in Cambridge and hath now been sent hither by the Count Palatine the Elector, to inform the Queen's Majesty of the proceedings of the said Elector, in sending his son into France, without any intention to offend the King and the Realm, or to assist the Prince of Condé in anything, but only in the



defense of the common cause of Religion." The Prince of Orange, he added, "hath also sent hither a special Gentleman, to declare unto Her Majesty his innocency . . . toward the King of Spain."<sup>42</sup>

About this time Admiral Coligny decided to send his brother, the excommunicated Cardinal, on a special mission to Cecil. Odet de Chatillon was now married to his former mistress. He appeared more devoted to her than some of the leaders of the Reformation were to the ladies of their choice. William of Orange was separated from his wife, Anne of Saxony, who became the mistress of a gentleman known in the correspondence of the house of Nassau as R——. R's wife, to round the circle of adultery, was the paramour of Count Jean de Nassau, younger brother of William.<sup>43</sup> The Prince of Orange himself was yet to be husband to an apostate nun, and finally son-in-law to Coligny. But Cardinal Chatillon and wife, as they were called in England, seemed models of conjugal felicity as they were met and entertained by one after another of the new Protestant nobility whose names are conspicuous in the annals of Freemasonry.

Sir Thomas Gresham, for example, was sent by Cecil to meet "the Cardinal" and his wife at the Tower Wharf, when they arrived there on September thirteenth, and to take them to his house in Lombard Street for overnight. "Having got to London," says Strype, "the Cardinal lost no time in putting himself in direct contact with Cecil . . . whose virtues he had often heard praised by his brother Admiral Coligny."

The chief entertainment of the distinguished apostate devolved upon that other alleged Grand Master of Masonry, Sir Thomas Sackville (now Lord Buckhurst), at the royal palace at Sken, part of which he and his mother rented from Queen Elizabeth. The duties of host seem to have lain heavily on the author of *Gorbuduc*. He felt it necessary on September thirtieth to write a long letter to the Lords of the Privy Council, defending himself against the strictures of the Queen, who was displeased with him for not entertaining the Cardinal better, and he rode all night to be on hand early to discuss with Her Majesty's officers how he could better accommodate the Chatillons.

They wanted plate, and he had none. They thought his glass was base. His naperie displeased them. They wanted "damaske worke for a long table," whereas he had only "plain Linnen for a square table." Then "the table whereon I dine me self I offred them, and for that yt was but a square table they refused it." He had only "one tester and bedsted" not occupied, but he delivered them for the Cardinal himself, and gave also the bedstead on which his wife's waiting-women did lie, and "laid them on the ground." Worse still, "mine own basen and ewer I lent to the Cardinall and wanted me self." He went to town to get long tables, brass for the kitchen, and hangings and beds. As there was no "naperie and shetes," he had to send servants looking for some; and "my lord of Leceter sent 2 pair of fine shetes for the Cardinall, and from mylord Chamberlan they got one pair of fine for the bishop, wt 2 other courser pair, and order besides X pair more from London."<sup>44</sup>

Such were the trials of the Huguenot Cardinal's host. As far as the Religion went, the mission was a grand success. Before the end of the year Chatillon was able to deal a severe blow at Spain and at the same time to bring Elizabeth into open conflict with the man who had made her a Queen.

Philip had sent 20,000 crowns to Mary Stuart in 1566. In the spring of 1568 he expelled Elizabeth's ambassador from Madrid, not, as Professor Merriman believes, for having Protestant services in his house, but because, as Philip explained to Rome, the apostate priest had committed the indiscretion, unpardonable in a diplomat, of loudly voicing his contempt for "the little friar" (as he called the Pope) and his "sect," which he said nobody but the King of Spain any longer supported.<sup>45</sup>

The King asked Elizabeth to send a new ambassador. He was in no position to break with her, much as he may have wished to do so. His financial situation alone made it necessary to keep her on good terms if possible. Besides the annual deficit of the Netherlands, he had to consider the mounting arrears of pay due Alba's troops. Even the superb discipline of the Duke could not avert serious mutinies, if money was not forthcoming. In the fall of 1568 Philip managed to borrow some hundreds of thousands of ducats<sup>46</sup> at high interest from usurers in Genoa, and had them shipped to Alba by Benedict Spinola, to whom he paid in cash a commission of 12,000 crowns for the service. Spinola, a "Florentine" member of an international banking firm, was then in London, professing great zeal for the Church of England. From what ensued, it is not difficult to guess how the news of the great gold shipment got to the Huguenots in France. Corsairs in the pay of Condé and Coligny lay in wait for the treasure ships and chased them into Plymouth and other English harbors.

Spinola set about to betray Philip II. For this purpose he found an excellent intermediary in the person of William Hawkins. This man's brother, the piratical Captain John Hawkins, had been absent for many months on an unsavory but promising adventure. He had fitted out a fleet to make a raid for Negro slaves in Africa and to sell them in the West Indies. In vain the Spanish ambassador in London had protested against the nefarious traffic, and against this particular voyage. Elizabeth assured him the fleet would not go to the Spanish possessions. But go it did, with four vessels contributed by the Queen herself as one of the partners in the vile speculation in human flesh. "It is the nature and habit of this nation not to keep faith," reported one of the agents of the House of Fugger, "so the Queen pretends that all has been done without her knowledge and desire."<sup>47</sup>

A Spanish fleet caught Hawkins and young Francis Drake (then on his first voyage) at San Juan de Lua, near Vera Cruz, and treated them as government agents of all ages are likely to treat notorious criminals. Pretending friendship, they dined with the leading slave traders, and, taking them unawares, slew as many as possible. Hawkins and Drake escaped, the former going to Spain, the latter to England, where Elizabeth in rage had him clapped into prison. But Spinola, hearing of this and knowing

of Philip's shipment of gold, informed Admiral Winter, who told William Hawkins, who appealed to Cecil, urging the latter, if he doubted anything, to summon the illustrious banker Benedict Spinola, and "as the case may appear (so Hawkins wrote to Cecil) to advertise the Queen's Majestie thereof, to the end there might be some stay made of King Philip's treasure here in these parts, till there be sufficient recompens made for the great wrong offered."<sup>48</sup>

Spinola consented patriotically to give his professional advice. Cecil still hesitated. It was one thing to fit out a piratical fleet on the sly to sell slaves, and quite another to seize the property of a friendly nation.

Cardinal Chatillon then played his part. He was able to assure Cecil that the money did not belong to King Philip at all, but to certain Genoese merchants from whom the Duke of Alba had taken it by force. This quieted Cecil's scruples almost instantly, and his agents removed the treasure from the ships. Elizabeth was inclined to pay back the money, and in fact promised the Spanish ambassador, de Spes, to do so. But when Alba, almost at his wits' end, sent a special envoy to protest against the act of piracy and to demand restitution, Cecil took care that he should not even get into the Queen's presence, and kept him dangling his heels in the Council room until Her Majesty was persuaded that in conscience she could not give up what belonged to poor merchants. Cecil gave it out meanwhile that "if it shall prove merchants', we may be bolder to take the use of it, upon good bonds, for an interest."<sup>49</sup>

Of course, the money was never repaid. Chatillon had the satisfaction of knowing that most of the hatred which the Spanish incurred in the Netherlands during the following months was the result of his contrivance. The lack of money caused the mutinies and other irregularities of the army of occupation, which so irritated the inhabitants. Alba was driven by necessity to impose taxes, small but annoying, even to the Catholic population. Nor was this the last triumph of the Huguenot Cardinal before he died of poison, administered apparently by one of his own servants. Six months after the seizure of Philip's money, he obtained a loan from Queen Elizabeth for the Huguenot cause. On August third, 1569, she ordered Sir Thomas Gresham to deliver 20,000 pounds sterling to "Cardinal Chastillon," as a loan to the Queen of Navarre, Admiral Coligny and others. Before the money was paid down, the Cardinal had to hand over as security a huge collar with twelve large diamonds and other valuables.<sup>50</sup>

Philip II had had almost enough misfortune for one man. As he was retiring to his cell at the Escorial for what was undoubtedly the saddest Christmas of his life (1568), worse trouble was brewing nearer home.

The Moriscos of Granada, carefully prepared by months of intrigue, took advantage of the preoccupation of the Christians with the celebration of Christ's birthday to attack them suddenly on Christmas Eve with fire and sword. Itinerant pack-saddle makers, who had made lists of people with arms, gave the signal. While the Christians were at prayer and for the most part defenseless, the long-deferred storm burst on them. All through the Alpujarras, men, women and children were slain, churches were burned, holy vessels put to the vilest uses, the Blessed Sacrament profaned, and priests slaughtered with especial cruelty. Scenes familiar in the history of Christendom—from the Crucifixion itself and the lions of Nero to the war dances of the Iroquois, the disembowelings of Jesuits at Tyburn, the butchery of Catholic priests in Huguenot France, scenes to be duplicated in Soviet Russia and Communist Barcelona and a hundred other places to the end of time—had now their gory reenactment or dress rehearsal.

The enemies of Christ did not satisfy themselves with paying off grudges, killing oppressors, attacking such unworthy priests and laymen as there were, which might be understandable. They vented their fury with peculiar, almost insane completeness, on the poorest, gentlest and humblest clergymen, the most devoted to the poor and the wretched. Tying the arms of a curate named Jerome de Mesa behind him, they hoisted him three times to the highest part of a tower and then let him fall, breaking his legs; and because he made the sign of the cross they cut off his fingers (as the Mohawks did to Saint Isaac Jogues) and sent him crawling to a pack of infuriated women, who tormented him with needles and knives until he died, calling on the name of Jesus. His mother and some friends who had comforted and encouraged him during his martyrdom they dragged to a gully, where women stoned and stabbed them to death. They offered to spare the lives of two boys, one of them thirteen years old, son of an employee of the Inquisition, the other even younger, if they would deny Christ. The younger child, Pedro de Hoz, cried to his mother to pray for him, and then begged his captors to kill him. Both boys were beheaded.

In many places the Moriscos first preached Mohammed to their victims and offered them life if they would apostatize. The Christians preferred death. Thus died Pedro Montanes and his wife, with their little boy in her arms, at Fondales, with sixteen other Christians and their curate Luis de Jorquera. Thus several Christians were burned to death in a tower in the Taa de Ferreira, while others were stoned or pierced with women's needles. A Morisca, widow of a Christian, was struck down with knives when she declared she would die for her husband's religion. The curate Torres had his feet and hands cut off and was then hanged with other Christians, including two small boys, one of them three years old. In Portuja the vicar Ajeda was struck down while saying Mass, and his altar boy slain beside him. At Mecina the curate Francisco de Cervilla was dragged from his house at night; when he refused to abjure Christ, he was slain.

At Mairena all the Christians were killed with savage tortures. Doctor Bravo was tied to a mulberry tree and urged to become a Moslem; on saying he would gladly die for Christ, he was taken at his word and riddled with arrows, then hanged. The curate Ocana and the sacristan were beaten till they fell, and then finished with knives. The curate's mother, Catalina de Arroyo, who had looked on praying for him, shared his fate. In Jubiles the curate Xaurigni was starved to death. In other places



priests were impaled on stakes. The curate at Jugar was burned. In Beija three priests were made to walk on iron spikes; then boiling vinegar was thrown on their wounds, and they were speared to death. The curate at Arcos was tied to a cross, speared, and finished with knives.

When all the Christians in Cobda had been beaten into a field with kettledrums, the curate Juan Fernandez and his sisters were stripped, together with others. The curate was then dragged into a fire. Because he called on Christ, his tongue was cut out; after which the sign of the cross was carved on his flesh with knives, his hands and feet were cut off, his eyes put out by women with needles, who then dispatched him with stones. Others, because they called on Mary the Mother of God, had their mouths stuffed with gunpowder, which was then ignited. The sacristan, Francisco Alvarez de Motina, was given to some little Moorish boys to kill, a precedent to be followed in Russia centuries later. After burning off the feet of the priest Juan Alonso and cutting out his eyes, the wretches cried, "Preach now, dog; give the doctrine," while the women gave him the *coup de grâce*.

All this was carefully planned and deliberately executed. The method usually was to get the Morisco most friendly with the Christians to tell them that the country was full of Moorish troops from Barbary, and to herd them for safety into churches and towers, where it was easy to surround them. Many of the atrocities, says Cabrera, who gives a circumstantial account, must be passed over in silence, as too horrible to be repeated. Not a single Christian apostatized, though many were offered their lives. The chronicler could compare the holocaust only to the great apostolic persecutions. Mothers encouraged their children to die bravely, sons consoled their mothers, priests in torment begged their people to stand firm and share the death and glory of Christ.<sup>51</sup>

The northern Protestant historians are strangely reticent on all this. Sensitive enough to any evidences of bigotry or oppression on the part of Christians, they seldom forget to portray any injuries suffered by infidels or heretics at the hands of Catholics or those pretending to be such. But when Christians are the victims, it is generally their own fault, for one reason or another; and the less said of details the better. Thus we learn from Stirling-Maxwell merely that a few "legal harpies" bent on collecting taxes from the people under "harsh and unequal laws" at Uxixar, "lost their lives in an attempt to improve their Christmas cheer"; and "the spirit of resentment and resistance (*sic*) spread from village to village" until fifty armed Christian soldiers were slain.<sup>52</sup>

Professor Merriman is more fair. He tells us briefly that "the Moriscos rose in arms, robbing, spoiling and desecrating churches, and torturing and murdering their Christian foes,"<sup>53</sup> though he has much more to say of such "sinister forces" as the influence of Cardinal Espinosa, Philip's edict, and the "intolerance and ineptitude" that brought it all on.

Major Hume is more exact in describing the slaughter of three thousand Christians with "the most heartrending cruelty" by Moriscos "mad with blood lust." He tells of the 800 Christian women rescued by Mondéjar as they were about to be sold as slaves to the Jews of Barbary, and of the "hate and rancour of centuries concentrated in one mad week of slaughter"; but he takes good care to show that this was to avenge "endless ignominy by outrage," and to make vivid the counter-atrocities by which the Christmas uprising was punished.<sup>54</sup>

It was not quite in this perspective that the situation was seen by the Catholic King when the evil news reached him just after Christmas. What he had to deal with was no outburst of an oppressed people goaded to desperation by long oppression, but a well organized revolution by a people who had invaded Christian Spain and drenched it with blood for nearly eight centuries; who had been allowed after the Reconquest to remain and grow rich and prosperous on the fat of the land and their own industry, but who still clung to alien customs, alien religions, and alien racial and political ties.

They had spent months organizing this revolt, electing as their king an official named Don Hernando de Valor el Zaguer (or Aben-Zaguer) who was nephew of the Moorish king of Algiers and a very capable leader. They had 180 men ready to open the gates of Granada on Christmas night and to let a secret army of 8,000 well-armed men pour in from the *vega*, take possession of the city and butcher the Christian inhabitants, including the priests. But for a heavy snowstorm and the vigilance of Philip's handful of soldiers, they would have succeeded.

What was the effect of all this upon Philip II? As he knelt in the candle-light of the unfinished Escorial those cold winter mornings, a silent figure in black, composed, enigmatic even to those nearest to him: as he knelt on the stone floor that sad Christmas Eve and beat his breast, accusing himself of sin, while a humble monk, perhaps terrified by his tremendous responsibility, listened in silence, and then gravely held up to the royal penitent the most faithful picture he could draw of his soul before giving penance and absolution, what were the blackest spots revealed behind that inscrutable mask of patience and wary caution, behind those smiles of dissimulation at which the King had become so skilful, and those evasive answers under which his alert mind followed inexorably its own desires through many tortuous and mazy wanderings of words and appearances? What did Fray Diego de Chaves, a man of no small courage, rebuke in him most sternly? For what, if anything, did he warn him of the devastating wrath of God, and the pit of Hell yawning beneath the feet of Kings?

It would be fascinating to have the answers to these questions, if only one could pierce that sacramental veil and the mystery of a most elusive personality. But having neither the avenging rancor of William of Orange, nor the omniscience of some modern popular biographers, one can only leave most of the mystery still a mystery.

There is no direct evidence to support the accusations of his foes that Philip had either Don Carlos or his wife put to

death. In each case the natural causes are sufficient. If the correspondence here reviewed raises the suspicion that Philip counted cold-bloodedly on these deaths in his foreign policy, it may be answered that both medical histories foreshadowed the possibilities; and that any ruler of the time, threatened by the most alarming dangers, would have felt obliged to take all future accidents into account.

Philip may have thought, "If Don Carlos dies, I must keep the French from getting Anna of Austria." When his wife became ill, he may have said to himself, "If she dies, I shall have to marry again, and if possible, I will marry in Austria rather than in France"—and this without abating his natural affection for either; for a king is two persons. When he arrested Don Carlos, some of the French Catholic nobles thanked God that there was in Europe one real monarch, who knew how to put the public weal before his personal inclinations. As for Anna, if Philip had ever seen her since her babyhood, if there was any evidence of his having any romantic attachment to her,—but such was not the case. He wanted her because he needed a son to carry on his work after his death. From all information available, she seemed the royal princess most likely to bear him one, at the same time strengthening his political position.

He was probably innocent of the crimes most triumphantly alleged by his enemies. But there were theologians and authentic mystics then living in Castile who could have told him that it might be worse than murder, even, for a king to lay his hands on holy things, disturbing incalculably the divine harmony of the world. To destroy one monastery is to make possible, perhaps, an infinite number of such offenses of the flesh. To allow the propagation of one heretical opinion might conceivably result, and has resulted, in murderous anarchy for a whole nation.

It may be, then, that the worst offenses of Philip II were not those commonly urged against him, but those which in a world progressing through Protestantism to paganism were regarded as no sins at all, or even as virtues. What is called his bigotry, actually such love for Christ as he was capable of, may have been his foremost claim to the mercy of Christ. But there was another side of the ledger, of which it must be asked, how much did Philip do to restrict or frustrate the operation of Christ's grace upon the world? He set Protestantism above the world in England. He weakened the Church in a critical moment by making war on its head. By breaking faith with the King of France to gain himself a congenial fourth wife, he prolonged the wretched jealousy between the two leading Catholic powers.

At Rome it was believed that Philip was almost as ruthless and rapacious toward the Church as his father had been. He was less truculent about it, but his quieter and more plausible technique had often very similar results. True, he favored, urged, and helped to carry through the Council of Trent, and had the decrees published. When the reforms conflicted with some of the privileges he and his ancestors had unjustly extorted from the Popes, he forbade them, notably in Sicily and Naples. He winked at the extremely anti-clerical policy of members of his Royal Council.

A memorial of the encroachments of the civil power in Spain against the liberty of the Church, drawn up for Pope Pius V, probably in the second year of his pontificate, presents an imposing indictment of Philip's government. It declared that "the Holy Office of the Inquisition has often greatly abused its function, meddling in many cases that do not belong to it." Secular magistrates, especially those of the Royal Council, and most of all those of its members who stood nearest the King, showed little respect for ecclesiastics, usurping their rights and trespassing on their jurisdiction. In collecting the *sussidio* granted by the Pope, they went beyond the rights granted in the bull of authorization, and committed many abuses. Their conduct in collecting the *cruzada* is described as "intolerable" and "extortionate," and often in violation of the rules of the Council of Trent.

Philip himself ordered the chancellors of his realm not to listen to the protests of the clergy. He had subservient priests preach that the Council of Trent was not being violated, when in fact it was. He broke up a religious congregation at Valladolid and gave the members ten days to get out of the country. He suspended the operation of papal bulls in Spain when they did not meet his approval. Clerics were arrested for slight offenses, and sometimes condemned and denied the right of appeal. To prevent a retrial, the Royal Council ordered a judge, to whom a case had been appealed, to be arrested and taken out of Castile. Figueroa, then president of Philip's Council, defended these iniquitous encroachments with vigor, continues the Memorial; and went so far as to say repeatedly, in the presence of many persons, of whom the nuncio was one, that "there is no Pope in Spain."<sup>55</sup>

Following the example of Ferdinand and Isabel and his own father, Philip claimed as his right privileges which today would be considered scandalous. He nominated bishops and holders of various benefices. He could have a supple and adroit secretary like Espinosa made into a subservient Cardinal, and as such enriched and exalted. He could, and did, forbid the publication of Saint Pius' great bull of reform, *In Coena Domini*, in Milan, Sicily, and Naples; he referred to the bull as a perilous innovation and a public scandal. He allowed his officers to treat bishops and other ecclesiastics with gross disrespect, denying them the right to excommunicate usurers, keepers of concubines, blasphemers, and Catholics refusing to observe feasts of the Church, and to deny them Christian burial if they died in their sins.<sup>56</sup>

For these usurpations of religious functions, Philip's ministers did not appeal to principle or claim permission, but alleged ancient custom as their justification. Clergymen who opposed them were threatened with loss of the King's favor, confiscation of goods, and prison.<sup>57</sup> This held the Church subservient in Spain, and greatly increased the power of the Crown. Although it must be granted that Philip used those stolen prerogatives conscientiously on the whole, and for the good of the



Church as well as of the State, the precedent was dangerous. In the hands of men less Christian at heart it could bring about religious ruin.

Without heresy or schism, Philip controlled all power, both secular and religious, almost as fully as Henry VIII had. The results were different, but the potentiality was there. With all his services to the Holy See and his protestations of devotion, Philip often gave the painful impression that much as he wanted the Pope revered by other men, he considered himself, as King of Spain, a sort of superpope. He defended Christendom but expected to be paid for it. In seeking concessions of Church revenues, he allowed his ambassadors at Rome to go to offensive lengths.

It was hazardous for a Pontiff to praise him before a Spanish ambassador. There followed, as night follows day, a request for financial aid. When Saint Pius commended him, for example, for opposing the Emperor's plan to compromise on religion in Austria, Requesens immediately renewed his importunities for the *cruzada*. Note the cynical tone of his report to Philip, near the end of 1568:

"As I saw his Holiness in this mood of blandishment, I thought it a convenient time to give him a hand on the matters of jurisdiction . . . I told him that, having oft considered the estate Christendom was in, being mindful of Flanders, France, Germany and England, and even the heretics each day being discovered in Italy, I would think much less of this if I did not fear the small unanimity existing between His Holiness and Your Majesty; and that I held it for certain that the Devil was busying himself in breaking it up more than in any other thing . . . and that it was a great pity that since the zeal of Your Majesty is the same as that of His Holiness, and your ends and interests one, the Devil should have put between you these matters of jurisdiction, which alone could keep Your Majesty and His Holiness disunited."

He went on to specify the reform of religious orders, which Philip wanted all in his own hands; the Moriscos of Valencia, and other matters. He wished the Pope not to insist on having Cardinals, bishops and other churchmen live in their benefices and attend personally to their administration, as the Council of Trent provided. He argued that Pius was too rigorous in reforming the higher clergy in Spain, when he had not yet completed the intricate task of reform in Rome. "And on this subject I gave him a great hand on the abuses of the Curia, telling him I did not wish to reprehend the actions of His Holiness, since they did not concern me; that I said it only to excuse the ministers of Your Majesty. . . ." <sup>58</sup>

The Pope listened to all this quietly, and thanked the ambassador for his good intentions and his zeal; adding that he was well aware that the disputes over jurisdiction and other matters were the Devil's work, but that it was not *his* fault. Neither did he blame Philip II. He did blame Philip's ministers.

Through the papal nuncio at Madrid the Holy Father communicated his ideas to the King in no such guarded terms. At the end of his secretary's letter expressing his grief over the Queen's death and his fears for the possible consequences, together with his prayer that God would inspire Philip and Charles IX to do His holy will, there was a postscript in cipher instructing the nuncio to await an opportunity, after the funeral rites were over and Philip had adapted himself to his widowhood, to say that "should His Majesty be resolved through the acts of his ministers to despoil this Holy See of its authority in any case, His Holiness, not with temporal force but with that which will be granted him by the Lord God, will make all vigorous and active resistance, *even to the shedding of his blood*." <sup>59</sup>

There is another memorandum, made apparently for Pope Pius V in 1566, of the various sums of money Philip had diverted from the income of the Church for his own use, by concessions wrung from reluctant Popes. By absorbing the grand-mastership of military orders (a policy begun by Ferdinand and Isabel) he added from 400,000 to 500,000 ducats a year to his income. From the *cruzada* (which Pius V at first declined to renew) Philip derived 400,000 ducats per year, besides 700,000 to 800,000 *scudi* which he borrowed without interest, this for the war against the infidel, but, according to the memorandum, "used for the King's benefit with the greatest bad example and scandal in the world." Of the six to eight millions of gold ducats which constituted the normal revenues of the clergy of all Spain, Philip had managed in one way or another, to divert the enormous sum of 1,970,000 ducats per year into his own treasury. <sup>60</sup>

The paradox of this man's character—his affection for his family, and his ability to sacrifice individuals close to him to exigencies of State; his profuse pouring-out of treasure in defense of Christendom with little or no hope of getting it back, and his ruthless extortions from the clerical revenues, his sincere refusals to compromise on any teaching of Christ and the Church, and his wretched political compromises which sometimes had the same effect, as in England, or in the enforcing of the Council of Trent—this impenetrable duality of his nature is suggested in a curious tradition of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel:

One day early in March, 1569, toward the end of a long icy winter, when the roads of Castile were frozen and stacked with snow until no one but the most hardy and determined travelers could pass, Philip returned to his palace at Madrid to find a sealed message which a Carmelite nun had left in care of his sister, the Princess Juana, with directions that it be placed in his hands.

Both the King and the Princess must have known something of Madre Teresa, for she came from a convent founded by His Majesty's old nurse, Doña Leonor de Mascarhenas, where she had stopped on her way from Valladolid to Toledo. Besides, people were already talking of her sanctity, of her visions in which she saw and spoke with Christ, and of the reform movement she had begun with the establishment of a small convent, with the primitive Carmelite rule, at Avila in 1562. She was middle-aged, quiet, cheerful, matter-of-fact and purposeful. No one who had seen her dark eyes was likely to forget them.

When she made the most casual suggestion, it was usually obeyed. She had been snow-bound in Valladolid. As soon as traveling was possible she had gone to the capital, probably in one of the rough peasants' carts she was accustomed to use, to let His Majesty know what the King of Kings had ordered her to say to him. She was to write it in a note and leave it, without seeing him. When Philip found it, she had vanished.

He was considerably startled when he read the message. It contained certain information that no one else knew. Nothing now remains of it except the following fragment, evidently the end of the letter, signed "Teresa of Jesus":

*"Remember, Sire, that King Saul was anointed, and yet he was rejected."*<sup>61</sup>

Philip said, "Where is this woman? I wish to speak with her."

But apparently Saint Teresa was already on her way back to Toledo. She arrived there on the eve of Lady Day, leaving "Caesar," as she called him, to his own thoughts.

There are many Carmelite traditions about him. Madre Isabel de San Domingo, to cite one of them, always found her thoughts turning after Holy Communion to a certain person, and once she distinctly heard Christ say to her, "Daughter, I wish him to be saved." When Saint Teresa heard of this, she said the same thing had often happened to her, and gave this advice to Isabel: "Pray for him. God wishes it. That Person has passed through great trials, and yet more are to come." Madre Isabel revealed later, according to her biographer Lanuza, that the person was Philip II. It was well known in the Order that she prayed continually for a certain unnamed *gran señor del mundo*, and had her nuns do likewise; "and she said it was a great pity about him, for he had to suffer great pains on account of the deaths of persons which touched him closely; and in them she understood that some of his advisers had done him harm, as afterwards appeared."<sup>62</sup>





## The Turkish Menace [1569-1570]

OUTWARDLY the life of Philip proceeded as before. He received ambassadors and special agents with the same grave courtesy, chilled them a little and then encouraged them, and got more from their minds than they from his. Now and then he went hunting, but for shorter intervals. He was more than ever to be found at the wide desk where his papers stood in orderly stacks, waiting for his marginal notations and careful decisions. He would write on the edge of a letter, "This must be looked into," "Nothing of the sort," "Tell him to find out more about this," "I know this to be true," "*Ojo*" (eye). Another of his favorite expressions was "*bien es myrar a todo*"—"better look into everything."

Nothing was too trifling for his consideration. He would write letters to the scholar Arias Montano about rare books to be purchased in the Netherlands for the library of the Escorial. With two wars on his hands, he found time in January, 1569, to give instructions to have the Inquisition established in Mexico and Peru, where some of the little foxes from overseas were beginning to uproot the vines planted by laborious missionaries and scholars. He found time also to send his viceroy of New Spain, Don Luis de Velasco, on a voyage of exploration to the Luzon Islands, where Magellan had died in 1519 and where the Indians still cherished and worshiped a statue of the Infant Jesus, left by the first explorers, and dipped it into the sea whenever it rained. When his Council for the Indies urged him to give up such remote and apparently worthless possessions as the Philippines, the King replied, "If the income of those islands were not enough to support one hermit, and if there were only one person there to keep the name and veneration of Jesus Christ alive, I would send missionaries from Spain to spread His gospel. Looking for mines of precious metals is not the only business of kings."<sup>1</sup>

Like Caesar, he kept several secretaries busy at a time (besides writing vast numbers of letters in his own nervous, energetic handwriting). He distributed the work among them very well, made them important persons, demanded almost perfection of them. A letter must be neat and attractive as well as accurate; if there was any flaw (and however slight the error, the King's glance pounced on it with the precision of a copy-reader's), it had to be done over. He would quietly return a letter to one secretary because the orthography was bad, to another because the punctuation made the sense ambiguous.

Signing some letters for the bishops of Cerdagne, he said, "The one for the Bishop of Bosa is missing. Write it." He handed back a letter addressed to the Provincial of a certain religious order. "Do it over," said Philip. "They have only a General." A letter addressed to "*Don So-and-So of Beetria*" caught his eye. "Do this over, without the Don," he ordered. "There aren't any Dons in Beetria." He was always chary of permitting that jealously guarded title. Once he struck it out of a paper transferring an office from a father to his son, observing drily, "Let him not have it, for his father hasn't it." When a cleric asked permission to have his daughter inherit 700,000 ducats of his enormous fortune, Philip said, "A hundred is enough for the daughter of a clergyman." But he gave pensions to the Irish bishops and some of the poor Irish and English priests who were living as exiles, almost penniless, in Spain. He handed back a long alphabetical list of State officials' salaries, pointing out that one of them, a surgeon of the house of Castile, was dead. He observed the greatest secrecy himself as to things told him, and insisted that all his secretaries and other servants do likewise. Woe to the poor wretch who betrayed the contents of any of the royal correspondence.

When he returned from his prayers to his desk just after the gloomy Christmastide of 1568, he found waiting for him a letter from his half-brother, Don Juan of Austria. It was a request, in naively fervent language, for permission to deal with the late unpleasantness in Granada.

"I have heard of the state of rebellion of the Moriscos of Granada," wrote Don Juan, ". . . and as the reparation of Your Majesty's reputation, honor, and grandeur, insulted by these malcontents, touches me very nearly, I cannot restrain myself within the obedience and entire submission of myself in all things to Your Majesty's will, which I have always evinced, nor

help making manifest my desire, and entreating Your Majesty that, as it is the glory of Kings to be constant in the bestowal of their favors and to raise up and make men by their power, Your Majesty will use me, who am of your making, in the chastisement of these people, because it is known that I may be trusted beyond most others, and that no one will act more vigorously against these wretches than I. I confess that they are not people who deserve to be made of great account; but because even vile minds grow proud if they possess any strength, and this is not, as I am informed, wanting to these rebels; and because this power should be taken from them; and the Marqués of Mondéjar not being strong enough for this purpose (having fallen out with the President, as I am told, and being but little obeyed, and unwillingly); and as some person must be sent thither, and my nature leads me to these pursuits, and I am as obedient to Your Majesty's royal will as the clay to the hand of the potter, it appeared to me that I should be wanting in love and inclination and duty toward Your Majesty, if I did not offer myself for this post.

"Although I know that those who serve Your Majesty are safe in your royal hands, and ought not to ask, yet I trust that what I have done may be considered rather a merit than a fault. If I obtain the position which is the object of my desire, I shall be sufficiently rewarded. To this end I came from Abrojo, which, but for the sake of Your Majesty's services, and the importance of the occasion, I should not have ventured to do without the express command of Your Majesty. May our Lord preserve, for many years, the sacred and Catholic person of Your Majesty. From the lodgings, this 30th day of December, 1658, of Your Majesty's creature and most humble servant, who kisses your royal hands.

"D. Juan de Austria."

This letter, prolix even in an age of prolixity, and rather too obsequious and cocksure by turns, must have confirmed the opinion Philip had formed of the character of this young bastard brother. Juan was brave, loyal, generous, skilled with the sword and lance, a fine horseman, courteous and extremely likeable, devoted to God, the Church and the King. He was ambitious for glory, which might be a good or a bad thing. He was impatient, he was vain. From his impatience sprang a tendency to disobedience and insubordination. That might be only a fault of youth, and probably was curable. The vanity was worse; it would lead the boy into sensuality, of which his enemies could make use, and would make him susceptible to flattery. But a certain amount of self-assurance was necessary to a public man. Philip saw that this character, still in malleable stage, might be molded into something useful to Christendom and to Spain. Royal blood, if united to any qualities worthy of respect, still carried tremendous weight in that sixteenth-century world and Philip was handicapped by having no persons at hand to carry the mysterious prestige of His Majesty to distant places.

This boy might serve. He was not quite twenty-one; eager and alert, vigorous and without fear. He had always wanted to be a soldier. The King had allowed him to give up the career in the Church for which tradition had marked him; but, instead of putting him in the army, had incurred some criticism in the spring of 1568 by giving him a naval appointment. What was the sense, people asked, of sending a prince of the blood to the galleys, when there were professional sailors like Gianandrea Dorea to hire? And why so difficult a task as the first post of a boy of twenty? The galleys were vile. They were often lost in storms. Naval warfare was cruel and treacherous.<sup>2</sup> But Philip knew his own mind. When he and the Queen went to Aranjuez in May 1568, Don Juan rode east to become General of the Sea, with Don Luis de Requesens (recalled from Rome for the purpose) as his lieutenant.

Philip's long letter of advice from Aranjuez reveals the King's ideal of manhood: "First, because the foundation and beginning of all things and all good counsel is God, I charge you to take this beginning and foundation, like a good and true Christian, in all that you undertake and do, and that you direct, as to your chief end, all your affairs and concerns to God . . . not only in reality and in substance, but also in appearance and seeming, giving a good example to all . . ." He was to confess at each feast-day and receive Holy Communion, to hear Mass every day when on shore, and to perform his own personal devotions daily at appointed hours. . . .

"Truth in speaking and fulfilment of promises are the foundation of credit and esteem among men, and that upon which the common intercourse and confidence are based. This is even more necessary in men of high rank and those who fill great public positions, for on their truth and good faith depend the public faith and security. I urge it upon you most earnestly, that in this you take great care and heed, that it be well known and understood in all places and seasons that full reliance may be and ought to be placed on whatever you say . . . Administer justice equally and rightly, and when necessary, with the rigor and example which the case may require . . . and when the nature of things and people concerned admit of it, be also merciful and benignant. . . ."

He must not listen to flattery. He must show by his face and bearing how unacceptable it was; and rebuke those who spoke ill of the absent. "You must also live and walk with great circumspection as regards your own purity, for in violation of this there is not only an offense against God, but it brings with it and causes many troubles, and greatly interferes with business and the fulfilment of duty, and from it often come other occasions of danger, and evil consequence and example." . . . He was to avoid cards and dice, swearing, and gluttony. His table must be a model of decorum, moderation, decency and neatness.

"Be very careful to say to no man a word that can injure or offend him and that your tongue be an instrument of honor and favor, and not dishonor to any one. Let those who do wrong be punished justly and reasonably; but this punishment must not be inflicted by your mouth with insulting words, nor by your hand." Avoiding heat of temper and loud words, he must maintain



an affable, gentle and courteous deportment, and eschew needless expense, pomp and excess in clothing and in living generally . . . "These are the matters of which it has occurred to me to remind you, trusting you will act better than I have written."<sup>3</sup>

With these good maxims, and his general's commission, and boundless enthusiasm and ambition, Don Juan had embarked on a royal galley in June, 1568, as the successor of old Don García de Toledo, with Don Luis de Requesens as second-in-command and adviser. He cruised along the Spanish coast with thirty-three sail, passed Gibraltar, touched at Cartagena, Almeria and Cádiz, hunted for pirates, crossed to Peñon de Vélez and Mers-el-Kebir, and returned to Barcelona with a fund of experience that seemed later, in the light of events, providential. At the end of September he arrived at Madrid in time to say farewell to the Queen. Immediately after the funeral he left the court and was seen no more for two months. One story was that he was offended because he had been given too modest a place at the obsequies. Another was that he was nearly dead of grief for one who had shown him more kindness than he had ever received from his own mother. It might be inferred from his letter, quoted above, that the King had banished him from the court. However this may be, he retired to the Franciscan convent of Santa Maria de Scala-Coeli at Abrojo, near Valladolid, and did not return until he heard of the Morisco rebellion.

Philip, after very little reflection, granted him the commission he desired. What youth of twenty-one would not be pleased to be made commander-in-chief of an army?

By this time the rebellion had spread through all Granada and even over the Murcian frontier, with atrocities even worse, if possible, than those at Christmas. Churches everywhere were mined or burned to the ground, after pigs had been slaughtered on the altar stones in derision of the sacramental Christ. As before, the Christians were herded into towers, tricked into laying down their arms, and slaughtered with the most revolting tortures. In some places fanatical Mohammedans tore the quivering hearts out of the breasts of priests and other victims, and ate them. In the spring, as if to justify the fears expressed in Philip's decree of December, 1567, there appeared in the southern part of Spain armed bands of Turks from the East, and fierce Arab warriors from Algiers. It almost seemed as if the bloodshed and sufferings of eight centuries of heroic warfare had been in vain.

All through the south, however, surviving Christians were forming militia companies under the banners of old crusaders. Large numbers enrolled under Mondéjar. The Marqués of Los Vélez, a gigantic man who had gone to the wars with the Emperor, marched down from Murcia toward the seat of rebellion, collecting an army of 5,000 volunteers and driving the Moriscos before him into the mountains. At Ohanez he won a great victory, leaving 1,000 of the enemy dead. Next day, the feast of Our Lady, he and his troops marched in a solemn procession after thirty Christian women they had freed—the women all in blue and white, and huge Los Vélez in dark armor, with a crimson scarf, a gallant plume, and a burning votive taper in his mailed hand, riding a bay horse at the head of a host of singing men.

Mondéjar, too, without waiting for winter to break up, led 5,000 volunteers to meet a Morisco army at Tablate. Reaching the brink of a deep ravine, they found that the enemy had destroyed the ancient bridge, leaving only a rickety plank across a void, a hundred feet above the rocks and the swirling icy water from the mountains. From across the chasm the Moriscos yelled in derision. The Christians seemed outwitted until a Franciscan friar, Cristóbal de Molinos, girded his brown robe about him with his cord, and holding a crucifix aloft in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, called loudly on the name of Christ, and without hesitation started across the precarious piece of timber. As both the armies held their breath in fear, two soldiers volunteered to follow. One of them slipped and pitched to his death on the cold rocks below. The second crossed to safety. Before the Moriscos could reach the daring pair, others had followed, enough to hold the opposite pass while a new bridge was hastily thrown over the gap and the whole army followed. While the Moriscos took to flight, Mondéjar took Tablate and advanced to relieve Orgiba, the only place where the Christians had held out successfully.

In March there was a lull in the rebellion; which perhaps explains why one reads in Cabrera that before Don Juan set out for the front, King Philip and the Princess Juana took him to the gardens of Aranjuez for rest and recreation and "to enjoy the coming of spring." One day while the three were hunting in the woods where their father the Emperor had loved to shoot, the horse of the Princess, frightened when she discharged her cross-bow at a quarry, reared and threw her, dislocating and breaking her arm. The King was greatly concerned, "for he loved her tenderly." Don Juan could not bear to leave until he was sure it was no worse with his sister. Philip allowed him to tarry several days, until April sixth.<sup>4</sup> If this was inefficiency, there was something refreshingly human about it. In due course, after a ride of six days over the mountains, Don Juan arrived at Granada with faithful Luis Quixada, and received an inspiring ovation.

His orders were to stay at the capital for the present and to learn the art of frontier warfare from men who knew the country and the Moriscos. This was not to his liking. He cherished a youthful dream of shattering the infidel power by some great personal exploit. But Philip knew better than his impatient brother how much conditions of war had changed since the days of the Cid and Saint Fernando. One highborn hero with a stout arm was no longer worth a thousand vile *canaille*. Infidels also had guns and could shoot.

There was, to be sure, the case of the great Captain Alonso de Cespedes, who emulated Amadis de Gaul after a fashion while Don Juan was forming his camp. This veteran, noted for having made the Emperor's victory at Mühlberg possible by swimming the Elbe under heavy fire to get boats, was a veritable giant; it was said he had once grasped an iron bar over a gate and lifted a large horse off the ground with his legs. On the feast of Santiago he and twenty companions attacked a large body

of Moriscos; with a Valencian sword that weighed fourteen pounds, he slew a hundred of the enemy, cleaving every one of them through the head or shoulder to the girdle. It was such a feat as would have wrung a shout of joy from Richard Coeur de Lion; but alas, a small unchivalrous bullet pierced the hero's cuirass, and hundreds of taunting Moriscos hacked at his mighty corpse as they rode by.

That was the sort of thing, naturally, to warm the imagination of Don Juan. But the King had no intention of having his brother killed, or of having him lead a valuable army into an ambush to be slaughtered. Reproving the youth for taking unnecessary risks, he reminded him that he was not a soldier of fortune, but a general, whose first concern must be victory and not his own personal glorification. Alba sent the hothead detailed instructions from the Netherlands, which Ruy Gómez supplemented from Madrid. Don Juan continued to write long, impatient, self-justifying letters, for it was his nature.

"You must keep yourself, and I must keep you for greater things," wrote Philip. Not until October nineteenth, when he issued a formal edict declaring a state of war, did he allow Don Juan to take the field in person. In truth he hardly knew, until then, what policy to adopt toward the rebels. Some of his Council advised stern repression (as Don Juan did). Others believed that conciliation would have better results, especially considering the fact that Coligny and Condé had started a third religious war in France, which might involve the Netherlands and Spain. The Duke of Sesa was for driving all the Moriscos out of Granada. The Archbishop and Luis Quixada objected that this bloodthirsty policy would punish many innocent persons with the guilty. Mondéjar also was for moderation. Philip hesitated.

It is exaggeration to say, as Professor Merriman says, that "nine whole months went by with practically nothing done, save to encourage the Moors to continue their resistance."<sup>5</sup>

Requesens, for example, who arrived on the scene in April, won a victory at Frigiliano on June tenth, capturing 300 Moriscos and leaving 2000 others dead on the field, while Los Vélez marched, on his own initiative, into the hostile uplands of the Alpujarras. When the King decided, early in June, to have the male Moriscos of fighting age expelled from Granada, as a compromise more just to the innocent, things looked promising. But he could not command the weather, nor could he manufacture gold, though he was reduced about that time to allowing a confident alchemist to make some experiments. It was a sterile year, with a great shortage of food. Violent storms at sea prevented shipments by galley to Adra. Hence the army of Los Vélez had neither pay nor rations, and remained in camp by the shore for six weeks, living on fish that the men caught in the sea, swimming and playing games, and becoming more undisciplined and unruly day by day. The Moriscos, on the other hand, needed no wine, and fought for food alone; they knew the country better, stood hunger and heat well, and could move faster.<sup>6</sup> It was late July, then, after the Moriscos had taken Seron, where they butchered all the Christians, including the priests and some women, before Los Vélez got his volunteers whipped into shape and ready for action. He entered the Alpujarras on August second to look for Aben Humeya, and won a victory at Valor.

Los Vélez was jealous of Don Juan and the others. Don Juan had taken a supercilious attitude from the start toward Mondéjar and Requesens, who seemed to his ardent but not highly intelligent mind nothing but cautious old fogies. So many conflicting reports reached Madrid that the King finally sent for Mondéjar, in September, to make a personal report. According to Cabrera the Marqués satisfied Philip, but was received by the Council "with more courtesy than pleasure" and was not even summoned to their deliberations.<sup>7</sup> Cabrera intimates that the good man was well-meaning but incompetent, and that steel helmets rather than lawyers' caps were needed to remedy the situation in the South. Philip apparently came to a similar conclusion. Shortly after this he issued his edict, and gave Don Juan the permission he had been waiting for.<sup>8</sup>

As the year ended, it seemed likely the revolt would spread to Murcia, Valencia and Aragon, where there were large Morisco populations. The rebels now held Seron, Purchena, Tahali, Xurgel, Cantoria and lofty Galera. They had pirates from Algiers and Turks from the East among them. Aben Humeya had sent a messenger to Constantinople urging Selim II to launch a major attack on Spain by sea and land, in the hope of a new Mohammedan conquest. He was seconded in this by a confidential message to the same effect from William of Orange, renewing his appeal to the Sultan through his Jewish friends at the Porte.<sup>9</sup>

Profoundly disturbed, King Philip decided to go to Córdoba to be nearer the scene of operations. He left Madrid early in February, while the roads were still bad, and made his way as far south as the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. He had stopped there to pray for strength to meet the difficulties confronting him, when the first news began to filter mysteriously from Constantinople through Venetian spies to Rome, and thence through diplomatic channels to Spain, that the Grand Turk had decided on a new enterprise against Christendom.

Selim the Sot, unworthy successor of Solyman the Magnificent, had been considering two courses of action: whether he would send a great fleet and army to conquer Spain, with the aid of the Moriscos and the Algerians; or strike first at Venice by seizing Cyprus, which he could use as a base from which to conquer Italy. Two rival factions of politicians at the Porte were sharply divided on this question.

The "Christian" party, so-called because its leader, the Grand Vizier Mohammed Sokolli, was a renegade (though his confidential adviser was the Jewish physician, Solomon Ben Nathan Ashkenazi), favored a direct attack on Spain. He argued that a more favorable time would never be found; Philip, with a major rebellion on his hands in the South, his army at the other end of Europe, and his treasury bare, would be virtually helpless. France would not only leave him to his fate, but would help the conquerors. England was his enemy. He was almost completely isolated. Selim II had often said, since his accession, that



he intended to bring the Iberian peninsula back under the yoke of Islam. When could he find a more favorable opportunity than now, when the envoys of Aben Humeya knelt at his feet to promise, with tears in their eyes, that there would be 70,000 Moriscos under arms, ready to welcome him, when his fleet approached Barcelona or Cadiz? The Berbers from Africa would again cross the Straits, as in the seventh century. Selim would be lord of the Mediterranean, and presently lord of the world.

This grandiose conception was opposed, somewhat oddly, by the very man who, at the instance of William of Orange, had first suggested it in 1566. Joseph Nasi, head of the so-called Jewish party, then as high in the favor of the Sultan as he was low in the esteem of Sokolli, whom he had supplanted, had changed his mind. True, he had promised the Calvinists in Antwerp that Selim would attack Philip II to draw his armies away from the Netherlands. Many things, however, had happened since then. Selim, pleasantly drunk, had given him the Island of Naxos in the Cyclades, with the title of Duke, and the little Jew used to enjoy signing decrees commencing "We, Duke of the Aegean Sea, Lord of Andro"; though, most of the time, as Graetz notes, he preferred to live at his Palace Belvedere in one of the most luxurious suburbs of Constantinople, where he could be nearer the center of affairs.<sup>10</sup>

Like Daniel, a man of desires, he was also a man of strong loyalties and strong hatreds; and above all, a man of affairs. He got permission to rebuild the City of Tiberius as a Jewish homeland. "The Arab occupants of the neighboring villages," as Graetz delicately puts it, "were compelled to render forced labor" on the project, until, in the short space of a year, the beautiful streets and houses were completed, and furnished forth with mulberry trees to feed silkworms, and looms for making fine cloths, with which the Duke of Naxos hoped to compete with Venice. Meanwhile his financial operations expanded until he was creditor not only to noblemen of the Netherlands and to the French crown, but to Venantius, the ambassador of the Emperor Maximilian, and to King Sigismund August II of Poland, from whom he obtained valuable commercial privileges in exchange.

Joseph Nasi loved his people, and sought, with pathetic devotion, to find a compensation for their spiritual misfortunes in the possibilities of material success; and this love found an inverted expression in burning and unquenchable antipathies. For Christianity, which he had once professed for business reasons, he had a general dislike. He had three particular hatreds: one for Spain, one for France and one for Venice. He hated France because his loan of 150,000 crowns to Henry II had never been paid. He hated Spain as the chief defender of Christendom from the designs of his ancestors. Venice he hated most intensely. Venice had refused him an island for a Jewish homeland. Venice had imprisoned his mother-in-law, the rich Gracia Mendes, of whose fortune he was the administrator. Above all, Venice owned the island of Cyprus. It had become the chief ambition of Joseph, for some reason, to own that island. Selim, in fact, had promised it to him, and he meant to get it. One version of the story is that he agreed to furnish Selim with its wines, the choicest in the world, which now went to the West.<sup>11</sup>

Notwithstanding his mysterious influence over Selim, Joseph seemed for once to be on the losing side of this argument. To Sokolli's assertion that Spain would go to the aid of Venice if Cyprus were attacked, he could only repeat what he knew of the desperate isolation of Philip II. Selim more and more inclined toward the Spanish expedition. But Joseph was one of those men at whose heels circumstances seem to crouch like a dog. As Graetz cheerfully remarks, "his European alliances made this undertaking easy. While Sokolli was still raising difficulties about consenting to a naval war of this character, Joseph received news that the arsenal in Venice had been destroyed by an explosion. Joseph and the party in the divan that he had gained over for war took advantage of the embarrassment thus caused to the Republic of Venice."<sup>12</sup>

On the night of September twenty-third, a fire had started in Venice near some towers full of powder and munitions, scattering war materials over land and sea and making the solid ground tremble as if from an earthquake. The Venetians suspected that some one from Constantinople had done the deed, to make them helpless against a naval attack. This could never be proved. The cause of the fire is a mystery to this day. But the form in which the news reached Constantinople was highly favorable to Nasi. It was said that the Republic had lost so many appurtenances of war that it would take months and much treasure to replace them.<sup>13</sup> It was even said that the Venetian fleet had been destroyed. Selim the Sot yielded to the jubilant demands on all sides (except Sokolli's) for the conquest of Cyprus. Joseph Nasi, borne aloft on the tide, had a great banner made, anticipating victory, with the inscription, "Joseph, King of Cyprus."<sup>14</sup>

News of the Turkish decision to take Cyprus reached Rome in January, 1570, through the nuncio at Venice. Zuñiga forwarded the information to Spain while the King was still at Guadalupe.<sup>15</sup>

Philip had not yet heard this alarming intelligence, fortunately, when a courier arrived from Granada, with the first favorable dispatch that had come from that quarter in months. Don Juan had formed an army of 12,000 men to replace the shattered forces of Los Vélez, while Sesa established a separate camp for safety and Requesens sailed to Cartagena for arms and supplies. At the beginning of the new year the Prince marched against the important strategic position, supposedly impregnable, of Galera. Like a galley, as the name indicates, high up on a rock between two rivers, the castle had only one difficult approach, and the town was on the opposite side of a steep incline.

Don Juan demanded surrender. When the Moriscos refused, he promised to raze their town to the ground and sow the site with salt. Mining the wall, attacking and counterattacking, he took the castle by storm after three weeks of bitter fighting. His troops entered with orders to give no quarter. They gave none, slaying not only the men but hundreds of women. The

children were spared, according to one account, only because the troops demanded them as prizes. Another version says that Don Juan stopped the slaughter. But there is not much doubt that his anger over the resistance he met was responsible for the atrocity, and none at all that he kept his grim promise to raze the town and have the charred site strewn with salt. Despite the victory King Philip was deeply grieved over the cruelty his brother had displayed in his first important battle. He curtly ordered that the rejoicings at Guadalupe be confined to giving thanks to God for the victory.

Meanwhile the mighty Turkish armada was leaving Constantinople about the time Philip was entering Córdoba, then in the full bloom of its early summer, languid and fragrant, to keep Holy Week. Just so, at the end of another April eighty-four years ago, had his great-grandparents gone there from Guadalupe to receive Columbus for the first time. There in the same forest of ivory and jasper, yellowed marble and porphyry where Queen Isabel had prayed for victory, Philip heard Mass on Easter Sunday, and took off his royal bonnet in veneration afterwards as the tombs of his ancestors King Alonso and King Fernando were opened for his inspection. Noticing that, while King Fernando's casket contained a sword, there was none on the other, he asked why. The Dean replied that a sacristan had once removed it, and had broken it by accident. The King ordered his own sword to be placed in the sepulchre, and greater care to be taken of such matters in the future.<sup>16</sup>

He was just about to leave for Sevilla, April nineteenth, when Don Luis de Torres, a southern Spanish gentleman, "discreet and agreeable," arrived on a special mission from Pope Pius V. His coming at that moment brought to a climax a conflict which had been developing for two years or more between the King and the Pope.

In Pius V there burned, like a patriarchal flame, the sincerity and courage, the uncompromising insistence upon truth and justice that had animated all the great Popes. His view of his own position was similar to that of Pope Paul IV, who had made him a bishop. It was indeed that of Pope Innocent III. He had little respect for the doctrine of the two powers, Church and State, which Dante had immortalized, and which furnished Philip II and so many other kings with a pretext for interfering in religious affairs and making the Church subservient to political aims.

His was the loftier and more logical concept of the City of God, in which the secular government, being purely human, had its inviolable rights and functions subordinate to those of the Church, which God had directly established. Kings ruled, not by divine right directly received from God, as they sometimes claimed, but by permission of God's viceroy, the Pope. The King's authority, to be sure, was unquestionable in his own sphere, but he must not invade the spiritual territory that belonged solely to the Church. The Church, on the other hand, could interfere in secular affairs if the salvation of souls, which was the most important consideration, demanded. Thus, if the conduct of a king was tyrannical, or such as to destroy public morality and imperil the souls of his people, the Pope could and sometimes did absolve them from their allegiance.

In theory, therefore, the Church could, under well-defined circumstances, interfere in political affairs, while the civil government could not lay a hand on the things of God. In practice the contrary was more often true. The Church (paradoxical in her history as in her profoundest doctrines) was almost constantly on the defensive, fighting for spiritual rights against princes and politicians who loudly accused churchmen of precisely what they themselves were doing.

From this intrusion of the political upon the religious field had come many, and indeed the worst, scandals of the Middle Ages. One of the chief aims of the reformers of Trent had been to restore the balance. Armed with the decrees of that Council, Pope Pius had set out, with all the force of his mighty spiritualized will, to free the Church from the contamination of political appointments, political bribery and thimblerrigging, compromises and hypocrisies. It was as insufferable to him as it is to most Christians nowadays that a secular politician, king or minister, should dare to appoint a bishop. Even he was unable to abolish that deeply rooted abuse.

He did, however, what he could. The result was what might have been expected: a struggle even with the King who considered himself (and who was) the leading champion of the Catholic Church. Philip II had been wholeheartedly for the Council of Trent and complete reform, when there was a question only of the general principle. But when that principle came to be applied, and the application cost him something, he was quick to protest. He professed to be greatly hurt by the indignant remarks Pius had made about him on the previous Saint Peter's Day. For a whole year he and the Pope had taken a most uncompromising position. Neither would give way an inch.

Pius felt so strongly about the usurpation of ecclesiastical functions by Philip's ministers that at one time in 1569 he offered prayers that the Church of Christ be freed from the tyranny of the Spanish government. He declared that the judgment of God would punish the Kings who refused obedience to Christ's Vicar—they need not wonder if their own subjects refused obedience to them. Some churchmen saw in the Morisco rebellion and the troubles of Flanders a literal example. The Holy Father regretted having made Espinosa a Cardinal. He was convinced that Philip's chief minister and Inquisitor General was more interested in promoting the grandeur of the King than the universal well-being of the Church.<sup>17</sup> The nuncio at Madrid once threatened Philip with a papal interdict in Naples. The King replied, with unusual bitterness, that the infernal demon could not endure to see peace between him and the Pope, for it might lead to the unity of all Christians. He was then recovering from an illness;<sup>18</sup> perhaps another touch of gout.

When there was talk of the Pope's naming new Cardinals, the King considered it only his right to be allowed to exclude any candidates displeasing to him for personal reasons, or too friendly with his enemies. Zuñiga's report is illuminating. It shows how splendid a body of men the members of the Sacred College were, taken as a whole. With very few exceptions they



were learned, unselfish, and devout. It is amusing, however, to read that "Alexandrino (the Pope's nephew and secretary) is a good boy . . . Carrafa is a virtuous boy . . . Borromeo I don't know; the Pope considers him a saint, and in truth they say his life is very exemplary, but his government is impertinent, as the affairs of Milan have shown. If he had not scandalized people by his rigors, he could become pope, though not in the next conclave, for he is too young . . . Colonna is learned and a great servant of your Majesty . . . Crechi is French by nation . . . has been little in Rome . . . will do what his King orders."<sup>19</sup>

This was all very well. Philip had several friends among the Cardinals, and, if Pius died, could exclude any one too hostile, perhaps, even from the Papacy—a terrifying power for any layman to have. Yet when he learned that the Pope had sent Giustiniano, General of the Dominicans, to see him about the disputed matters of jurisdiction and try to reach a fair settlement, he was displeased, and wrote Zuñiga to have the envoy stopped, if he had not already left Rome.<sup>20</sup> When the Dominican reached Madrid he was coolly received, and stayed at the Monastery of Atocha, outside the city.

Another of Philip's grievances was that Pope Pius did not have sufficient esteem for the Spanish Inquisition. Pius believed that the Inquisitors, though clergymen, did not wish to obey him, but depended wholly on the King. He wrote the King a letter in the fall of 1569 explaining his views. He had goodwill toward the Inquisition, as such, and toward its legitimate claims as a court of inquiry into the sincerity of Catholic belief; but he could not grant its assumptions of supremacy in religious matters, and he pointed out that the very title "*Suprema*" which its high officials employed, seemed to leave the Pope out of consideration.

Both Pius and Philip have been accused of fanatical hatred toward Jews.<sup>21</sup> But their controversy over the Holy Church of Toledo, in the autumn of 1569, shows that neither one opposed Jews as Jews, or would have had the slightest toleration for any balderdash about the superiority of Nordics or Aryans over the blood-brothers of Christ, Our Lady, and the first ten Popes. Pius V had already the temerity, when Pedro Bernal, a priest of Jewish descent on his mother's side, had been burned in effigy by the Inquisition of Murcia, to employ him as chaplain of Santiago of the Incurables in Rome. Now he decided to appoint his majordomo, Reinoso, an excellent priest of Jewish descent, to the post of archdeacon of Toledo. The Inquisition objected on the ground that some of the candidate's ancestors had been burned at Valladolid in 1559. The King reminded the Pope of the statute of the Holy Church of Toledo, promulgated by his old tutor Dr. Siliceo, excluding from its chapter and offices any person not of *limpia sangre* (that is to say, any one of Jewish descent) and asked his Holiness to confirm the statute; and, since Reinoso was ineligible, having relapsed heretics in his family, to make him, instead, archdeacon of Monreal, for which purpose the King would give him a letter of citizenship for Sicily.

The apparent inconsistency of keeping a man from one office and nominating him for another of considerable importance suggests a distinction in the King's mind that is often forgotten in modern discussions of the subject. He did not consider a man of Jewish descent unfit for high office in the Church, but only for office in the particular church at Toledo. He did not oppose the man because he was of Jewish descent (for he had named other such men, including Carranza, for high offices) but because his ancestors, while remaining secret enemies of Christianity, had pretended to be Christians.

It took some knowledge of Spanish history to understand this distinction. The Cathedral at Toledo was the Mother Church of all Spain. It must be in the hands of priests of whose sincerity in Catholic faith there could be no doubt. The faith and culture of the people, indeed their very existence as a free nation, depended on the integrity of their primal see. It was especially important during the wars with the Infidel that there should be no secret enemies in the very citadel of the faith on which the whole of Spanish life rested and depended. There were men still living who could remember how the secret Jews of Toledo had planned, during the war of liberation of Isabel and Ferdinand, to seize the city and slay the Christians. There may have been priests of Jewish descent in the chapter even now, whose Christianity was not questioned. But experience had shown the danger of placing families proved to be in secret league with the enemy in strategic positions in wartime. They were discriminated against not for what they *were*, but for what they or their families had *done*.

This was the whole point of the Spanish Inquisition. One reason for its establishment, in fact, had been to save Jews from attack by mobs merely because they were Jews. To show that Philip II was under no cruel or stupid illusion that men of Jewish race, as such, were unfit for high office, it is only necessary to recall that years later, having noticed that Reinoso led an exemplary life, he nominated him bishop of the important see of Córdoba, where this descendant of Judaizers carried out a vigorous reform and left behind him a glorious memory. Toledo, however, was another matter.

Another source of friction between the two powers at this time was the determination of Pope Pius to put an end to bull-fighting in Spain. Not even Isabel the Catholic had been able to accomplish that. The great reforming Pope, however, was not one to be discouraged by the failure of others. The Council of Trent had forbidden all dueling. The bloody sport which Spaniards, true to their paradoxical history, loved only next to the religion of Christ, was in his opinion a form of dueling. Therefore bullfighting must go. It is no small evidence of the moral power of this Pope, and of the essential willingness of Philip to remain in obedience to the Holy See, that, while the subject was being furiously debated by clerics and laymen, not a single *corrida* was held in all of Spain for several months.

Finally, there was the question of England. To the great displeasure of Philip, De Torres brought with him to Córdoba a copy of a bull which the Pope had already ordered published in Flanders and England—and this without even consulting His Catholic Majesty. It began thus:

"Pius, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, for perpetual remembrance: He Who reigns in the highest places and Who has all power in heaven and on earth, has willed that His one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, out of which there can be no salvation, shall be governed by one alone upon earth, namely, by Peter, prince of the Apostles; and in the fulness of His powers it has been committed to him only and to his successor, the Roman Pontiff" . . . Yet evil men had attained power and rejected God's plan for the governance of the world.

"Among those who offend in this manner is that servant of all iniquity, Elizabeth, pretended Queen of England, with whom, as in a most secure place, all the worst kind of men find a refuge. This woman, having occupied the kingdom, and monstrously usurped throughout England the place of supreme head of the Church . . . has discontinued the practice of the true religion . . . dissolved the Royal Council, and in place of the most noble men of England, who used to compose it, she has filled it with ignoble and heretic persons . . . oppressed the professors of the Catholic faith . . . appointed the most wicked preachers and ministers of impiety . . . destroyed the sacrifice of the altar, prayers, fasts, sacraments and every other Christian rite . . . deprived bishops and priests of churches . . . cast many bishops and prelates into prison, where after many sufferings they have miserably perished."

All this, continued the Pope, was "fully proved by the testimony of many grave persons, so that there can be no room for any excuse or defense; and as impieties and wicked deeds, and especially the persecution of the faithful and the oppression of religion, are continuously multiplying more and more by the means and aid of the said Elizabeth, who continues daily to strengthen and harden her heart, so that she not only despises the prayers and admonitions which are made to her by Catholic princes for her salvation and conversion, but will not even allow the nuncio, sent to her for this cause by the Apostolic See, to pass into England. We are necessarily constrained to take up against her the arms of justice, and cannot but feel great displeasure at having to proceed against one whose ancestors so well deserved of the Christian Republic.

"We, therefore, sustained by the authority of Him who has placed Us upon this supreme throne of justice, although without any merit of Our own, in the fulness of Apostolic authority do declare that the aforesaid Elizabeth is a heretic and a favorer of heretics, and that her adherents in the matters aforesaid have incurred the sentence of malediction, and are utterly separated from the unity of the Body of Christ; and that she is wholly deprived of her pretended right to the aforesaid kingdom." Her people were absolved of any oath of allegiance to her. Any who dared to obey her or her laws incurred the same sentence.<sup>22</sup>

Like all Catholics, the Holy Father had felt keenly the treacherous betrayal of Mary Stuart and her ill-treatment in prison. It was feared that her enemies intended to kill her as soon as they could find a convenient pretext. In fact, it was believed that one of her serious illnesses had been caused by poison. So successful was the propaganda set in motion against her that even the Pope, in 1569, sorrowfully gave credence for a time to the charge that she had caused the murder of Darnley. Yet Mary was the legitimate Queen of England, and the Catholic cause in that country seemed identified with her fate.

The Catholic majority now realized, too late, their folly in not having taken arms against Elizabeth at the start, and how craftily Cecil had cheated them into a passive neutrality with the hope that he would not go to the extreme of abolishing their religion. Now, with their bishops in prison or slain, their priests martyred or scattered in exile, an imitation of Catholic worship (without the Body and Blood of Christ) substituted for the Mass, they were ready for belated action. Most of the nobles and gentlemen of the north took arms under the Catholic Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, with the purpose of driving out Cecil and his money-changers, and forcing Elizabeth to acknowledge Mary as her heiress. A new Pilgrimage of Grace was proclaimed. The banner of the Five Wounds of Christ was raised. The rebels marched to Durham to see the Mass celebrated amid almost universal rejoicing. They had 17,000 horse and 4,000 foot.

The crusade failed because the southern and middle Catholics were not yet ready. The help expected from Alba did not arrive. King Philip had encouraged them from the start, and was himself disposed to attempt the invasion of England, a course strongly urged by Pope Pius, who sent the English Catholics 12,000 ducats and promised them 100,000 when the rising occurred. But the King's embarrassments were many. In the end, as usual, he followed Alba's advice.

All through 1569 the Duke had been trying to get Elizabeth to return his money, which he urgently needed. Underestimating William Cecil, and being in ignorance, apparently, of how the seizure of the gold had come about, he fell into a trap. One Thomas Fiesco, a Genoese merchant in Antwerp, told him that he was very intimate with "Benedict Spinola, who enjoys a certain influence with the English Ministers"; and proposed to go to London as his representative, and through Spinola to "gain" Cecil and Robert Leicester, the Queen's favorite. So Alba wrote Philip in September, 1569. A month later he added, very stupidly it would appear, that Fiesco "has learned of a Genoese named Benedetto Spinola, by whose mediation he is working to win over Leicester and Cecil," who seemed to favor the negotiation. Alba and the King never knew, perhaps, of Spinola's treachery in urging Elizabeth to seize the gold he had forwarded for Spain. The Duke should have known at least who he was. At any rate, thus the correspondence stands.

At the end of 1569, Alba, still hopeful of recovering the money, advised the King that it would be very impolitic to break with England. When Fiesco returned to Brussels in March, 1570, he brought with him three of the richest merchants of London to arrange for the release of the English goods Alba had seized in the Low Countries in retaliation and to promise the restoration of the Spanish property in England. Alba never saw his gold. The childlike credulity of this great soldier in the



hands of the adroit men of business was possibly the decisive factor in the failure of the English Catholic cause.<sup>23</sup>

The English Catholics, meanwhile, had asked Pope Pius to excommunicate Elizabeth. This would give moral support to their cause and would encourage lukewarm and timorous Catholics who had scruples against taking arms against the Queen as long as she appeared to have any semblance of legitimate authority. In vain the Spanish ambassador at Rome begged him to withhold publication of the bull, at least until King Philip was ready to invade England. "It will only irritate the Queen so that she will behead the Catholics in her kingdom," he argued. The Pope replied that, since the English themselves had asked for the bull, his conscience would not permit him to forsake them.<sup>24</sup>

Copies of the bull were sent to Alba, on March thirtieth, 1570, for publication in Flanders and England. Philip protested vigorously. After all the sacrifices he had made in and for England as husband of Mary Tudor, he thought the Pope might at least have consulted him. Zúñiga even accused the Pope of yielding to French influence, which Pius denied.<sup>25</sup>

About the time His Majesty left Córdoba, he wrote his ambassador that the Pope was showing little respect for him when he had the nuncio publish bulls and briefs opposing his wishes on the matters of jurisdiction. He was resolved, however, to proceed with the same "modesty and temperance" he had always shown the Pope. The ambassador must represent to him "*con mucho encarescimiento*," the "disorder" he had caused and the just causes of grievance the King had. To this Philip added a postscript in his own hand to the effect that "if instead of aiding me, His Holiness hinders me in this way and many others, as he does . . . the fault will be his and not mine."<sup>26</sup>

The only favor of importance that Pius had granted him in the past year (in Philip's opinion) had been the dispensation (August tenth, 1569) to marry Anna of Austria. Philip had obtained this by the aid of the Emperor and the Empress, and by having his ambassador threaten the Pope with the possibility of Maximilian's becoming a heretic if he refused. The Pope had consented with obvious reluctance, for the public good. And now he sent his special ambassador to ask His Sacred and Catholic Majesty to join a league with Venice and the Holy See against the Turk.

The reasons why Spain should do this were so patent that Philip's first impulse, in spite of all his difficulties with the Pope, was to give his assent to the "discreet and elegant reasoning" of the envoy. The majority of his Council, save for Ruy Gómez, took a more parochial view of the matter. Had not Venice forsaken the league of Pope Paul III and Charles V in 1535? She deserved to have the same portion served to her, now that the chief danger was to her own territory. Besides, "the liberality of the Pontiff . . . in times less severe had been prompt and generous with Don Felipe, but from Pius he had had not even kind words."<sup>27</sup> Philip had exhausted his treasury in defending religion, yet the Pope had not granted the subsidy, and had hedged the *crusada* with conditions that made it worthless. If the King was to add to his already crushing burdens, he should insist on being paid for it.

Cabrera's statement that Philip repudiated this small and niggling suggestion is confirmed by the correspondence. De Torres arrived at Córdoba on April nineteenth. The King evidently had given an unconditional consent by the twenty-fourth. On that day he wrote Zúñiga in Rome that he had told de Torres he would very gladly do as the Pope wished, and would place as many galleys as possible at the Pope's disposal immediately, both the Genoese fleet of Doria and the ships in Spanish waters.<sup>28</sup> De Torres wrote the Pope the same day in triumphant vein of the success of his mission. He said nothing of any conditions, though he referred vaguely to complaints in the court about the Pope's failure to aid the King in Granada and in Flanders.<sup>29</sup>

Philip's galleys did form part of the fleet of 1570. When it came to joining the league, however, he gave a very curious exhibition of subtle and dissimulating diplomacy which suggests either that he changed his mind, repenting of his first magnanimity, or that he allowed himself to be swayed by those members of his Council who were considered at Rome almost as wolves in sheep's clothing. On May sixteenth, at Sevilla, he signed no fewer than ten letters on the subject. One, written by Antonio Pérez, appointed Cardinals Granvelle and Pachaco and Ambassador Zúñiga as commissioners, with full authority to form a League with Venice and the Pope. The King then wrote Zúñiga that he had decided "through the just exhortation of His Holiness, to condescend to this League," and would send further instructions separately.

To the Pope he wrote an effusive letter, enumerating the dangers to Christendom from the insolence and ambition of the Turk; for which reason "the exhortation of Your Holiness has found in me, as it always will find, a spirit very prompt and well disposed, understanding the obligation that rests upon me for the great benefits and favors received from the divine hand of God." It was true that his kingdoms were disturbed with wars and plots so costly as to oblige him not to undertake any new enterprise; nevertheless, "seeing the holy end and intention with which Your Holiness moves, and the just exhortation and proposal you have had made to me, and for my great desire to satisfy and correspond with all Your Holiness proposed to me, I have decided to agree and condescend in the affairs of this League, according to and in the form in which reply has been made to Don Luys de Torres." Philip added in his own hand, "I am writing it particularly to the persons I have named to treat of this."<sup>30</sup>

These last words, so casually added, were more important than they seemed. When the King wrote to his commissioners *particularmente* that same day, he told them he was sending them two sets of instructions which must be kept carefully apart: the first to be shown to the Pope, the second for their own guidance. They need say no more to the Pope at first than what the King had written him, namely, that he had decided to accept the League. The Pope might then of his own accord

grant the financial favors so long desired. If not, a gentle intimation was to be given him that there might be certain "convenient conditions," of which he would be advised later, all emphasis, however, to be placed on the King's joy at being able to cooperate. If the Pope still remained blind to the practical considerations involved, the news must be broken to him that Philip could not proceed without aid in the form to be specified in a memorial drawn up by Antonio Pérez. "I wish to do more than I promise," wrote the King to the commissioners, "but do not wish or pretend to take on myself obligations that I cannot carry out"; adding, in a postscript in his own hand, that it was not just for a man to bind himself to what he could not do without the Pope's aid.<sup>31</sup>

Sordid as all this subterfuge appears, and protracted as were the negotiations, even after the weary Pope granted the subsidy of 400,000 ducats per year, a more favorable *cruzada*, and other financial aids, it must be granted that Philip was in desperate straits. He was bearing more than his share of the defense of Christendom. When the treaty was finally signed, months later, he agreed to assume half the cost of all the expense for the huge fleet, and to make up any deficiency in the papal share, which was one-fourth. In the end he actually paid sixty per cent of the entire cost. The Venetians got off lightly, considering that the war was primarily theirs. They were to blame, too, in the opinion of the Spanish, for the disgraceful failure of the Christian fleet in 1570. The galleys of Spain, Venice and the Pope idled on the Dalmatian coast under the heat of the dog star while the leaders, Marcantonio Colonna and Gianandrea Doria, quarrelled over policies and authority and refused to take orders from each other.

It was an unhealthy year, 1570. The pest ravaged the Venetian fleet, killing more men, as the Spaniards said, than if they had attacked the enemy. The Venetians blamed the timidity of Doria, Spain's admiral. Meanwhile, in September, the Turks took possession of all Cyprus except Famagosta. Nicosia they stormed after a siege of forty-eight days, slaying from 20,000 to 30,000 people, according to various estimates, and dragging 20,000 more, if Cabrera's figures are correct, into captivity. A feeling of discouragement settled over Christendom. Even Granvelle went so far as to tell Pope Pius that the Turk was too strong to be beaten in a battle unless attacked on all fronts at once, including Africa, Albania and Hungary, so that his forces would be divided.

The Pope refused to believe that the Moslem could not be defeated in open battle on the sea. With tears in his eyes he told the Cardinal that the Christian princes had been the cause of the ruin of the Church. Let them now repent before it was too late, and atone for their fault by uniting in her defense. "Turn your eyes to God, the giver of victory," he said in substance. God was invincible, but the Turks were vulnerable, and had often been beaten. Tamburlaine had conquered Bajazet I, Ladislas of Poland and John Hunyady had won glorious victories over the Moslems, and Scanderbeg made them fear the justice of God. The Pope concluded a long list of such instances by saying that in two hundred years the Turks had won only eighteen major battles out of thirty-six, and all but one after they began using Janizaries. If the peril of the Church did not move the hearts of Christian princes, let them consider the fate that the advance of "this frightful beast" of Mohammedan conquest would bring them. What had happened to other countries should be a lesson to them. If they armed and united, God would aid them, for their cause would be His cause.<sup>32</sup>

A unified command was needed to prevent a repetition of the scandalous quarrels of 1570. Neither Colonna nor Doria could be sure of the obedience of the whole League. The Genoese had a hearty contempt for the inexperience of the Pope's general in naval matters. He himself was suspected by the Venetians and others of being too cautious with his galleys, since they were his own and not King Philip's. Alba was suggested for the post, but he was needed in the Low Countries. At this point Don Juan of Austria offered his services and was almost universally acclaimed. He seemed just the man. His royal blood would command the respect of all the generals, his youthful charm and enthusiasm would inspire officers and men. He had had some naval and military experience. His very name had a felicitous sound. The Pope believed that God had raised this young man out of obscurity for the very purpose. The opinion was contagious. Don Juan, at twenty-two, was chosen Admiral of the greatest fleet ever collected by Christendom.

King Philip meanwhile had had an almost unprecedented welcome and entertainment at rich Sevilla. Three thousand glittering minstrels, and five hundred more from Triana, sang in his honor and conducted him to the Tower of Gold, through sumptuous arches with the usual mythological mottoes and devices, between houses hung with rare tapestries, windows full of beautiful women. As he passed the prison, the inclosed wretches cried out to him for mercy. Philip sent back an order releasing many of them. At night the gardens were as bright as day with fires and innumerable torches. His Majesty was exceedingly popular there. Although the climate did not agree with him (in fact, he was ill most of the time) he departed well content with a loan of 600,000 ducats for his journey and his coming marriage, and made his way, as the weather grew hotter, through Jaen, Abeda and Baeza, back to the hills of Castile.

The change of air partially restored his health, but he was never completely well. In addition to his bodily afflictions, he suffered from the melancholy to which members of his family had been subject, and was so evidently tormented in mind and spirit that the nuncio felt sorry for him. King Philip, he wrote to Rome, felt the Moorish rebellion in Granada very keenly. Every day he was put to an enormous expense of money and human lives, yet the war was not finished. Hoping for gold from the Indies, he feared raids upon his fleet by English and French pirates said to be lying off the French coast. His expenses were incredible, and he was spending borrowed money. A heavily burdened man was King Philip. "He truly needs consolation,"



added the nuncio, suggesting that Pope Pius hearten and aid him; "for not being of strong constitution, these travails of mind could one day cause great harm."<sup>33</sup>

As summer drew to a close, this sick and lonely and troubled man prepared for his fourth marriage. Princess Anna had already begun her long journey to Spain, passing along the Rhine to Cologne, and sailing from Bergen-op-Zoom on September sixteenth. Arriving at Santander on the third day of October, she proceeded to Burgos, met her brothers Rudolph and Ernest at Valladolid (her birthplace), and at last reached Segovia, where Philip and his sister were waiting for her. She was a shapely girl, not unattractive, with blond hair and a fresh pink complexion, scarcely beautiful, but adaptable and affectionate. She was almost twenty-one. Philip was forty-three.<sup>34</sup>

There were the usual feasts and fireworks. The wedding in the Cathedral was magnificent. The papal nuncio, who assisted at the Mass, reported that with all the splendor and display the thing that impressed him most was the Christian devotion of the King and Queen, who carefully prepared for their life together by confession and Holy Communion. The Queen was "so modest, humble and devout that nothing more could be desired," and they seemed well content with each other. But the strangest feature of this royal Spanish wedding was that there was not a single bullfight. The whole nation, wrote the nuncio, had besought the King to defy the Pope in this matter, "and almost forced him to." Philip refused to give so bad an example of disobedience. Whatever had brought him to this decision, he seemed to have entered upon a new and more humble relationship with the Holy See.<sup>35</sup>

The Queen took to her heart the two little daughters of the dead *Isabel de la Paz*. Isabel Clara Eugenia was now four, a beautiful child, the favorite of her father. She was not deceived by the assurance of some well-meaning foolish women that Queen Anna was her own mother, coming back from Heaven to take care of her; but she liked her, and they became friends. Philip's fourth wife was not a striking or dominant character. She was always sewing, sewing; would sit for hours listening to a conversation, putting in a word only now and then, her high forehead and smooth hair bent over her needlework—a piece for the Holy Sepulchre, a vestment for a priest, a garment for a child. Her presence was so comfortable and unobtrusive that Philip, after a while, liked to have her sit sewing beside him while he wrote at his desk. Without being brilliant, she had been soundly educated in the tradition of Isabel the Catholic. Worldly people often said her palace was more like a convent than a court. She made her triumphal entry at Madrid on November twenty-sixth. Philip had some of the great artists who were working on the Escorial assist in the preparations to receive her. Sancho Coello painted part of the decorations for one of the arches.<sup>36</sup>

Don Juan came home for Christmas, after receiving the submission of Aben Aboo. The back of the rebellion broken, he was a national hero, his name on all lips, his fame spreading through Christendom as the Pope's choice for the next crusade. After the solemn celebration of Christ's Nativity, there were games and dances until Twelfth Night; mad gaiety at the Eboli palace, where the one-eyed princess exercised her mysterious charm over men; gaiety even in the court of the weary King and his self-effacing bride. But after the holidays all the talk returned to the coming struggle for the freedom of the Mediterranean.

By February there were alarming rumors and fears that Venice might desert her allies and make a separate peace with Selim. In the hour of universal peril for Christendom, the French garrisons were strengthened on the Spanish frontier. The Coligny faction, rising to greater power than ever, were said to be contemplating an invasion of the northern counties. At last, however, the Pope signed the League treaty, on the Feast of Saint Dominic, March seventh, and with tears in his eyes placed the Christian cause in the hands of Our Lady, from whom the great Spanish saint had received the Rosary.



## The Battle of Lepanto [1571]

*'Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?'*

THE Turkish fleet, about that time, was setting out from Constantinople, with instructions to find and destroy the Christian navies and to complete the conquest of Cyprus. Before Ali Pasha left the Bosphorus with forty great galleys, four Christian prisoners were crucified, and others skinned alive, as sacrifices to Mohammed for victory. While an army of 70,000 began the siege of Dolcino, on the coast of Albania, the fleet proceeded to Chios (April eighth) where it was joined by forty more vessels under Mohammed-Bey, governor of Negroponte. A second armada was preparing to follow from Constantinople, and Aluch Ali was cruising from Algiers with twenty more. Before the end of April the Grand Turk had almost 300 heavy warships, with a huge army of crack Janizaries and Spahis on board, on the way to Cyprus, where, on May nineteenth, Mustaphá resumed the siege of Famagosta, which had held out heroically for nearly a year under the Venetian general Bragadino.

Mustaphá loosed all his fury upon this city for three months. The Italian women fought in the breaches with their men. The children carried dirt and ammunition. Hunger at last got the better of them, and, in August, Bragadino agreed to surrender, if the Turks would spare their lives. Mustaphá agreed; but as soon as the Christians had laid down their arms, he had them tortured and butchered, women and children with the men. The valiant Bragadino was skinned alive. There were other atrocities too horrible to mention. Mustaphá went sailing off to range the Mediterranean in quest of the Christian fleet, with the stuffed skin of Bragadino swinging from his yardarm.

It seems incredible that with such dangers hanging over their other eastern possessions, and even their own shores, the Venetians should have haggled over the details of the League treaty for fully two months after the Pope had signed it. Pius agreed with the Spanish envoys, who were more tractable, that the demands of Venice were unreasonable (the nuncio blamed politicians among the Senators, and merchants with interests in the Levant), but he begged the King of Spain to send Don Juan to Italy as soon as possible, so that the fleet might sail. Yet Philip, although he had been assembling troops and ships since the first of the year, and had ordered his galleys armed on a war basis when the chief points of dispute were settled on April twelfth, refused to let his brother leave Spain until the treaty was signed. Up to the last minute he expected the Venetians to forsake the League.<sup>1</sup> He decided also that his nephews, Rudolph and Ernest, who were about to return home, must travel with Don Juan as far as Genoa. As both the Princes were ill during April, and Ernest continued so until June, the sailing of the Generalissimo seemed uncertain indeed.

At last, however, the treaty was signed, on May twentieth.<sup>2</sup> The news reached Madrid on the Feast of Corpus Christi, and the nuncio hastened to San Lorenzo, to notify the King. Philip was attending a solemn procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. It was a day he had long anticipated, for the monastery portion of the Escorial was finished, and he was formally handing it over to the Jeronymite friars he had chosen as its custodians. He would not grant Castagna an audience until the next day; but he had the Cardinal of Siguenza tell him of his pleasure over the good news, and say that Don Juan would start at once. Philip was waiting for confirmation of the news from his own commissioners. This arrived on the morning of June sixth.<sup>3</sup> He then gave his orders. The Prince left Madrid at three o'clock the same afternoon, reaching Guadalajara, thirty-five miles away, the same night. He was at Barcelona on the fifteenth. Don Juan of Austria was riding to the sea at last.



The Archdukes lagged behind, for Ernest was ill again. It was June twenty-fifth before they arrived. The flagship had to be repaired, and there was further wait for Ernest. Meanwhile some irritating instructions came from Antonio Pérez. There was a temperamental antipathy between the suave politician who now handled nearly all the King's correspondence and possessed the confidence that Philip gave so generously when he did give it, and the impulsive, headstrong young soldier. Pérez wrote that it was His Majesty's wish that he be addressed by every one as "Your Excellency" instead of "Your Highness," the term usually employed for members of the royal family. This reminder that he was still a bastard cut Don Juan to the soul. Even the royal ambassador at Rome wrote that in Italy people would naturally call him "*Su Alteza*," since "*Su Excelencia*" was used there by people of very low degree.

Philip refused to change his instructions. He foresaw, perhaps, that if Don Juan became famous, there would be a demand that he be considered heir to the throne. And it remained to be demonstrated whether Don Juan would develop the qualities which the rule of an Empire demanded. Moreover, since Queen Anna was already pregnant and seemed likely to accomplish the chief duty for which she had been brought to Spain, he had hopes again of a legitimate heir. Pope Pius and nearly all the other notable persons of Italy called the Prince "Your Highness" from the start, however, and could not be persuaded to change by any intimations from Madrid.

It was July twentieth when Don Juan weighed anchor at Barcelona, July twenty-sixth when he reached Genoa. The greatest enthusiasm greeted him. At one function there were fifty-two noted beauties to receive him. On all sides his charm and gallantry, his handsome face and fine figure, his manners and his dancing, made him a hero of society. At Genoa he parted with the Austrian princes, who passed on their way to Milan. Meeting his old friend Alexander of Parma, he proceeded with him to Naples.

The Pope was pleased with what he heard of his Generalissimo, and wanted him to come to Rome. King Philip refused to allow this. Pope Pius was compelled, therefore, to send the banner of the Crusade and the Admiral's truncheon, which he blessed, to Naples, where, on August second, an immense crowd gathered to hear Mass, and to see Don Juan seated in a throne on the steps of the high altar in Santa Chiara, a noble figure in steel armor, spangled with gold, his shoulders draped with the decoration of the Golden Fleece, even his hair golden in the soft multicolored light of the old church. After Mass Cardinal Granvelle, as viceroy of Naples and a Prince of the Church, presented to him the truncheon and the azure banner on which was emblazoned the figure of Christ crucified, with the arms of the Pope, King Philip, Venice, and Don Juan at His feet.

"Take, O illustrious Prince," said Granvelle, "the insignia of the true Word Made Flesh. Take the living symbol of the holy Faith whose defender you will be in this enterprise. He gives you glorious victory over the impious enemy, and by your hand shall his pride be laid in the dust." "Amen!" A mighty shout like that of Clermont burst from the people. "Amen!"<sup>4</sup>

On August twenty-third, when Don Juan arrived at Messina, the harbor was a cluttered forest of masts, the ancient town swarming with men of all nations. By September first, when the whole fleet was assembled, there were 208 galleys in all, 90 of Spain and her dependencies, 106 of Venice and 12 of the Pope; besides nearly 100 brigantines, frigates and transports, mostly furnished by Spain; with some 50,000 sailors and galley slaves, and 31,000 soldiers: 19,000 of them paid by King Philip (including Germans and Italians), 8,000 Venetians, 2,000 Papal troops, and 2,000 volunteers, chiefly from Spain.

The Spanish galleys were by far the best built, best equipped and best handled, and would bear the brunt of any fighting. The Venetian ships showed up so badly in a review that Don Juan inspected some of them, and found, to his disgust, that they were not even sufficiently manned. Some had hardly any crews. Others lacked fighting men. He distributed among the worst of them about 4,000 of the famous Spanish and Italian infantry. Then he held a Council of War, attended by seventy officers. Some favored a merely defensive campaign, since the Turks evidently outnumbered them, and the risk would be great, especially as the time for autumn tempests was at hand. Others said that if the Turk galleys were more numerous, they were not as efficient; and "something always had to be left to luck." Don Juan himself apparently hesitated, thinking of the King's instructions.<sup>5</sup>

The Papal influence was all in favor of fighting, whatever the odds. The invincible spirit of the old saint in the Vatican was perhaps the decisive factor. When Bishop Odescalchi, his nuncio, came to bless the fleet and to give a large portion of the True Cross for distribution among the crews, each vessel having a grain of the Precious Wood, he also brought to Don Juan the solemn assurance of Pope Pius V that, if he offered battle, God would give him the victory. If they were defeated, the Pope promised "to go to war himself with his gray hairs, to put idle youth to shame." But with courage they could not fail. Had not several revelations, including two prophecies by Saint Isidore of Sevilla, described such a battle and victory as seemed imminent, won by a youth closely resembling Don Juan?

At the Holy Father's suggestion, Don Juan adopted a *modus operandi* seldom if ever taught in naval academies. No women were allowed aboard the ships. Blasphemy was to be punished with death. While waiting for a good wind and the return of his scouting squadron with news of where the Turks were, the Generalissimo fasted for three days. All his officers and crews did likewise. Contemporary accounts agree that not one of the 81,000 sailors and soldiers failed to confess and to receive Holy Communion. Even the galley slaves were unshackled from their long benches and led in droves ashore, to confess to the numerous priests who toiled day and night at the Jesuit College helping the chaplains of the galleys.

Saint Francis Borgia and his Society played an important part in the preparation for the voyage. Six Spanish-speaking

Jesuits were chaplains of the Spanish fleet. Of the three chaplains on board the *Real*, two were Jesuits. While Borgia was on his way to Spain with the Pope's nephew to perpetuate the League and to try to settle all differences between the Holy See and Spain, his followers, with Dominicans, Franciscans, Capuchins and others, were going among rough men, some of them offscourings and sweepings of the vilest cities, some criminals condemned to the galleys for foul crimes, urging them to lift up their hearts and cast all sin out of God's fleet and God's army.

When the last of the Venetians had arrived, the Armada began to put to sea, September fifteenth, in the order agreed upon. Doria led the vanguard with 54 galleys of the right wing, flying green banners. Don Juan followed next morning with the *batalla* or center, under azure banners, with the blue standard of Our Lady of Guadalupe over the *Real*. (The Pope's Standard of the League was reserved for battle.) Marcantonio Colonna, on the flagship of the Pope, was on his right. Veniero, a cantankerous old Venetian sea-dog, at his left. The third squadron of the Venetian Barbarigo followed, with yellow banners; and the Marqués of Santa Cruz (Don Álvaro de Bazan) brought up the rear with thirty Spanish galleys and some of Italy, all under white flags.

It was a sight to remember—the papal nuncio, a flaming figure in scarlet from head to foot, standing on the mole with hand uplifted to bless each ship as it passed, the crusaders kneeling on the decks, the knights and men-at-arms glittering with steel, the sailors in red suits and caps, the rowers with dark naked backs glistening with sweat, the brown sails bellying out to catch the first breeze; and on the lofty prow of the flagship, Don Juan in golden armor, like an avenging angel under the outflung blue banner of her who had trodden on the serpent's head. Thus they passed into the open Mediterranean and formed in ranks, two by two. The six great Venetian galleasses, each a bristling fort with 44 heavy guns, led the way into the sapphire-studded morning light. The galleasses kept a full mile ahead, to open the fray with a heavy bombardment. Two by two the whole Armada followed, almost in battle order, according to a plan carefully worked out by old paralyzed Don García de Toledo.<sup>6</sup> The plan was somewhat modified, apparently, to leave spaces between the squadrons, so that Santa Cruz could intervene where his help might be needed. "In this disposition," says Cabrera, "Gianandrea Doria took the leading part, with certain contradictions from those who sought thereby to gain reputation in what they knew least about."<sup>7</sup>

Was Don Juan the target of this innuendo of the usually well-informed chronicler? He was certainly the least experienced and most cocksure of the generals. He quarrelled with most of them. He had come to despise Requesens on the voyage from Barcelona to Genoa, when he found him always at his elbow, even at meal times; for Don Luis had had instructions from the King to keep the young hero constantly under supervision.<sup>8</sup> Cardinal Pacheco also had a watchful eye on him. Cardinal Espinosa, whom he heartily detested, had no high opinion of him, nor had Granvelle. Neither the King nor his ministers had much confidence in the capacity of Don Juan for real leadership. The Morisco campaign had shown more courage in him than judgment, and Philip had no intention of leaving the fate of so costly a fleet and the lives of 81,000 men in the hands of an impetuous and inexperienced youth. He wrote his brother that he must attach particular weight to the opinion of Gianandrea Doria; and that he must not risk a battle without the unanimous consent of Doria, Requesens, and Santa Cruz.<sup>9</sup>

The wisdom of these precautions was demonstrated on October first, when the fleet was becalmed off the coast of Albania. A quarrel had broken out on one of the Venetian ships, where Don Juan had placed Spanish soldiers. Captain Curcio Anticocio and three of his soldiers were involved, and old Veniero in a rage ordered them hanged on a lateen yard. When Don Juan saw the four bodies in ghastly relief against the sky he was almost beside himself with anger, and would probably have thrown himself upon the seventy-year old Venetian if Colonna, Doria and Requesens had not restrained and calmed him. The Spanish soldiers were all for giving battle immediately to the Venetians. Doubtless, with such a fiery leader as Don Juan, they would have ruined the expedition, if wiser and more moderate heads had not been ready, through the foresight of the King, to intervene. As it was, Don Juan refused to let Veniero come any more to his Council.<sup>10</sup>

A brief stop at Corfu restored the morale of the fleet. The Turks had been there, and had left the usual mementoes: charred ruins of churches and houses, broken and defiled crucifixes, mangled bodies of priests, women and children, feasted on by dogs and vultures. The sight was enough to remind the Christians of the object of their quest. Informed by scouts that the Turkish fleet had withdrawn to the Gulf of Corinth, preparatory to making their return to Constantinople before the autumn storms began, they set off in pursuit. Ali Pasha was then at Preveza. According to some captured corsairs, Aluch Ali, the best of the Moslem navigators, had returned with his 73 galleys to Algiers. This news seemed to indicate that the odds in favor of the enemy would not be overwhelming.

Don Juan left Corfu on September twenty-eighth. While the Turkish fleet was skirting the southern shore of Aetolia, making for the Gulf of Corinth (or Lepanto) the Christian Armada, using oars because the wind was contrary, nosed through the waters of the Ionian Sea, with the Albanian shore off the port bows, past Nicopolis and that stretch of sea lying off Actium where the spirit of the East had fled from the spirit of the West in the jaded galleys of Antony and Cleopatra, and around the coast of Santa Maura to Cephalonia, with the narrow isle of Ithaca hugged under its lee shore, still fragrant with the memory of Penelope and the unconquerable fortitude of Odysseus.





## PIUS V

ATTRIBUTED TO BARTOLOMEO PASSAROTTI.

*By permission of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore.*

It was October fifth when the fleet cast anchor among the Curzolares. That day a brigantine from Candia came by with news of the fall of Famagosta, and the horrible atrocities perpetuated by Mustaphá upon the helpless Christians who had surrendered. A quiver of rage passed through the floating city of armed men. Nothing could have been better timed to make them fight like holy madmen.

The wind was east, the sky overcast, the sea gray with fog. All day Saturday and well into the night, the fleet remained inactive, not knowing that the wind which kept them there had brought the Turkish fleet across the Gulf of Patras to the Albanian shore, and that Aluch Ali, with all his Algerian galleys, was still with them. With the falling of the starless night a dead silence settled over the sea.

About two o'clock in the morning of Sunday, the seventh, there came up a fresh steady wind from the west, across the Ionian Sea, sweeping the stars and the wide bay clear of the wraiths of fog. Don Juan, lying sleepless in the cabin of his *Real*, saw that he was in the middle of what seemed a huge lake, flooded with moonlight. He gave the word, the great anchors were weighed and the sails unfurled, the whips cracked over the straining backs of the galley slaves, the great ships hove through the choppy water, as if racing the dawn to the Albanian coast. When the sun came flaming up over the Gulf of Lepanto, Doria's lookout, in the vanguard, sighted a squadron of the enemy about twelve miles away, returning from a scouting trip to Santa Maura. The signal flag agreed upon was on the masthead of the royal frigate, where Doria was on watch.

"We must conquer or die here," said Don Juan, exultantly, and ordered a green banner displayed as a sign for all to get in battle array. The multiple banks of oars on the six great Venetian galleasses plunged into the sea, driving the massive hulks to their positions, two of them a mile in front of each of the three sections of the battle-line.

The Venetian Barbarigo, with sixty-four galleys, veered as closely as possible to the Aetolian shore, to prevent an encircling movement by the enemy on the north. Don Juan commanded the center or *batalla* of sixty-three galleys, with Colonna and Veniero on either side of him, and Requesens in the ship behind him. Doria's squadron of sixty took the right wing, nearest the open sea, the most dangerous post of all. Thirty-five vessels were held in reserve in the rear under the Marqués of Santa Cruz, with orders to give help wherever it might be needed. Thus the great fleet advanced into the Gulf of Patras, in a long arc extending over a league-and-a-half of sea and gradually stiffening into a straighter line as the enemy came in sight.

The Turks, having a total of 286 galleys (for Hascen Bey had just arrived with 22 extra ones from Tripoli) against 208, had decided to fight, and were clearing their decks for action. Mohammed Siroco with 55 galleys opposed Barbarigo. Ali Pasha and Pertew with 96 faced the *batalla* of Don Juan. Aluch Ali with 73 took the side nearest the open sea, opposite Gianandrea Doria. There was also a squadron of reserve in the rear. The wind had shifted to the east, bringing on the Turks with bellied sails, while the Christians had to use their oars. Toward noon it almost died away. Four hours passed while both fleets made their preparations for combat.

Doria meanwhile came back in a swift frigate to consult with Don Juan and the others. According to one account he was averse, at the start, to giving battle to an enemy with so large a preponderance of heavy ships. He wanted a council of war, at least. But Don Juan cried, "It is time to fight now, not to talk"; and so it was agreed. Cabrera says Doria not only drew up the final battle-order of the fleet, but suggested that the Generalissimo have the *espolones* cut away from the bows of his galleys. These were sharp spurs, fourteen feet long, which could crash through the side of an enemy ship, doing great damage when propelled by the arms of a hundred galley-slaves. It was obvious that in fighting at close quarters, hand-to-hand, ship locked to ship, they would be useless. Without them, too, Don Juan could place his bow guns lower, and hit the Turkish hulks nearer the waterline. The plan was adopted. One after another down the long line the *espolones* splashed into the calm sea.

The young Admiral, now in his golden armor, went in a fast frigate from ship to ship, holding up an iron crucifix for all to see. "Hey, valorous soldiers!" he cried. "Here's the chance you wanted. I have done my part. Do you now humble the pride of the enemy and win glory in this holy fight. Live or die, be conquerors; if you die, you go to Heaven."<sup>11</sup> The sight of the gallant young figure and the sound of his fresh voice had an extraordinary effect. A mighty shout answered him from each ship. There passed across the sparkling sea a long broken cheer as the Pope's banner of the League, with the image of Christ Crucified catching the glint of the high sun, rose above the *Real* beside the blue flag of Our Lady of Guadalupe. On the forward mast of his flagship Don Juan had hung a crucifix which alone of all his effects survived the fire in his house at Alcalá.

As the Turks advanced in a great half-moon he knelt on the prow and in a loud voice begged the blessing of God on the Christian arms, while priests and monks throughout the fleet held up crucifixes before the kneeling sailors and soldiers. The sun was now directly overhead. The clear water, almost unrippled, flashed back a tremulous replica in vivid colors of a thousand standards, streamers, pennons and gonfalons, the cold brilliant glitter of weapons and armor, the gold and silver of armaments, all wavering kaleidoscopically between the blue sea and the dazzling sky. A hush like that which comes just before the consecration of the Mass fell over the whole Armada. The Turkish side replied with the usual blood-curdling chorus of screams, hoots, jibes and groans, the clashing of cimeters on shields, the blaring of horns and trumpets. The Christians waited in silence.

At that moment the wind, which had thus far favored the Turks, shifted to the west, and sped the Christian galleys on to the shock. Ali Pasha, in the Moslem center, opened the battle with a cannon shot. Don Juan answered, with another. As the Turkish oarsmen churned the sea, the six great galleasses of Venice opened fire with their 264 guns. This bombardment was not



as devastating as had been expected, but it had the effect of breaking the enemy's line. The Turkish right was racing now to gain the open water between the Venetians and the Aetolian shore. Five ships closed upon the galley of Barbarigo, while the Moorish archers let fly clouds of poisoned arrows, which they preferred to firearms and used with more deadly effect. Ship to ship they were lashed now, fighting hand-to-hand. Huge Barbarigo fought like a lion, until, taking his shield from his face to shout an order, he was pierced through the eye with an arrow.

It was the Christian right that stood the heaviest attack. Doria was held in fear and respect by the Moslems. Moreover, he occupied the most dangerous post, where strategy and good sailing counted. If there was a match for him among the mariners of the Mediterranean, it was Aluch Ali, the Italian apostate. As the Turkish left tried to gain the open sea, to attack by poop and prow, Doria extended his line farther to the right, leaving a space between his squadron and the *batalla*. Aluch Ali swiftly changed his course and came crashing through the open space with his best ships, while his slower sailing galleys took the Genoese on the side toward the open sea. Doria, heavily outnumbered, fought a magnificent engagement. On ten of his vessels, nearly all the soldiers were killed in the first hour of the conflict. The handful of survivors fought on, desperately holding their ships in the hope of succor.

Santa Cruz reserve, however, had gone to the aid of some of the Venetians on the left, and the whole *batalla* was locked in a mortal conflict with the Turkish center. As soon as Ali Pasha saw where the holy flags flew over the galley of Don Juan, he drove straight for it. The two enormous hulks crashed prow to prow. Ali's ship was higher and heavier, and manned with 500 picked Janizaries.

The wisdom of Doria's advice to cut away the *espolones* was now apparent; while the Turk's artillery fired through the rigging of the *Real*, Don Juan's poured death into the ranks of the Janizaries as the ships grappled. Hand-to-hand they fought from one deck to the other, for two hours. Seven Turkish ships stood by to help the *Sultana*. As fast as the Janizaries fell on the decks, they were replaced by others from the hulks of reserve. Twice the horde of yelling Turks penetrated the *Real* to the mainmast, and twice the Spaniards thrust them back. But Don Juan, with heavy losses, had only two ships of reserves. Fighting gallantly in a little ring of chosen Spanish cavaliers, he was wounded in the foot. His situation was extremely perilous, in fact, when Santa Cruz, having saved the Venetians, came to his aid and rushed 200 reserves aboard.

Heartened by this fresh blood, the Spanish threw themselves on Ali and his Janizaries so furiously that they hurled them back into their own ship. Three times the Christians charged, and three times the Turks cast them out over decks now red and slippery with blood, piled with heaps of dead men, ghastly mangled trunks, severed arms and legs still quivering. The two fleets were locked in the embrace of death, ships lashed by twos and threes in water already streaked with crimson from floating bodies and limbs. The din of musketry, screams of rage and pain, clash of steel on steel, thunder of artillery, falling of spars and lashing of bloody waters between rocking timbers resounded horribly all through the Sunday afternoon. Splendid and terrible deeds were done. Old Veniero, seventy years old, fought sword in hand at the head of his men. Cervantes arose from his bed of fever to fight and to lose his left hand. Young Alexander of Parma boarded a Turkish galley alone, and survived the experience.

The moment was critical, and the issue still in doubt, when the magnificent Ali Pasha, defending his ship from the last Christian onslaught, was laid low by a ball from a Spanish arquebus. His body was dragged to the feet of Don Juan. A Spanish soldier triumphantly pounced upon it and shore away the head. One version says that Don Juan reproved him for this brutality. Another, more likely, says that the Prince impaled the head on the end of a long pike and held it up for all to see. Hoarse shouts of victory burst from the Christians on the *Real*, as they brushed the disheartened Turks into the sea and hoisted the banner of Christ Crucified to the enemy masthead. There was not a single hole in this flag, though the spars and masts were riddled, and the mainmast bristled with arrows like a porcupine. From ship to ship the shout of triumph was taken up, with the word that Ali was dead and the Christians had won. A panic seized the enemy, and he took to flight.

As the sun sank over Cephalonia, Doria's right wing was still furiously engaged with the Algerians. Gianandrea was red from head to foot with blood, but escaped without a scratch. When Aluch Ali saw that the Moslem fleet was getting the worse of it, he skilfully withdrew between the right and the center of the Christians. In the rear of Doria's fleet he came upon a galley of the Knights of Malta, whom he especially hated. He pounced upon it from the stern, slew all the knights and the crew, and took possession of the vessel; but when Santa Cruz attacked him, he abandoned his prize, and fled with 40 of his best ships toward the open sea and the crimson sunset. Doria's fleet pursued him until night and the coming of a storm forced him to desist.

The Christians took refuge in the port of Petala, and there counted their casualties, which were comparatively light, and their booty, which was exceedingly rich. They had lost 8,000 slain, including 2,000 Spanish, 800 of the Pope's men, and 5,200 Venetians. The Turks had lost 224 vessels, 130 captured and more than 90 sunk or burned; at least 25,000 of their men had been slain, and 5,000 captured; 10,000 of their Christian captives were set free.<sup>12</sup>

Don Juan at once sent ten galleys to Spain to inform the King, and dispatched the Count of Priego to Rome. But Pius V had speedier means of communication than galleys. On the afternoon of Sunday, October seventh, he was walking in the Vatican with his treasurer, Donato Cesis. The evening before he had sent out orders to all convents in Rome and nearby to double their prayers for the victory of the Christian fleet, but now he was listening to a recital of some of his financial

difficulties. Suddenly he stepped aside, opened a window, and stood watching the sky as if astonished. Then, turning with a radiant face to the treasurer, he said,

"Go with God. This is not the time for business, but to give thanks to Jesus Christ, for our fleet has just conquered."

He then hurried to his chapel to prostrate himself in thanksgiving. Afterwards he went out, and everybody noticed his youthful step and joyous countenance.<sup>13</sup>

The first news of the battle, through human agencies, reached Rome by way of Venice on the night of October twenty-first, just two weeks after the event. Saint Pius went to St. Peter's in a procession, singing the *Te Deum Laudamus*. There was great joy in Rome. The Holy Father commemorated the victory by designating October seventh as the Feast of the Holy Rosary, and by adding "Help of Christians" to the titles of Our Lady in the Litany of Loreto.

It took ten more days for the news to reach Madrid. King Philip was not "in his closet with the fleece about his neck," nor did he hold a crystal phial of poison with "colors like the moon" anywhere except in Chesterton's poem. He was in the chapel at the Escorial, listening to the monks sing Vespers, on Hallowe'en, when he heard outside an unwonted commotion, as of some one entering in great haste. Presently there came waddling in, very much out of breath, a fat gentleman of the royal household named Don Pedro Manuel. Leaning over the railing, with little ceremony, he told the King excitedly that Angulo the courier had just arrived with news of a great victory won by Señor Don Juan.

Philip's face did not change its grave and serene expression, nor did he raise his voice, as he said, characteristically, "*Sosegaos*. Calm yourself. Come around into the choir, so you can tell it better."

On hearing what had occurred, he went quietly back to his seat and prayed until Vespers were over. Then he betook himself to his own gallery to prostrate himself, giving thanks to Almighty God. Finally he announced the news. While the monks joyfully formed a procession, he allowed himself to receive the congratulations of courtiers and ambassadors. He ordered Mass said next morning for the souls of those who died at Lepanto.<sup>14</sup>

He then went back to Madrid, to take part in the general procession next day, on the Feast of All Saints. With all the court, ambassadors and prelates and priests in gorgeous vestments of silk and gold, he walked from the church of Saint Philip to the church of Santa Maria, where Solemn High Mass was sung amid a blaze of lights and with exquisite music, by Cardinal Alexandrino, who had arrived only a few days before with Saint Francis Borgia. All sang the psalm, *Domine in virtute tua laetabitur rex*. Some verses and responses composed by Cardinal Alexandrino were sung so exquisitely, and the words were so appropriate, that every one, including the King, wept with joy.<sup>15</sup>

The King was so affected that he ordered the psalm and the versicles of the Cardinal written out for him. In the quiet of his study he read them over. The twentieth Psalm must have seemed especially appropriate:

*"In thy strength, O Lord, the king shall joy: and in thy salvation he shall rejoice, exceedingly. Thou hast given him his heart's desire; and hast not withholden from him the will of his lips. For thou hast prevented him with blessings of sweetness: thou hast set upon his head a crown of precious stones. He asked life of thee: and thou hast given him length of days for ever and ever. His glory is great in thy salvation: glory and great beauty shalt thou lay upon him. For thou shalt give him to be a blessing for ever and ever; thou shalt make him joyful in gladness with thy countenance. For the king hopeth in the Lord: and through the mercy of the Most High he shall not be moved.*

*"Let thy hand be found by all thy enemies: Let thy right hand find out all them that hate thee; thou shalt make them as an oven of fire, in the time of thine anger: the Lord shall trouble them in his wrath, and fire shall devour them. Their fruit shalt thou destroy from the earth: and their seed from among the children of men. For they have intended evils against thee: they have devised counsel which they have not been able to establish."*

Philip read this with satisfaction. But he probably was not so pleased with one of the letters he had just received from the Pope, in answer to his urgent request for the speedy condemnation of Archbishop Carranza. Pope Pius was having a difficult time with this case, for some of the propositions of Carranza did smack of Lutheranism; but he meant that the man should have a fair trial. He wrote to Philip that God wished the Archbishop to be judged by no standard but that of truth. "We pardon the interpretation of Your Catholic Majesty of Our procedure, attributing it to zeal; We praise your zeal for the doing of justice in the case: but leaving this aside, We turn anew to warn you paternally not to lend too favorable ears to those who wish to extend this your good zeal to trespass on the jurisdiction of the Church . . . nor to those who attempt perniciously to insinuate that it is possible to fight by the Church against the Church, or by religion against religion, or by faith against faith . . . We pray God to deign to strengthen the good intention of Your Catholic Majesty against all sinister counsel."<sup>16</sup> Philip yielded to these wise words. The trial of the Archbishop proceeded without passion or prejudice.



Don Juan meanwhile was on his way to Rome, with great hopes for another campaign in 1572. In due course there arrived, with other trophies, the Turkish standard called the Sanjac, brought from Mecca, and plucked from the mast of Ali Pasha by a Spanish soldier. It was covered with curious Arabic letters and symbols, large and small, many of them gold against white: a dizzy pattern of circles, squares and triangles, with God knows what dark meaning. Well, the simplicity of the Cross, and of a woman treading upon a serpent, had vanquished all this multiplicity of doubt and perversity. Philip ordered the banner placed among the other trophies of victory at the Escorial.

About a month after this (December fourth) his young wife bore him a son and heir. Her delivery was so quick and facile that it was evident His Majesty had made no mistake this time. There was one of the usual gorgeous royal baptisms. The tiny boy was carried to church in a green velvet mantle bordered with gold, and given the name Fernando.

It was a happy day for the Catholic King. A great treasure fleet had just come in from the Indies. All Europe was rejoicing over Lepanto. Even Queen Elizabeth had sent him her congratulations; as far as she herself was concerned, they were probably sincere.



## Saint Bartholomew's Eve [1572]

THE ten years after the Battle of Lepanto, that is, from his forty-fourth to his fifty-fourth year, were a sort of purgatory for Philip II. It is clear that, as he advanced through middle age to his belated maturity, he was struggling to free himself from the limitations of his own weaknesses and to be what a Christian on his lofty eminence ought to be. The vicissitudes of that spiritual conflict will doubtless remain obscure, with all the deepest inner experiences of a reticent man. More easily traced are the steps by which he slowly freed himself from the trammels of other minds.

Until 1572, for example, he reposed altogether too much confidence in Espinosa. Prosperity had revealed in that compliant politician a vanity and arrogance like Wolsey's. He snubbed his old friends, flaunted his wealth like an upstart, and, when he overreached himself, was building a veritable palace for his old age. Philip, detecting an inconsistency in a certain report, turned on him with that cold, swift anger which could be so terrifying because it was so rare.

"So you *lied*, then!" That was all, but it was enough. Espinosa went home, took to his bed, and died the next day.<sup>1</sup>

Philip never again gave quite so much power to any one person. He divided the functions of Espinosa among several. Bishop Quiroga, for example, became Inquisitor General, and Bishop Covarrubias, notable at Trent, was President of the Council.

Ruy Gómez died in 1573. His relationship with Philip furnishes the unique instance of a King's favorite who never fell from his lofty eminence and whose influence with his master was almost universally approved and applauded by the people. He was more the intimate friend and confidant than the minister initiating and guiding policies. This perhaps explains his immunity from the usual fate of favorites; and it is difficult to escape the conclusion that his influence on Philip's career has been exaggerated. He followed rather than led. It was Alba who guided affairs from 1559 to 1567. But Philip's affection for the Prince of Eboli never wavered, and he mourned him deeply.

With the passing of Ruy Gómez and Espinosa, and the long absence of Alba, Antonio Pérez acquired a power not easy to account for, except on the theory that he saved His Majesty from infinite trouble, and, like Ruy Gómez, seemed to have a mysterious gift, almost feminine rather than masculine, of entering into the mind and desires of another, until, by quiet suggestion, even by some species of subtle flattery, he was able to direct the course of many events. If the King had followed his own better judgment, he would never have taken Pérez into his Council. The man was notoriously unchaste, and Philip disliked having such persons about him.

Pérez had persuasive friends in the Court—the Marqués of los Vélez for one—who promised that his marriage to Doña Juana Coello would make a respectable man of him. All the powerful Mendozas, relatives of the Princess of Eboli, were on his side. So the King's suspicions were lulled. The new secretary proved so useful that more and more affairs were entrusted to him, until all the correspondence of Flanders and of Italy passed through his perfumed hands, including all the letters of Alba and of Don Juan, both of whom he hated; and, if in code, were deciphered by him. He seemed to be a loyal if not exemplary Catholic. Pope Pius V praised some of his work in connection with the League of Lepanto in 1570.<sup>2</sup> And his letters were not only accurate, but uncommonly readable; in fact, he was a master of Castilian prose. As head of the faction opposed to Alba's he had arrived at an eminence from which he could play an important part in shaping the destinies of Europe.

The times were critical. In England the banner of the Five Wounds was down, and the country drenched again with Catholic blood. At the other end of Europe, "The folk are pitilessly and cruelly killed by the thousands in all towns and many villages; they freeze to death and perish by violent means; corn, cattle and all else needed for man's sustenance are burnt";<sup>3</sup> Russia, cut off by schism from the Vicar of Christ, could play no effective part under Ivan the Cruel in the saving of Christendom. Both Lithuania and Poland, under influences from Germany, seemed on the point of shifting from the Catholic to



the anti-Christian side. Sigmund August II, ruler of both those countries, was a spendthrift and a libertine, surrounded by Jews and Protestants. Rabbi Mendel Frank of Brest was so influential that he was called the King's Officer. Everywhere the peasants groaned under the extortions of Jews to whom the debtor King had farmed out the privilege of taxing. This situation was in part the result of the religious peace in Germany.

The Empire, enjoying a delusive internal peace whose hollowness would not be revealed until the Thirty Years' War, was in the gravest danger from the conquests of the Turk in the East.

In France the victorious fighting of the Catholics seemed wasted. Coligny, gaining power over the contemptible mind of Charles IX, induced him to promise his sister Marguerite to Henry of Navarre, to seek closer friendship with England, and to send Genlis at the head of 5000 Huguenots against the Spanish in the Netherlands early in 1572. The position of Alba, with mutinous troops unpaid and little revenue from the hated *alcabala*, was anything but comfortable. Coligny was so confident of himself that he was urging an open declaration of war against Spain. Finally, he made young King Charles distrust his mother. The day of Catherine de' Medici seemed nearly finished.

In such a world it was not easy for the Catholic King, ruling over the only considerable country in Europe that was healthy, organically one, and at peace, to know what to do. The most obvious course seemed to be to assume the offensive against the Turk. Selim the Sot, after his first drunken rage (which almost cost all the Christians in his empire their lives) remarked philosophically that, although Don Juan had singed his whiskers, they would grow out again thicker than ever. The loss of one fleet and one army was not decisive to a potentate who could save a quarter of his income every year and command the inexhaustible man-power of the East.

Lepanto, nevertheless, was a turning point in history. It showed that the Mediterranean was not yet, and need never be, an oriental lake. It shattered the fatalistic belief, prevalent among Christians, that the Moslems had grown too powerful to be defeated. When the prayer of one white-haired old man in the Vatican could prevail over a whole world of material and moral obstacles, Catholics everywhere had a new and invigorating reminder of the indestructibility of the Church and of her mysterious power of renewing her strength. Never after Lepanto did the Turkish power reach the high-water mark of 1570. The spirit of man, and not timbers or guns or money or slavish flesh and blood, is what makes history in the long run. Wherefore, the effect of Don Juan's victory, before which the deterministic mind of Islam recoiled into its Eastern shadows from the more luminous spirit of the Christian West, has continued to this day.

Pope Pius V wished to follow up the victory while the Turks were dismayed and the Christians jubilant, with a crusade to recapture Greece and even Constantinople. He found Philip II ready to aid him in this; and Don Juan, after a winter in Messina (much to his disgust, for he wished to go to Rome to be lionized) set out again in April, 1572, for Corfu and the Albanian coast. Arriving at Cephalonia, he besieged Navarino, as Cabrera says, "for want of better advice."<sup>4</sup> Navarino was not worth the time and the effort, and, lacking provisions, Don Juan had to retire.

This enraged the Venetians, who were looking for a pretext to get out of the League and had sent Tiepolo to Spain to discuss future arrangements and to complain of the expense. It was agreed that a fleet of 300 vessels should be fitted out in 1573, half of them to be provided by Spain. But there were suspicions at Madrid that the Venetians acquiesced only to obtain good terms afterwards from the Turks, with whom the French ambassador, in fact, was already arranging a separate peace for them in Constantinople.<sup>5</sup>

The fatal weakness in Don Juan's character, from Philip's point of view, was now revealing itself. He had an inordinate thirst for glory. Not content with being a prince and a hero, he must be a king. It was bad enough that he had shown himself, in two campaigns, to be so lacking in judgment that, in any high command, he could not be trusted to act on his own initiative. At Lepanto, for example, it was Doria who planned the strategy and gave the extremely valuable advice to cut the *espolones*, Doria who bore the brunt of the fighting against the best Turkish admiral and the heaviest odds, and the Marqués of Santa Cruz who gave invaluable aid during critical moments of the battle. All this seems to have been overlooked in such indiscriminate praise as Stirling-Maxwell and his followers have bestowed on the Prince.

It was not overlooked at Madrid. There the best military minds even criticized Don Juan for deciding to fight the Turks under conditions which, according to all rules and traditions of naval warfare, should have resulted in the greatest naval catastrophe in Christian history. This angered the Prince. He could have afforded to laugh at it. Wise Pope Pius knew better. "There was a man sent from God whose name was John," he quoted. It must have seemed to him delightfully characteristic of a God whose symbol of triumph was a felon's cross to employ a sublime young fool to do what all the wisest and most experienced kings and captains of Christendom had been unable to accomplish together. It is no reflection on Don Juan or on his victory to say that he had to have angels beside him to do his best. He got on badly with most men.<sup>6</sup>

But this was not the worst. Don Juan was of a highly neurotic type, with all the neurotic's passion for self-justification. His early obscurity and the reproach of his illegitimacy had left in his mind a burning scar that thirsted for some cooling poultice of public estimation. With this hunger for glory there went no such gifts of mind and temperament as other men of this type have had. From both parents he had inherited a passionate nature. Unfortunately he lacked the Emperor's redeeming quality of self-criticism. He was more like the shameless mother whom he did not wish to visit or to own: the Barbara Blomberg who was living a riotous life in Flanders on a pension provided by King Philip, the woman of whom the King wrote, when Alba

wanted to get her out of the Low Countries, "Under no circumstances send her to Spain," and of whom one of his secretaries scrawled fervently, "There is no animal so cantankerous as an unbridled woman." Vain, conceited, opinionated, self-willed, irritable, of indifferent judgment, she could get along with few persons except in temporary sensual relations. Don Juan was like her in this. He already had an illegitimate daughter in Spain, and would soon have another in Italy. Cabrera attributes the failure of the campaign of 1572 in part to his eagerness to get to Naples to see the ladies.

He was at his best in physical combat. He had little of that moral courage to endure suffering, disappointment, fatigue and hard work day after day without apparent success and without complaint, which distinguished Philip II. When circumstances were unfavorable, Don Juan would threaten to commit suicide; he was always writing that he saw no way out of his difficulties but to jump out of a window. It is hardly just to attribute the King's distrust of such a general purely to jealousy and envy. The head of an organization far smaller than that of the Spanish Empire would have found Don Juan a considerable problem.

Don Juan gave the impression, even at that early date, of being more eager to set himself up as king of a separate country than to serve the brother who had given him all he had. In 1572 his secretary Juan de Soto urged him to take the crown of Morea, in the Peloponnesus, which the Greek inhabitants offered him. Remembering only that Pope Pius had promised him the sovereignty of the first kingdom he conquered from the Turk, Don Juan overlooked the fact that it would require the whole force of the Spanish Empire to wrest Greece away from the Turk, and to hold it; nor could Spain, perhaps, do this alone. It was characteristic of Don Juan not to take too comprehensive a view of a subject. When he learned of the King's plan to send Chapino Vitelli from Flanders to England to aid the English Catholics, he offered to go there and rule the kingdom for his brother. Philip for a time considered sending him. But it seemed best now for Don Juan to follow up, if possible, his victory at Lepanto.

The death of Pope Pius V in 1572 was fatal to the League, for he had been the very soul of it. Indeed, he seemed providentially raised up for many of the necessities of his time. He accomplished the almost impossible task of enforcing the reforms of the Council of Trent. He gave the Turk the worst blow in decades. He encouraged and fortified Catholics against Protestants and other enemies in all parts of the world. He drove prostitutes from Rome. He expelled the Jews, not because he was cruel, but because he could face the choice of incurring the charge of rigor or of allowing his people to be exploited and destroyed. His administration was like a strong medicine to restore the health of Christendom. Its reaction on unhealthy tissue was often unpleasant, but it accomplished its purpose. Thus the Jewish Kings and Patriarchs had preserved the public weal of soul and body in the time when Israel was healthy in the sight of God. Thus would Moses have dealt with the obscene deceptions of the Talmud. Saint Pius, like all the Roman pontiffs, was the heir of that august power in the new dispensation of Christ. Its burden sometimes drew tears from him. He exclaimed that God had placed it on him in punishment for his sins (for he had never wished to be Pope); but he used it unflinchingly as his conscience commanded.

His successor, Gregory XIII, had once gone on a mission of Pope Paul IV to Philip II in Flanders; and, as Cardinal Buoncompagni, had been sent to Spain in 1563 by Saint Pius to defend Carranza. In spite of this unwelcome visit, he won the respect of the King; hence, among those who did most to bring about his election as Pope were Cardinal Granvelle and Zuñiga. He proceeded to carry on the work of Pius V as regarded the Council of Trent, appointed only the most worthy men to high offices, and gave new life to the whole Church by establishing colleges and seminaries for the training of priests, chiefly under the supervision of the Jesuits, who were now fully prepared under Saint Francis Borgia for their great mission of modernizing Catholic education, and revitalizing, intensifying the individual Christian life. Gregory was no pacifist. He realized that force was an instrument to be used only to defend the Church from destruction, not to propagate her teachings in a positive sense. Force was negative in its effect. The life of the Church came from the word of Christ and the living of a Christlike life. While men like Alba trusted in the sword, Gregory strove to prepare new priests to take the places of those martyred in England, France and Russia.

The Jesuits, well-trained and fearless, were ready for the work. One of them convinced the Protestant King John III of Sweden that the Catholic Church was the one true Church of Christ. Others preached on the Ganges, in Singapore, in Peking, and in Nippon; they converted the three Japanese Kings of Bungo, Arima and Omura, who sent ambassadors to Rome to thank Gregory for sending them the good news of Christ. Jesuit schools in the Netherlands were winning people back to the Church as fast as the Calvinists were leading them away. In Germany, Poland and England, other Jesuits, willing to shed no blood but their own, were engaged in a titanic struggle for the souls of whole nations. This was perhaps the greatest achievement of Gregory XIII. He was not at all blind, however, to the need of continuing the struggle of Pius V against Islam. He sent legates through Europe seeking to unite the Christian princes.

All these matters, in truth (though kept in separate compartments by much that is called history), were but phases of one international conflict. For example:

When Sigismund Augustus died without heirs in 1572, many devout Catholics throughout Europe hoped that the Polish *Shlakhta* would choose a better Catholic as his successor. He had virtually handed over his country to rich Jewish tax-farmers and usurers, as well as to Arian, Socinian and other anti-Trinitarian Protestants, called demi-Jews by the people. The fate of the country seemed in the hands of the nobles who dominated the parliament, and a duel to the death was in progress between



the Jews and the Jesuits for the souls of these men. As the Jewish historian Dubnow observes, "Though more and more permeated by clerical tendencies, the fruit of Jesuit schooling, the nobility in most cases held its protecting hand over the Jews, to whom it was tied by the community of economic interests."<sup>7</sup> In other words, they were either in debt to the Jews, or employed them to squeeze taxes for them out of the peasants, naturally at a good profit for the tax-farmers, who took their toll from dairies, mills, distilleries, farms.

The Jews "were indispensable to the easy-going magnate, who was wont to let his estates take care of themselves, and while away his time at the capital, at the court, in merry amusements, or at the tumultuous sessions of the national and provincial assemblies, where politics was looked upon as a form of entertainment rather than as a serious pursuit. This Polish aristocracy put a check on the anti-Semitic endeavors of the clergy."<sup>8</sup> Calvinism was spreading among these nobles. "Hence," as Graetz says, Poland became "a second Babylon for the Jews."<sup>9</sup>

The chief propagators of the new "Reform" were Socinus, Blandrata and Paruta, "Italian" disciples of Michael Servetus, the Spanish victim of Calvin. These, Graetz cheerfully adds, "undermined the foundations of Christianity,"<sup>10</sup> some of them approaching Judaism to the extent of "rejecting the veneration of Jesus as a divine person. They were scoffed at by their various opponents as 'half-Jews'."<sup>11</sup> Such was the character of Polish Protestantism; much like sixteenth-century Protestantism everywhere else.

Philip II and Pope Gregory were fully aware of the danger on this northern battle-line. For lack of a better candidate, both supported the claim of the Emperor Maximilian II to the Polish crown. It was hoped that Maximilian's son Rudolph would be more Catholic than his father. There were several other candidates, including Ivan the Cruel of Russia. Catherine de' Medici put forward the name of her second living son, Henry Duke of Anjou. Her Jewish astrologer Nostradamus had promised that every one of her sons would wear a crown. Fearing that Henry would get his by the death of his brother Charles IX, she seems to have had a superstitious idea that she could avert this by making him King of Poland. As for the rest, Cardinal Chatillon was already negotiating in England for the marriage of the remaining son, Hercules, Duke of Alençon, to Queen Elizabeth.

To Philip, both ambitions of his mother-in-law were displeasing, and for two reasons. He was not at all certain that either of those decayed Valois princes would remain Catholic. Also, he feared the increased prestige of France, especially at a time when that prestige might pass into Protestant hands. Yet, in spite of all the efforts of Philip, the Pope, the Jesuits, and the agents of the Empire, Henry of Anjou was elected King of Poland.

It was not in Paris, Rome, Madrid, or even in Warsaw, that the fate of Poland was determined, but in Constantinople. There, with the waning of the star of Joseph Nasi, the Grand Vizier Mohammed Sokolli was again in high favor. His confidential adviser was Solomon ben Nathan Ashkenazi, a German Jew of Udine by birth, who had gone to Poland early in life, and had become chief physician to King Sigismund II. Then he went to Venice, then to Turkey, where as a subject of Venice he placed himself under the protection of Venetian diplomats. These found him useful. He was a personable man, a rabbi as well as a physician, and an expounder of the Talmud; he seems to have rivaled and then succeeded Joseph Nasi as a sort of unofficial leader of world Jewry.

Can we believe all that the leading Jewish historians say of his power? "While the Turkish arms were raised against the Venetians," says Graetz, "Solomon Ashkenazi was beginning to weave the web for the future treaty of peace. Christian cabinets did not suspect that the course of events which compelled them to side with one party or the other was set in motion by a Jewish hand. This was especially so in the case of the election of the Polish king."<sup>12</sup> The Venetian senate objected to negotiating with him, but Sokolli insisted; while the Venetian Consul, Barbaro, assured the Signory that Ashkenazi cherished only the warmest sympathy for Venice.<sup>13</sup> In the end Ashkenazi went to Venice, was accepted, arranged the treaty of peace which gave the *coup de grâce* to the League of Lepanto, and, apparently as part of the price, prevented the expulsion of the Jews from Venice, where public opinion, for various reasons, had been rising against them.

Ashkenazi was in communication with Coligny, through the French ambassador, Monluc (a Huguenot); and there followed a significant series of negotiations, cabals and intrigues. Assurances had to be made and guaranteed, no doubt, as to what attitude Henry of Anjou would take toward Jews and Protestants if the Jews of Turkey, quietly seconded by the Jews who held so many Polish nobles in their hands, placed him on the throne. Coligny meanwhile was planning a terrific onslaught upon Spain from three different directions at once. While Genlis and his Huguenots invaded the Netherlands and attacked the ill-paid troops of Alba, William of Orange was to lead a new uprising of the Protestants there, and Louis of Nassau would invade the Estates with a German Protestant army from the East. Elizabeth of England was to come out openly in favor of the heretics of Flanders. Charles IX was to align himself definitely against Spain.<sup>14</sup>

In preparation for this blow, to be made in concert at a date agreed upon, Coligny hurried plans for the marriage of Marguerite of Valois, against her will and without a papal dispensation (refused by Pius V and Gregory XIII) to Henry of Navarre. Cabrera adds that Selim II played a part in the marriage arrangements, doubtless through Ashkenazi and his agents.<sup>15</sup> As the leading Huguenot aristocrats assembled in Paris for the wedding, which it was hoped would give their three or four per cent of the population the complete control of affairs and begin the final destruction of the Catholic Faith in France, the air was heavily charged. Some sort of explosion seemed inevitable.

It came in the most unexpected way and from the most unexpected quarter. Catherine de' Medici, seeing the last vestige of her influence over Charles IX about to pass into the hands of Coligny, and unable to face the prospect of an old age shorn of power (it was this, and not concern for the Catholic cause that moved her—she had never hesitated to sacrifice the Church) came to a desperate resolution. She agreed with Henry of Guise to have Coligny assassinated. "Executed" was a better word, in the opinion of the young Duke, for he had always considered the Admiral as the murderer of his father.

Coligny was fired on from a window by the Lord of Montruel. He was taken to his lodgings, suffering nothing worse than wounds in the hand and arm. If the arquebus had been as well aimed as the shot that Pultrot fired at Duke Francis in 1562, the deplorable events of the next night (Saint Bartholemew's Eve) probably would not have occurred. But the Admiral was not seriously hurt.

The Huguenots assembled in Paris were loudly threatening to take vengeance on the Guise faction with another war. Both Charles IX and his mother feared that, when Coligny left it would be the signal for another period of bloodshed. From such a harrowing prospect the weary and harassed mind of the aging Queen-Mother recoiled in terror. There were swift consultations in the palace, hysterical speeches, exhortations, threats and tears. Whimpering Charles gave his consent. When night came, bands of armed men fell upon the sleeping Huguenots and put as many as possible to the sword.

The number of the victims is disputed, ranging from several hundreds to several thousands. It grew with time. Coligny was stabbed in his lodgings, and thrown out of a window. His body was dragged to a stable, where it was hung by one foot on a gallows. Duke Henry of Guise is said to have gone and kicked the face of his father's murderer, as he had sworn to do; not knowing of the death that he himself would die.

In other cities the Huguenots were put to the sword on the days following. In many places the Catholics refused to obey the royal orders, and protected the Huguenots. Thus it was at Dijon, Macon, Rouen, and the very Catholic city of Nantes. Calvinists fled by the thousands to England, Geneva or Flanders. Their power had been broken. Charles was safe from the dominance of Coligny, and (if we may believe his royal word, given later) from a plot to kill him and place Condé on the throne. Catherine could now resume the ministrations of her wounded mother-love.

Even Motley admits that the atrocity was essentially political, not religious,<sup>16</sup> a judgment to which the subsequent fate of the Guises adds weight. It seems clear from a large mass of contemporary evidence that Catherine and Charles had no intention of butchering the Huguenots when they invited them to the Wedding of Religions, several weeks before. As the instructions to carry out the massacre reached the provinces at various times from August twenty-fifth to October fifth, it has been reasoned that no concerted action could have been planned before August twenty-fourth.

On the other hand it may be that Professor Merriman is too generous when he says that "modern scholarship has fully disproved the old idea that it had long been premeditated."<sup>17</sup> Premeditated for that particular time, no; but considered as a possible expedient for some future time, yes; and as such it had been suggested by Alba, at the instance of Philip II, years before. Cabrera's account of the Bayonne conference (three years after the murder of Duke Francis of Guise) coolly says that the exalted personages talked of "giving the Huguenot leaders a Sicilian vespers."<sup>18</sup> It can hardly be without significance that in reporting the massacre of St. Bartholemew's Eve he makes two references to Bayonne. Charles IX, he says, discussed the assassination of Coligny with the Duke of Guise, "a very Catholic and faithful man, desirous of avenging the death of his father near Orleans by the plotting and order of the Admiral; *as had been planned and agreed in the visits at Bayonne.*"<sup>19</sup> The King, he says further, "arranged with the Duke of Guise for the execution of *what had been discussed with the Duke of Alba in Bayonne in the year 1565*, putting an end to the chief Huguenots and especially the Admiral, already insufferable as he was, and thus to avenge the murder of his father."<sup>20</sup>

Belloc attempts to explain the massacre as a retaliation for the cold-blooded massacre of Catholic nobles by the Huguenots at Pau three years before, after they had surrendered to Henry of Navarre and his mother, with the promise that their lives would be spared.<sup>21</sup> They were invited to a feast at the royal palace, and there slaughtered. But, as Belloc admits, the exact date of this "first Saint Bartholemew's Eve massacre" is disputed.<sup>22</sup>

It cannot be denied, however, that for several years past the Catholics had had abundant evidence of the ruthless cruelty of their enemies, and of the insincerity of their claim to be fighting only for freedom of worship. It was the Calvinists, not the Catholics, who introduced into civil warfare the gory practice of giving no quarter and taking no prisoners. There was a world of difference between the judicial condemnation of a heretic by the Inquisition, and the cold-blooded butchery of priests and nuns. It is to be feared that the Guises, and other choice spirits of the sixteenth century would have smiled at some of the well-intentioned efforts of our more peaceful times to apologize for acts which seemed to them normal measures of defense, to which free men might be driven by the enemies of orderly society. Here is Professor Merriman, for example, gallantly disputing the statement of Froude that Philip II laughed on hearing the news of the St. Bartholomew's Eve massacre; and he adds, "I can find no contemporary evidence to prove it."<sup>23</sup>

Well, Froude was probably right, for once. Whether he knew it or not, he is justified by the contemporary evidence of Cabrera, who reports "*El Rey Católico holgó mucho*" over the news. This indispensable authority, as Merriman calls him elsewhere, says plainly that "the Catholic King rejoiced greatly" over the massacre in Paris, and sent his congratulations to



Charles IX.<sup>24</sup> It is a reasonable conjecture that Philip came as near to roaring with laughter as he ever did in his life. His reaction was probably like the one most respectable Englishmen would have experienced in the darkest days of the World War if they had heard that a few of Haig's men had got into Berlin in disguise and had cut the throats of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince and all the General Staff, especially those responsible for submarine warfare, in their sleep. The parallel is not exact, but it may suffice. Let us regret this latent ferocity in the best of human nature, but let us not be pharisaical enough to imagine that it is the exclusive possession of any one nationality or religion.

Yes, Philip rejoiced exceedingly, for the slaughter of the Huguenot leaders did far more than its wretched authors intended. It changed, almost overnight, the whole military and political balance of Europe. It prevented the triumph of the Calvinist faction in France. It saved the Spanish cause in the Netherlands at a critical moment.

Coligny had pointed out to William of Orange and his brother that the essential weakness of the Spanish in the Low Countries was their lack of a fleet. William, in consequence, had organized a navy of Calvinist pirates, called the Water Beggars, to prey on Spanish shipping. He had the effrontery to issue letters of marque and admirals' commissions in the name of King Philip II, and placed over the whole fleet the unspeakable William de la Marck, one of the cruelest scoundrels who ever sacked a church or butchered a priest. These Beggars, or Gueux, seized Brill that year, and laid the foundations of what became later the Dutch Republic. They conquered Flushing, Walcheren and north Holland, took Leyden and other Catholic towns.

Alba was laying siege to Mons. One of his sons prevented its relief by Genlis and his 5,000 French Huguenots, defeating them. But William of Orange, in late July, was sacking the towns on the plain of Gueldre, while his Walloons pillaged the houses of Ruremonde, and put to the sword all the monks in the Carthusian monastery. Alba drove him back to Weert, and continued to batter at Mons.<sup>25</sup> But he was at the end of his resources.

The Paris massacre saved the situation for him, and he had his artillery fire salvos of joy. There would be no French Calvinists coming in to help his enemies to sack churches and to kill his soldiers that year. There was rejoicing, too, at Rome, where the Pope, hearing the news in the form of a report that the leading Huguenots had been detected in a plot to kill the royal family, went to St. Peter's to join in a solemn *Te Deum*. Afterwards he had a medal struck commemorating the event; it shows an angel with a cross and a drawn sword, killing Huguenots. The Calvinists had shown such consistent cruelty and indifference to human rights that the best minds in Europe looked on them as outlaws who deserved nothing better than the summary justice meted out to pirates. They approved of their elimination as whole-heartedly as the ancient Jews applauded the slaying of Holofernes. Gregory wept, however, when he learned the truth about the massacre in Paris.

Catherine de' Medici, seeing the rage she had kindled getting out of hand, had some terrible days and nights. Not the least of her worries was the chilling effect of the massacre on the candidacy of her son Henry for the crown of Poland. All over Europe, from Jew to Jew, the word spread as far as the Bosphorus that the Duke of Anjou had been privy to the whole design; some said he was the principal instigator, now shown in his true colors as one who might take the Catholic side against the Jews and "half-Jews" of Poland; and that would never do.

No objection was made to the unspeakable vices of this sensualist who toyed with heresy, but the possibility that the lip-service he paid to Christ might turn into a sincere devotion was alarming. Catherine had to send a special ambassador to Constantinople to explain things to Solomon Ashkenazi. Doubtless the assurances were satisfactory. After a few more months of wire-pulling, Henry was elected King of Poland, in preference to the candidates of Philip II and of Pope Gregory. Ashkenazi was able to write to the new Polish sovereign, "I have rendered your Majesty most important service in securing your election. I have effected all that was done here."<sup>26</sup>

Henry went to Poland. The English ambassador in Paris showed Cavalli, the envoy of Venice, a copy of the treaty signed with the Poles. In one article Henry promised to pay all the debts of the Polish crown, in another to take to Poland 400 florins a year for his own expenses. But he was careful not to swear to either of these articles, for he had no intention of keeping his word. In sending news of all this to Venice, Cavalli added a significant sentence. The English ambassador, he said, "has obtained this information and these instructions from the heretic ambassadors from Poland, *with whom he has a good understanding, which is the case with all these heretics, however widely they may differ in opinion.*"<sup>27</sup>

About the same time, Selim the Sot was writing to Henry's brother that he hoped France would not enter the League against him, but would remember the brotherhood his father and grandfather had maintained with the Porte. Charles replied that he would not fail the brotherhood. "Selim used efficacious means to establish this peace in France," adds Cabrera,<sup>28</sup> as if anticipating the testimony of Graetz. Meanwhile Solomon Ashkenazi was preparing his diplomatic journey to Venice. When he finally went in May, 1574, the preliminary work had been so well done that he had no great difficulty in persuading the mercantile minds there to sign a treaty with the enemies of Christendom, and to leave Pope Gregory and Philip II to carry on the struggle, almost unaided.

To complete their isolation, Cardinal Chatillon, before his sudden death, had begun negotiations in London for a marriage between Queen Elizabeth and the young Duke of Alençon. The Duke was much younger than she was, a little brown oaf of a man with a head too large for his shrunken body, and a hoarse croaking voice. In the middle of his deeply pock-marked face there blossomed grotesquely a knobbed and bulbous nose, with a great cleft in the middle of it; whence he came to be

called the Man with Two Noses. There was no strong hope in the French court that this gallant would appeal to the fastidious taste of a Queen already infatuated with handsome Leicester. Cavalli wrote to Venice that William Cecil, "a personage of great authority with the Queen" had said in very positive terms that the marriage would take place, but that Their Majesties of France "doubt whether after the Queen has seen the Duke she may not send him back. . . ."29

Whatever her motives—whether to make the Spanish jealous, as some said, or to rebuff Anjou, or more likely to keep the French in hand until Cecil could come to a good understanding with them, Elizabeth went to the Straits of Calais to meet Monsieur, and waited while he recovered from one of his frequent fevers. Then, to the astonishment of everybody, she conceived a strong attachment for him, called him her *grenouille*, caressed him in public, doted upon his flattering speeches, and seemed, even to observing diplomats, to find him desirable.

Elizabeth was now forty; sick a great deal, with painful ulcers on her legs; bald as an egg under her great wig, and losing her discolored teeth from pyorrhea. Of all her charms, only the beautiful hands that she had once displayed before Philip II remained unwithered. Nothing less than an insatiable and crescent vanity could now bring back the semblance of a fire to those dead and weary eyes. A sort of desperate courage remained to this lonely and frightened woman who had long ago, for a brief time, experienced and acknowledged a Reality symbolized by the crucifix and the rosary beads she furtively treasured. The physical malformation to which Belloc attributes her inability to satisfy the lusts that consumed her had its parallel, even more tragic, in the impotence of a captive soul which, inhibited by fear, pride and the impact of stronger and more cunning minds (without the sort of courage which could cast them aside, as Mary Stuart could, even at the cost of life) was doomed to shameful compromise with forms which she despised and with hollow men like Parker whom she tolerated only because she was persuaded that without them and their base services she would lose both her throne and her head.

Just before St. Bartholemew's, Cecil was discussing with the French an offensive and defensive alliance aimed chiefly at Philip II and holding forth an attractive piece of bait: if the two countries together conquered the Netherlands, the greater part would be ceded to France.<sup>30</sup> To this project the massacre was a set-back. It was not long before skilful intriguers repaired the damage and, with the prospect of the marriage of Alençon to Elizabeth, France and England were again on terms too friendly to suit Philip II. Alba advised his master to separate them by making peace with Elizabeth. The King had scruples, especially after the Bull of Excommunication. The most he would allow was a commercial treaty, which Alba signed with Cecil's agents on March fifteenth, 1573. This cut off the Sea-Beggars from English help for the time being, and left the Duke free to punish the rebels of the north countries.

Alba's troops sacked Mechlin so thoroughly that even the Catholic burghers, hardly recovered from maltreatment by the Calvinists, complained bitterly to King Philip of the pillaging and cruelty of his troops. At Zutphen he caused all the armed men to be slain. He was so irritated by the defiance of Harlem, and the atrocities against Catholics there, that he sent his son, Don Fadrique, to attack it, with orders not to leave alive a single one of the Walloons, French or English; but to spare, however, the citizens.<sup>31</sup> Unfortunately, the Spanish in the heat of victory went beyond their instructions. The Duke punished those guilty of outrages, most of them mutineers, and gave very lenient terms to the defeated burghers. Nevertheless his expedition had taken on an appearance of ruthlessness to which no complete answer was possible.

Catholics joined in the outcry against his ten per cent tax, even in towns where, he complained to the King, it had not yet been levied. A broken man, tormented by gout, worn by the rigors of his six years in the Netherlands, and disappointed because the King had given him no rewards for his services, he asked only to be allowed to return to Spain to die or repair his health. The time for justice had passed, he wrote Philip, and the moment for a general pardon had come. He suggested that the Estates be asked for a lump sum instead of the *alcabala*.<sup>32</sup> His letter to Madrid reporting the heavy losses of the Spanish at Harlem (most of his higher officers were killed or wounded) was full of the generous praise of a good soldier for his enemies' gallant defence of the town. He specially admired a Dutch engineer who had done unheard-of things.

When even Alba's secretary wrote to Madrid, early in 1573, that the Spaniards were "abhorred in Holland worse than the devil," and that the heretics spat at the mere mention of the Duke's name, the King could no longer doubt that his policy of severity had failed. His letters reveal an anxiety to conciliate the Low Countries by all possible means. It was difficult, however, to find a man as capable as Alba, and at the same time agreeable to the people. In 1572, he sent to the Netherlands the Duke of Medina Celi, an officious, well-meaning, wholly incompetent man; at first, apparently, with the idea that he might lead an expedition against England, and later that he might report on what Alba was doing, and perhaps supplant him.

The Duke received him with almost regal courtesy and *éclat*, and then proceeded to ignore him quite as completely. Medina Celi's letters to the King are pitiful revelations of the bewilderment of a civilian mind on the fringe of military affairs of which it understands nothing. He enlarged upon his own great patience and all the trials he had endured. He complained that Alba did not go in person to war. His Majesty could judge whether it was fitting for a captain-general to keep himself so far from his army. When he asked for instructions, the Duke said he had no time to teach him then. Was it not insulting to the King's inspector that a command should be given to Don Fadrique, a man young enough to be his son? Philip II must have smiled over these querulous items. He was no longer displeased with Alba's son and heir, whose sentence of exile to Africa for an offense involving a lady of the palace, he had commuted to service in Flanders, where Don Fadrique had revealed ability second only to his father's.

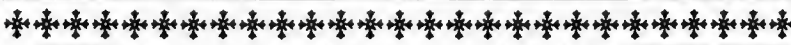


Alba treated the fault-finding of Medina Celi with good-natured contempt. He had no intention, especially when he was directing his campaign half the time from a sick bed, of defending himself against such a ninny. He did write at last, however, that Medina Celi had left the camp in a huff and that his whereabouts were unknown. Alba was at a loss to understand his discontent, for he had given him no cause. He added slyly, "it must be his zeal for the service of Your Majesty, and his desire to give proofs of it." Things being as they were, he asked only to go and kiss His Majesty's hand before he died. He had never desired anything more since his birth.<sup>33</sup>

By the end of that year he was able to report that all of Frisia and the extreme north was reduced to the King's obedience. His account of the taking of Naerden in Holland is characteristic. It was only a nest of Anabaptists, he wrote, who had refused to surrender; hence he had told Don Fadrique to put all the men to the sword, and he was pleased to be able to tell the King that not one of them escaped. Doubtless God had permitted this. Only men whom God had blinded would have attempted to defend such a place. The Duke rejoiced that he was able to make an example of so evil and heretical a population.

Among his salty and matter-of-fact letters there are very few complaints. There is one epistle, however, to his friend, Secretary Zayas, accusing the King of ingratitude. His Majesty, he said, treated him "like a dead man." He had been there six years, perishing of hunger and fatigue; he had spent three hundred thousand crowns of his own money, and no longer had enough to live on. His plight ought to move "even a Prince different from ours, whom we have seen grant great favors to those who serve him well."<sup>34</sup>

If this hint reached the King, the only effect was to spur his quest for a new commander. At the end of January, 1573, he wrote Don Luis de Requesens, Governor of Milan, that the affairs of the Low Countries gave him great disquietude. To discharge his conscience, he had had to take decisive measures. He needed a prudent, diligent and careful man like Requesens, and he promised that Medina Celi would not embarrass him. After much hesitation, Don Luis yielded to the royal wishes. When he went to Brussels at the end of 1573, he was far from well, and he looked on the appointment as a sentence of death.



## Don Juan of Austria [1572-1576]

**P**HILIP was now convinced that it was his duty to conciliate the Netherlands as rapidly as possible, and to use all his forces against the Turk. Alba wrote him that this idea was a temptation of the devil.<sup>1</sup> In his view, the menace to Christendom from the Protestants was far more serious than that from Islam. That may or may not have been true; but in general his statesmanship was far below his military skill.

The extent of his naïveté may be judged from the fact that, just before he left the Netherlands, he was urging the King to pay a pension to William Cecil, "whose religion is interest." As for the English treaty, he was sorry to disagree with the King and Council on its necessity. Perhaps they were right in believing that Elizabeth would not keep her word. Even so, there was a great difference between secret and open enmity. If the King ran the risk of losing the Low Countries just to avoid discouraging the English Catholics, how would that help the said Catholics? As for the Pope's desires, well, the King had done nothing against him. Let His Majesty first restore order in the Low Countries, and then he could support the Holy See entirely. Afterwards, he could treat England according to his own convenience.

Alba evidently felt the need of defending this last bit of advice, for he added, "The King should keep his word, once it is given; but since I have been in the world I have believed that the affairs of kings ought to be directed after other principles than those of simple gentlemen. And I have seen that maxim practised by the Emperor, who was so great a gentleman and so great a Prince."<sup>2</sup> During his sickness the great soldier becomes rather childish in these Machiavellian letters. He belongs on the battlefield. He is the superb organizer and disciplinarian. His mind functions almost perfectly in its own military sphere. But, in other affairs, perhaps he has had too much influence.

King Philip was coming to believe this. Rejecting the Duke's repeated advice for a fuller agreement with England, he turned once more to support the Pope in the crusade against the Turks, while he read with anxiety the first dispatches from Requesens. The letters of this excellent man are refreshing after those of Medina Celi; he immediately sees the whole situation. He finds that the King owes his gendarmes and ordinary infantry more than five million florins, and the rest of the army more than three million crowns, or six million florins. The ordinary expenses of the army are at least six hundred thousand crowns per month. Yet there is not a *real* in the Treasury. Money at Antwerp costs at least twelve and a half per cent, and is scarce at that. He adds magnanimously that Alba was not to blame for the lack of money or the mutinies, for "no one of our time has commanded so many armies and maintained them in such good discipline, and all of us ministers of Your Majesty could learn all our lives at his school."<sup>3</sup>

At this time Philip had in the Low Countries 54,000 infantry (without counting 3,000 on the frontier) and 4,780 cavalry. Of these only 7,900 were Spanish. There were 16,200 High Germans, 9,600 Low Germans, and 20,800 Walloons. From this it would appear that the Spanish could thank the Walloons and the Germans for a great deal of the lasting odium they incurred in the Low Countries.

Cabrera blames Philip for listening to the enemies of Alba, chief among them, no doubt, the plausible Antonio Pérez. The King was so eager for peace, says his historian, that he was as much displeased with his own armies as he was with the heretics, and completely overlooked the fact that, as soon as he removed military pressure, the Calvinists would take arms again and the dismal history of martyred priests and profaned temples would be repeated.<sup>4</sup>

But Philip would listen to nothing but conciliation. The experiment was made. Requesens, hailed everywhere with delight (especially, adds Cabrera maliciously, by William of Orange, who was glad to be rid of the experience and valor of Alba), abolished the *alcabala*, repressed mutiny, paid as many troops as he could, removed the statue that the Duke had had erected to himself in the public square of Antwerp, and generally did all he could to conciliate the people. His general pardon



brought many of the exiled lords back to their estates. Some of them were not as eager for peace in private as they professed to be in public. They were merely biding their time. So bent on peace was Requesens, however, that he went so far as to expel the English Catholics, at the request of Cecil's government. Perhaps his most useful service was drawing the Walloons and the Catholic Flemings from the side of William of Orange to that of the King. Thus, in spite of the relief of Leyden by the cutting of the dykes, October third, 1574—a new demonstration of the naval weakness of the Spaniards—Requesens had placed the Protestants in an almost disastrous position when he died of a fever on March fifth, 1576, leaving in his treasury not even enough to pay his funeral expenses.

Philip was now obliged to consider whom he would send next to the Low Countries. Many suggested Don Juan of Austria. There were serious objections to this: first, it would tend to cripple the crusade against the Turks; second, there was serious doubt of the young general's fitness for this difficult task. In the spring of 1573, when Aluch Ali was roaming the Grecian coast with a huge fleet, Don Juan, who had 150 galleys, and could count on twelve more from the Pope, considered giving him battle again near the coast of Morea. Gianandrea Doria argued that this would be merely pulling chestnuts out of the fire for fickle Venice. Santa Cruz said that it would be more sensible, considering the superior power of Aluch Ali, to attack Algiers, which could be conquered for Spain.

Philip gave his consent. He ordered his brother to take Tunis and La Goleta and afterwards to dismantle them, thus putting an end to the two most dangerous pirates' nests from which the shipping of Spain and Italy had suffered. If those places were not destroyed, the Turks might recapture them; but they would probably not take the trouble to rebuild them. Furthermore, Don Juan must not leave Sicily without making sure that the Turkish fleet had not passed beyond the Mar Junio.

Leaving Doria in Sicily with 48 galleys, in case the civil brawls of Genoa should need attention, Don Juan set out with 104 galleys and nearly 100 smaller ships, with about 20,000 infantry on board. Early in October, 1573, he took La Goleta. But he could not bring himself to dismantle so strong and valuable a fortress. Flattering friends, chief among them his secretary, Escobedo, and Juan de Soto, pointed out that with this fort in his possession, dominating the city of Tunis, he could easily make himself king of the east Barbary coast. His father the Emperor had modernized the fortifications; almost providentially, as it now seemed. So Juan left 4,000 of the best veterans of Spain at La Goleta with the 6,000 of the regular garrison, and sailed away to enjoy his triumph in Italy.

He was happily ignorant of the fact that Aluch Ali with 50 galleys had come like a thief to the Calabrian coast to spy on him, and just as stealthily fled away again into the East; but not before learning all the weaknesses of the forts at La Goleta from an Italian engineer who had worked on them. This man had gone to Spain, seeking employment from Philip II; waiting in vain for help, he was reduced to eating garbage while he loitered around the beautiful gardens of Aranjuez, until, having been beaten by an *alguacil* of the court, he made his way, in bitterness of soul, to the Turks, and sold them his secrets.<sup>5</sup>

Aluch Ali and Sinan the Jew were well prepared, therefore, in 1574 to recapture both Tunis and La Goleta. During the absence of Don Juan, 230 of their great black galleys from the Orient, with 40,000 soldiers on board, passed swiftly down the Mediterranean, and laid siege to La Goleta. Puertocarrero sent a frantic appeal to Don Juan in Genoa.

The young commander made frantic efforts to undo the damage caused by his disobedience. But he was detained in Genoa for several days by a terrible tempest, unusual for that season. It was September before he could get any ships or troops across from Palermo. Santa Cruz was ready to sail, but foul weather kept him near the Sicilian coast. When both Spanish fleets arrived, it was too late. Aluch Ali had smashed the new wall, and with overwhelming forces beaten down the gallant defense of the Spaniards, until, after two months of desperate fighting, there were only a few hundred left. Nearly 10,000 of the best fighting men in Christendom had gone to untimely death because a vain ambitious youth had failed to follow the orders of his far-sighted King. Don Juan returned to Genoa in November, crestfallen and out of favor, while the victorious Turkish fleet was nosing safely into the Bosphorus.<sup>6</sup>

The great crusade set in motion by St. Pius was now definitely at an end. As Don Juan hauled down the glorious standard of the League and ran up the flag of Spain, King Philip turned anxiously to the Netherlands, where the death of Requesens and the apparently favorable progress of Calvinist intrigue in England had made the position of his army precarious. When he asked himself what he would do, he discovered that he could do nothing. The haphazard system of finance inherited from Charles V had broken down at last. Philip was bankrupt.

For twenty years he had been like a skilful juggler balancing one debt against another, borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, draining the mines of Peru and Mexico to line the coffers of the money-lenders of Genoa and Antwerp. His father's debt of twenty million ducats which he had assumed, in 1558, had more than doubled. The revenue from the Indies had made up only a small part of his receipts. The *alcabala* in New Castile had yielded from 80,000 to 150,000 ducats a year: a tax on playing cards, over 50,000 ducats; the monopoly on salt even more. But all his various incomes, including papal concessions, had proved insufficient to meet the mounting cost of vast enterprises against the Turks, the Huguenots and the rebels in Flanders.

He was obliged to inform the Cortes of Castile in 1573 that the ordinary income of the realm had been spent for five years in advance, and that the outstanding debts of his government amounted to almost fifty million ducats. The following year he asked the *procuradores* to increase the *encabezamiento*, or personal tax, to make it yield nearly a million and a half of ducats. But the Cortes was never willing to give quite as much as the monarch demanded. Philip therefore, like his father

before him, was continually under the necessity of borrowing for current expenses from private bankers at interest usually from 10 to 20%. At various times the parliaments of his realms besought him to put an end to the payment of so much usury. This he found impossible. In 1575 he was forced at last to issue a decree suspending all payments until a readjustment of interest charges could be made.

The inevitable result was the destruction of his credit for the time being. The master of the mines of the Aztecs and the Incas was a royal bankrupt. There were financial panics in several of the money markets, especially in Genoa and the Low Countries. Some of the merchants who failed in Flanders held secret meetings to discuss joining the Sea-Beggars and other pirates as a means of recouping their losses. It took Philip two years to reestablish his credit abroad, by issuing new pledges in place of the old ones, and promising various rates of interest to be paid out of his regular revenues. This temporarily relieved his embarrassment. In the end it added to his indebtedness.<sup>7</sup>

It is hardly fair to single out Spain, as Professor Merriman appears to do,<sup>8</sup> as a flagrant example of the stupidity which augmented debts and prices all over Europe during the sixteenth century. If it is true, as he says, that the price of wheat in Spain advanced 456 per cent during the century, there was an even greater increase in England. There, for example, in 1554, when Philip went to marry Mary Tudor, wheat sold at 8 shillings per quarter. It remained at that price for some years. In 1574 it had jumped to £2/16/-; in 1587 it was £3/4/-, and in 1596 it rose to £6/4/- and then fell to £4/-/-, or 80 shillings.<sup>9</sup> This represents an increase of 900 per cent in half a century—twice as much as in Spain.

In England, although the new mercantile nobility and their middle class satellites prospered, the burden of high prices fell crushingly upon the mass of the poor, thousands of whom were reduced to beggary by the greedy policy of the new owners of stolen church property, who everywhere turned farmlands into pastures and thus destroyed most of the great peasant population which had been supported by the Church in the Middle Ages. One shepherd took the place of six small farmers. It was in vain that cruel Elizabethan "poor laws" enjoined boring of the ears and whipping for beggars, and death for the third offense. By the Protestant Revolt the lower classes of England were doomed to a poverty and misery from which they have not yet fully recovered. Spain developed an agrarian problem, but no such wretchedness.

Besides his public anxieties, King Philip had his own share of those common to humanity. Although his fourth wife was docile and affectionate, and peculiarly fitted for the task for which she had been selected, her children were delicate, and for the most part short-lived. There was great rejoicing when Prince Fernando was born at the end of 1571. But when the oath of allegiance was taken to him by the three Estates of Castile it was considered a bad omen that the baby awoke from a sound sleep and cried at the singing of the *Te Deum Laudamus*. The second son of Philip and Anna, Don Carlos Laurencio, died in 1574, on July eleventh. The third son was born on the following day, and was called Diego. In September, 1573 the King lost his devoted sister, Juana. She was the first to die in the Escorial, shortly after the royal family had gone to live there.

From 1573 onward Philip did most of his work in the little study at San Lorenzo where his desk and writing implements are still to be seen. He liked to have his wife and children near him, even when he was busy. As he finished a letter and signed it, Queen Anna threw the sand over it, and Isabel and Catherine, eight and seven, then took them to a table, where an old *ayuda de camara*, Santoyo, would seal them.<sup>10</sup> Frequently the King worked at his dispatches long after his family had retired. Once he finished a long letter after midnight, and Santoyo, wearied and eager to get home, absent-mindedly seized the ink-pot instead of the sand-box, and poured it over the page that the King had just covered with fine writing. It was a large page, too, well filled, for Philip left narrow margins.

Santoyo stood speechless with dismay, but the King only said "Wait, there is more coming," and began to rewrite the letter.<sup>11</sup>

The southern façade of San Lorenzo was now finished, and the east and west walls were well along. The King's confessor had consecrated the apartments of the royal family and Mass had been said for the first time in the chapel. Philip never tired of adorning that place of God with rich ornaments and vessels. It was noticed, too, that he was more attentive to his private devotions; he would pray for four or five hours a day.<sup>12</sup> When he saw a little girl climb over the altar rail in San Lorenzo, he lifted her out and said, "Neither you nor I can go up there where the priests go."<sup>13</sup> After a new Mass at Christmas (1573), he went with his nephews to kiss the hand of the priest, and to make him an offering. He meant to give an example to the young Archdukes, Albert and Charles, who had come from Vienna, to take the places of Rudolph and Ernest.

As soon as his family were established at San Lorenzo, Philip began having the bodies of his dead relations brought for reinterment in the great vaults prepared for them: the remains of the Empress, his mother, from Granada; of his aunts Queen Leonor of Portugal and France and Queen Mary of Hungary; of his first wife Maria; of his tiny brothers Don Fernando and Don Juan, whom he hardly remembered; of his father the Emperor, from San Justo y Pastor; of his grandmother, Queen Juana the Mad; of Don Carlos and Isabel the Queen of Peace, from Madrid.

King Philip provided for Masses to be said for the souls of these royal dead, day after day, until the end of the world. Pope Gregory XIII sent him some parts of the body of the martyred Saint Laurence, remarking, as he severed them, "the saint wishes to go to his Spain and his own house, *in viam pacis*, which is quite right, and I would send all the rest if it would not leave this court and beloved city disconsolate."



On the day when the portions of San Lorenzo—a burned thigh, a foot, a bone of the arm, and part of the back—were received, Philip summoned all the people from nearby villages to form a great procession, and there were dances, pageants and tableaux, and fireworks at night. The relics were enclosed in depositories adorned with silver, gold, lapis-lazuli, bronze, rubies, and diamonds. The King knew the place and contents of each reliquary, and had a book made indexing the histories and credentials.

To the victims of a false and hostile tradition, it has seemed delightfully appropriate that a gloomy introvert should gravitate to such dismal surroundings. But, even if the funeral vaults had occupied more than a small portion of the vast monastery, a Christian mind found nothing necessarily depressing in the thought of death. King Philip was just as cheerful in those beautiful austere halls as he had been in the gardens of Aranjuez. The impression he left upon intimates and servants was one of benignity and serene good humor.

When he was stern, it was usually because his sense of justice had been outraged. "Justice is his favorite interest," wrote Tiepolo of him in 1563. Another ambassador reported, twenty-one years later, that "he is by nature the justest of rulers." His worst mistakes, indeed, came from too rigid an exercise of this royal virtue.

In the enforcement of laws he insisted upon utter impartiality. It made no difference whether an offender was the son of the great Duke of Alba or of a small country hidalgo; if he broke the King's law, the heavy hand of chastisement fell upon him swiftly. Indeed, when Alba, after his return to Spain and the recovery of his health, connived at the marriage of his son to a woman who had been promised to another man, it cost him the King's friendship, and for a time his own liberty. One of the great house of Mendoza was sent to pull an oar in a galley on the hot Mediterranean, for an offense against chastity. A breach of trust or even a deception by a public officer was unpardonable. The minister who spoke an untruth, said Philip, was a perjurer. When his councillors went to discuss public affairs with him, they felt as if they were going to confession, for the King's questions were as searching as his eyes, and seemed to probe to the depths of their souls.<sup>14</sup> Don Cristóbal de Moura once absented himself from a council meeting on the plea of sickness. When he appeared next day, the King looked at him with cold unrecognition, and said: "Who are you?"

"I am Don Cristóbal."

"Don Cristóbal!" said Philip. "Don Cristóbal!" And turning on his heel he walked away. When Moura begged to know how he had offended, he was informed curtly that he had stayed away from the council because he had been unable to go there and tell the truth.

Philip insisted that his ministers speak their minds freely in council, without considering what would please him. His sincerity in this regard is indicated by the frankness of some of the criticisms made of him, with apparent impunity. He ordered that no favoritism be shown him in law cases where his interests were involved. In fact, he instructed Dr. Velasco to tell the Council that in any trial where his interests were involved, the benefit of the doubt must be given to the other side,<sup>15</sup> and in no such case must his opinion be told to the judges. "For he knew that the will of princes is tacit violence."<sup>16</sup>

This love of even-handed justice revealed itself even in some of his more trivial daily affairs. One afternoon while he was giving some final instructions to a courier about to leave for Flanders he looked from the window of his palace in the Wood of Segovia and saw his two coachmen, who were waiting to drive him to a field to meet the Queen, engage in a quarrel, during which one stabbed the other with a knife. The wounded man was taken away. When Philip went out he saw the victor standing respectfully beside the horses.

"Why hasn't this man been arrested?" demanded the King.

An official explained that he was the only coachman available to drive His Majesty to his destination.

"Put him in prison and let him be punished," said the King, "and give me a horse." He went on horseback to meet the Queen.

For all this, he was not wholly inflexible. As he emerged from his Council Chamber one day, he heard shouts and found that a group of indignant young gallants had taken one of their number away from an *alcalde* of the court, who had arrested him for a dagger thrust he had given a young officer of the palace. The King inquired about the matter, and learned that the prisoner's lady-love had warned him of the approach of His Majesty and had told him to stop shouting and go along as though he were not going to prison, so that the King should not notice. The prisoner told the *alcalde* who, in deference to the lady's request, unfettered him and allowed him to walk along beside him. The young man availed himself of the opportunity to slip away into a crowd of his friends. Philip said to the trembling *alcalde*,

"You did well, for the young man couldn't have done less, since the lady asked him to." But he ordered that the lady be punished, "to teach ladies not to place cavaliers in risk for matters that could be remedied in other ways."<sup>17</sup>

Then there was the case of Don Gonzalo Chacón, the Count of Montalbán's brother, in whose lodgings one of the young ladies of the Princess Juana was caught. Forsaking her there, he fled, and found sanctuary in a Franciscan monastery at Aguilera. When he left the monastery, to prepare his flight to France, he was discovered and taken back to Madrid. Philip ordered the guardian of the monastery arrested and brought before him. He was angry and, as the friar knelt before him, he said sternly, "Friar, who taught you to disobey your King and to cover up such a delinquent? What prompted you?"

Raising his eyes with great humility, the Franciscan replied, "Charity."

The King stepped back two paces. Looking earnestly at the kneeling monk, he repeated the word: "Charity—charity!" He took two or three more steps in silence, and then, calling an *alcalde*, said, "Send him back *bien acomodado* to his convent. For if charity prompted him, what can we do about it?"

As for Don Gonzalo, Philip had him condemned to death. Cabrera considers it a great favor that the man's mother was allowed to keep her position as governess of little Prince Fernando. She was a very discreet woman, apparently, who found a way to appeal to the King's mercy after his anger had cooled. A commutation to exile was granted, but only on condition that Don Gonzalo marry the girl who had been found in his room. The King had not wholly forgotten his own youth. "He knew better than anyone else that they were worthy of pardon," adds Cabrera, in one of his cryptic comments, "from his own experience."<sup>18</sup>

One of the most likable traits of this King, in fact, was his willingness to admit his own mistakes, and (unless he felt himself betrayed) to forgive those of others. This was apparent in two of the affairs for which he has been most blamed: the case of Don Juan, and the problem of the Netherlands.

The death of Requesens had led to a real crisis there. True, his successful and brilliant siege of Zierikzee, after a long and gallant defense by the Dutch Protestants, had broken the opposition, and left William of Orange, despite all the successes of the Sea-Beggars, in a critical position, with his faction isolated, and a large majority of the people still Catholic, and loyal to the King. Yet Requesens warned Philip not to take too seriously the assurances of his Flemish secretary, Hopperus, that there were as many Catholics in the Low Countries as in 1566. Religion had not begun the quarrel, he said, but had been made the principal issue. Therefore, to pacify the country, he proposed to grant liberty of conscience, to reassemble the Estates-General, and to have a native government.

Philip considered the suggestion, and consulted his Council about it. Quiroga, the Inquisitor General, advised him not to accept it. A meeting of the Estates, he said, would give the rebels a chance to unite and to carry on propaganda as before. Granting them liberty of conscience would be to repeat the folly of the sheep who chased away the dog at the request of the wolves upon their promise to be good friends afterward. As for government by native sons, he reminded the King that Queen Mary of Hungary and Margaret of Parma had been born in the Netherlands; but the people had rebelled nevertheless.

Whether the more liberal policies of Requesens would have had the effect he desired, had he been allowed to carry them out, or whether the Grand Inquisitor was right, it is impossible to say. But the Spanish position had a fatal weakness, which Requesens revealed in a report not long before his death. He owed the infantry, Spanish, Walloon, and German, 5,487,138 crowns. He owed the merchants of Antwerp 1,463,555 crowns. He owed various Spanish officers 128,060 crowns and 300,000 to the Duke of Holstein, the Archbishop of Cologne, and other individuals. The total was 7,226,191 crowns.

The result of this huge indebtedness, at a time when the Spanish government itself was bankrupt and without credit resources, was to cause a series of mutinies which undid all the work of Alba and Requesens and, snatching victory out of the hands of Philip II after seven long years of continuous struggle, left him with a more harassing problem than ever. Bands of Spanish troops (they were called "Spanish" even when they were made up entirely of Walloons or Germans, and some of the latter were Protestant mercenaries) expelled their officers, elected their own leaders, and went roaming through the country, thieving, burning and killing as they chose. The authentic Spanish, who had borne the brunt of the attack on Zierickzee, were enraged when they saw some of the Germans paid, while they were left cold and hungry on the northern isles. Marching toward Brussels under their Elector, they took Alost by force, and went on to Antwerp, Malines, and Brussels. Nothing could have been more fortunate for William of Orange and the Protestants. Every man shot or hanged by the mutineers who had thrown off the authority of Philip II had an enormous propaganda value against the King, not only throughout the Netherlands but in Germany, France, and England.

The Council of State at Madrid deliberated for several days. Alba, who had rejoined the group early in 1576, did most of the talking, as usual. Clearly, said he, a person of experience must go take the place of Requesens. Royal blood was not essential, but was advisable. Margaret of Parma as a woman could not cope with war conditions. Her son Alexander was able but lacked experience. Don Juan of Austria was of royal blood and had had military experience, but was needed in Italy. The Duke suggested therefore, that Albert, nephew to the King and brother to the Emperor Rudolph II (who had just succeeded his father, Maximilian II) be chosen. Others preferred Ernest, another of the sons of Maximilian. Both these young princes were living at the Spanish Court, and could be trusted to carry out the King's wishes.

The Inquisitor-General argued in favor of Don Juan of Austria. President Covarrubias agreed. The candidacy of the King's brother was flourishing until the Prior, Don Antonio de Toledo, said that the time had come to speak freely about Don Juan. First, he was a bastard; and illegitimate rulers were not popular in the Netherlands. Again, experience had shown him to be unfit for the affairs of government and the administration of justice. The independence with which he had conducted himself, even against the explicit orders of the King, the intemperate language he had used to important persons, his inexcusable conduct to Requesens, the high opinion he had of his own person and the authority he arrogated to himself—these seemed to prove the unfitness of the hero of Lepanto for a task calling for more than military gifts.<sup>19</sup>

Requesens was still living, but known to be hopelessly ill, when these deliberations were held in the last week of February, 1576. He died on March fifth. On the twenty-fourth Philip wrote the Council of Flanders that he committed the



government to them. Meanwhile, he decided to take the advice of Quiroga, against that of the majority of his councillors, and send his brother to the Low Countries. On April eighth he wrote Don Juan, explaining the urgent need of his presence there and instructing him to go immediately, without the loss of even a day. He was to pass through Lombardy, where further instructions and full authority would be sent him.

"I would go myself," dictated Philip to Antonio Pérez, "if my presence were not indispensable to these kingdoms, to raise the money here which is needed to sustain all the others: otherwise, surely I would have devoted my person and my life, as I have often wished to do, to an affair of such high importance and so close to the service of God. It is necessary for me, therefore, to avail myself of you, not only for what you are and the good qualities God has given you, but for the experience and knowledge of affairs that you have gained. . . . I am trusting to you, my brother, that since you are informed of the state of affairs of the Low Countries . . . and that no one else is available . . . I am confident, I say, that you will dedicate your strength and your life and all that you hold most dear to an affair so important and so much concerned with the honor of God as well as the welfare of His religion: for *on the conservation of that of the Low Countries depends the conservation of all the rest*, and since they are in peril, there is no sacrifice one ought to avoid to save them.

"Thank God, matters are now in good state . . . but the sooner you arrive, the better. By all means see that you arrive while the present favorable state of affairs endures and before any change is caused by delay, from which grave inconveniences could result; and the remedy then would be in vain. This is why it must be administered before such an eventuality occurs; and I would wish that the bearer of this dispatch had wings to fly to you and that you had them yourself, to get there sooner." Don Juan should go without an army, he added, to avoid causing talk and opposition, taking with him only enough cavalry to make sure of his own safety. He must go through Milan, and if necessary disguise himself.

Antonio Pérez forwarded the King's letter to Escobedo, secretary of Don Juan, and with it a long letter of his own, which he first showed to His Majesty (who made corrections and additions), urging him to use all his influence to induce Don Juan to obey the royal command at once. Evidently both Pérez and the King knew Don Juan well enough to understand that he would not wish to go to the Netherlands.

The Prince might even come to Spain to argue the matter out. Hence, Pérez sent a second letter the same day to Escobedo (obviously showing it to the King to prove his own zeal), in which he said: "One thing I must warn you against especially; that is that Señor Don Juan should not, under any circumstances, think of coming here. That would be to lose much time and would be very embarrassing." Pérez added that the letters of Don Juan of February ninth and tenth, criticizing the Marqués of Mondejar, were so violent and exaggerated, that he had decided not to show them to His Majesty for fear of causing him displeasure and of injuring Don Juan in his eyes. This was a lie. The notations on the letter in the King's hand show that he read it; and, when Pérez sent back the letters of Don Juan to Escobedo, that they might be destroyed, he was careful to keep copies. On the same day he wrote a little note to his friend Escobedo (which he did not show to the King, urging him "for the love of God" to see that Don Juan hurried to the Netherlands, for the sake of Escobedo himself and his future.<sup>20</sup>

Don Juan received the King's letter on May third. He did not reply to it for twenty-four days. Not until May twenty-seventh did he write an answer, couched in very lofty terms. Perhaps he had dreamed so much of making himself a king that the tone was becoming habitual with him. He had anticipated what was happening in the Low Countries, he said, and the last time Escobedo went to Madrid he had charged him, in case he perceived that the King intended to send him to those provinces, to represent to His Majesty his reasons for wishing to be excused, although of course he felt obliged to serve him wherever he ordered. Escobedo was to ask the King, however, to employ his master in some enterprise where he could increase the honor and glory of His Majesty, as he had hitherto done. On learning of the King's response to Escobedo, Don Juan had experienced the greatest possible joy in the world, for he had escaped a manifest peril for his honor, and the King a more appreciable loss.

The Prince then proceeded to paint for his royal brother a gloomy picture of conditions in the Netherlands: enemies increased in power, heresy rampant, indeed one must now expect a veritable "shower of heretics" from France; both Catholics and Protestants on the point of making an alliance with England for the invasion of the Low Countries; the King without money and without credit; his provinces destroyed by his own troops; his own vassals going over to the enemy; the whole Spanish nation abhorred. What could be expected of this situation? Nevertheless, since His Majesty was convinced of the utility of Don Juan for this affair, he *would* go to Lombardy, "since my principal end has always been to obey Your Majesty and serve you and be more humble in so doing than any one else."

For so dangerous an enterprise, however, he would have thought it better to have instructions from the King's own mouth, instead of by letters from messengers. He had intended to go in person to discuss the difficulties with His Majesty, and could have done it in fifteen or twenty days, an insignificant delay in so great an enterprise. But since the King had set such an exact limit for him, in letting him understand that he was not to go to Spain, let it be so; he would send Escobedo in his place. Still, he felt it would be better if he could go himself and beg the King to change his mind.

He also wished a free hand in the Netherlands. In such a confusion, where conditions shifted from hour to hour, it would be necessary to change policies. Exact instructions would only cause him to make mistakes, whereas *carte blanche* would make him more scrupulous and more docile to the counsels and advice of the King's ministers. Furthermore, it would be very useful to repeal everything that previous governors had done against the laws and customs of the country, to the discontent

of the people. Since peace was to be established "without the use of force and by the sole authority of Your Majesty and mine," Don Juan must have a household suitably equipped and respected, and must be allowed to have persons of all nations in it. He also wanted the King to guarantee him a sufficient sum of money and to pay his debts of several thousand ducats. Finally, he introduced a thought that was to have tragic consequences for him.

"The true remedy for the Low Countries in the opinion of everybody," wrote Don Juan, "is that England be under the authority of a person devoted to the service of Your Majesty, and, if this is not done, people are convinced that they will be destroyed and ruined and lost to the Crown. It is rumored in Rome and everywhere that, with this idea, Your Majesty and His Holiness have thought of me as the best instrument you could choose for the carrying out of your purposes, incensed as you are by the evil proceedings of the Queen of England and the wrong she has done to the Queen of Scotland, especially in supporting heresy in her kingdom against her will.

"Although for this or for anything else I do not believe myself as capable as Your Majesty would wish, nevertheless, since, in the opinion of the world, this task is incumbent upon me, and since Your Majesty, to show your benevolence as always toward me, lends a willing ear to this project and shows such evident signs of desiring its success, may it please Your Majesty to permit me to kiss your hand for so high a favor." Don Juan made further protestations of his devotion, repeated that he would plan to leave for Lombardy as soon as possible, and added some practical suggestions for borrowing money from the Fuggers, and sending one of the Spinolas to the Netherlands to revive his credit.<sup>21</sup>

The feelings of King Philip when he read this inflated communication of a spoiled boy may be imagined. He had supposed his brother was already in Lombardy awaiting further instructions. And now, almost on the heels of the courier who brought the letter, came Escobedo in person to torment the almost desperate mind of the tired King with an infinite number of requests and admonitions, if we may judge from the extant copy of the instructions Don Juan wrote out for his secretary before his departure.

Escobedo was to speak of money above all. He was to ask the King to see to it that Don Juan received suggestions, and not orders, because of the "inconveniences" which ordinarily resulted from the latter, as past experience had shown, especially when a dead body was involved (this strange remark is still a puzzle to historians). Don Juan would do better if left free. To gain the hearts of the people, His Highness would try to conform to the customs of the country and take part in masquerades and other diversions to which the natives were given. But the King ought to be warned from the start that, since Don Juan was not old, this kind of life might possibly give occasion for calumny, and he hoped His Majesty would be pleased to keep a favorable ear for him (word had got to Spain, no doubt, of the amours of Don Juan in Italy and of the birth of his illegitimate daughter there). Escobedo must emphasize to the King the necessity of having England under his hand if he wished to rule the Netherlands. He must also ask the King how Don Juan should treat his mother. He felt that if she was to be kept in the Netherlands, she ought to remain in some place where he would not have to go very often.<sup>22</sup>

It must have been evident to Philip by this time that his brother's ambition to rule a kingdom of his own had become almost an obsession. First, it had been La Morea, and then Tunis. Now he aspired to nothing less than freeing Mary Stuart, marrying her, and ruling with her over England, Scotland, and Ireland. The idea was not wholly unattractive, and Philip did not reject it. There was much in what Don Juan said about England and the Netherlands. So long as England remained Protestant and hostile, Christendom would never again be safe, never again be one.

England, England—more and more this word was beating against the heart of the anxious King like an echo from a tormented conscience. Who had made possible the greatness of this Protestant England to which the Jewish financial power was already shifting the centre of gravity of the commercial world, as if in anticipation of a safe shelter from which to deal heavier blows than ever before upon the Church of Christ and its culture? It was Philip II who had conjured up this nightmare called England, which was always rising up to mock him at the most inconvenient moments.

Could he believe that Don Juan could be trusted, after the conquest, to be faithful to the Spanish Crown, on which the safety of all Christendom seemed to depend? Could he give so immature a youth a free hand over an army of fifty thousand men, and a whole nation on the most critical frontier of Christendom, when the appalling loss of life that his disobedience and over-confidence had caused in La Goleta was still fresh in the minds of everyone? Was it possible that in Don Juan he had found, not the right arm he had hoped for, but another, if less pitiable, Don Carlos, another torturing problem of personality? And this pestiferous Escobedo: had he put those ideas of grandeur into the mind of the Prince, or did they grow there of themselves, or had they been planted there with hostile intent by such subtle contrivers as Coligny, Montigny, William of Orange and Cecil, who seemed in league to cover the face of Europe and the world? Of Philip's later distrust of Escobedo there can be no doubt. What did he think of him at this time?

Fourteen years later, with the ropes of torture tugging at his arms, Antonio Pérez professed to speak his mind on this visit of Escobedo. He said that the nuncio Ormaneto—the *nuncio santo*, Saint Teresa called this great leader of Catholic Reform—had told him that Escobedo and Don Juan had taken up with the Pope the possible investing of Don Juan as King of England. Pérez learned (can we believe this man, who was later proved to be such an unconscionable liar?) that the nuncio had a letter in cipher from the Pope to Escobedo, with orders to decipher it himself. It seems highly improbable that Ormaneto should have told Pérez that it concerned the investing of Don Juan as King of England; but so Pérez said. He added that he so



informed the King, who was highly displeased, especially since Escobedo had said nothing to him of the conversations in Rome, and felt that he had been deceived—not by the Pope, for Ormaneto discussed the business with Philip as well as with Pérez, but by his brother and Escobedo. In any case, the King resolved to dissimulate with Escobedo and Don Juan, and to watch them both. He received the secretary with all patience and kindness, listened to his interminable questions and demands, and gave him as many assurances as he could.<sup>23</sup>

Philip had never liked this man, Escobedo. He had once rebuked him for an officious criticism of Cardinal Espinosa and had advised him to mind his own business. But Escobedo had the favor of Ruy Gómez, who had brought him from Aragon, where he had been secretary to the Duke of Francavila. Cabrera gives a thumb-nail characterization of him: he was ambitious, presumptuous, arrogant, altogether too well pleased with himself, and too free to meddle in matters that did not concern him; in short, says Cabrera, a busybody.<sup>24</sup>

It was July when Escobedo arrived. The King immediately replied to Don Juan, thanking him for his acceptance, and instructing him to make ready to start as soon as the secretary returned; horses and an escort would be ready for him in Savoy, and in Burgundy a squadron of cavalry would be waiting to accompany him to Brussels. There must be no delay. Affairs in the Low Countries were going from bad to worse, and nothing but his presence could avert a disaster. He must be on his way to Flanders the day after Escobedo returned.<sup>25</sup>

It seems incredible that Don Juan should have been rash enough, on receiving such a letter, to write the King that he had decided after all to go and kiss his hand in Spain. Almost as incredible is the patience of the King. Their father would have talked about cutting off heads under similar circumstances. Philip merely wrote that Don Juan must not come under any circumstances, that it ought to be enough for him to know his brother's wishes in the matter; and he added, "When it will be convenient for you to come, no one will be more eager to summon you than I, for the pleasure that it will give me to see you."<sup>26</sup> Don Juan's reply was a deliberate act of disobedience. He sailed for Spain with three galleys, and on August twenty-second wrote the King from the harbor of Barcelona as follows:—

"Señor, I beg Your Majesty as much as I can not to take ill my coming to these kingdoms, nor the manner in which I have made the voyage, for besides my keen desire to kiss your hand, the very service of Your Majesty compels me." He was sending Escobedo to tell the rest pending his own arrival at court.

Early in September Don Juan arrived at Madrid. The King had gone with his family to the Escorial—according to Cabrera, to avoid receiving him formally at court. The King took counsel, just before his brother's arrival, with the Duke of Alba, the Marqués de Los Vélez, and Antonio Pérez. It may be that their advice tempered the indignation he must have felt at Don Juan. Perhaps it was at this time that Los Vélez, who was related to the Mendozas, and very intimate with Pérez, reported to Philip some of the uncomplimentary remarks Escobedo had been making about His Majesty in the presence of various persons. What Philip did not know at this time was that Antonio Pérez had a personal grievance against Escobedo, who had interfered in some manner with his amours, and that he feared, envied, hated and despised Don Juan. At any rate, it was decided that as Don Juan was so useful to the King (chiefly as a bridle on France, says Cabrera) it would be better to dissemble with him. It must also be said that Philip had always had a warm affection for his illegitimate brother.

When Don Juan entered the room at San Lorenzo, the King gave every evidence of being glad to see him. He arose from his seat, took him by the hand, and embraced him. The Prince went to the Queen, to whom he made a low obeisance, and then turned to kiss the hand of little Prince Fernando. From the various accounts it is not clear whether the heir to the throne, whose father had waited for him so many years, was sitting or standing beside the Queen; but as Don Juan turned around in his haste, the end of his scabbard struck the little boy between the eyebrows, bruising him and knocking him to the floor, where his head struck with an impact that must have waked in the King's mind echoes of the fall of Don Carlos. Yet Philip alone remained calm while the others rushed about in consternation, until it was ascertained that the Prince had not been seriously hurt. Don Juan was lamenting and apologizing at great length. The King stopped him, saying quietly,

"Enough. Give thanks to God that it was no worse."

"Worse, do you say?" cried Don Juan. "There are windows here that I can throw myself out of!"

"How can you talk like that?" replied the King, very gravely. "Why should we have more than one misfortune?"<sup>27</sup>

There followed discussions with the Council of State until September twenty-second, when the King and Don Juan returned together to Madrid. His Majesty ordered prayers said in all the churches for the safe journey of the new governor, giving it out that he was to sail from Barcelona and to pass through Italy. But Don Juan was secretly ordered to go at night to Abrojo, where he darkened his face and hands and blackened his fair beard and hair, to disguise himself as a Moorish slave in the service of Ottavio Gonzaga, brother of the Prince of Melfi. October was more than half gone when he finally took his departure for the French border, apparently in a mood of utter hopelessness as to his mission.

His letters to the King on the way show none of the spirit with which he went to conquer the Turks at Lepanto. This hero in his late twenties is already tired and jaded. Complaints come easily to his pen. "I have just arrived here at Irun, never in my life having experienced so much fatigue as in this single journey . . . We have been obliged to ride the same horses for twelve leagues, sometimes for sixteen . . . had little sleep . . . I have been troubled by a return of some old ailments, yet, God willing, they shall not stop me, seeing that it is so important to the service of God and Your Majesty . . . Money . . . money . . .

send me Escobedo . . . what I require is money, money, and more money."

From Paris, on October thirty-first, he wrote of the bad roads, the constant rain, his weariness from carrying a portmanteau as a servant. If we may believe Brantôme, he was not too tired to go in disguise that night to a ball at the Louvre, where he saw Queen Marguerite of Navarre and was deeply moved by her beauty. At Joinville he conversed with young Duke Henry of Guise. On November third, he was in Luxembourg, and laid aside his disguise. The next day was Sunday. Don Juan rested. And then he heard the terrible news.

It was that very day (November fourth) that Spanish mutineers sacked and destroyed the great city of Antwerp. The whole country was enraged. All the fruit of seven years' sacrifice on the part of Spain, seven years of incredible expense of blood and treasure, had been thrown away in a few hours. It was exactly what King Philip had been fearing for several months. It might have been prevented if Don Juan had obeyed orders.





## The "Spanish Fury" at Antwerp [1576]

ONE of the most striking facts about the Spanish Fury at Antwerp on November fourth, 1576, was that it seems to have been caused chiefly by Germans, a great many of whom were Protestants. A band of mutineers had attacked the city in 1574, but Requesens had punished the ringleaders. With the King's bankruptcy in 1575 the number of troops who defied their officers and began to live on the country increased, until in 1576 there were whole armies of irresponsible mercenaries roaming through the country.

On October twentieth a band of mutineers sacked Maestricht, and moved on toward Antwerp, where there was a large garrison of German troops under Colonel Von Ende and Count Oberstein. These Germans also were threatening mutiny over arrears in pay. Sancho d'Avila, Philip's military governor of the city and one of the boldest and most skilful of the Spanish officers, fearing that they would join the Flemish rebels in an attack on all the Spanish troops in the vicinity of the city, persuaded Ende and Oberstein to sign a treaty with him.

Oberstein later offered the excuse that he was half-drunk when he affixed his signature to a paper agreeing that the burghers of Antwerp were to be disarmed and their weapons stacked in the citadel, while Oberstein would hold the city at the disposition of Sancho d'Avila and admit no troops but his, the King's lawful garrison. At the same time, Oberstein was in communication with the party of William of Orange, and Sancho d'Avila had reason to suspect that he was planning to turn the city over to them. On the other hand, Sancho was accused later by Champagny, Governor of Antwerp, of having incited the mutiny of the Germans against Oberstein. There were accusations and counter-accusations. It is still difficult to get at the whole truth.

Meanwhile Julian Romero, another famous Spanish captain, was approaching the city with 500 arquebussiers. On the way they had a skirmish with another band of mercenaries. The people of Antwerp, remembering their experience of two years before, feared that these operations presaged an attack on them. In the first week of October they admitted, after night-fall, 5,000 mercenaries, mostly Germans and Walloons, under Count Egmont, together with 1200 cavalry, and gave them quarters in the streets, where they proceeded to throw up earthworks and dig trenches, with much beating of drums and blowing of trumpets. The mercenaries then attacked the castle Alba had built, according to the Spanish version. According to Champagny, the Spaniards fired first, even before any trenches were dug by the Germans. Some of the women joined the burghers and the Germans and Walloons in firing on the castle. By the end of November there were in this city of 100,000 people 24,000 armed men, ready to fight against the small bands of Spaniards who were living on the country. Most of them were German mercenaries, the head of whom Motley calls a crafty traitor and his colleague Oberstein a blundering fool.<sup>1</sup>

Sancho d'Avila had reason to fear that the treaty he had made would not be kept. Before he could act, a band of Spanish mutineers, hearing the artillery within the walls, approached the city in the middle of the night. They carried a banner of Christ Crucified, and another of the Blessed Virgin. It seems clear that hunger and uncertainty, and the fear of sudden attack by heretics or German Protestant troops, had engendered in them a crusading spirit boding ill for any opposition they might meet. After a long night's march, they arrived at daybreak at a river bank. Some swam across, others crossed in boats that Sancho d'Avila sent them, ten at a time. Several regiments of Spaniards arrived at a point about a league from the town at dawn, as if on a day agreed upon.

The people of Antwerp naturally considered this highly suspicious, though Cabrera and other Spanish historians insist that it was purely accidental. The band of adventurers now consisted of 2200 Spanish infantry, 800 Germans, and 500 horses, as Cabrera expresses it.<sup>2</sup> Sancho d'Avila, still bent upon conciliation, if we may believe the Spanish accounts, begged them to rest and to eat. But the mutineers, angered at what they had heard of preparations to fight them by the 24,000 armed men at

Antwerp, said that their next meal would have to be in heaven or in Antwerp. They supplied themselves with straw and fire and, first pausing to kneel and to offer their customary prayer for victory, flung themselves upon the city, crying, "*Santiago! España!*"

Far from attacking defenseless civilians, as legend has represented, they attacked a body of well-armed troops greatly outnumbering them and stationed behind strong fortifications in the street of St. Michael and behind one near the abbey. A furious battle raged. The mutineers, who were among the best infantrymen in Europe, leaped upon the breastworks. The first to reach there was their captain, Navarrete, with the standard of the crucified Christ, which another seized as he fell to his death. Four thousand trained soldiers, mostly Germans, retreated before those furious crusaders who could mingle religion with war only as those whose ancestors had fought for a thousand years against the Moslems could do. The Flemings broke and fled, while the invaders fought their way to the plaza. Meanwhile, some cavalry made a sortie from the castle under Alonzo de Vargas, and forced four regiments of Germans to surrender. With cries of triumph the attackers swept up to the Meerburge, wild with the joy of battle, mad with rage over the few casualties they had suffered. Now they broke ranks and began to set fire to the houses. The vanquished soldiers and the townspeople hurled themselves out of windows, leaped into the canals and were drowned, perished in flames or on the swords of the besiegers.

Antwerp was then the richest city in Europe, where merchants and usurers lived in palaces with regal pomp and luxury. As Motley says: "It was the centre of that commercial system which was soon to be superseded by a larger international life . . . a stately and egotistical city" which was then the centre of the Jewish money power, driven from Spain three-quarters of a century before. Along the river were massive warehouses, stuffed with treasures from the ends of the earth. The mutineers with shouts of joy flung themselves upon these riches and came forth spattered with blood and draped with rich brocades and silks, dragging after them all manner of valuables. They had lost fourteen killed and twenty wounded, but succeeded in butchering thousands and driving seven thousand others to death in flames or water. Some eighty splendid houses were burned.

Thus was the sacking of the fine old churches of Antwerp in 1566 avenged. In Spain men said the punishment was just. But to Philip II it was a major calamity and well-nigh irreparable. For, whether the Spanish were right in blaming the treachery of Oberstein and his Germans for the battle and the sack, or the Flemings in accusing Sancho d'Avila of bad faith, the incident was bound to be exaggerated as much as human credulity would permit and to prove of infinite value to the anti-Catholic and anti-Spanish cause. In London, scribblers in the pay of Cecil immediately set to work writing ballads to arouse the righteous indignation of Englishmen against all Spaniards. One of these was called "A Warning Song to All Cities to Beware by Antwerp's Fall." Another was called "Heavy News to All Christendom from the Woeful Town of Antwerp Come." The texts of these have been lost, but a ballad by Ralph Norris ran

*"Let Antwerp warning be,  
Thou stately London, to beware,  
Lest, resting in thy glee,  
Thou wrapst thyself in wretched care."*

For the next two generations Antwerp took the place of Jerusalem, Sodom and Gomorrah, Nineveh and Tyre and scarlet Babylon, as a warning example for wicked Londoners, if any such there were.

The Council of State at Brussels sent Philip a report on November sixth, blaming the intrigues of Count Oberstein, Colonel Charles Fugger and others for the atmosphere of suspicion which had led the Spanish soldiers to fear attack by other mercenaries and by the bourgeois; but asserting that the mutineers from Maestricht and Alost had been sent for by the Spanish cavalry officers in the citadel, who feared the Germans. According to this report the massacre was indiscriminate, falling equally on all races, laying low the women with the men, and Catholic priests with Protestants and Jews. The houses on thirteen streets were destroyed by fire.<sup>3</sup>

It was in vain that Geronimo de Roda sent his congratulations to King Philip on this glorious "victory." Don Juan of Austria painted a different picture when he finally sent the King a long report on November eighteenth. The noble city, he said, was ruined, and would not recover for a long time. The hatred of the country had been aroused "so that the very name of Spaniard inspires them with disgust." He appeared to take no notice of the part his own disobedience and delay had played in the tragedy. By November twenty-second he was so exhausted by innumerable discussions with soldiers, civilians, and rebels of every sort, that he commenced a letter to the King as follows: "Señor, this body is at the end of its life, and only the hand of God by a miracle holds it back from death." He repeatedly asked to have Escobedo sent to him. No one could take Escobedo's place, and he wondered why the King detained him.

Following the King's wishes, Don Juan commenced negotiations for peace with the various parties of the Estates. Just before his arrival, the Prince of Orange had been intriguing to draw the Catholic counties into what would now be called a "popular front" with the Protestants against the King. The massacre at Antwerp was all grist to William's mill. Previously he had been a defeated and discredited man. Now, on the side of the anger that swept the country, he was able to bring about the signing, on November eighth, of the Pacification of Ghent.



In this treaty the Catholic provinces of Brabant, Hainault, Flanders, Artois, Nemours, and several important Catholic cities agreed to support the Protestant states of Holland and Zeeland (which had openly cast off the King's authority) in military resistance until the Spanish troops should be withdrawn, the Estates-General convoked, and various oppressive measures repealed. Fourteen of the seventeen provinces signed the treaty. Only Luxembourg and Limburg remained loyal to Philip. Under the rising storm of public indignation the whole Spanish military effort collapsed. The north-western islands which Requesens had so laboriously recovered fell into the hands of the rebels. Colonel Mondragon, forsaken by his mutinous troops, had to surrender hard-won Zierickzee to William of Orange.

In these circumstances Don Juan found himself almost helpless. Yet, although he did not cease to complain habitually, he exerted himself in every possible way to bring about some sort of solution. Little by little, as the reaction set in, he began to overcome the hostility of Catholic leaders and of some others by his charm and courtesy. He probably did all that any one could have done after the sack of Antwerp. But he had to deal essentially with one of the most astute and unscrupulous politicians of that wicked century. Motley has no difficulty in condoning the lies and deceptions of Philip's arch-enemy on the plea that he lived in the treacherous age of Philip II. It does not seem to have occurred to him to apologize for the less frequent and more excusable deceptions of Philip on the ground that he lived in the treacherous age of William of Orange.<sup>4</sup>

The master-stroke of this Machiavellian politician was to inspire a proposal which the Estates presented to Don Juan on December sixth, apparently recognizing the King's sovereignty and promising to acknowledge the royal authority in all the Estates, to maintain the Catholic religion, to disband the foreign Protestant soldiers, and to accept Don Juan as governor; all this on condition that the Spanish troops depart forever, that all prisoners be released, that a general amnesty be granted, that the Estates-General meet on the same basis as in the time of Charles V, and that Don Juan accept the principles of the Pacification of Ghent. This was virtually an offer to go back to the *status quo* of 1558 and to forsake all the various demands by which William had at first aroused and then had maintained the agitation against Philip.

The insincerity of Orange in putting forth this proposal is admitted by historians as well-disposed toward him as Motley and Stirling-Maxwell. He had no expectation that it would be accepted. In fact, while it was being considered, he was making military preparations and advising the Estates to seize the person of Don Juan. He was astonished and chagrined when Don Juan, at the command of the King and against his own judgment, promptly accepted all the conditions.<sup>5</sup>

Don Juan, in the King's name, signed, in February, 1577, an agreement called the Perpetual Edict, actually a restatement and ratification of the Pacification of Ghent. He swore to dismiss the foreign troops within forty days, to pay for any damage done by the mutineers and others, and to maintain all the ancient privileges and customs of the country. The seventeen provinces agreed to disband their troops, to contribute six-hundred thousand livres toward the expense of removing the Spanish troops and to pay the arrears of the Germans, to acknowledge Don Juan as governor, and to maintain the Catholic religion. From the amnesty now granted, Philip did not except even the Prince of Orange, though he still considered him, as he wrote Don Juan, "the inventor, author, and contriver of all the evils that afflict the country."

Alba, of course, was deeply hurt. He declared at a Council meeting that Spain should continue the war, even if she had to melt down and sell the silver of the churches, in whose defense they were fighting.<sup>6</sup> But Philip had been ready since the beginning of 1576 to withdraw the troops on any conditions that would save the Catholic Faith and his own authority. Hopperus advised him to yield. Pope Gregory XIII, to whom the Catholic bishops of the Low Countries had represented the need of peace, if religion was not to be wholly destroyed, was pleading for conciliation. So Philip decided to surrender to the subjects whom his armies had beaten on so many fields.

Under the circumstances it seemed an act of sound and far-sighted statesmanship. He had always contended that the essential principle for which he was struggling was the maintenance of the Catholic religion. This was now conceded. The bluff of William of Orange was called, the Catholic population which had thrown itself into his arms after the mutinies of 1576 was drawn back to the royal cause, and the King had recovered a good moral position. If now his enemies failed to live up to the conditions which they themselves had insincerely proposed, no one could blame him if he appealed to force again to maintain his rights. He authorized Don Juan to carry out to the letter all that had been agreed upon. Even before the payment of the 600,000 livres (the first instalment of which was completed only by a loan from Don Juan) the Spanish *tercios* began their march for Italy. Philip more than kept his word.

It must have taken all his fortitude to digest a letter he received about that time from Escobedo, who was frantically trying to raise money for Don Juan at Antwerp. Escobedo had his faults, but he rather plumed himself on his frankness. He wrote the King on March twenty-seventh, 1577 that if he wanted any credit at all he would have to pay promptly. "I have not been able to borrow a *real*. No one here will trust Your Majesty without security . . . People have lost all liking to deal with Your Majesty, and, to tell the truth, they are not wrong." Philip said nothing. Patience was very necessary for kings. One must be infinitely patient. But kings have long memories. The satisfaction that Escobedo borrowed from reading a lecture to his sovereign was already beginning to gather usury in the vaults of time.

The Spaniards evacuated the Low Countries in April, 1577, amid the laughter and jeers of many of the inhabitants. There were some 30,000 men, with women, children, and camp-followers, in the army. Many were reluctant to go, for they had been in the Low Countries since 1569, had married and raised families. Some had grown old there. Others still suffered from

wounds. The veterans were much offended at Don Juan for letting them march away after all their victories without reviewing them. Alba would never have done that to them. "You may send us away now," cried Sancho d'Avila, "but you will soon have to call us back." This was the private opinion of Don Juan himself. Since the troops had to go, he wanted them sent by water, with the hope that he might use them against England. Cecil and the Prince of Orange were not blind to this possibility. It was at their instigation that the Estates insisted that the army depart by land to Italy.

The dust had hardly settled on the heels of the last camp-followers when William of Nassau adopted a new strategy, or rather, returned to the old one he had used against Granvelle. With the instinct of a true modern revolutionary, he had always found grievances indispensable, and now he was deprived of his best one. He must find a means to discredit Don Juan and to get rid of him until the liberal Catholics who had furnished his real strength could be inveigled back to the popular front. He professed to have a great contempt for Don Juan. "The only difference between this new governor and Alba or Requesens," he wrote, "is that he is younger and more foolish, less capable of concealing his venom, and more impatient to dip his hands in blood."<sup>7</sup>

Others had a more favorable opinion. Don Juan's performance in the Netherlands was much better than his first complaining letters to the King gave reason to expect. He had an extraordinary charm over the minds and hearts of men, when he chose to exert it. He now proceeded to make himself so popular that his enemies were driven to circulate propaganda that he was only biding his time to give the leading Protestants a second St. Bartholomew. More facile than Philip at languages, he could converse with the people in their own tongue. He attended banquets of guilds and burghers, took part in tournaments and shooting conquests, and was acclaimed king of the crossbowmen. His gaiety, generosity, energy, even his occasional bursts of temper, reminded men of his father, who had lived among them. He even attempted to win over William of Orange, to whom he sent Jasper Schetz and the noted lawyer, Dr. Elbertus Leoninus, to say frankly that, if he would become reconciled with the King, he would be doing the country and His Majesty so great a service that he could name his own reward. He was willing to concede that William might have drawn his sword for the good of the country. Let him sheathe it now for the same object.

William listened to Leoninus several times. He replied with his natural caution and something of that sanctimonious habit of speech which he had borrowed from his Calvinist friends, that he had prayed God for guidance and would consult the Estates of Holland and Zeeland whose servant he was. He referred to the St. Bartholomew Massacre and the death of Coligny, and intimated a distrust of Catholics in general. He admitted that he had no liking for the Perpetual Edict, especially the clause proclaiming the Catholic religion official. It soon became apparent, even to so inexperienced a statesman as Don Juan, that it was not peace or conciliation that William sought, nor even the prosperity of those provinces (which he taxed more rigorously than the King of Spain had ever dared to do), but a kingdom for himself or for a figurehead whom he could control in the interests of that international anti-Christian conspiracy in which he evidently was a person of some importance.

All this time he was setting in motion various plots to seize possession of Don Juan or to assassinate him. He incited the magistrates of Brussels to arrest some of Philip's Council of State there. He found excuses for not cooperating in enforcing the Perpetual Edict, refusing to accept it for Holland and Zeeland on the ground that such action was unnecessary, since the Estates and the King had already approved it. He used the Duke of Aerschot, a Catholic politician who was now on one side, now on the other, to try to discover the secrets of Don Juan, under pretext of revealing those of Orange himself.

It is not certain whether he had anything to do with the famous meeting between the young Governor and Marguerite of Valois, wife of Henry of Navarre, at Namur in July, 1577. It is certain that this seductive woman, whose amours were common gossip in Europe, went to take the waters of Spa principally in the interests of her favorite brother, the Duke of Alençon. The Duke was raising an army to invade the Low Countries at the bidding of William of Orange, who had promised him the sovereignty of Holland and Brabant under strictly limited conditions. Cabrera says that Marguerite was used by the enemies of Don Juan to lure him into a trap. He was to be invited by the deputies of the Estates to visit Brussels after he left the Queen, and to be seized on the road.<sup>8</sup>

Marguerite employed all her fascinations on the susceptible heart of Don Juan, danced with him, flattered him, and secretly jotted in her diary that he affected to be a royal personage and had had the noble Gonzaga kneel as he presented the cup of wine at dinner. But her charm was wasted. When she had returned to her castle of La Fere, Don Juan, warned from Paris, escaped from the net spread for him; he turned it, in fact, to good advantage. With a handful of men he made a surprise visit to the castle of Namur, then in the possession of William's friends, and compelled the governor to surrender it at the point of a pistol. He explained this action in a letter to the Estates at Brussels on July twenty-fourth on the ground that his life was not safe except in a fortress. Several attempts had been made to assassinate him by thugs and cutthroats and even by persons of high rank. He was obliged to have Namur for his own safety.

The deputies answered with the charge that he had recommenced the war. They objected to the size of his guard, which they wanted to reduce to three-hundred under the command of any five men acceptable to them.<sup>9</sup> They invited him to Brussels to discuss the matter further. In the end he went, and conducted a long series of unsatisfactory negotiations, during the course of which several new attempts were made against his life or his liberty. Warned of a plot to seize him during the annual procession on July thirteenth in commemoration of the miraculous finding of the consecrated Host stolen by a Jew some centuries before, he went to Luxembourg, and sent Escobedo to Madrid to explain matters to the King.



His letters to Madrid were not encouraging. The pacification of the country would be impossible, he wrote, so long as the Prince of Orange continued to fortify the cities of Holland and Zeeland, while Queen Elizabeth was preparing to send him a formidable army. "Most of the Estates are devoted to him, some through love, others because they have been deceived, and this is what has happened to almost all the people."

During his two years in the Netherlands, Don Juan had several narrow escapes from sudden death. He felt himself surrounded by unknown enemies, more dangerous than the shrewd Dr. Wylson, who flattered him and spied upon him for Cecil and the Queen. His letters to the King and Antonio Pérez were intercepted in France by Huguenots and forwarded to William of Orange, who made use of them for propaganda purposes with the deputies of the Estates. Some of the hasty and bitter expressions, meant for Madrid alone, were extremely useful. Don Juan was beginning to grow angry and to make threats against the rebels. The Spanish army had hardly left the country when he began writing that force alone would succeed there. He advised the King to fit out a fleet, as if against Algiers, and to send it against England or Zeeland. He said that William of Orange (then flaunting an ex-nun as his third wife at Antwerp) was in the service of the Devil.<sup>10</sup>

Don Juan, now isolated by the propaganda of what seemed an enormous secret society of his enemies, was virtually besieged in his castle of Namur. When he addressed a complaint to the Estates against the activities of heretical preachers, the arming of the citizens of Brussels, and the mobilization of the fleet of William of Orange, the reply was virtually dictated by that wily gentleman and couched in exceedingly insolent terms. Don Juan was asked to disband his few remaining troops, to renounce his secret league with the Guise party in France, and to be ruled hereafter by the advice of the State Council as a sort of honorary chief of a republican government. To add insult to injury, a quotation was included, from a letter he had recently written to his half-sister, the Empress Dowager Maria, in which he had written, "These rebels think that now fortune is all smiles for them and ruination for me. The wretches are growing proud, and forget that some fine morning their punishment will overtake them."

The charge that Don Juan was in secret communication with the Guises has a curious confirmation in the confession of Antonio Pérez in 1590, already referred to. It was only when Escobedo went to Madrid in the summer of 1577 that King Philip made the discovery, through some indiscreet remarks of the secretary. It was not the correspondence between his brother and the leading Catholics of France that was disturbing, but the secrecy of it. Then there was the business of going behind his back at Rome. Escobedo explained to Pérez that it had been only to get money and the bulls necessary for the invasion of England.<sup>11</sup> But the King felt there was something afoot that needed looking into.

When Escobedo went to Spain, he made matters no better by the reckless freedom with which he criticized His Majesty in the company of the Princess of Eboli and others. All was duly reported. Antonio Pérez, as later appeared, was assiduously poisoning the King's mind against his brother. As he deciphered the dispatches of Don Juan he was altering them in such a way as to support the insinuations he had let fall that, when the right moment came, the King's brother would betray him. If Don Juan was in communication with the Guises, however innocently, he played into the hands of his worst enemy, not in Flanders but in Madrid. Meanwhile, the Estates, encouraged by his obvious embarrassment, were emboldened to seize the citadel of Antwerp and to destroy it, together with the statue of Alba, which had been hidden away by Requesens. Other cities followed this example. The country was almost in a state of open rebellion again.

Philip came to a sudden decision. He was done with conciliation. His orders sped to Italy. The Spanish veterans, their ranks thinned by plague and by desertions, shouted with joy as they set out once more for Flanders. At the same time His Majesty sent his nephew, Alessandro Farnese, Prince of Parma, to the Low Countries. The Prince could be of great help to Don Juan and could replace him if necessary.

There never was a more miserable man in the world, judging from his letters, than the Governor of the Netherlands. His health was failing. Suffering from melancholia, he frequently threatened to commit suicide. Attacked and ridiculed as Granvelle had been, he was hurt most of all by a slur attributed to his own mother, who, after visiting him (she had not seen him since he was a baby) was said to have given it out that he was not the son of the Emperor. Whether or not Barbara actually made this improbable statement, it was repeated with ribald laughter in all the cities of Holland. It was like a knife-thrust to Don Juan. The sole foundation of the high position and ambitious dreams of this gallant young man of mediocre talents was his reputed kinship to Charles V and to King Philip II.

Once more the muddy fields of the Low Countries echoed to the tramp of the *tercios* and to the rattle of Toledo steel. At the beginning of 1578, Don Juan had 20,000 infantry and 2,000 horse, including 4,000 Spanish veterans, 5,000 Germans, 4,000 Frenchmen of the Guise party, and some Walloons. The forces of the Estates were already assembling at Gemblours, some ten miles from Namur. Their army was superior in numbers but less efficient. The Prince of Orange was Lieutenant-General, having given the post of command ostensibly to the Baron of Vendege, to keep Catholic officers from leaving his army. They advanced toward Namur.

Don Juan was overjoyed. Sick of intrigue, for which he had no talent, he was delighted with the prospect of action. He had a cross emblazoned with the words: *In hoc signo vici Turcos, in hoc signo vincam haereticos*. On the last day of January he shattered the army of William of Orange in a memorable battle, slaying from three to ten thousand, according to various estimates. But it was the destiny of Don Juan to be a symbol of victory, a flaming angel of triumph hovering over a battlefield,

rather than a born strategist. Just as he had owed his success at Lepanto to the advice of Doria and Santa Cruz (next to the prayers and inspiration of St. Pius), so at Gemblours he was indebted to young Alessandro Farnese, who, commanding one of the wings of the Spanish army, saw a chance for a sudden flank attack at a moment when the issue hung in doubt, and so made victory certain.<sup>12</sup> Parma was born to command.

King Philip, encouraged by this success and by the restoration of his credit, was resolved now to have the last word with William of Orange, if he spent all the rest of his life doing it. If anything more had been needed to bring him to this frame of mind, the new persecution of Catholic priests in the Low Countries early in 1578 would have sufficed. The Jesuits suffered especially. William of Orange entertained a particular hatred for them "on account of their observance of religion and doctrine, and employment of them in defense of the Catholic Church."<sup>13</sup> They were usually men of such sincerity and such irreproachable lives that no pretext could be found for attacking them directly. Hence the anti-Catholic deputies, influenced by Orange, adopted the oblique method which Cecil had used in England. They demanded that all priests swear an oath to maintain one of the disputed articles of the Pacification of Ghent, which William appealed to against the Church, and which the Jesuits, as he well knew, considered impious and against the Canon Law.

Neither threats nor persuasion could move the sons of St. Ignatius. They were willing to die, they said, but not one would take an oath injurious to the Church. Jesuits in Antwerp were punished by the closing of their church. A Catholic burgomaster opened the doors, and Mass was said; whereat a band of Calvinists attacked the fathers with fury and expelled them, driving them to the riverbank, where they were hustled on a boat bound for Mechlin, carrying the Blessed Sacrament in a silver box and fearing desecration from their blaspheming guards. Of a community of Franciscans, only ten took the oath when commanded to do so by 150 Protestant soldiers; the rest, with their guardian, chose exile, while the heretics occupied their house and profaned the church. In Ghent, priests were expelled, monasteries and churches sacked and ruined. The English priests who had returned to Douai after the death of Requesens (he had expelled them in 1574 to oblige Queen Elizabeth) were driven away a second time. An Augustinian friar at Cortrech, who refused to desert his parishioners, was taken from his house one night, stretched on a ladder with ropes, and killed with knife-thrusts.

On the Feast of Corpus Christi, 1578, when Catholics all over the Low Countries were showing their usual devotion to the Body of Christ, the Calvinists, as if by a concerted signal, fell upon them with fanatical fury, seized the churches in Brussels, Liege, and Amsterdam, snatched the Host from the hands of the priest who was carrying it in solemn procession between rows of kneeling Catholics, and dashed it to the ground. Then they fell upon the worshippers, killed or wounded many, and after smashing images and crucifixes in various churches, drove the Franciscans and other religious out of the city.

On the same day, a band of these criminals entered the city of Harlem, in violation of an agreement they had made, fell upon those who were following the Host in procession, dashed the priest to the ground and trampled upon him, and trod under foot the little boys and girls who, according to ancient custom, were scattering flowers before the Body of Christ. The Catholics were taken by surprise, as usual, unprepared for defense. Only in Mechlin did they take arms in time to protect their churches from sack and desecration and to hide the Blessed Sacrament and the revered body of St. Rumoldo.<sup>14</sup>

On the day when all this happened, Philip II was paying his reverence to the Body of Christ by going in a procession with his little son to San Lorenzo. The King carried one pole of the canopy over the Host, and seven-year-old Fernando another.<sup>15</sup> His Catholic Majesty was in excellent spirits. Since the first of that year, all his affairs had been more prosperous. He was able to spend money a little more freely. A year ago, when he was granting Don Juan of Austria an annual pension of 41,600 ducats a year and an additional allowance of 80,000 ducats for his debts,<sup>16</sup> he was cutting his own expenses to 10,000 ducats a month. By keeping careful account of every expense and economizing as much as possible, he had managed to restore his credit in some measure by the end of 1577. But he was still far from solvency, and could hardly hope to attain it without a long peace. He was fortunate in having subjects who were patient and loyal. They sometimes complained against the high taxes and the great costs of foreign wars. Cabrera admits that "their love decreased; but not their respect and veneration. This Prince spent many treasures in defense of the Catholic Faith and of his monarchy, not on the games, banquets, and profanities of the Roman Emperors."<sup>17</sup>

Philip gave generously in those days, considering the state of his exchequer, but with more care and discrimination than in his youth. When his court jester, Morata, a merry half-wit, taunted him for not giving what people begged of him, he replied, "If I gave to all what they ask for, I should soon be begging myself." He still gave magnificently to his daughters, his wife, and his friends. He seldom refused a request from a religious. Cabrera gives several examples: 7,000 ducats to the Jeronimites to help build a church at Guisando; 4,000 to the Discalced Carmelites of Madrid for their convent; 18,000 ducats at various times to some friars in Naples. He founded hospitals and orphanages. He was always sending rich reliquaries, ornaments, crucifixes, monstrances to churches. He supported exiled bishops from England, Ireland, Armenia, Greece, and other persecuted places, sometimes for years. "They knew no prince in the Church to whom they could appeal but to Don Felipe, *Padre de la misericordia*."<sup>18</sup> Whenever a pilgrim from the Holy land arrived in Spain, the King sent for him and treated him with much respect. He was delighted when some Jesuits made him a basrelief of Jerusalem for the Escorial.

Toward the end of 1577, he received a letter from St. Teresa, then at Avila, begging his help against the faction of her



Order who opposed her reforms. She had already visited him once at San Lorenzo, and has left a description of their meeting in a letter. She was awed at first by his majesty and his penetrating gaze. As she explained why she had come, his look of benevolent interest placed her quite at her ease.

"Is that all you want?" he asked.

"I have asked a great deal."

"Then be at peace; for all shall be as you wish."

The Saint threw herself upon her knees in thanksgiving. "He bade me rise," she wrote to a friend, "and making this wretched nun, his unworthy servant, the most courteous bow I ever saw, he gave me his hand to kiss."<sup>19</sup> From that time on, she used to refer to him as "my friend, the King." His influence with the papal nuncio, Philip Sega, was of the greatest help to her reform movement, and may have been decisive at a time when she was sorely beset by powerful enemies. "As I am convinced that Our Lady has chosen Your Majesty to defend her order as its protector," she wrote him in 1577, "I feel bound to appeal to you about its affairs . . . These Calced Friars seem to fear neither justice nor God . . . Our confessors have fallen into their hands . . . I am deeply grieved, for I would rather have seen our fathers in the hands of the Moors, who might have been more merciful."

In spite of the lack of money, Philip never felt that the Escorial was something to economize upon. It was not a luxury, but a necessity, for he had a solemn vow in heaven to finish it. Year after year the stone-cutters hewed choice pieces of stone from crags and cliffs of the neighborhood, some of them so large that it took forty or fifty oxen to drag them to the site of the great monastery. The rolling landscape was always dotted with mules and horses coming and going with materials. Skilled laborers were brought from all parts of Europe, and even from America.

Slate was carried from the Sierra of Bernados; red jaspers from Burgo de Osma and Espeja; green ones from the bank of the Genil near Granada; black ones from Aracena; white marbles from Filabres, and beautiful streaked ones from Estremoz. Some marble statues came from Toledo; others of bronze came from the cunning workshops of Milan. There were candlesticks from Flanders; ironwork from Aragon and Guadalajara. Year after year the forests of Cuenca, Balsam, and Las Navas resounded to the blows of axes felling and splitting the loftiest pine trees, to be drawn to the Escorial. From the Indies the great galleons of Castile bore ebony, cedar, acana, mahogany, and other rare woods. Oxen lugged box-trees from the Pyrenees, and walnut trunks from Alcarria. There was something of the abandon of a lover in the gifts that Philip lavished on this House of God. He had the richest brocades fetched from Florence, goldwork, crystals, and lapis-lazuli from Milan, damasks and velvets from Granada, and the finest paintings from Italy and Flanders as well as Spain.

He was especially fond of the Venetian school. One of the artists he employed was a highly recommended pupil of Titian named Domenico Theotocópuli, whom he engaged to do a large oil of the martyrdom of St. Maurice and his companions. When the picture was finished, the King disliked it heartily, and had it replaced by a work of Rómulo Cincinnato. From that time on he withdrew his favor from *El Greco*. It is not surprising that the extreme individuality of the precursor of the modern school should have offended the mind of a man of fifty, educated in the traditions of classicism. When he had engaged this artist, his work was in the best Venetian manner; now he began making experiments which, to the royal eye, looked like freakish distortions and elongations of human nature. Perhaps the loss of Philip's favor hastened the progress of an unique genius toward its most individual expression in *The Burial of the Count of Orgaz*. Philip II probably never saw that picture.

For the Escorial he desired nothing less than perfection; or as near to it as possible. Cabrera says that he was "trying to imitate curiously and exactly what was known of the Holy Jerusalem of King Solomon's time, all in harmony and exquisite proportion, with no part doing wrong to the rest or to the effect of the whole by any lack or excess." He thought himself commissioned by God to build something for His glory, as Noah, Moses, and Solomon had been commissioned.

The woods around the Escorial were so beautiful that they made a natural garden, watered by many springs. Philip added fruit orchards planted from seed brought from various parts of the world. As his great plan more and more filled his mind, he seemed bent upon making his combination of church, monastery, palace, mausoleum, art gallery, and museum of sciences and arts a reflection of the Creation itself, representing every phase of the beneficence of God. He had curious fishes brought from the waters of Flanders, carp and craw-fish from Milan for his ponds. From America and Arabia he assembled medicinal plants of rare virtues, which he caused to be cultivated, and specimens of which he sent to doctors and herbalists. He had artists make sketches and paintings of strange herbs, trees, birds and snakes, disgusting or interesting insects, animals, freaks, monstrosities—all to be collected into books for the library of the Escorial.

Not even Alexander the Great, who commanded Aristotle to write books on the nature of animals, was a greater patron of zoology and other sciences than Philip II. From the east and the south he collected a veritable circus of rhinoceri, elephants, jackals, lions, ounces, leopards, camels, ostriches, African herons. All manner of animals were there, and some were bred at the royal menagerie at Aranjuez. He even had a fulling mill at San Lorenzo. He would walk in and put a bit of chalk on the end of his tongue to test it, and say: "Good!" When his little daughters asked him why he said that, he replied, "Chalk like that which sticks to the tongue is good, and *de provecho*." Nothing was too small, nothing too large, nothing too strange for his attention.

As infirmities began to plague him, forcing him from time to time to use medicines, he established a chemical

laboratory in San Lorenzo with all manner of alembics for the proper distillation of remedies. There he had such noted experimenters as Vencenio Forte and other foreign artificers at work trying to extract fifth-essences of various substances, trying to break them down into their elements, and discover the causes and principles of their being, and the mystery of the difference between organic and inorganic life.<sup>20</sup> One of the first important chemical laboratories was probably that established by Philip in San Lorenzo. There was no branch of science that could not appeal to his generosity. He patronized Juanelo Milanese, the famous geometrician and astrologer, who found a way to make water rise against its course to the Alcázar of Toledo and devised instruments to show the movement of the heavens and the courses of the stars.

In 1577 the great palace and monastery were so nearly completed that the King could imagine the final effect. On Sunday night, July twenty-first, he awoke, after a terrific clap of thunder, to learn that the lightning had struck the tower on the west side and had set it afire. The wind whipped the flames down, so that all the rest of the great pile was in danger. The King and the Duke of Alba, who was his guest, assisted the cavaliers in extinguishing the flames, and the work of nearly a score of years was saved.

The astrologically inclined remembered a prediction of some such disaster by the Catalan star-gazer, Micon, who said that 1577 would be a very sevenish year (*septenario*). Cabrera was gravely impressed by the fact that the fire occurred in the seventh month of the year, on the twenty-first (three sevens), on the seventh day of the moon, when the sun had entered the seventh degree of the sign of Leo. To this peculiar concatenation of events he attributed the sterility of the year and the very high price of bread.

Even into the quiet of San Lorenzo, on the threshold of eternal verities, the vulgar world of soldiers and politicians found its way. The very astronomers professed to find written in the stars reminders of the wars in Flanders, the woes of Poland, the impending disasters of Portugal. There was much ado over the appearance, in November, of "the largest and most brilliant comet seen in centuries, with threatening aspect, with the color of finest silver somewhat burned, the tail of the color of blood, the form very rare . . . December third . . . at one point it was seen to separate in three rays like spears of flame drawn toward Italy, the Straits of Gibraltar, and the West." It was visible until January eighteenth, 1578.<sup>21</sup> Nothing so interesting had been seen since the "New Star" of 1572, concerning which William Cecil consulted his astronomers and learned that it might be the glorified soul of Admiral Coligny.

Philip had long been anxious about Portugal, especially since his nephew, King Sebastian, had first acquainted him with his ambition to lead a crusade in Africa. The two monarchs had met to discuss the project at Guadalupe, where Sebastian was received, as Cabrera observes in one of those remarks that may not be as naive as they appear, "with such general joy as if the people knew he came to deliver the kingdom of Portugal into the hands of his uncle, the Catholic king."<sup>22</sup> Philip advanced three paces from his carriage to embrace the younger man, and even called him Your Majesty, a term never used by the kings of Castile from the time of their assertion of a claim to the sovereignty of Portugal. They then went to the famous convent of Our Lady of Guadalupe, where King Philip took his nephew to his room to rest. They ate there before the whole Castilian court. Another day they dined in the apartments of Don Sebastian.

The amenities concluded, Philip begged Sebastian not to attempt the expedition to Africa. He asked him rather to join in the struggle against the Turk in the Mediterranean, promised him one of his daughters in marriage when she was old enough, and warned him of the great costs and dangers of what he intended. Sebastian hoped to take advantage of a quarrel between two Moorish rivals, Muley Hamet, who had been ousted from his kingdoms of Fez and Morocco by Muley Moluc, to seize those kingdoms for himself. Philip, speaking to him in a low, affectionate voice, advised him to have nothing to do with either of the Muleys, and to give up the plan altogether.

Don Sebastian, in spite of rich presents from his uncle and from Queen Anna, was so displeased over his uncle's refusal that he retired to his room abruptly without even saying goodnight, and walked the floor nearly all night, muttering threats and making warlike gestures with his sword. When King Philip learned of this from de Moura "he, always so courteous and wise, arose and before dawn went to the room of Don Sebastian," politely inquired if it was time so soon for them to depart, and asked him how he had passed the night. Don Sebastian was somewhat mollified, and "they left the monastery together in the coach, and parted at the place where they had met."<sup>23</sup>

Philip had told Don Sebastian to have nothing to do with Muley Moluc or Muley Hamet. But he himself had been in frequent communication with both those ambitious gentlemen. After the departure of Don Sebastian, he wasted no time in coming to an understanding with Muley Moluc (the man Sebastian was going to fight), whereby the latter agreed to make his pirates stop preying on Spanish and Portuguese shipping; he promised also not to aid the Turks against Spain, provided that Philip would help him in case of need. So, at least, Cabrera<sup>24</sup> reports what seems to be an extraordinary piece of finesse on the part of King Philip, considering his close relationship to the Portuguese monarch.

Well, Sebastian had been warned. When His Catholic Majesty went to San Lorenzo for Holy Week in 1578, he was well assured that, in the likely event of a Portuguese defeat, Spain would not be involved in new complications at an embarrassing moment. It was rather disconcerting to learn that 600 Italian mercenaries, whom the Pope was sending to Ireland to aid the Catholics there in their struggle for independence, had stopped at Lisbon for supplies, and, caught up in the enthusiasm of Don Sebastian's crusade, had gone off to Africa with him. Philip had agreed to pay them, but wanted the fact kept



secret, in order to avoid offending Queen Elizabeth. One must be prudent. It was well to see to everything.

On Holy Thursday, with great devotion, His Catholic Majesty knelt before twelve ragged poor men and washed their feet. Queen Anna, though in the last month of pregnancy, insisted on helping him. A quiet and holy place was San Lorenzo, especially at that season. Philip would have liked nothing better than to spend the rest of his life there in prayer and meditation. When all was said, what was there worth thinking about but God? So Philip believed, when he had time to reflect on such matters.

But not even those mighty walls were thick enough to keep the noises of the world from one born to wear a crown. It well illustrates the recurring contrast to be found in Philip's life, the alternation of an obviously sincere piety with at least the suspicion of something quite different, that at this very time came the shocking news about Escobedo: he had been murdered by five men who waylaid him on a side street in Madrid on the night of March thirty-first. King Philip received the intelligence with his usual calmness. "It didn't displease him," says Cabrera bluntly: it merely disturbed him on account of its possible effect on the delicate situation in Flanders.<sup>25</sup> Perhaps the King was not greatly surprised.

The event caused a huge scandal. As time went on, the gossip became more and more embarrassing to several persons of importance. A son of Escobedo had the courage to go before the President, Don Antonio Pagos, and demand that the murderer be brought to justice. Mateo Vázquez, one of the King's secretaries and an enemy of Antonio Pérez, joined in the cry. They even consulted the astrologer Pedro de la Hera, who informed them, on the authority of the stars, that "a great friend of his ordered death given to him, and he was present at the funeral." Hera was a close friend of Antonio Pérez. When he died shortly after this, the rumor spread through Madrid that Antonio had given him some medicine one day when he was ill, to forestall any further revelations from the Zodiac.<sup>26</sup>



## Destruction of Don Juan of Austria [1577-1578]

**Y**OUNG Escobedo, Mateo Vázquez, and others were all saying publicly now that Antonio Pérez had caused the murder. Some time before the event he had invited Escobedo to supper and had given him poison, it was said, but without effect. His majordomo then bribed a kitchen boy at Escobedo's house to poison his food. Escobedo did not eat at home that day, but his wife became ill, and Escobedo had an innocent servant hanged on suspicion of trying to poison her. Finally, having failed to finish his foe with a *bocado*, Pérez decided to try steel. So said the relatives and friends of Escobedo. They appealed to King Philip to deliver up his confidential secretary for trial.

It was all highly embarrassing for His Majesty. Pérez was indispensable at the moment. He was handing all the correspondence with Don Juan in the Netherlands. He had complete charge of Portuguese affairs, which might any day assume an incalculable importance; for, if Don Sebastian died, there would be only one aged childless man, Cardinal Henry, between Philip and his grandfather's throne at Lisbon. Of course, if Pérez was guilty—but the case was becoming too complex for hasty action. Mateo Vázquez and the wife of Escobedo declared that the Princess of Eboli, one-eyed widow of Ruy Gómez, was the mistress of Pérez, and could tell a great deal if she chose. The introduction of the name of the wife of his life-long friend into the affair added to the King's difficulty. He hesitated. He seemed unwilling to believe his secretary could have perpetrated the murder.

While every one continued to ask "Who killed Escobedo?" or to give new and more scandalous explanations, Philip and his wife went to Madrid. There, on April fourteenth, their son Philip, who was to be Philip III, was born. A month later, the royal family returned to the Escorial, still rejoicing over the event. On the twenty-first, the King celebrated his fifty-first birthday by having a Mass said, according to custom, and making an offering of fifty-one crowns, and one over, "in homage to the King of Kings for his life," and he gained the plenary jubilee indulgence.<sup>1</sup>

After Corpus Christi, he went to Segovia, and from there to the monastery of Santa María de Parrases to review some troops on June eighteenth. There were feasts and jousts and cavalry manoeuvres near San Salvador until June twenty-first, when the Infantas and little princes returned with their parents "with much joy" to San Lorenzo.

In July the court was at Madrid. Philip returned alone to the Escorial to observe the Feast of St. Laurence on August tenth. While he was at his devotions, the news came from Portugal about Don Sebastian. It was just as he had feared. The inexperienced boy, burning with a desire to render some great service to Christ, had staked everything on one battle against odds and had been defeated. Few of his 17,000 troops, including the best of the chivalry of Portugal, had escaped the fury of the 30,000 Moors. Don Sebastian himself, after prodigious feats of valor, had perished in the fight at Alcázar-el-Kebir. Philip was so grieved, according to Cabrera, that "he was unable to conceal his sadness." After giving orders to the Prior to have the monks pray for the soul of the dead King before the Blessed Sacrament, he retired to his oratory. It was remarked that he left for Madrid without stopping to inspect the work on the building, something he had never been known to do before. Cabrera attributes this to his grief.

Philip immediately sent agents to Portugal to prepare the way for his own succession to the throne. The heir of Don Sebastian, his great-uncle, Cardinal Henry, was old, bound by a vow of celibacy, and in uncertain health. His death would be only a matter of months. The best legal claim to succeed him belonged, without any doubt, to His Catholic Majesty of Spain, whose mother, the Empress, had been the eldest daughter of Emmanuel the Fortunate.

There were other claims, but none as substantial as Philip's. There was, for example, his first cousin Don Antonio, Prior of Crato, bastard son of Don Luis (brother of Cardinal Henry and of Philip's mother) by the converted Jewess, Violante Gómez, known as *La Pelicana*. Don Antonio had gone to Africa with Don Sebastian. Philip was probably not sorry to hear that



he had remained there as a prisoner of the Moors. Other rivals were the Duchess of Braganza, Ranuccio Farnese, the young son of Alexander of Parma (his mother was sister of the Duchess of Braganza), the Duke of Savoy, whose mother was sister to Cardinal Henry, and Catherine de' Medici. Most of these claims were put forward in the hope that King Philip would pay something to have them withdrawn. Don Antonio, to be sure, was ambitious, and chafed under his enforced membership in the Knights of Malta. His illegitimacy made it comparatively unimportant whether he returned from Africa or not. So at least it seemed.

King Philip had almost in his hands the opportunity that so many of his predecessors had longed for, of putting an end to the occasional wars between Spain and Portugal by uniting the whole Peninsula into one powerful Catholic nation. He immediately began to collect verdicts from lawyers, theologians, and other *letrados* in all parts of Europe. If we may believe a cynical opinion by the Venetian envoy Morosini, such consultations were "not to assure his conscience, as he says, but to find some way of doing what he wishes with an appearance of religion."<sup>2</sup> He was especially pleased with one by Alonso Ramirez de Prado. He had it translated into Latin, "so that it might be more communicable to all nations." He summoned the man to court and honored him. One day, as he saw him from a window, he said with satisfaction: "There goes my *letrado*."<sup>3</sup>

Knowing well that Queen Elizabeth and Catherine de' Medici, together with the whole international ring of anti-Catholic conspirators, would do all in their power to prevent his success, he ordered his ambassadors in Rome, Paris, and London to pay close attention to any Portuguese who appeared at those courts, to note whom they dealt with, and to oppose their machinations.<sup>4</sup> He was particularly concerned over the report of a plot to get a dispensation for old Cardinal Henry to marry the thirteen-year-old daughter of the Duchess of Braganza, in the hope of raising up an heir against the Spanish claimant.<sup>5</sup> It seemed improbable. The Cardinal was over seventy, with a bald head that shook with palsy, and no teeth; but one could never tell what might happen in that complex world. So Philip sent De Moura, who, as a Portuguese, had long desired the union of the two countries, to interview the Cardinal, and to sound out opinion at Lisbon. He also took the precaution to dispatch a man to Africa to assure Muley Moluc of his friendship, and to inquire whether Don Antonio was alive or dead.

He was able to give more attention to the affairs of the Netherlands. It was all very well, that victory at Gemblours. But what advantage would Don Juan gain from it in the end? Antonio Pérez had been calling His Majesty's attention to several highly suspicious circumstances. In fact, for nearly a year he had been raising a terrible question in the King's mind. Why was Don Juan so anxious to be recalled to Spain? What was his real motive for wishing to conquer England? What was the meaning of the secret conversations Escobedo had had in Rome and Paris?

The letters of the King, his brother, Pérez and Escobedo, as published by Gachard, indicate that Pérez, with the King's permission, deliberately encouraged Don Juan to make statements that could be construed as treasonable. Escobedo was partly involved in the deceit, but was himself the victim of wily Pérez, who decoded all the dispatches that passed between Spain and Flanders, and changed them (as he later admitted) to suit his own deep purposes. Philip came to suspect the worst of his brother. Indeed, if one accepts as authentic the so-called *La Haye* manuscripts which Gachard found in the Belgian archives, it is difficult to understand why so many historians have censured him for so doing. While it is true, as Stirling-Maxwell says, that the letters of Don Juan contain no directly treasonable utterances, he should certainly have revealed to his brother certain of the statements of Pérez, if he disapproved of them. His failure to do so (granting that he received them) would have injured him gravely in the opinion of any man of sense. These *La Haye* letters are worth examining:

Pérez wrote Escobedo on February thirteenth, 1577, and showed his rough draft to the King before coding it, that Don Juan must be persuaded to give up his warlike ideas, for the King was determined upon peace. He reminded him of a conversation they (the two secretaries) had had at San Lorenzo "on the project of entrusting to Don Juan the government of the affairs of the monarchy." His Majesty must not think they were nourishing such a plan, for he would have no more confidence in Pérez.<sup>6</sup> There are other references in the correspondence pointing to an intrigue by Don Juan, Escobedo and Pérez to induce the King to recall his brother to Madrid, where he was to head a little political party, referred to as "the friends." In that group were the Marqués of Los Vélez, patron of Pérez, and the Duke of Sesa, whose international connections and proclivities have already been mentioned.

Don Juan's persistent efforts to get himself recalled lent color to this appearance. On April seventh, Pérez wrote him that he had interceded for him, but that His Majesty was very set against it. Philip was then recovering from an illness, but still had gout, and his confidential secretary was going to the palace every evening to read dispatches to him. Pérez dared not insist further, for fear of arousing the King's suspicions. The devotion of Pérez to Don Juan was attributed by Philip to loyalty to himself; "otherwise we should be lost, and I could not aid you . . . We can advance better by this means than by those you urge with such fury and anxiety of heart . . . Let us try to gain this man by making him see the great advantages he has gotten heretofore from the services and the person of Your Highness." The comments of the King on the margin of this letter indicate that Pérez showed it to him before sending it forth to entrap the hero of Lepanto.

On the same day Pérez sent Escobedo a letter referring to the King in these terms: "He is a terrible man, and if he suspected that in what we tell him we have private aims, it would be the end of us." His Majesty agreed that Pérez's praises of Don Juan were deserved. Escobedo must not come to Madrid, for, if he should, Philip would see that he was there on private affairs, "and then we should be lost." Neither Demosthenes nor Cicero could then persuade the King to agree to their plan.

"Please God that some day our designs may be realized, but let us never show this man that we desire it, for then it will never come to pass. The way to gain him is to let him see that his intentions are being accomplished, and not those of His Highness; that we, who are devoted to His Highness, advise him in this sense, and that he apply himself only to serve his brother and obey him as he does."

The King was favorable to the English enterprise, whether by means of the Pope or otherwise, but Pérez was astonished that Don Juan had sent a courier to Rome on that affair without notifying him. The nuncio had confided to him that the Holy Father was sending the Bishop of Ripa to the Low Countries with 80,000 ducats.<sup>7</sup> Before this letter was sent (with a final suggestion that Escobedo think up some means of "finishing" the Prince of Orange) Pérez showed it to the King, who wrote on the margin, "Very good."

Don Juan wrote to Pérez, May twenty-sixth, 1577 that his life was a hell. "You can judge how I feel to have our projects laid to rest after the one of England has fallen through, when it promised so well. In spite of this, I still resist and apply myself to work and to patience, hoping for a better opportunity."<sup>8</sup> The only way to conquer the Netherlands would be first to master England or Zealand. "Recall it to His Majesty and to the friends; for in this consists our business . . . It is a terrible thing that His Majesty takes offense when people tell him things that are just." There is one letter from Escobedo to Pérez (June twenty-first, 1577) advising him to tone down a dispatch of Don Juan to the King, in decoding it, and soften anything crude in it before showing it to His Majesty.<sup>9</sup>

Now, in publishing summaries of these highly interesting documents, Gachard has forgotten to mention an important fact about them: that they are not original manuscripts, but only copies, apparently used by Pérez to justify himself when he was on trial for his life in Madrid and later in Aragon. Mignet, to whom Gachard showed them, discloses the truth, but insists nevertheless on the authenticity of the "manuscripts," because the marginal notes of Philip sound characteristic.<sup>10</sup> They are not in the King's handwriting, however, but presumably in that of Pérez. How much evidential value is there in *copies* of letters produced by a man in desperate circumstances—a man proved beyond any doubt to have been a liar, a forger, a slanderer, a murderer, a thoroughgoing scoundrel—copies moreover of letters he deciphered and admitted having changed in decoding? All that can be accepted is the part discreditable to Pérez himself. Don Juan deserves the benefit of the doubt, so far as these "manuscripts" are concerned. It is easy to understand, however, the state of mind that such an *hombre diabolico*, as Pérez was called in Spain, was able to engender in the King. If the letters were authentic, his brother's expressions must have seemed damaging in the extreme. In any case, there was evidence that Don Juan had been negotiating at Rome for the crown of England. Why had he done this secretly, if the plan were not aimed against his King?

Cabrera gives an astonishing explanation of this, to which little or no attention has been paid. He says categorically that King Philip had heard from Flanders that Escobedo was engaged in an intrigue to persuade Don Juan to marry Queen Elizabeth. The plot originated, says Cabrera, with William of Orange. Seeing that the plan of Don Juan to marry the Queen of Scots and invade England was going forward speedily, though secretly, and that Don Juan had escaped all attempts to assassinate him, and had enhanced his prestige by the victory at Gemblours, crafty William "determined to rid himself of the danger to himself by having Don Juan discredited with Philip by an irresistible plot and one so powerful and pregnant with suspicion that Philip, to get rid of it, would at least withdraw him from Flanders.

"Hence Orange spread it about that he was marrying Elizabeth of England to Don Juan, and that he and his friends would make him lord of the Low Countries and thus assure the exaltation of the new religion. . . He wrote this to Elizabeth, hoping Don Juan would let him take possession of Holland and separate the Estates from the power of Philip. . . There is proof that Elizabeth liked the plan, and that she negotiated secretly for her marriage with Don Juan, and wrote him letters, and sent him gifts; and finally, that the dispatches that they called duplicates came to the hands of Orange," who also got copies through double spies of Juan's correspondence with France, and saw to it that all were sent to Philip. Cabrera's account makes it appear that even Pope Gregory was taken in by the plot, and that his nuncio at Madrid urged Philip to let Don Juan marry Elizabeth on the plea that he might bring her back to the Catholic Faith, and with her all England; or, at the very least, get her to grant liberty of conscience to the English Catholics.<sup>11</sup>

Fantastic as this sounds, several of the details are supported by evidence. Don Juan was frequently annoyed, as Granvelle had been, to find out that copies of letters, addressed to him from the King, were in the hands of William of Orange before they reached him. It was believed in Spain—by Sepulveda,<sup>12</sup> for example—that Antonio Pérez furnished these. One of the formal charges made against the secretary at his trial was that he had "revealed and discovered by various ways to certain persons, giving information, writing letters, and stating in them certain things and details, which he should not have done, to the disservice of His Majesty."

Elizabeth certainly was making remarkable overtures to Don Juan at this time through Doctor Wylson and other agents, and did exchange amenities and gifts with him. The nuncio did speak to King Philip about making Don Juan king of England. Finally, Cecil, on more than one occasion, when fearful of an uprising by the oppressed Catholics of England aided by Catholic powers abroad, had some pretended Catholic drop a hint at Rome that Queen Elizabeth was beginning to be troubled in her conscience and to consider returning to the Faith of her fathers. Don Juan may have had nothing to do with all this, consciously;



but the mere report would have been alarming to Philip II. William of Orange was certainly capable of playing such a sly trick.

Philip was convinced, when Escobedo returned to Spain early in 1578, that the man was plotting to have him assassinated. This is clear from Perez's letter to him of April third, if we are to accept the *La Haye* manuscripts. Pérez had seen to that. He had personal reasons for getting rid of Escobedo. He hired men to commit the murder. These men later confessed. Pérez himself admitted the fact. But his defense, when he was placed on trial in Aragon in 1590, was that the King had ordered the private execution, "without previous imprisonment or the usual trial," as Pérez expressed it later in a book, "for notorious and evident inconveniences and great risks of the disturbance of his kingdom."<sup>13</sup>

This is probable enough. The correspondence of the King and Pérez immediately before and after the death of Escobedo certainly shows that Philip was watching Escobedo suspiciously, and must have known what was going on. After all, there were private executions, like that of Montigny, from time to time. Public opinion, as well as the King's conscience, justified them on the ground that the safety of the State was paramount.

When Pérez was accused of the murder years later, and alleged, as his defense, the royal command, Rodrigo Vázquez, the prosecutor, sent his reply to the King, and asked what His Majesty wished done about it. Philip answered, "You may say to Antonio Pérez for me, and if necessary you may show him this paper, that he knows very well the information that I have of his having had Escobedo killed, and the causes he gave me for doing it; and therefore for my satisfaction and that of my conscience it should be known whether these causes were or were not sufficient, and that I command him to state them and give the reason for them in particular and to show them and to speak truly what he told me about them, of which you have notice, since I have already told them to you in detail, so that when I understand what he will tell you in their regard, and the reason he will give you for it, I may order whatever it may be fitting to do, in every way."<sup>14</sup>

Pérez refused to say any more about the murder. But Vázquez threatened him with torture, and, when he still refused, had him stripped, placed on the rack, and given eight turns of the rope. Pérez then made the following confession:

He had suspected that Escobedo was unfaithful to the King, for the nuncio Ormaneto informed him of Escobedo's secret negotiations at Rome for the investiture of Don Juan as King of England. Pérez told this to the King, who was displeased over the secrecy of the business, and resolved to dissimulate while he watched Escobedo. There was no deceit on the part of the nuncio or the Pope; for Ormaneto took the matter up with Philip, who replied graciously and thanked the Pope for his solicitude over the advancement of his brother. When Don Juan went to Madrid before going to Flanders one of the conditions he proposed to Philip was that he let him take the army from Flanders to conquer England. Philip agreed on condition that Flanders be pacified first. When Juan reached Flanders and agreed to withdraw the troops, he wrote Pérez in cipher asking him to get the King to insist that they leave, not by Italy, but by sea, and promised him a reward if he accomplished this. But the objections of the Estates caused the failure of this plot. The King was to know nothing of it, but Pérez revealed it to him.

The suspicions of Pérez (so, at least, he said) were further aroused when he learned of the secret correspondence of Don Juan with the Guises. At this point Escobedo arrived in Spain and wrote to the King, who said (again, if we may believe Pérez), "You will see that we shall have to kill this man"; and he told Pérez to find out what Escobedo was up to. Escobedo talked very freely about the English enterprise, saying they would all be "*milordes y senores*" in England, and that, once they were masters of that country, they would seize Santander and the castle of Mogro and from there would gain all Spain, "and throw His Majesty out of it." Escobedo said all this in terms very contemptuous of the person of King Philip. Pérez discussed the matter with Los Vélez, who said that it would be dangerous to let Escobedo go back to Flanders, for there had been no greater traitor since Count Julian, who betrayed Spain to the Moors. Escobedo also spoke very ill of the King in the presence of the Princess of Eboli and Doña Brianda de Guzman. Los Vélez thought it would be best "to give Escobedo a *bocado* and finish him."<sup>15</sup> This was what Pérez attempted. When poison failed, steel was used.

Don Juan, stricken with grief over the murder of his secretary, and conscious that he himself, for some reason, had fallen from the royal esteem, was about as wretched as a high-spirited man of thirty-three could be. He was unable to follow up his advantage by taking Brussels. He lacked money, and his army, filled up with new recruits, was nothing like the efficient force he had inherited from Requesens and had sent into Italy. His health was failing. He lived in constant fear of assassination.

Don Bernardino de Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador at London, sent him a picture of one Ratcliffe, who had been imprisoned in the Tower of London until Walsingham, head of Cecil's spy service, released him on condition that he go to the Netherlands and "finish" Don Juan of Austria. To mask his purpose, he took his wife and children with him and pretended to be a Catholic. Passing through Paris, he overtook Don Juan in his camp near Tirlemont, and made his way with an accomplice to a room where the Prince was giving audience. Don Juan immediately recognized the man's face from the portrait, and told the captain of the guard. As Ratcliffe left the room he was arrested. Both he and his companion confessed that they had come from England with instructions to take service with Don Juan and kill him with a poisoned dagger. They had two fine Hungarian horses in readiness nearby, on which to make their escape. Don Juan would not permit them to be executed, but after his death the Prince of Parma had them both beheaded.<sup>16</sup>

With both armies badly paid and poorly disciplined, the military situation was almost at a deadlock. But William of Orange, with restless skill and an almost fanatical determination, left untried no resource of trickery or propaganda. He was becoming ruthless to priests and others whom he could afford to treat badly. For protesting against this, he imprisoned

Champagny, a good Catholic who had taken his side after the sack of Antwerp, and had Champagny's house sacked.<sup>17</sup> Many of the Catholics were leaving his cause for the King.

One of his shrewdest strokes was to connive with Cecil to bring into the Low Countries, toward the end of 1577, the Archduke Matthias, sixteen-year-old brother of the Emperor Rudolph II, with whom he was then at odds. Matthias seemed to be just such a royal personage as William needed: ostensibly a Catholic, but not a very staunch one; a good figurehead to attract Royalists and Catholics, while the Calvinists could be quietly assured that he was a Protestant at heart; and not too intelligent. Queen Elizabeth entered into the plan. Matthias was taken to Maestricht, and afterwards with great pomp to Brussels, where he was installed as Governor-General and regaled with banquets and Flemish comedies in which he saw himself compared to David, and Don Juan of Austria to Goliath, while the Prince of Orange, his deputy, received almost divine praises.

William offered Matthias the sovereignty of the country on certain conditions which are not without interest in the history of Liberalism. Professing to institute a popular government such as Julius Caesar ascribed to the ancient Flemings, they made the boy Archduke swear to thirty-one conditions, some of them very similar to those by which the grandson of William of Orange would put an end to the Stuart monarchy under the Bill of Rights of 1688. It was said, for example, that the people had the same authority over the King that he had over the people, that he was only a figurehead (*estatua*) and that the people could change their sovereign lord whenever they pleased. "These tolerable, unjust conditions," as Cabrera calls them, were unheard-of up to that time. Their silence about religion and the King's authority gave great scandal in Spain. They probably constituted the opening wedge for the modern revolution against all forms of authority which had flourished with the Catholic Faith. To William of Orange "the people" meant the upper classes, and not the proletariat, which he probably despised. For a time the experiment seemed to work. But Matthias, by the spring of 1578, had become thoroughly disgusted with gluttonous and blasphemous politicians who treated him like a boy and despised him while they flattered him. He was glad to escape and returned, disillusioned, to Vienna.

William now turned his attention again to Alençon, or Anjou, as he had been called since his brother Henry fled from Poland to become King of France. The Man with Two Noses also was a nominal Catholic, but had shown himself favorable to the Protestants when, at the head of a band called "The Malcontents," he had set the Catholic cause back considerably by the so-called Peace of Monsieur in April, 1576. William offered him the sovereignty of the Low Countries on terms similar to those proposed to Matthias. In August, 1578, this most worthless of all the Valois signed a treaty agreeing to furnish 10,000 foot and 2,000 horse for service in the Netherlands for three months, and to accept the title of "Defender of the Liberties of the Low Countries." While Orange was waiting for Alençon to come from France and Duke Casimir from Germany, before commencing a new campaign, pestilential death crept in between the two armies and began to lay both sides low indiscriminately. All Brabant and Liege were ravaged by something like a modified form of the Black Death. Vast numbers died.

A noticeable change was taking place in Don Juan. His two years in the Netherlands had worn his nerves and broken his health, but they had made a man of him. His later portraits show a face sad and determined, but resigned, magnanimous, and full of commiseration. Men noticed that he had given over his former pleasures and was turning very earnestly to religion. Twice a month he confessed his sins, and communicated as often. As a plague of dysentery fell upon his already plague-ridden army, he showed himself a Spanish prince of the very best Catholic tradition, tireless, fearless, and patient, visiting the sick and the wounded day and night, binding up wounds, finding carts in which to transport the sick, sitting by the bedsides of dying men to console them with the hope of Heaven and to receive their last wishes for their families in Spain. He would humbly follow the Blessed Sacrament to various barracks. He instructed his confessor, a Franciscan named Father Orantes, not to let the hospitals want anything nor let any one die without the Sacraments. He was especially tender and merciful, it was noticed, to the poor and the exiled, whom he used to feed with his own hand. Every day he gave 200 *scudi* worth of alms in person, and he dispensed a larger sum through his almoner, leaving himself almost destitute.

His troops had always admired him. Now they fairly idolized him, imitated him in receiving the Sacraments more often, and would have died for him. It is no small tribute to Don Juan that, although his men were ill-paid, there was not a single mutiny during that long and disheartening summer. If he had given the word, his ragged followers would have gone, poorly prepared as they were, to undertake the conquest of England. But it was a different expedition that Don Juan was about to undertake, and seemed to have a premonition of. Even Walsingham, who had plotted his death, wrote an enthusiastic account of him to Cecil. "In conference with him I might easily discern a great conflict in himself between honor and necessity. Surely, I never saw a gentleman for personage, speech, wit, and entertainment comparable to him. If pride do not overthrow him, he is likely to become a great personage."

When he took up his quarters early in September at Bouges, about a mile from Namur, on a site where his father had once pitched his camp, Juan was still weak from several illnesses. On the seventeenth he fell ill of a *tabardillo* or burning fever. Melancholy was believed by some of his friends to be at least partly responsible for this sickness. Don Juan refused from the first to believe that he would recover. "His Majesty is resolved upon nothing," he wrote a friend in Italy; "at least, I am kept in ignorance of his intentions. Our life is doled out to us here by moments. I cry aloud, but it profits me little. Matters



will soon be disposed, through over-negligence, exactly as the devil would most wish them. It is plain we are left here to pine away to our last breath. God direct us all as He may see fit. In His hands are all things."<sup>18</sup>

On the twentieth he wrote his last letter to King Philip. Lying with a wasting fever on a bed in the loft of an old pigeon-house whither he had been carried on the shoulders of some of his men, and where, after a hasty cleaning, some tapestries and damask curtains had been hung about, he wrote, "I assure Your Majesty that the work here is enough to destroy any constitution and any life." He reminded Philip that the Duke of Anjou was already in Hainault, and that his brother, Henry III, although pretending to be friendly to Spain, was preparing to invade Burgundy if that attempt succeeded. Juan's army was too much reduced by the plague to permit any military activity. He had 1200 men in hospitals, besides those sick in private houses, and he lacked money to care for them properly. The enemy had taken advantage of this to cut off his water communication on the Meuse to Liège, and had advanced along the river to Nivelles and Chimay. He suggested that Philip ask the Pope to excommunicate the Duke of Anjou. He declared that he would give his blood rather than trouble the King with such bad news, but it was his duty to tell the truth. "I remain perplexed and confused, desiring more than life some decision on Your Majesty's part, for which I have begged so many times." Should he attack the enemy in Burgundy, or should he remain where he was?

Philip sent no orders, for the reason, probably, that he did not know what to do. It must have been evident that his brother's pest-ridden army was unfit at the moment for any important enterprise. Besides, the miserable affairs of Flanders, which were all in all to Don Juan as he lay tossing with fever, were only one of the many problems of the King. The news from France, for example, was not assuring. It was no comfort to Philip II to learn that his mother-in-law had taken 150 beautiful damsels to Navarre to win over Henry of Bearne and the leading Huguenot nobles, by seductive arts, to a satisfactory treaty. To Philip's mind, 150 executioners would have been more appropriate.

And then there was England. There was always England, like a monster of his own creation, hovering in the background of the continental scene, full of unrealized dangers. Yet perhaps it was not too late. Mendoza wrote of the Queen's displeasure at finding more Catholics in northern England than she had expected, of her saying to the crowd, as images were being dragged about and burned during her progress, "Speak up. I know you do not love me here"; and of how disturbed she was over finding in a barn three little wax figures, one of them marked "Elizabeth" across the forehead, the other two dressed to resemble her chief councillors, and all three transfixed with pigs' bristles, as if by witches. Elizabeth was superstitious enough to look upon it as an evil augury and to have great inquiries set on foot.<sup>19</sup>

Philip had no tolerance for false mysticism, black magic or astrology. He suffered, however, from another kind of blindness from which Elizabeth was singularly free: with an almost childish trust, he was constantly under-estimating his enemies and their power to do him harm. In this he was anything but Machiavellian. Although he warned Mendoza in London that Elizabeth and her ministers were lying when they denied helping the rebels in the Netherlands, he advised him to keep their friendship for the present and "cautiously win over the ministers who appear favorably disposed to us. You say that in order to pledge them firmly on our side it will be necessary to treat them liberally, and it will be well for you to consider how much should be given to each one who may be of use to us, and whether it should be money or valuables . . . When we know this and you are quite sure they will act sincerely and straightforwardly in what they are entrusted with, I will send orders for the provision of what may be necessary for the purpose."

He was all the more convinced of this since he found his brother, Don Juan, of the same opinion; but they must be careful "not to cast our seed on the sand, nor give money to people who will cheat and then laugh at us."<sup>20</sup> It seems strange that a man so canny in other matters should not have asked himself how he could be sure that a minister dishonest enough to accept bribes from the enemy of his sovereign could be depended upon to be sincere or straightforward with that enemy. He had never judged the English correctly.

He was on more familiar ground, perhaps, in dealing with people like Horatio Pallavicini, "a Genoese," wrote Mendoza, "who had just appeared in London with one of the Spinolas (also an 'Italian' banker) from Antwerp." Pallavicini had advanced three hundred and fifty thousand florins for the cause of William of Orange, on the promise of the City of London to guarantee the loan. He had also sold a cargo of alum for the rebel cause in Flanders, and the people of Ghent had sent over 150,000 florins from melting down the silver of the Catholic churches. This would support an army for one month against Philip II.

Considering his international affiliations, Pallavicini was an intensely "patriotic" partisan of England and at this time an almost violent champion of the Anglican Church. But he did not allow idealism to blind him completely to his own interests. He made it a condition of his loan to the rebels that he should have the sole right of introducing alum into the Netherlands for six years. Mendoza indignantly called the King's attention to the significance of this demand. Alum came from the estates of the Pope in Italy. Virtually the whole supply at that time was sold in the Netherlands. Pallavicini was getting nothing less than a monopoly of the world's alum trade; buying the commodity as cheaply as possible, and selling for as much as he could get in the best market, with the additional satisfaction of lending the profits to the enemies of the Catholic Church and of Spain. This is only one instance of the methods by which "Portuguese" or "Italian" merchants (many of them Jews) were gradually transferring the commercial prosperity of the world from southern Europe to Holland and England, for their own advantage. Pallavicini, incidentally, was the great-grandfather of Oliver Cromwell. Philip II notified the Pope of what was going on, and

ordered the alum ships of the new trust seized if they put in at Cádiz. He must have wondered why it was so difficult for him to raise money and so easy for his enemies. It was very mysterious.

As for Don Juan, it was impossible to send him definite instructions. The King wrote him a pleasant letter on September tenth, in which he said: "I rejoice to know that you and the Prince of Parma are in good health, for this is the news I chiefly desire to have, and it has appeared to me that you have governed in all that affair with all the prudence and skill that one could desire."<sup>21</sup> Several days later Philip wrote Alexander that he had heard of the serious illness of his brother, and felt it keenly, as might be imagined; but since all emergencies must be provided for, Parma would take over the command if the Prince did not recover.

Don Juan never received his royal brother's last letter. On September twenty-eighth, when his confessor said Mass at his bedside, he received Holy Communion with great devotion, and afterward, sending for the Prince of Parma, appointed him Governor-General of the Netherlands and Commander-in-Chief of the Army. He then expressed to his confessor his last wishes: that the King protect his mother and her other son, and pay the wages long due his servants; that Father Orantes ask His Majesty that he might lie in the Escorial near the body of his father, the Emperor; otherwise, at the shrine of Our Lady of Monserrate, for whom he had always had great devotion. Then, turning to his confessor, he remarked that he owned nothing, not even a hand's breadth of earth, and asked: "Is it not just, then, *padre mio*, that I should desire the wide fields of Heaven?"

For the next two days he was in great pain. In his delirium he raved of battlefields; he was again on the deck at Lepanto, shouting orders or encouragement to his men, or at Gemblours, dispatching couriers or calling his captains together. In the moments when those wild visions passed away he kept repeating, "Jesus . . . Maria . . . Jesus . . . Maria," until, on the night of the thirtieth, he recovered full consciousness, and asked to be anointed. Extreme Unction was administered, and the next morning, October first, Don Juan seemed very calm and collected. Mass was said in his room toward noon. It was found then that his sight had failed completely, and that he could not see the Host when it was elevated. When one of his officers told him what was taking place, he raised himself a little, with a last effort, and pulled off his nightcap in adoration, and with it some bandages that were on his head. "Jesus . . . Maria," he murmured for some minutes, "Jesus . . . Maria!" At last, as his confessor wrote the King, "he slipped out of our hands almost imperceptibly, like a bird vanishing in the sky."<sup>22</sup>

In less than two weeks King Philip heard the news. He wrote to his nephew, Alexander, "One of the things commanded to my brother, as you will see by the dispatches, is that he attempt to conserve and maintain these Estates, and that in no manner in the world, not for anything that could happen, should what is now held in them be left unprotected, and that all his actions must be directed to this end. And since it is my wish that this command be kept and observed, I have wished to write to you about it." Philip dictated this. He added a postscript in his own hand; "I cannot tell you how much I feel the bad news about my brother."<sup>23</sup>

Cabrera says that on hearing of his brother's death, the King retired to the monastery of St. Jerome at Madrid to mourn for him, as he had once gone there from the bedside of Don Carlos at Alcalá. It must have been immediately afterwards that his little son, Fernando, seven years old, fell seriously ill; on the morning of the eighteenth the boy died. As the slender body was borne in state to San Lorenzo, his parents felt what all parents feel. The King had loved him tenderly, and was especially pleased because his face so closely resembled that of the Emperor; he had had great hopes of him, for his nature was lovable, and he had given evidence of virtue and intelligence. As people all over Spain began to lament his loss, Philip sat down with his usual patience to write the news to all his realms and estates and to other crowned heads. He asked that there be no sadness or mourning for Don Fernando, in public or private, but instead processions giving thanks to God for having taken the child to Himself in the bloom of his innocence, and to ask the Divine Majesty to be appeased by this sacrifice in His wrath over the sins of the King and of his people, and to turn eyes of mercy on Spain and on the sufferings of the Church.

Meanwhile, in Flanders, his enemies, even some of his soldiers, were saying that he had had Don Juan poisoned by a drug served in a broth by a physician. Others said that a bottle of poisoned wine had been sent; and this in spite of the fact that hundreds of his troops had been dying of similar ailments. Cecil's agent, Davison, wrote him on October twelfth, "We have, since my last, undoubted confirmation of the death of Don Juan, who departed this life on Thursday, the second of this month, having been sick twenty-four or twenty-six days, partly, as they think, of very grief and melancholy, partly of a disease they call '*les trogues*,' wherewith he was extremely tormented; but chiefly, it is given forth, of the French sickness, whereof in the opening he was found to be inwardly wasted and consumed."<sup>24</sup>

Brantôme, a great scandal-monger, asserted that Don Juan had caught the *peste* from the Marchioness of Havrech, with whom he was in love, but adds that his death was caused by poison given him by order of the King at the instigation of Antonio Pérez. This version gained a wide currency after the revelations concerning Pérez's guilt of the death of Escobedo. Porreño believes that Don Juan was poisoned, but does not say by whom. In Spain it was pointed out that, if the Prince was murdered, it was reasonable to suspect the agents of William of Orange or of Cecil, of whose previous attempts to put him out of the way there was unmistakable proof. A long letter of Don Juan's physician to the King described the autopsy in detail. For lack of material the operation could not begin for twenty-four hours. The body was strangely discolored, the odor insufferable.<sup>25</sup> Cabrera likewise reports this discoloration, and gives one or two details reminiscent of the condition of the body of Queen Catherine of Aragon:



"To embalm him they opened him, and found the region of the heart dry, and all the interior and the exterior (of the heart) black and as if toasted, and it crumbled at the touch, though the rest was of the pallid color of a natural corpse. This made his family suspect that he had been poisoned; although the *tabardillo* (burning fever) is so corrosive and malignant that it is accustomed to leave corpses with this appearance."<sup>26</sup>

In this unsatisfactory state of unproved conjecture and suspicion, the mystery has been handed down to posterity, with historians hostile to King Philip inclining to accuse him of his brother's murder, or at least to insinuate his guilt. A poem by John Masefield accepts this as an established fact, and has the ghost of Don Juan asking the King why he did it. Chesterton seems to hint at the same thing in "Lepanto."

None of the historians or poets who have given various accounts of this affair has noticed an explanation offered by Dr. Diego Daza Chacón in the book on surgery with which he occupied his declining years. This man's testimony is not to be despised; he was perhaps the most skilled and respected surgeon of the sixteenth century, employed and trusted by Charles V, the Princess Juana, Don Carlos, Don Juan at Lepanto, and Philip II. When the Governor of the Netherlands died, he was in Spain.

Chacón mentions Don Juan only by way of example in his discussion of the treatment of hemorrhoids. He advises physicians to use leeches in certain cases, instead of removal or lancing. He goes on to say, "This treatment of hemorrhoids is much better and safer than removing them or opening them with a lancet, for removal sometimes causes very corrosive wounds, and the result of opening them with the lancet is most commonly to leave a fistula, and sometimes is the cause of sudden death; as befell the most serene Don Juan of Austria, who, after so many victories (especially the naval battle, unseen, and unheard-of in past times), came to die miserably at the hands of physicians and surgeons, because in consultation they agreed, and very mistakenly, to lance a hemorrhoid, and proposing it to him, he replied, 'Here I am, do what you wish.' They gave him a lancing, and there followed a flow of blood so copious that, although they applied all possible remedies, he gave his soul to his Creator within four hours: a thing to weep over and a great pity. God forgive the man who was the cause of such mischief. . . . If I had been in his service, there would have been no such blunder."<sup>27</sup>

This is not direct evidence, but the professional status of Chacon, and the probability that so famous a case was widely discussed by doctors, lend it more value than ordinary hearsay. Modern physicians admit the possibility of death in consequence of the operation he describes, from the piercing of an artery. It is not impossible that such a draining of the blood could account for the dry condition of the tissues described by Cabrera and for some of the discolorations reported to the King. No one familiar with the fantastic bleedings and purgings of the period will take the trouble to ask whether it is likely that the doctors would have attempted such an operation on a man who had been sick two weeks with a fever.

Whatever the cause, Don Juan had come to the end of his thirty-three years of feverish life. Veteran soldiers wept as he was borne along the road to Namur between the regiments standing at attention on either side—Don Juan, very still and regal in death, with his full armor and boots on, and the Golden Fleece on his breast, and on his fair head a jeweled coronet. Thus was he carried on the shoulders of six captains of each regiment in turn, with the Prince of Parma and other chief mourners following in sable hoods and cowls, until he was borne up the great aisle of the Cathedral of Saint Aubain and laid in state among draperies of black and gold and a forest of burning tapers.

When Philip learned of his brother's dying wish to be buried at the Escorial, he sent orders for the removal of his body. Early in 1579, the corpse was cut in pieces at the joints and sewed up in three leather bags, which were carried on the pack saddles of horses with the rest of the baggage of a cortège of about eighty men. Thus Don Juan made his ultimate journey through the Netherlands and France and over the Pyrenees to Spain. At the monastery of Parrazas, the severed portions of the gallant body that had once been the admiration of the noble ladies at Naples were carefully put together, dressed in princely funeral robes, and borne with great solemnity in a long procession of prelates and grandees to the Escorial. There, on May twenty-fourth, King Philip and the court paid their last reverence to the dead hero. That night Don Juan lay where he had desired to be, beside his father the Emperor.<sup>28</sup>

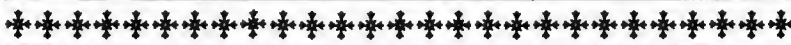
It is impossible to say just what were the feelings of such a man as King Philip. He may have felt sincere grief and sincere relief; human nature indeed is complex enough to admit both sentiments. Nine times now death had come into his house to spirit away some person close to him: his mother, his father, his first wife Maria, his second wife Mary, Don Carlos, his third wife Isabel, his little son Laurencio, his son Don Fernando, and finally his brother Don Juan. Death was almost a familiar guest of this pale shrunken man in black garments, with his thinning grey hair and his stiff and gouty walk: this man with rather watery blue eyes whose lids were often red from reading dispatches at midnight by the light of candles, and whose lips sometimes trembled as he tightened them to keep from saying something hasty or unnecessary. Don Juan was dead. The world must go on.

And there was always England. Early in 1579, Philip sat at his desk with his gouty leg on a chair and read a dispatch from Bernardino de Mendoza about an interview he had just had with Queen Elizabeth. They had talked of Flanders at some length. The Queen seemed very glad to see him, and assured him she would like nothing better than peace. She was particularly anxious for news of His Majesty's health. She was pained at the many recent deaths in his family. In order not to reopen his grief, she had hitherto refrained from writing her condolences, but would do so very shortly. Philip picked up his quill pen.

With a tired and slightly quivering hand, he wrote on the margin of the letter: "To judge from this, she cannot be so bad as they said."

Nearly a quarter of a century had passed since he had seen Elizabeth clasp her lovely white hands and look deep into his eyes, as she swore that she believed the Holy Roman Catholic Church to be the one true Church of Christ, and promised to live and die in it. At certain moments he was still unable to believe in her total depravity.





## The Spanish Triumph in Flanders [1585]

**P**HILIP still meant to conquer England at the first good opportunity. There were other places, however, which demanded immediate attention. One was Flanders. The other was Portugal. By the end of 1579 he had persuaded himself that if he did not take steps to make himself master of the small country to the west, it would fall into the hands of the most inveterate enemies of Spain and of the Church, and the encirclement of Christendom would be complete. All this resulted from the escape of Don Antonio, who had been prisoner of the Moors in Africa since Alcázar.

"Escape" is not the right word, perhaps. Don Antonio owed his freedom less to his agility than to certain international affinities he had inherited through his mother. When his Arabian captor pointed to the white cross of Malta on his breast and asked what it was, the prisoner probably saved his life by saying it was a symbol worn by certain *cacis* (Mahometan chieftains), who lorded it over Christians and lived off the Church. "The Arabian believed him, and was pleased to hear him say he ate the revenue of the Church."<sup>1</sup> There was nothing in Don Antonio of the aspiration of his cousin, Don Sebastian, to be God's captain, to shed his blood for Christ. The voices of the flesh spoke strongly in him. He was much more anxious to return to Portugal than to go to Heaven. In some manner he made a contact with Abraham Gibre and other Jews in Morocco, who agreed to guarantee his ransom of 2,000 *cruzados*. To induce his captor to take him to Arcilla and to speed him on his way, they explained that if he was not back in his church by January, the Pope would give it to someone else, and then Antonio would have no means of paying the ransom.<sup>2</sup>

When the hero arrived in Portugal, what was his indignation to discover that his uncle, Cardinal Henry, had issued a decree declaring him a bastard and as such excluded from the succession. Don Antonio was not so easily disposed of. He was able to get together a party which, if small, was vociferous and well supplied with money. The friends of Christendom were against him, because they desired the union of Castile and Portugal. The enemies of Christendom supported him, seeing a chance for a division that would "turn the kingdom and the world upside down in favor of a person displeasing to Don Felipe."<sup>3</sup> The Bishop of La Guardia supported him out of spite against Cardinal Henry, who had reproved him for his immoral life. Certain Franciscan and Dominican friars aided him, some through a patriotic fear of Spanish domination, some doubtless because they, too, had Jewish ancestors; still others through jealousy of the Jesuits, whom Cardinal Henry had brought in to reform the Church and who were so uncompromising in their Christianity that the common people called them "The Apostles." But the most enterprising and resourceful of his adherents were the Jews. If we may believe the well-informed Cabrera, it was they who carried the fight to Rome and persuaded Pope Gregory XIII to issue a brief annulling the decree of the Portuguese monarch.<sup>4</sup>

Philip II was highly indignant at this apparent slight to his uncle Don Henry, and urged revocation of the brief. The Pope explained to the Spanish ambassador that he had been actuated by no political considerations, nor by the possible effect on Philip II, the Cardinal-King, or France; there had been chiefly question of the right of Don Henry to pass upon such a matter. While Gregory was reviewing the case, the enemies of the Church and of Spain all over Europe took up the cause of Don Antonio. Cecil and Catherine de' Medici encouraged him to persist in his claim. There were riots in his favor in Portugal, especially among tradesmen and artisans at Lisbon. Philip's ambassador, Moura, assured him that the public sentiment which was being stirred up for Don Antonio was not as widespread as it appeared to be, and was kept alive chiefly by the Jews, not so much through love of the Prior of Crato as from business motives; for they were lending him from two to four thousand *maravedis* a day for his expenses, besides the large sums he already owed them. Their only hope of payment was in his becoming king.<sup>5</sup>

This situation gradually forced Don Henry to the side of Philip II. Deaf and almost blind, toothless and palsied, hardly

able to stand up alone, the good old man, even in his dotage and second childhood, could see on which side the true interests of Christ and the Church lay. In this he was encouraged by his Jesuit confessor and other members of the Society, who, however much they might desire a Portuguese king, preferred the staunchly Catholic ruler of Spain to a half-Portuguese who might prove to be only a puppet in the hands of an international cabal masquerading under appearances of Protestantism. So Cardinal Henry went before the Cortes on January ninth, 1580, and with the backing of clergy, nobility, and those of the Third Estate who were not of the faction of Don Antonio, supported the claim of Philip II.

Don Antonio, from his hiding place, now made overtures to the King of Spain through one of his Jewish friends, Doctor Pedro Nunez da Costa. He promised to relinquish his claim to the throne if King Philip would make him governor for life of Portugal, Brazil, and the Portuguese Empire, viceroy of India, Grand Master of Santiago, and Captain-General of Africa, with a guaranteed income of 200,000 ducats a year for life. Philip refused. He offered instead the title of Duke, with an annual income of 100,000 for life, and a lump sum of 200,000 to pay Antonio's debts.

Matters were in this state when Cardinal-King Henry died, January thirty-first, 1580, leaving a board of five regents to rule until the Cortes should choose his successor. Don Antonio and his friends now loudly asserted his claim. "If, as seems likely, Antonio's adherents were in the minority," says Professor Merriman,<sup>6</sup> "they were more vocal and more active than the partisans of the Spanish King." They threatened, if necessary, to call in the Moors from Africa to prevent the union of Spain and Portugal. The battle was on. Philip II saw that, to assert his claim as the legitimate heir, he would have to invade Portugal. For the Jewish agents of Don Antonio were busy in all parts of Europe preparing to supply an army for their candidate. It was essential for the King of Spain to have some one near him whom he could trust. Alba and Antonio Pérez, the two men on whom he had depended most unreservedly in the past dozen years, were no longer of any use. He had banished the great Duke to his estates some months before, on learning of his complicity in the marriage of his son to a highly eligible lady, after the King had commanded him to marry another damsel of the court whom he had seduced.

As for Pérez, Philip had refused at first to believe all that his enemies said of him, but, with his usual prudence, had quietly begun an investigation. By the beginning of 1579 he must have had at least a strong suspicion that his secretary had deceived him about Don Juan; and that something more than friendship existed between Pérez and the Princess of Eboli. The widow of Ruy Gómez had seemed a different woman since her husband's death in 1573. Her first hysterical impulse had been to forsake the world; she rushed to Madre Teresa, of whose Order she had been a benefactress, and begged for the brown habit of a Carmelite nun. The Saint agreed, not without certain misgivings perhaps. Ana of Eboli said farewell to her ten children and her friends, and prepared to enter a house which she herself had given to the Order. The good nuns were not a little embarrassed when she drove up to the door in a coach, with what seemed to them a scandalous amount of baggage, and two or three maids. It was not long, either, before the Princess began to evince a disposition to plan her own life, and to take command of the convent generally. But she had misjudged the character of St. Teresa as much as the Saint had been taken in by hers. The inevitable crisis soon occurred.

"But this is my house!" cried the Princess.

"And these are my nuns," returned Madre Teresa, and prepared to remove them. The Princess, with tears of anger and humiliation, drove off to the Eboli palace in Madrid. There she resumed her former life. Being still attractive to men, despite the black patch on her right eye, her ten children, and the approach of middle age, she became the mistress of Pérez. The secretary had always come and gone in that house, both before the death of Ruy Gómez and afterward, as a privileged friend, almost as an adopted son. This perhaps accounts for the success of the guilty pair in concealing their intrigue so long from the eyes of a King who had been known to sentence a member of a great Castilian family to the hard labor of a galley-slave for an offense against chastity.

Once it was bruited that Pérez had fallen from favor, there were plenty of persons eager to tell the King what they knew or suspected of him. It took Philip several years to get all the information he wanted. He established that Pérez had shamelessly sold public offices to the highest bidder. For years the man had systematically robbed the royal treasury; the house in which he lived with Juana Coello, his wife, was a veritable palace stored with treasures and rarities. But the feelings of the King must have been most deeply wounded when it was proved to him that his worst suspicions of his own brother, who had served him so well, if sometimes erratically, had been false, and that his mind had been carefully and deliberately poisoned.

His wrath against Pérez was like a cold implacable fire. Yet for months he managed to conceal his feelings. For Pérez, having all the strands of the Portuguese affair in his hands, could not be replaced immediately. Philip bethought him of his faithful Granvelle, viceroy of Naples, and begged him to hasten to Spain to take charge of the important matters that were pending. In one of his letters, countersigned by Pérez, he said, "I need your person and your help . . . The sooner you come, the happier I shall be."

Granvelle set out in April. On the way, he picked up Don Juan de Idiáquez, a skilful and trustworthy diplomat, chosen to be his assistant. Pérez hated and feared Idiáquez, who apparently knew too much about him, and tried to convince the King his presence was needed in Italy. The two ambassadors arrived at Barcelona, however, on July eighth, 1579, and hastened to Madrid. Granvelle quietly entered the city on July twenty-eighth. That evening the King worked over his papers as usual, with Pérez at his elbow. In his calm face, or in his grave and courteous manner, there was nothing to indicate that anything unusual



was afoot. At ten o'clock he quietly dismissed the secretary and told him to come back in the morning. An hour later Pérez was arrested and taken to the house of an *alcalde* of the court, Alvar García de Toledo.

Meanwhile the Princess of Eboli was on her way to the house of Pérez to spend the night. Learning from a servant what had happened, she hurried back through the dark, muddy streets to the Eboli palace, to find some of the king's *alguaciles* waiting for her. As she was ushered into a carriage to be taken to the Torre de Pinto, a few miles south of the city, she must have passed a pale man in black who stood watching her in the shadows of a doorway in the Church of Santa Maria. It was Philip II himself, who had gone out to put into practise his favorite maxim, "*Bien es mirar a todo*."<sup>7</sup>

His Majesty dealt very leniently with both his prisoners. When the Princess complained of her suffering in the Tower, he allowed her to go to her castle at Pastrana and to remain there under guard. Pérez, too, was given an extraordinary degree of comfort and freedom at the house of the *alcalde*, where he stayed for four months. All the court wondered when they saw the King's confessor going to visit him there, apparently in his usual amiable mood. When Pérez became ill he was allowed to retire to his own house, to receive visitors there, and even to go out to attend Mass.

The King gave no public explanation of the two arrests. On the day following, however, he felt impelled to write an explanation to the Duke of Infantado, as a relative of the Princess of Eboli, as follows:

"Cousin Duke: You will have heard that between Antonio Pérez and Mateo Vázquez, my secretaries, there have been some differences and disagreements in which the authority of the Princess Eboli has been interposed, of which I have taken fitting notice, not only for their relationships but because she has been the wife of Ruy Gómez, who served me so much, and for whom I have the feelings that you know. And having wished to understand the cause of this, to seek a remedy, and so that it may be done with the silence that is fitting, and because of my confidence in the person of Fray Diego de Chaves, my confessor, I ordered him to speak on my behalf to the Princess, and to investigate her complaint against the said Mateo Vazquez, to find out what is at the bottom of it and to converse with other persons whom she has named to him. Not finding what was at the bottom of it . . . he was ordered to say it must not go further, and that Pérez and Vázquez must agree and be friends, as is suitable for my servants. . . . And understanding that the Princess prevented this, though my confessor spoke to her several times in vain, I have had her taken tonight to the fortress of Torre de Pinto." Until five o'clock in the morning after the two arrests Philip sat up writing letters of this sort, which Pérez published in his *Relaciones*<sup>8</sup> years later, in an attempt to show that the King had no real case against him at the time of his arrest.

It was not like Philip, however, to tell everything he knew in a letter to a third person. He owed a courteous explanation to the relatives of the Princess, and he gave little else. Nor was he the man to reveal the fruits of an investigation until he had finished it. When his case was complete he accused Pérez of the murders of Escobedo and the astrologer Pedro de la Hera. The case dragged on until 1585. Pérez was then condemned to two years in prison, banished from court for ten years, and fined 30,000 ducats, as restitution for his thefts from the treasury. One reason for Philip's leniency was probably his knowledge that Pérez had a large number of valuable State papers in his possession. Some of these were seized. Others were hidden by the wife of the accused, and were used in later attempts to blacken the royal reputation. Pérez escaped from Madrid after his conviction in 1585 and fled to Aragon. The Princess died in 1592, still virtually a prisoner.

The correspondent of the Bank of Fugger at Madrid reported a rumor that Pérez had been found to be in correspondence with Constantinople.<sup>9</sup> Another conjecture of some plausibility has been advanced by Angela Valente: that Philip, on the eve of the Portuguese enterprise, discovered that Pérez had revealed his plans for conquest to the Princess of Eboli, who confided them to the Duke of Braganza, to whose son she wished to marry her daughter. This would be a serious matter, for the Dutchess of Braganza was one of the rival claimants.<sup>10</sup> Perez's relations with the enemies of Christendom after his escape were notorious, and there is no doubt that he had been one of Philip's chief confidants on Portuguese affairs.

Several years later (1591), the King received a letter from Luis Arias Bercerra, administrator of the salt mines of Galicia, containing information received from a prisoner, a cousin of Pérez and formerly, for some years, a page in his house. This man accused Pérez of unnatural familiarity with pages and other attractive youths often seen in his company; he also professed to have heard him make many treasonable remarks about the King while he still enjoyed his confidence. He said that Pérez used to call the King a tyrant and the members of his council Ministers of Satan. The King's confessor, he said, would burn in hell for giving absolution to His Majesty. He had been sad at the news of Philip's victories and delighted when the Spanish armies or navies were defeated. He had declared that he wanted to go to Geneva and live among the heretics.

The Inquisition investigated the charge of sodomy. At least one of the Flemish pages named failed to corroborate this story, and it was never proved. The so-called confession of Perez's unsavory relative was probably made with the hope of a reward, or of a lighter sentence for his own crime; but the part about Perez's desire to live among the enemies of the Church was amply confirmed by his later actions.<sup>11</sup>

With the vanishing of Pérez from his counsels, Philip threw off the last vestige of the influence of the faction of Ruy Gómez, an influence going back through Gonzalo Pérez to the little clique of subtle, Machiavellian politicians in whom Charles V had trusted so much. This school preferred finesse to force, was likely to sacrifice principles for temporary or material advantages, and made a fine art of indirection and opportunism. After the exposure of Pérez, Philip began to follow a franker and bolder policy, one of the first signs of which was his recalling the Duke of Alba to court, and telling him to go ahead and

conquer Portugal. But there was no longer the slightest question of Alba's having a dominant influence. From then on Philip meant to be master.

Alba was tired and old. It seemed to regenerate him to be on horseback again when the troops assembled in the spring of 1580, while armored men dashed over the roads with dispatches, and the galleys of Santa Cruz hurried supplies and munitions to Setubal. The King had some notion for a while of going himself at the head of his army, but was finally dissuaded by his councillors, who urged him not to risk his life, so valuable to the Empire, especially as the plague was raging that year in Portugal.<sup>12</sup> He set out, however, for Badajoz, stopping on the way with his architect, Herrera, to spend a few days studying the Roman ruins at Merida.<sup>13</sup> He took with him the Queen, his little daughters, and his nephew, the Archduke Albert, for whom he had recently obtained a Cardinal's hat.

On June thirteenth they all watched a review of the army from a bower of trees overlooking the wide field of Cantillana. The little girls and Queen Anna were delighted with the brilliant colors and gleamings of steel and gold that flashed across the fresh green of the pasture in the bright sun. It made such a picture, says Cabrera, as no artist in Flanders ever painted. There marched twelve companies of the Guards of Castile, the light cavalry, the mounted arquebussiers in five companies, the light horse from Granada, and finally, amid great applause, the Spanish *tercios* of Naples under Don Fernando de Toledo, the son and lieutenant of the Duke, with mercenaries from Lombardy, from Tuscany, and from Naples. There were also Germans in the long line. Sancho de Avila, in his brilliant armor, was not the only veteran officer of the wars in the Low Countries who rode before the King that day.

Every one remarked on how young and happy Alba looked, as if the sickness which had afflicted him almost constantly had flown away. Only the day before he had been in bed, but "the shrilling of the trumpets and the beating of the drums seemed to give new warmth and vigor to blood chilled by time." A gallant figure was the old Duke with his long, white beard falling over his steel breastplate, and his garments of white and azure. The King sent for him to come up and watch the review from the royal stand; for, adds the cynical Cabrera, "necessity sharpens the vision of princes and their estimation of those of whom they have need."<sup>14</sup>

The Catholic King and his Council were now fully resolved on the invasion of Portugal. There were only two important obstacles. In Spain during 1580 there was considerable alarm over rumors that the Moriscos were planning to take advantage of the army's absence to start another rebellion. St. Teresa wrote to the Superior of one of her convents about this time, "People say that the Moriscos of the country are plotting to take Sevilla by storm. Then there is a good prospect of your being made martyrs."<sup>15</sup> But there was no uprising. A more weighty objection was the attitude of Pope Gregory XIII. When, a year or two after this, this magnificent reformer decided to modernize the Julian calendar after careful, scientific researches, "His Majesty, with the obedience he always displayed in the service of the Roman Church, immediately established the reformed calendar in all his dominions, while the French heretics opposed it and the Grand Turk had the Patriarch of Constantinople hanged for introducing it."<sup>16</sup>

It was one thing to be on the side of the Pope and of science when it cost nothing. It was quite another thing to give up a plum almost ready to fall into one's hand. Gregory sent a brief, offering his services as arbiter to prevent the tragedy of a war between two Christian peoples. Cardinal Riario went to Spain to speak further with His Catholic Majesty, and to present to him a relic of one of the Holy Innocents slain by command of King Herod. Philip refused to see the Cardinal; he was resolved not to hear him until he had possession of Lisbon.<sup>17</sup> Fortified by the opinions of his theologians and *letrados*, as well as by the advice of his Council, he advised the Pope through his ambassador in Rome that this was a purely temporal matter, "and the circumstances which give jurisdiction in temporal affairs do not concur here."<sup>18</sup> He reminded the Holy Father that King Henry had approved of his claim; and since Don Antonio and his partisans were prepared to resist it by force, he had no alternative but to send an army to enforce his rights.

Philip was convinced, or professed to be convinced, that Catherine de' Medici had induced the Pope to intervene. He considered it highly suspicious that the brief had been brought from Rome by the French courier.<sup>19</sup> This may have been only a coincidence. It seems clear that Gregory was taking the natural course of the Father of Christendom; but the mere mention of France was enough to raise suspicions in Spain.

Having virtually told the Vicar of Christ to mind his own business, with the polite firmness characteristic of the Caesars of all ages, even when they are members of the Church, His Catholic Majesty gave the word. Alba led his *tercios* over the border, and advanced, with his old-time skill and economy of time, space, and man-power, almost in a straight line toward Lisbon. Elvas and Olivenza surrendered without resistance. By the middle of July he had taken Setubal, and had established communication with the fleet which had left Cádiz on the eighth and was lying off the Portuguese coast ready to support and provision the army.

In spite of Philip's strict orders, there was some plundering of the people of Setubal, especially by some of the Italian troops. Alba had the chief offenders arrested and beheaded without further ado. Then, making a feint at Santaren, he thrust straight at Cascaes, west of Lisbon, and by August twenty-fourth reached the Bridge of Alcántara, just outside the city. There Antonio had assembled an army which was hardly more than a rabble compared to the well disciplined regiments of Alba. The



ensuing battle soon ended with the flight of the Portuguese shopkeepers, Negroes, monks, and artisans, with the loss of a thousand men, while the Spanish dead numbered only a hundred.

Don Antonio, after fighting valiantly and getting wounded on the forehead, fled from the field and hid him to Oporto. Meanwhile, the capital surrendered. As a second army of 30,000 Spanish volunteers crossed the border, ending all possibility of a thrust in Alba's rear, the war was virtually over. Don Antonio, however, strove desperately to raise a new army. He stole the crown jewels of Portugal and appropriated a fund collected to ransom the survivors of Don Sebastian's crusade, who were still prisoners in Africa. The population generally having displayed no real interest in his cause, he and his friends tried to force all the men in the neighborhood of Coimbra and Oporto to join his army. When Sancho de Avila, sent in pursuit of him by Alba, drove him out of Oporto in October and scattered his conscripts, he was shocked and angry at what he heard of the cruelty visited upon those who had refused to join. Sancho had earned the questionable glory, since the so-called Spanish Fury of 1576, of being called "The Butcher of Antwerp," but the atrocities perpetrated by the self-appointed champions of Portuguese democracy were too much for his stomach.<sup>20</sup>

There were the inevitable abuses on the Spanish side also. Alba repressed them and punished them without mercy. The soldiers were greatly disgusted to find that the King, not content with his orders to their general, had sent Doctor Villafane to inspect the army "as if to verify their excesses, to punish them, when they expected praise for their victory."<sup>21</sup> Philip was determined to profit by his experience in the Netherlands and not to alienate the Portuguese population.

With the flight of Don Antonio to take refuge with Jews in Paris and London, the Spanish sovereignty was accepted in all the Portuguese possessions except the island of Tercera, where the opposition was kept alive by rumors that Don Sebastian had not been killed and would yet return.

For a while it seemed likely that his triumph would be of slight use to the Catholic King. A severe epidemic of influenza swept over all the Peninsula that September, striking down the great and the virtuous by the side of the poor and the wicked. St. Teresa nearly died of it at Toledo. When she recovered, her youthful appearance was gone, and thenceforth she looked like an old woman.<sup>22</sup> Philip became so desperately ill at Badojoz that his life was despaired of. He prepared his soul for death. He made his will in the presence of Mateo Vázquez, who had supplanted Pérez as confidential secretary, and he commanded Vázquez not to reveal its terms to the Queen.

Quiet, affectionate Anna, still in rather delicate health from the birth of her fifth child, Maria, earlier in the year, knelt one night before a crucifix by the almost unconscious form of her lord, and uttered the passionate prayer that God would spare his life, so necessary to Spain and to all Christendom, and take hers instead as a propitiatory sacrifice. The King grew better and slowly recovered. His wife's joy was great. But she was very curious to know what he had said about her in the will he had made. She did not rest until she had wormed the secret out of Don Antonio de Padilla, one of the great *letrados* Philip had brought with him to Portugal. She was deeply grieved to find that the King had not appointed her, in accordance with tradition, Governor of the monarchy in case of his death. When he was strong enough for conversation, "she complained of it gravely, attributing it to little love and estimation."<sup>23</sup> The chronicler adds that she was wrong in this; he loved her more than any of his other wives "for her great merits, and her felicity in giving the Crown sons to govern it and make it immortal." As for Padilla, he addressed to him certain withering "words of just indignation" so terrible that "they put him shortly in the sepulchre." It is not recorded how he explained matters to the Queen, but the will was no longer a matter of importance. As Philip grew stronger, his wife became ill of the epidemic *catarro*. On Wednesday, October twenty-sixth, she found the complete answer to her prayer in death, the event being foreshadowed, says Cabrera, by a small comet in the West.<sup>24</sup>

She was thirty years old. Of her five children, two were dead, and Maria and Diego were soon to follow their mother to the grave. Only one, Prince Philip, lived to maturity. When the body of the dear companion of ten years of his life was borne in solemn state to San Lorenzo, the King lay alone in solitary grief, too weak to travel. Sickness and sorrow had altered him unbelievably. His beard had turned almost white, and it was said that he had suddenly become an old man. Even his royal pride seemed transmuted by those half-remembered self-searchings which the soul makes in desperate illness, when it seems to hover between heaven and earth.

One night Cardinal Riario was ushered to the royal chamber by the Duke of Osuña and the Count of Chinchon, and led to the bedside of His Majesty. The visit was kept secret out of respect for the royal prestige; nevertheless, Philip received the legate, who had followed him to Portugal and had been staying in a nearby monastery, patiently awaiting an opportunity.<sup>25</sup> Pope Gregory sent this message: Since the war was virtually over and His Majesty had a well-equipped army in Portugal, besides fresh levies in Spain and others available in Flanders, why not use these in defense of the persecuted Catholics of England, who had so patiently borne the atrocities of a ruthless tyranny for many years? If Philip would undertake a crusade on behalf of those forsaken children of Christ, Gregory promised to aid by all possible means.

It is interesting to speculate on what would have been the course of history if Philip had suddenly sent Alba's *tercios* in his well-equipped fleet from the coast of Portugal to England. The advantages were obvious, and the moment propitious. The Guise party in France were ready to support any movement on behalf of their relative Mary Stuart. In Scotland the Catholic party had temporarily gained the upper hand, with the fall of Morton, and were ready to welcome Philip as their deliverer and

to send young Prince James to Spain to be educated and married. But Philip, after taking advice on the matter, decided not to attempt it. It seemed more practical to complete the conquest of Flanders and to consolidate his position in Portugal. Besides, there was the island of Tercera, so important as a trading link with the Indies, to be conquered. He turned away from Pope Gregory's splendid vision to follow his own material interests. He disbanded his Italian *tercios*, used the Castilians and Germans to garrison the key-positions of Portugal, and made preparations to assume the crown of Portugal.

This he did on the afternoon of Sunday, April sixteenth, 1581, at Tomar, in the presence of the Cortes and all the great nobles and prelates of the country. Preceded by mace-bearers and gaudy kings-of-arms, and the Duke of Braganza bearing the naked sword of justice, Philip entered the spacious church in a robe of crimson and gold. After swearing to respect the laws and customs of the country, he received the allegiance of the three Estates, and as the crown of his mother's ancestors was placed on his thinning locks, he heard the people cry, with a great fanfare of trumpets and tambours, "*Real, Real por Don Felipe, Rey de Portugal!*" While the friars of his chapel sang the *Te Deum*, Philip proceeded to the sacristy, where he laid at the feet of a statue of Christ the sceptre, the crown, and the scarlet robe, saying: *Domine, non est exaltatum cor meum, neque elati sunt oculi mei; neque ambulavi in magnis neque in mirabilibus super me.*





## ALESSANDRO FARNESE, DUKE OF PARMA

ATTRIBUTED TO FRANS POURBUS I.

*Photo by Courtesy of the Frick Art Collection*

The shoutings died away, and Philip was not sorry. He seemed happy to have letters from his two daughters in Castile, who had sent him congratulations. "I wish you could have seen the ceremony from a window," he wrote them a few days later, "as my nephew did (Cardinal Albert), for he saw everything perfectly from there . . . You will have seen by the account I sent you whether other reports you have had are true . . . And because Lisbon is healthy now and the Cortes is going well, I plan to remain here, though I shall go to Almerin and other places nearby; I shall go generally by water, which is a good thing. And so that I may be less burdened on the way, I gave the Collar of the Golden Fleece today to the Duke of Braganza, and he went to Mass with me, and both of us with our collars on, which looked very bad over my mourning, that is, mine did, but he cut a better figure in his, though they say he never wore shoes till the day of my coronation; but now everybody here is wearing them except me."<sup>26</sup>

Philip still wore his Castilian boots. In other respects he sought to accommodate himself to the customs of the country, especially by having his white beard cut round in the Portuguese fashion. Wherever he went he was well received by the people. As he entered Santaren, however, there was an earthquake. Some said the phenomenon was a threat to the inhabitants for having hailed Don Antonio as king a few months before, but a Castilian chronicler believed that the earth was merely overwhelmed by having so much grandeur upon it.<sup>27</sup> The citizens made amends as best they could. After Philip had entered on horseback through a triumphal arch, a speech was made by Doctor Pina, chief *letrado* of the town, offering their homage and apologizing for so unbecoming a welcome, which he attributed to the defeat at Alcázar, the pestilence, the war, and other calamities. Philip thanked them, and appeared to take no notice that the triumphal arches were "more ostentatious than costly."<sup>28</sup> He proceeded to Lisbon, where he made his grand entry on June twenty-ninth. He had opened the Cortes at Tomar on April twentieth, granting a general pardon to all his enemies except Don Antonio, the Bishop of La Guardia, and some others.

He could now afford to be generous. He went to great pains to remove lurking jealousies and animosities. Although he placed a price of 80,000 crowns on the head of Don Antonio, who had put him to so much trouble, he took a different course with his other rivals, giving the Duke and Duchess of Braganza, for example, the titles of Infante and Infanta, and making their son Grand Master of Santiago. With the lessons he had learned in the Netherlands fresh in his mind, he instructed Cardinal Albert, the most able of his nephews, whom he left as his representative, to have offices distributed impartially, and chiefly to deserving Portuguese. He avoided any appearance of regarding his new acquisition as a mere source of revenue. For a number of years thereafter, the administration of Portugal cost the government of Castile seven hundred thousand ducats a year.<sup>29</sup> Yet a spirit of discontent became noticeable the following year, as the faction of Don Antonio recovered some of its boldness. There were complaints about the garrisons of Spanish and German troops, about the too numerous exceptions to the general pardon, and about the manner of giving out offices—these last chiefly from disappointed candidates.

Philip ruled his empire from Portugal until the early part of 1583. He sent money to his sister, Maria, the Dowager Empress, to pay for her journey from Vienna to Spain, where she desired to spend her old age in the convent founded in Madrid by her sister Juana. On the way she stopped in Portugal to visit Philip, and to ask for one of his daughters in marriage to her son, Rudolph II. The King was willing at this time to consider such a match for Isabel Clara Eugenia. He changed his mind when Rudolph, surrounded by Jews, astrologers, Rosicrucians, pseudo-mystics and quacks, disappointed the hopes of Catholics.<sup>30</sup>

Philip had not seen his elder sister since the day he had met her on the road to Louvain more than a quarter of a century ago. As the wife of another ruler suspected of being at least half on the side of his enemies, she had become almost a stranger to him, and at times, he feared, almost a stranger to the culture in which they had been born. With the death of Maximilian the barrier between them passed away; she was once again the friend of his youth, all the more so since his favorite daughter, Isabel, resembled her.

A less welcome visitor at this time was a Jesuit who came with a message from Antonio Pérez, begging His Majesty to make some decision in his case. From Perez's own account, Padre Rengipho was "a grave religious." The King "heard him whenever he wished to speak," but gave him no reply.<sup>31</sup> The Inquisition had occasion to investigate this emissary somewhat later in its hunt for evidence against Pérez. A secretary of the disgraced minister, named Bustamente, told of his visits and letters from a Father Rengipho, "who was very good at conjuring up spirits and forecasting the future," and practised these black arts in spite of the fact that they were prohibited by his Order. Casting the horoscope of Pérez, he had predicted that he would be in danger of violent death in Aragon, and told him of a book in the Escorial library predicting the ruin of Spain under Philip II.<sup>32</sup> The activities of Father Rengipho and his connection with Pérez suggest that he may have been one of a small faction of malcontents who were giving no end of trouble to the Jesuits; some of them, indeed, engaged in a plot that would have destroyed the Society, had it not been discovered in time.

Pérez was not to be discouraged by one failure. He sent his own wife on shipboard from Spain to Lisbon. The King, informed of her coming, had her ship stopped, and the lady taken ashore. Pérez in his *Relaciones* complained bitterly of the King's cruelty in causing the arrest of a woman eight months pregnant, but said nothing of the barbarity of sending a woman in her condition on such a perilous journey.

It seems there were always annoying people to waste the time of royal personages. At this period the most irritating of



all to Philip II seems to have been the nuncio, Cardinal Riario. On the end of a letter to Granvelle, which he dictated late one night, Philip poured out his feelings on the indifference of the papal court to his interests, especially in the Netherlands. "And it is a hard thing that, just because they see that I alone respect the Apostolic See and that my kingdoms hold it in greatest veneration, and that I have tried to have foreign countries do likewise, they take advantage of it to try to usurp the authority which is so necessary and convenient for the service of God and for the good government of what He has entrusted to me. It is quite the reverse of the way they treat those who act otherwise than I. And so I may be forced to follow a new road, without departing from what I ought to do. And I know very well that I ought not to allow such things to continue.

"I assure you that they have made me very tired and have almost finished my patience, much as I have of it; and if it comes to this, they will all feel sorry for it, for then I shall not be able to consider everything that I would at other times. And I see that if the Low Countries belonged to some one else, they would have done wonders not to let religion be lost in them, but since they are mine, I believe they allow them to go because it is my loss. There are many other things I should like to say and could say in this vein, but it is midnight, and I am very tired, and these matters have made me even more so, and for you, who understand everything so well, I have said enough."<sup>33</sup>

Not long after this, the Supreme Council of Justice told the nuncio "to go with God." A royal official drove him in a coach to Alcalá, and set him on the road to Barcelona, while the *alcaldes* of the court sent his clothes and his servants after him in another carriage. His Catholic Majesty wrote the Pope "to send him some one who would aid him to carry the burden of so great a monarchy, and in so doing would share in the will and affection he had had for other nuncios." Somewhat later Pope Gregory XIII did send another nuncio "who administered his office to the satisfaction of both Powers."<sup>34</sup>

Not all of His Majesty's stay in Portugal was as disagreeable as these incidents might indicate. His letters to the two little girls he had left in Castile show a side of him too often overlooked, and suggest that there still lived in him, in spite of age and gout and all his anxieties and sufferings, something of that jovial Philip who used to play on the guitar and liked to go masked to dances in the Netherlands. In these letters he seldom refers to serious affairs of State. He writes of simple, homely things about him with the keen appreciation of a child. In fact, his sense of humor is very much like that of a child. There is something almost childish in his terse, colloquial expressions, and his habit of starting so many sentences with the word "and." He writes about the weather, birds and flowers, his comings and goings, what he did and ate, asks for information on their health and activities, gives piquant details about old servants or attendants that they remember—his fool Morata, his Calabrian gardener Luis Tristan, and especially his dwarfish buffoon, Madalena Ruiz. Philip at fifty-five knows exactly what will please two girls of thirteen and fourteen and chuckles over it like a boy. One looks in vain through these pages for any hint of the "gloomy bigot of the Escorial" or "the black demon of the South." He is the homesick father of two motherless girls, and a very kind one at that, even though he cannot remember the exact age of his son Diego.

"From what you say, it must be hotter there than here. There is no heat at all, on the contrary some days are cool enough; and with all this it doesn't rain, although that isn't so bad for this place as yonder and for Aranjuez, where they write great laments of the damage from the lack of rain, and also from the Escorial; and they write that the work there goes very well. I don't know whether you can see it from your windows, but you ought to be able to see it often. Yes, I believe your brother would look very well in short skirts, but he shouldn't try to outdo the usual custom in this regard.

"Madalena has a great liking for strawberries, and I for nightingales, although I hear only a few now and then from one of my windows. And Luis Tristan asked if you received the thread that he says he has sent you, although I believe he is lying. They have written me from there that your little brother has cut a tooth: it seems to me he is very slow about it, for he is already three years old, for it is the anniversary of his baptism, as you will remember; and I am in doubt whether it's two or three years, and I believe three, and that he must be as handsome as you say. Also, I am in doubt how old the elder will be in July, though I believe he is six. Tell me what is correct, and may God watch over you and over them as I desire. Your loving Father."<sup>35</sup>

This was in May, 1581. A month later, he was much disturbed over the illness of Catherine, and delighted that she had recovered enough to write him a letter. He wrote to both daughters about his trips around Lisbon, his visits to churches and monasteries, and the cool weather. "I have rejoiced much with the good news you give me of your brothers . . . It is well that you don't wear toques, as you tell me; and as for your nosebleed, you the older, I believe that it will last until that which is so delayed, and so it is well that it should last until then. And you the younger, you do well to take broth made of roots as you tell me: with which I hope you will be very well.

"Madalena goes around very lonely for her son-in-law, who left for yonder today, although I believe she does it only for the sake of form; and she is very displeased with me because I scolded her for certain things she did in Belen and on the galleys; and she was very hard on Luis for the same reason."<sup>36</sup>

In July he wrote, "The clingstone peaches arrived in such a condition that if you hadn't written me about them, I shouldn't have known what they were, and so I couldn't try them: I am especially sorry because they would have tasted very good, coming from the little garden near your window. Here they have in some places some little gardens that they call *alegres*, and they are not bad. We will send yonder the plan of them, although I don't see how you can make them there . . . I don't know whether you know that, having no one here who can play the organ in the chapel, I have sent for Cabezón. Madalena went on board the galley today where I was; I think she was seasick for a little while. Until now she hasn't let herself go very

much in this place. I believe it's because they don't shout '*Daca la cuerda!*' after her, as they do after the others."<sup>37</sup>

In the middle of August he wrote, "It has never thundered or even rained here since I came; if it had, I believe I should have heard it, for the roof is very thin in the wing where I am, so that one hears all the bells of the place, and they don't let one sleep in the morning."<sup>38</sup> Another day he wrote, "I have been a little upset these days: I don't know if it is from eating more melon for some days before, when they were very good, but I believe not; and though I have remained a little tired, I think it has been good for me: at any rate, now I am very well. I have been two half-days in bed, and couldn't get around until the third day, for they treated me as for a tertian fever, but last night it left me, and I got up this afternoon. And so there is nothing for you to be anxious about, for I am now very well, and perhaps they have saved me from some other more serious sickness. With much truth you may believe that I desire to see you and your brothers: may God order it so that I may do so soon . . . I congratulate you, my elder daughter, on having attained your fifteenth year—you are very old to have attained such a ripe age, although I believe withal that you are not yet a woman in all respects."<sup>39</sup>

Early in October, when he was going aboard a galley with his nephew Albert from a small boat, His Majesty tripped and almost fell into the water but fortunately landed in the boat instead. He hurt his leg and wrenched his back, but added: "It was nothing, and I am all right now." They went in the galley to Cascaes, five leagues away, in three hours, with sails. Another day they went to a Jeronymite convent and saw a huge expanse of sea and land under a cloudy sky. Philip's holidays were usually spent in visiting beautiful old monasteries and churches, hearing Mass and Vespers, and admiring flowers and landscapes. At one time he rejoiced in the good news that little Prince Philip had four teeth; he looked eagerly for news about his sister, the Empress. In February, 1582, he sniffed the Lisbon air appreciatively, and finding it fresh with the promise of early spring, began to look for new flowers in the gardens; all of which he reported to the eager little girls in Castile.

"These days have been very fine at Lisbon; I wish it were the same at the Prado and San Lorenzo instead of the wind that ordinarily blows there. I hope also that my sister will have fine weather . . . The yellow jonquil that they have brought you from Aranjuez is a wild flower, I believe, that comes out earlier in the fields than in the garden, although it isn't as fragrant . . . If the gloves are as large as you say, they will fit you, the elder, for they won't be too large for you . . . No, the bird is not a heron, it is quite different: as I wrote you, it is very small, and herons are large. I have written more than I meant to, and I can't say any more, for it is very late, except God keep you as I wish."<sup>40</sup> Another day in March he heard one of the most famous Benedictines of the time. "It is so late that I haven't time to tell you more, except that Fray Luis de Granada preached here today in the chapel, and quite well too, although he is very old and hasn't any teeth."<sup>41</sup> Another time he diverted the girls with an account of how he fell asleep during a sermon.

Early in April he wrote, "Today my nephew and I went to the *auto* and we saw it from a window, and we could hear everything very well. They gave each of us a paper on which was written the name of those who were going to be in it. First there was a sermon, according to custom. We stayed until the sentences were read, but then we went away, for in the house where we were the secular judge was going to sentence those delivered to them by the Inquisitors to be burned. We went at eight o'clock and came back to eat about one. And may God keep you as I desire."<sup>42</sup>

In another letter he rejoices to learn that his daughters have been hunting at Aranjuez, and have become such good shots that they have bagged some rabbits. He calls the attention of Isabel to a misspelling and the omission of a word in her last letter, and says it was no doubt because she was writing in haste. He is full of curiosity about San Lorenzo, and wants to know if the chapel is finished, and whether the clock keeps good time . . . The girls may wear some gold on their gowns at the marriage of Doña Nude Dietrechstein, but must be moderate about it. "No, I wasn't very tired from the *auto*. For it didn't last as long as most of the ones they have here, at least the ones I have seen—it was less than four hours."

In May he gave an account of the arrival of his sister, the Empress, with all manner of detail about her and other relatives. Philip was delighted to see a letter his little son Diego had written to the Empress, with a painting of a horse in it, "which appears to me better than he usually does. Tell him so, and tell him I have some books on painting that I will bring him when I return." The Empress was not pleased with the new portrait of Diego, although it showed how much he had grown. "I wish I could see you all, instead of your portrait." He admitted that he had repeated himself in some of his letters. "You can see from that what a state my head is in with so many things to think about. But for all that I am well, which is something. Today my sister came to visit my apartment, and went through it all, which is considerable; I would rather have shown her the river or the ocean . . . I think that the ladies of my sister have shortened the trimmings of their gowns, for they don't wear them very long; but this is not true of the bustles, which are terrible, except that of Doña Graciosa."<sup>43</sup>

In July, 1582, Philip was recovering from another illness, and taking rhubarb and other prescriptions. He was delighted to hear from Catherine that the citrons had appeared at Aranjuez. "Yesterday came news of the arrival at a port, forty leagues from here, of a ship which is one of the fleet from the Indies, but has arrived before the others because it is older. I believe it will soon be here. I don't know what's on it, but I have heard that on this ship there is an elephant sent to your brother by the viceroy whom I sent to India from Tomar . . . Tell your brother this about the elephant, and that I have a book to send him in Portuguese, so that he can learn the language, for it would be very good for him to understand and to speak."<sup>44</sup>

In September the King described the state of excitement in Lisbon on the eve of a bull-fight, and told of the arrival of



the fleet of Santa Cruz after his glorious victory on July twenty-sixth over the French fleet under Philip Strozzi near the Azores, which ended the resistance to Spain on the Island of Tercera. "It is very good that your brother, as you the younger tell me, was not afraid of the devils in the procession. I am glad of it, for they were good devils, and from a distance they look more like *cosas de hieromóviles*<sup>45</sup> than devils; and they must have been good, because they were not real devils."

Among the various characters who appear in the royal letters, the most interesting and amusing to the princesses must have been the King's dwarf, Madalena Ruiz, for he referred to her a dozen times or more. "Madalena has been very displeased with me since I wrote you because I did not scold Luis Tristan for a dispute they had in the presence of my nephew, which I didn't hear, but I believe she started it, and treated him very badly. She has gone about very angry at me, saying that she wants to go away, and that she is going to kill him: but I believe that by tomorrow she will have forgotten it."<sup>46</sup> Another time he wrote: "I don't think Madalena is so annoyed at me, for she has been sick, and was purged, and remains in a very bad humor. She came here last night. She is in a sad state, weak, old, deaf, and nearly worn out. I think it is all from drink, and for this reason she is very glad her son-in-law is not with her."

Madalena was always promising to write to the young princesses and always finding excuses for not doing so. On one occasion she had too many visitors and spent too much time looking out of her window at some dancing Negroes. Another time the King wrote: "She told me yesterday she would write, but up to this moment she has not come. I don't know what is the matter with her these days, but I don't think it amounts to much. I don't know whether it is wine this time or not. If she knew I had written such a thing to you, she would let me hear of it." When the Empress arrived, Madalena went out in her shabby finery in a downpour of rain to meet her, and was very happy to see her, but not more so than the King, who wrote his daughters, "You may imagine how joyful we were to see each other, not having met for twenty-six years, and only twice in thirty-four years, and then only for a few days each time."<sup>47</sup>

Another time Madalena was too excited to write because there was to be a bull-fight the next day. Of this event, the King wrote later, "I have already told you about the bulls, how good-for-nothing they were, and so I have no more to say of them, but will speak of Madalena, for afterwards she had a fever and was bled twice and purged once; but she is well now, and came today, though very weak and of bad color, and told me she didn't care for any wine, which is a bad sign for her, and today you have no reason to complain of her, for, without our saying anything, she has written and brought me the envelope for the Count (de Barajas) to seal with my letters. Truly, she seems so feeble today that I thought she must have some special reason for coming . . . and I think part of the explanation is a little gold chain that my sister has sent her, and some bracelets from my niece on the occasion of her bleeding, according to the custom in Germany."<sup>48</sup>

One day Philip sent a small box to Madrid, and with it the following message to his daughters: "Some one gave me the other day what is enclosed in this box, telling me it was a sweet lime. In my opinion it is very plainly a lemon, nevertheless I decided to send it to you. If it is a sweet lime, I have never seen such a large one. I don't know whether or not it will arrive there in good condition. If it does, taste it and let me know, when you write, what it is, for I can't believe a sweet lime can be so large. The small lemon that goes with it is only to fill up the box."<sup>49</sup>

To this typical bit of Spanish buffoonery, this man beloved by the Spanish people because he has always seemed to them the typical Spaniard, this *hombre simbolo* who could hurl Alba like a thunderbolt to the other end of Europe and speed great galleys to drench the Southern Seas with Turkish blood, could then add, more tenderly: "I am sending also some roses and orange blossoms, so you can see what they are like here; and so, all these days, I have had the Calabrian bring some bunches of the one or the other, and many days there have been violets. There are no jonquils here. If there were I believe they would be up by now, for other things are already out."<sup>50</sup>

Towards the end of his stay in Portugal, Philip had gout in his right hand, with fever. After being bled, he was put to bed with gout in his foot. For some time the letters ceased. By the beginning of 1583 affairs in Portugal were still somewhat uncertain. Don Antonio, having fled to England and having enlisted the help of Cecil, William of Orange, and the whole network of Jewish bankers and spies, including the notorious Doctor Lopez and some of his relatives, was threatening to return to Portugal.<sup>51</sup> Philip was disturbed also over the activities of Henry III of France, and over the financing of the army of the Prince of Parma, who required 900,000 *scudi* for the first six months of the year.

In February, therefore, he returned to Castile, arriving in time to observe Holy Week at San Lorenzo, and to wash the feet of the poor on Holy Thursday "with his usual great tenderness and humility." On Good Friday he adored the wood of the True Cross and pardoned several men who had been condemned to death, bowing down to adore "the sacred wood where our Redemption was accomplished, and begging the King of Kings Who placed Himself there for our good, to pardon him his sins, as he forgave those deaths." Then he confessed. On Easter Sunday he received Holy Communion with great devotion, and gained the plenary indulgence granted by Pope Gregory XIII. He then went back to Madrid to attend to his ordinary business.<sup>52</sup>

Philip spent May with his daughters and their brother Felipe amid the gardens of Aranjuez. The joy of this reunion, so long and ardently desired, must have been overshadowed by memories of little Prince Diego. The lad's books and toys, and the paintings he had made of animals, must have been heartbreaking mementos now, when the King encountered them as he went silently about the palace, or looked at the fresh little grave in the Escorial. Diego had been dead scarcely six months when his

sister, Maria, in her fourth year, followed him, shortly after the royal family had returned to Madrid.

Life in this man was still more lusty than death. During those years of his fifties he was being carried on a strong tide of extraordinary successes. The conquest of Portugal was only the first of the series of victories which were leading him to the pinnacle of his glory. Spanish prestige had never been higher on the sea than it was after the magnificent victory of the Marqués of Santa Cruz over a French fleet, almost half as large again, which, in spite of the official peace between Spain and France, had joined the forces of Don Antonio and the Bishop of La Guardia. Henry III, having winked at an illegal expedition which seemed almost certain of success, had no grounds for complaint when Santa Cruz, after a splendid exhibition of strategy and gunnery and seamanship, had all his French prisoners beheaded as pirates. Don Antonio fled for England.<sup>53</sup>

In 1583 the conquest of Tercera was completed. Philip's lines of communication with his huge empire in America, Africa, and the Far East were unbroken.<sup>54</sup> When Santa Cruz returned to Madrid, the King granted him a great triumph and allowed him to wear a hat in his presence as a grandee of Spain, with the title of Captain-General of the Ocean.<sup>55</sup>

So long as France was divided, Philip had no serious anxiety in that quarter, even though Catherine de' Medici was sending her ambassador, Jacques Germigny, to Constantinople to make a treaty with the new Sultan, Amurath III. England was more dangerous, and must be defeated. But first it seemed necessary to get a firm hold of the Low Countries; this the young Alexander of Parma was beginning to do, showing himself, in fact, to be one of the greatest captains of the century. He spoiled his masterly siege of Maestricht, however, by taking so stern a revenge on the inhabitants for the trouble and loss of life they had caused him, that King Philip, still in Portugal, wrote him, "If you have to gain cities in that manner, it would be better not to gain them at all."

After this lesson, Farnese proceeded more cautiously. His position in the south was soon secure. The atrocities of the 30,000 "German devils" of John Casimir, and those of the French Calvinists under the Duke of Anjou, caused a strong reaction throughout the Walloon provinces in favor of Spain. The so-called French Fury at Antwerp discredited the cause of Anjou. The Man with Two Noses left the Low Countries in 1583, to find an early death from tuberculosis (though many believed, from poison) shortly after he had threatened that if his brother, Henry III, did not send him money, he would hand over Cambrai to Philip II.

William of Orange survived this most pitiful of the Valois, who had been his tool so long, only a month. Master of Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht, where he had long carried on a cruel persecution of Catholics which was all the more hypocritical when compared with his professed principles of toleration, he was living, in 1584, in the monastery of St. Agatha in Delft, whence the monks had been driven. For twenty-eight years, now, he had been the centre and prime mover in the Netherlands of a deliberately fostered agitation against the most uncompromising Catholic prince in Europe.

For several years, as a Catholic, William had striven secretly to undermine the Church, which he did not dare oppose openly. For an even longer period he had professed loyalty to Philip II, as his liege lord and the author of his greatness, even after he had introduced a secret organization of alien allegiance to shatter the unity on which the Spanish authority rested. As a skilful organizer of cabals and of propaganda, he ranked with Coligny, and almost with William Cecil. He was gifted with no ordinary patience and persistence, and possessed the difficult sort of fortitude that can support repeated reverses as well as arduous labors.

He had no military genius. In spite of the legend created about him, he had won not a single first-class victory in the seventeen years since Alba's *tercios* had first confronted him; nothing, surely, to compare with some of the splendid engagements of Alba, or the victory of Don Juan at Gemblours, or the masterly campaigns of Parma. The great virtue of this man, and the most valuable one to his cause, was a stubborn sort of courage, which nothing but death could defeat. Since the battle of Gemblours, and especially the accession of Parma to the Spanish high command, he had been waging desperately a losing battle both of arms and of diplomacy. Matthias had proved futile. Anjou's real value had been the support he was able to draw from England.

The moral prestige of William fell heavily when Philip, in March, 1580, succeeded in having him placed under the ban of the Empire, with a price of 25,000 gold crowns on his head. He was now an outlaw, whom any man could kill without being a murderer. In fact, according to the laws of nearly every civilized country, the slayer would be entitled to a reward as a public benefactor, as if he had killed a mad dog. From then on, several attempts were made to assassinate him, some of them traceable to the Prince of Parma, no doubt with the approval of Madrid. William retorted with his savage *Apologia* of July, 1581, in which he accused the King of Spain of all manner of crimes, including incest and adultery and the murder of Don Carlos and Queen Isabel. By the Union of Utrecht he caused that province to join with Holland and Zealand in deposing Philip as their sovereign. Incidentally, this union of Utrecht also resulted in a larger migration of Jews to the United Province. As a Jewish historian remarks, "The friendship between the Jews and the Dutch . . . proved unutterably beneficial in various parts of the world, and has cost Spain and Portugal much more than is ordinarily known, even to students of history."<sup>56</sup>

With the increased prestige of Spain after the conquest of Portugal, William carried on a losing fight, especially as there unfolded before the gaze of Europe the almost unsuspected military genius of Parma. Parma was not only a great general. In diplomacy and statesmanship he was more than a match for William of Orange. After striking terror at the hearts of his enemies by having the obstinate defenders of Maestricht, even the women who had borne arms, put to the sword, he won over



many of his enemies by mercy and magnanimity, after each of his successes. When he took Tournai, toward the end of 1581, he allowed the garrison to march out with all the honors of war, and permitted Protestants to remain unmolested in the city, provided they engaged in no hostile activities. Thus he separated from the cause of William of Orange a large body of conservatives, including many Catholics, who had been alienated by the less flexible policies of Alba and Requesens and by the inactivity of Don Juan. By the beginning of 1584, William of Orange was a defeated man, whose sphere of influence had been restricted to the north provinces; even there he was opposed by a considerable Catholic population.

That summer a fanatical Burgundian named Balthazar Gerard, acting apparently on his own initiative, after long brooding on the injuries William had inflicted on the Catholic Faith, on Catholic priests and nuns, and on the unity of Christendom, made his way in disguise to the monastery where the Staatholder was living with his fourth wife, a daughter of Coligny, and, under the pretext of bringing him a message from France, shot him through the body. The assassin under torture declared that he alone was responsible, thinking it a good deed to kill the enemy of God and His Church; and he went to his death calmly, without regret. William lived only a few hours. He was fifty-two years old. There was no leader on the Protestant side capable of taking his place.

Young Alexander of Parma now had a clear field. In a decade of superb campaigns he demonstrated that he was quite the equal of Alba in the field and more than a match for him in conciliation and peacemaking. Circumstances, of course, were more favorable to Parma than to the Duke. Alba had had to contend with a new and crescent movement, which even his successes tended to strengthen and crystallize. Parma, with fresh resources of money and troops, faced a country utterly weary of war, and sick of what seemed the useless effort of opposing the invincible will of Philip II, a country which had never at heart been anti-Catholic. The small State of Holland, with a slight Protestant majority, was the net result of a generation of striving by William of Orange.

Parma, like Alba, could be bold when it served, but never took unnecessary risks. He decided to starve the chief places into submission, and then to win them over by the fairest possible terms. In this way he took Ypres, Bruges and Ghent. By the end of 1584 he was beginning to encircle Brussels and Antwerp.

His siege of Antwerp was among the most noteworthy in all military history. The chief commercial city of the Netherlands, and long a centre of anti-Catholic intrigue, had to be taken before Parma could proceed to mop up the cities of the North. It was strongly garrisoned by Flemings, Scotch Calvinists and French Huguenots, and protected by many exterior forts, from which attacks could be made on besiegers. Parma, with few ships, was unable to cut off its supplies by water. He decided, therefore, to divert the Scheldt at a bend two leagues above the city by building a great dam or *estacada*. Supplies for this work had to be brought up under the guns of the forts of Antwerp. Parma's engineers had a canal dug—the "Canal of Parma"—across the marshy countryside, providing access by flat boats. By February twenty-fifth, 1585, the dam was finished and the Scheldt closed to navigation.

Antwerp was now in a panic. Some of the English troops, disgusted with their treatment by the Calvinists, went over to the Spanish camp. But the lord of St. Aldegonde, who was in command, joined the Protestant preachers in reminding the people of the sack of their city in 1576, and the burghers decided to support the troops in battling to the end. They made a long and heroic resistance, built four forts on the Brabant dyke, tried to burn the *estacada*, attempted to flood the country. When Parma raised counter-dykes, the rebels launched great vessels with mines against the bridge, setting them off by time clocks; and with them some fire-ships, blazing in single file. It was a critical moment for Parma. Some of the mines, enclosed in walls seven feet thick, exploded near the bridge, blowing the boats to pieces, hurling the water in a tidal wave over the *estacada*, and throwing fiery timbers a distance of three hundred yards. But the *estacada* held and the attacks were repulsed.

On May first the defenders launched a huge fire-ship called "The End of the War," followed by five other fire-ships, and four bigger ones full of mines. At the same time some vessels set out from Antwerp with artillery and some barques approached from the other side, both landing troops on the counter-dyke. The Spanish troops, attacked from so many quarters at once, were seized with panic. Disaster would have followed if Parma had not appeared on horseback. With tremendous words, he called on his men to turn and follow him for the glory of God and the King. Desperate fighting ensued. The Spanish held their positions and repaired the dyke. Parma fought hand-to-hand in the front rank and encouraged his men with shouts in Italian and Spanish. Finally, the enemy yielded and took to flight, after losing 2,000 men and 30 barques. They were now at the end of their resources. Finally, after many negotiations, they surrendered on August seventeenth.

Parma had always been generous in victory since the King's rebuke. He was never more magnanimous than after the long and exasperating siege of Antwerp. He granted a general pardon with no exceptions, and gave the inhabitants four years in which to decide whether they wished to remain peaceably as Catholics, or sell their goods and depart. They must restore all property taken away from prelates, colleges, monasteries, and hospitals during the various Calvinistic excesses. Prisoners were to be exchanged, and a garrison of 2,000 foot and 2 companies of horse to be left, but allocated with the least inconvenience possible to the citizens. The Spanish agreed to assume part of the cost of the siege, but the defenders were obliged to contribute 100,000 florins. The lord of Saint Aldegonde swore not to take arms against the King for a year. When the young conqueror entered the city, on August twenty-seventh, the Catholic population received him with joy; a beautiful damsel came in a triumphal car to present him the keys, as he rode to the Cathedral to thank God for his victory.

With all the south now in his hands, he was able to carry on a vigorous campaign in the north. As winter came on, some of his best troops were quartered on the Isle of Bomel, when a fleet of Dutch Calvinists appeared and cut the dykes. The Spaniards, completely surrounded by water, had every expectation that if the sea continued to rise for a few hours more they would be drowned. It was the night of December seventh, the vigil of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. There were many and fervent prayers to Our Lady of Victory, who had overwhelmed the Turks at Lepanto. During the night the temperature fell so rapidly that the sea and the whole flooded area froze solid. As the enemy fleet withdrew, the Spanish veterans walked to safety over the ice, giving thanks to God.<sup>57</sup>

When the good news came from Antwerp Philip II was in Aragon. He had gone there to open the Cortes at Monzón, and at the same time to conduct Doña Catalina to meet her bridegroom, the Duke of Savoy. There were the usual feasts and rejoicings at Zaragoza before the bridal party went to Barcelona, where the King bade farewell to his younger daughter.

He proceeded to Monzón to open the Cortes. He had long been troubled about a situation in Aragon which had had its origin in a most brutal murder. John, Count of Ribagorza, a descendant of Alfonso, bastard brother of Ferdinand the Catholic, had married, in 1564, Doña Luisa, of the great Castilian family of the Pachecos, descendants of the prolific Jew, Ruy Capon. He took his bride to Toledo, but soon tired of her and had her murdered, or, according to another account, killed her with his own hands. He fled to Milan. Philip's justice overtook him there, brought him back to Madrid, and, in spite of his noble title, had him publicly strangled like a common criminal.

The vassals of the dead count, who had always despised him, rejoiced to hear of his execution. They petitioned Philip II to attach them to the royal domain. The King, not at all displeased at this opportunity to take out of the hands of a family of questionable loyalty to Christianity a domain altogether too close to the centre of heresy in Navarre, had proceedings started against the estate of the dead count, alleging among other things that he was of Jewish descent. The Justicia of Aragon awarded the property, however, to the Duke of Villahermosa, brother of the murderer. The Council of Aragon agreed with the decision. The King, yielding to the court, allowed Villahermosa to take possession. But the vassals took arms in revolt against the hated family.<sup>58</sup> The Count of Aranda, jealous of privileges granted Villahermosa and denied to him, was discontented and restless.<sup>59</sup>

When Philip went to Aragon, the County of Ribagorza was almost in a state of anarchy, with no authority respected throughout its mountains and valleys but that of a notorious highwayman. Most men carried arms and did as they pleased. Philip's viceroy, the Count of Sástago, who had been enriching himself during his twelve years of office, was unable to restore order.<sup>60</sup> The Moriscos had taken advantage of the situation to kill some shepherds and mountaineers, whose friends made reprisals. Rival bands of Moriscos and mountaineers were formed. The delegates at the Cortes at Monzón asked for forces to repress and punish the various disturbing elements. There were infinite other complaints at the Cortes. In Zaragoza there had been many crimes and disorders, and much complaint was made of the extortions of usurers. The Court of the Twenty, instead of using its powers against the intrenched money-lenders, winked at their exploitations, and were much hated by the people.<sup>61</sup>

The Aragonese, very proud and jealous of their privileges, had always resented Castilian supervision. One of these privileges gave a noble the right to strangle a vassal, without giving him a chance to speak in his own defense. Don Diego de Heredia boasted that he had twice availed himself of this brutal right. "Small wonder that Philip ardently longed to break down such a position and such pretensions as these. Not only were the traditional rights of the Aragonese aristocracy in flagrant contradiction to the principles of the strong monarchy which he and his predecessors had established; they were also from a purely humanitarian point of view atrocious." So says Professor Merriman, adding, with cautious praise, "We must not forget that Philip was a humanitarian in his own way. Certainly this group at least of the Prudent King's subjects was far more mediaeval than he."<sup>62</sup>

The Cortes dragged on month after month. In September there came a courier from the north with news of the great victory of Alessandro Farnese at Antwerp. Philip's delight for once broke through the imperturbability with which he was accustomed to meet good and evil fortune. It was already midnight. He hurried to the apartment of his daughter Isabel and woke her to tell her what had happened. Granvelle wrote to Margaret of Parma that he had never seen the King so pleased over any victory, not even his own success at Saint-Quentin, or Lepanto.<sup>63</sup> Philip hastened to send his thanks to the Prince of Parma, on whom he had already bestowed the Golden Fleece, and to give him the important castle of Piazenza, which the Farnese family had long desired, but had been unable to obtain either from Charles V or from his son.<sup>64</sup>

Just as His Majesty began making plans for his return to Castile, there passed through Aragon in November a pestilence so deadly that it carried off fully half the members of the royal chapel, several trusted councillors and Secretary Eraso, and made the King so ill that his condition gave much cause for alarm. As soon as he could leave his bed, the sessions of the Cortes were renewed, one faction demanding a settlement of the affairs of Ribagorza, another opposing. The King named Juan de Heredia as Justicia of the mountains, commanding him to take sufficient troops and to seize and punish the delinquents. This done, he started for home, still weak and looking very old.

He felt better about Europe than he had for many years. He was virtually master of the Netherlands again. Spain and Portugal were one. The Guises were organizing a Catholic league in a last effort to save the tottering liberties of France from the domination of Calvinist fanatics supported by Elizabeth and Cecil. Philip was beginning to envisage the possibility of



putting forth, after the death of the childless Henry III, a claim to the French throne on behalf of his daughter, Isabel, whose mother, after all, was Henry's sister. A letter which he wrote that year to the government of Valencia, answering complaints of his long absence, gives an idea of what was going through his mind as he looked back upon years of constant and unrelenting struggle.

He had been prevented from coming, he wrote, because he was occupied with his chief concern, which had always been the maintenance of the Catholic religion and the obedience of the Holy Roman Church, which were conserved in his kingdoms with such purity, and so flourished, as to promote the good government, administration of justice, peace, well-being, quiet, and security of his people. After his last Cortes in Valencia, in 1564, the Turks had afflicted his coasts, and he had sent a fleet to defeat them. He had gathered an armada to relieve Malta. He had assisted his brother, the Emperor, against the Turks in the East and his brother, the King of France, against the heretics there—several times he had aided both with troops and money.

"In these circumstances, there occurred the movements, quarrels, and disturbances that you know of in my States of Flanders. Although I attempted, with all the care and solicitude possible to me, to quiet and pacify, with love and gentleness, the evils and dangers which existed, and to forestall those which were expected, this could not succeed on account of the malice and obstinacy of certain persons who were infected in matters of religion. Considering the great importance of the said Estates, and the universal harm which would result therefrom and could occur to my kingdoms, to all Christendom, and especially to the affairs of the Catholic religion, which above all others constrain me, I was forced, with armed hand, having left no other remedy untried, to apply myself to the said Estates, maintaining for so many years the troops and armies which you know, and which are still maintained at the present, until at last I should reduce them to the obedience of the Holy Catholic Roman Church, and to my obedience, as I trust in God I shall do, it being His cause."

At that juncture the *Conversos* of Granada, "taking advantage of the chance of seeing me so occupied in arranging the affairs of Flanders and opposing myself to the powers of the Turks who armed so powerfully on the sea, undertook a rebellion, as is notorious . . . To avert this danger I had to go in person to Andalusia, and God was served by the restoration of peace." The fleet at Lepanto likewise—he had sent his brother Don Juan, who won "with the divine favor one of the most noteworthy and memorable victories gained in many years, and, although I could have gained some private advantages from so happy an event, I referred them to the universal interests of Christendom, and so I followed up the league that had been begun the next year, strengthening my fleet in all necessary regards, and so restricted the enemy that he did not dare to come a second time to battle."

Since the League was dissolved, seeing that the Turk increased his fleet, Philip had had to do likewise, also keeping peace in Italy which the dissensions of Genoa would have destroyed if he had not taken care to prevent, "with which God had been served for more than twenty-five years, a thing never seen at other times, nor so hopeful of continuing, through the divine favor; from which has come such great good, utility, and security to all Christendom, and to a good part of these my kingdoms."

Then the death of his nephew, Don Sebastian, had prevented his departure and had made it necessary for him to intervene to prevent great evils in Portugal, "where certain seditious men commenced to disturb them and to procure the favor and aid of alien nations and forces . . . And because my cause was so just, God was pleased to favor it." Then he had conquered the Azores, uniting all the nations of Spain and the Indies. There were also certain affairs at Castile to delay him, and the delicate health of his little son to consider and the marriage of his daughter; but at last he was able to visit Valencia; "and my principal intent in visiting you is to perform the office of a father and of your natural lord and king."<sup>65</sup>

Now that task was over. He was returning at the apogee of his power and glory. With the taking of Antwerp and the annexation of the whole Portuguese empire, the dominion of Castile had reached its fullest extent, embracing an empery more vast than any monarch had ever ruled before. Thanks to the strong sword which his patient will had opposed everywhere to the enemies of Christ, the Catholic cause had had a chance to recover in part from the most terrific onslaught, perhaps, in its history. While he had held those enemies at bay with military force, Pius V and Gregory XIII had had an opportunity to reform the Church according to the Council of Trent (and that, too, was partly Philip's affair).

The Jesuits, by teaching, by preaching, and, most of all, by the utter sincerity which welcomed suffering and death with Christ, had brought it about that the whole Catholic body, despite its trials, was probably in a better state of spiritual health and vigor than at any time in the two terrible centuries since the Black Death. The Spanish priests were carrying the Gospel of Christ to the farthest corners of a world which Spanish courage and enterprise had revealed. As he envisaged this greatly expanded theatre of human activity, it thrilled him to think of himself as the instrument of the Divine Will which desired that this whole fascinating and complex world should accept the teachings of Him Who for this very purpose had shed His blood upon the Cross.

Arriving in time to spend Holy Week and Easter of 1586 at San Lorenzo, he must have deemed it a very appropriate coincidence that his youthful dream of a Christian epic in stone had finally come to pass. He went about the beautiful palace day after day, approving what had been done, setting jewels and ornaments in the sacristy, reverently receiving, among other precious relics, a bone of St. Laurence and the head of the martyred Spanish prince, Hermenegild. He had but one desire: to have the church finished so that the Blessed Sacrament could be installed on the Feast of San Lorenzo.

By June seventh the tabernacle, made of the finest jaspers by Jacome de Prezo, was in place. It was blessed on the

Feast of the Transfiguration. On August ninth, the vigil of San Lorenzo, the King and the friars accompanied the Body of Christ in solemn procession from the cloister through the wide and lofty nave of the church, which resounded with the triumphant music of many voices and instruments. His Majesty, looking on the fruit of his long labor, "like Solomon, with lofty meditation, gave infinite thanks to God."<sup>66</sup>

It is not on record whether he ever noticed that one of the Franciscan friars carved out of stone had been endowed by some rascally wag among his artisans with cloven hoofs and a tail. He was greatly pleased with the gigantic statues of the six kings of the tribe of Juda and the family of David crowned and sceptred, who looked forth from pedestals over seventeen feet high on the façade of the church. The inscriptions chosen by Doctor Arias Montano had been lost; still, every one knew that these images of grandeur were David, Solomon, Ezechiél, Josias, Josaphat, and Manasses. They suggested not only the continuity of the Jewish religion, finding its fulfilment in the Catholic Church, but Philip's conception of his own position as that of successor to the kings of Israel, champions of God.

All this majesty, however, lay on the shoulders of a broken man. Philip was being taught daily by experience that even a king who sought with any sincerity to walk in the company of Christ found in the coronet of his desires a crown of thorns and on his bed the timbers of a cross. He had come back so gouty and so sick, so tottering and so feeble, that many shared his belief that he had not long to live. Cabrera, the historian, who visited him that year to report concerning the riots at Naples, noticed that the King's infirmities had increased and that his mind as well as his body was impaired. He still read with great attention every one of his innumerable dispatches and letters, but his right hand was so crippled by gout that he was no longer able to hold a pen, and had to have his little son sign his papers for him, for there was no minister whom he was willing to trust that far. "His afflictions diminished his powers, and lessened the certitude of his resolutions and the circumspection necessary to preserve his estates."<sup>67</sup>

The King realized this, and made plans. He was pleased when he heard that young Philip had got up before daybreak to study his grammar, so that he could earn a jewel promised him by his tutor.<sup>68</sup> It was tormenting to think that this boy of eight might be left to rule—under the domination of what minds? Philip chose three principal councillors, whom he tried to play off in such a way that each would keep watch on the others, and none gain too much power. They were Moura, Idiáquez, and the Count of Chinchon. A year later he reorganized his Council still further, dividing the functions among more men, but chiefly balancing his two most trusted advisers—the vigilant de Moura, as quick and penetrating as Pérez, but neither vain or corrupt, and Idiáquez, grave, venerable, prudent almost to a fault, slow in judgment, but likely to be right.

These men read dispatches to him, even when he was too ill to leave his bed; thus he kept his crippled hand upon the pulse of the world. He was concerned over the death of King Stephen of Poland, lest some enemy of Christ succeed him. He took the trouble to have a few pensions paid to Cardinals in Rome. He frowned on the vulgar display at the wedding of Vittoria Colonna, the daughter of Marcantonio. He grieved over the deaths of his half-sister, Margaret of Parma, of Cardinal Granvelle, and of Don Juan de Zuñiga, the Prince's tutor. He had prayers said in all the churches and monasteries for his guidance in choosing a new tutor for his son, and finally, after rejecting several distinguished grandees, "for the mere fact that a man had been a good governor of a province or an ambassador or a commander of an army did not make him fit to teach the son of the King,"<sup>69</sup> gave the post to Moura.

When he was able to go to Madrid in October to open the Cortes he passed his famous *premática de las cortesias*, attempting to put an end to the ridiculous multiplication of titles and their indiscriminate use. Even the King was to be Don Felipe, and must be addressed simply as *Señor*, as in the good old times. Foreign titles received no preferential treatment. This proved annoying at Rome. Pope Sixtus V was greatly displeased, but Philip and his Council refused to make any exceptions of prelates or subjects of the Holy See.

Philip punished even some members of his own household for breaking the *pragmática*. He had Don Pedro Lopez Puertocarrero, sixty years old, arrested by forty troopers and conducted to the Mota of Medina because he addressed a letter, "To the most illustrious Sr. the Marqués of Tarifa, my lord, although it displeases the King our lord." The recipient considered this a great joke, and showed it to all his friends. Philip imprisoned him, too, in the Tower of Gold at Sevilla. There seemed no limit to his desire to be a father to his people and to regulate the patterns of their lives. He made laws about games, about the following of women, about playing pranks at night, about the theatre. Few people in Spain seriously considered him a despot, because he was usually right when he was severe. They merely said, "His Majesty is getting old."

In the spring of 1587 he went with his children and the Empress to Toledo to take part in the reception of the body of St. Leocadia. This girl of twelve had suffered for the Faith under Diocletian. Her apparition centuries later to St. Ildefonse had put an end to the Arian heresy in Spain, but when more centuries passed and Christians were being butchered by Moslems, her body was taken to Valencia and finally to Flanders. For many years, it had been the ambition of Philip II to have her relics brought back to her own country and venerated at the Escorial. At last, with the aid of St. Francis Borgia, Father Miguel Hernandez, S. J. had obtained them from the Benedictines in Hainault. On the day appointed for the formal reception, Toledo was crowded with people. King Philip was waiting at the Pardon Gate, where the small coffin was lifted to his shoulders. He carried it reverently into the church, the little Prince walking beside him and holding the tassel of a cord attached to the bier, since he was too short to help. When the casket was opened after Mass, every one rejoiced to find the body "still complete,



more than most" after thirteen centuries.<sup>70</sup>

King Philip was well pleased with Spain. It was one country in the world where people could sleep soundly at night, certain of protection by the King's justice and safe from civil war, witch-hunting and heretical preaching. But there was still one place in the world that gave him much uneasiness. England was incorrigible. He was fully convinced of that now. The first astounding news of Drake's raid on the coasts of Spain had come during his sickness in Aragon. Now all was confirmed, and more than confirmed. There was no longer the slightest doubt that Queen Elizabeth was openly supporting the enterprises of a corsair and slave trader against the unarmed subjects of a friendly nation.

As dispatches from both sides of the Atlantic brought more detailed news of Drake's activities the King fairly burned with indignation. After raiding the coast of Galicia and destroying the hermitage of Nuestra Señora del Burgo and being repelled by the gallant young lord of Condomar, Drake had gone to the Canaries, was driven from La Palma, stole several ships loaded with wine for the Indies, passed the Isles of Cape Verde and took Santiago, and then crossed directly to Santo Domingo. There on the soil which Columbus had dedicated to Christ, the English pirates sacked the peaceful city, burned eighty houses and the two convents of St. Francis and St. Clare, and killed two priests who reproved them for their brutality to the nuns. Drake then demanded a ransom of a million ducats from the city, but sailed off with twenty-five thousand in jewels and silver contributed by the Spanish citizens. The fleet of Spain pursued him in vain. He sacked and destroyed Cartagena, but was repulsed at Havana, where the people were warned of his coming. While the Spanish galleys tardily crossed the Atlantic in search of him, he passed them, raided the harbor of Cádiz in April, 1587, and went back to England with his loot.

Elizabeth meanwhile had sent an expedition to Flanders to fight Parma under her incompetent favorite, Leicester. This enterprise had no effect on the military situation, but it resulted in an irreparable loss for England. When Philip read a dispatch one night about the battle of Deventer and about the death of the young poet, Sir Philip Sidney, he jotted in the margin, with his gouty hand, "He was my godson."



## The Invincible Armada [1588]

*"This precious stone set in the silver sea  
Which serves it in the office of a wall . . .  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England . .  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself."*

—RICHARD II

**P**HILIP was more grieved by Drake's raid than by anything that had happened in a long time. Until then he had never been able to persuade himself fully that Queen Elizabeth, whose life he had twice saved and to whom he had given a throne, could become his enemy in earnest. Secret plottings and counter-plottings on both sides were to be expected in European diplomacy. This was something quite different. This butchery of unarmed civilians without even a declaration of war was indefensible, cold, deliberate, inexcusable malice. Like a sinister torch it seemed to light up for the first time before the gaze of the Spanish King the immense darkness that was spreading over the north, and in it the true lineaments of the royal bird which he himself had incubated and which Cecil had hatched behind the wide skirts of Queen Elizabeth's spangled fotheringay.

Spain has been lampooned in English history and literature as a place of despotism whence the King and the Inquisition had banished the very notion of liberty, which thereupon fled for refuge to Protestant Albion. No mind free from the prejudice of that tradition can fail to see that the exact reverse was true. The Spanish were a bit suspicious of people who talked much about liberty, but they were always ready to fight and die for it. Even the Inquisition might be called their Declaration of Independence against the domination of Jews and Moors.

If ever there was a place in the world where liberty was loudly invoked, and cruelly trampled and despised, it was Elizabethan England. The number of Catholics put to death for conscience, since 1559, had been less than in France, though more than the 270 executions of Protestants under Mary; but for cold ferocity and bloody completeness, the persecution had had few parallels in history. Every mail from England brought reports of the most barbarous slaughter of priests and laymen, especially, these days, of Jesuits, who had undertaken the conversion of the country as a special mission. The letter in which Mendoza informed his King of the fate of the gallant Campion and his friends, was by no means exceptional:

"Of the Catholics whom, as I wrote, they had arrested, they have condemned this term thirteen priests and one layman, three of them having been executed on the first instant in London, amongst them being Campion of the Company of Jesus. They suffered martyrdom with invincible constancy, after the most atrocious torments, and their countenances whilst they were being dragged to the place shone like those of persons to whom God had given a crown for their faithful service. The rest of them are most firm, and they will be martyred at the places where they were arrested.

"A printed statement has been issued here that they are not condemned for their religion, but for having plotted with the Pope to kill the Queen, and other like fictions to deceive the people. Knollys, the treasurer of the household, and a Councillor, who is a great heretic, was present at the execution, and cried out that this was not a case of religion but of treason, with respect to which, both at the trial and before their death, all the men said some holy words, asserting their innocence and pardoning their persecutors. Their martyrdom has greatly edified and confirmed all Catholics, while the heretics are



confounded. There were three thousand horsemen and a great number of foot men present at the execution. Persons of great intelligence and trustworthiness assure me that one of these priests called Briant, whom I knew well, and who was a man of twenty-six or twenty-eight years old, had, during his incarceration, been favored by God with revelations to strengthen him in the cruel torments he had to bear. Their last torment was deprivation of sleep and food . . . When Campion was executed, it was noticed that all his nails had been dragged out in the torture.

"The behavior of these priests has been so exemplary, and their firmness in suffering such fearful deaths has been so conspicuous, that they may be counted amongst the great martyrs of the Church of God. For Him to allow the Catholics to be so much afflicted again, and so much martyrs' blood to be spilt, is a sign that He will be pleased soon to convert the country." He added that Catholics at the risk of their own lives ran to catch the blood of the martyrs and to collect some of their possessions as relics. Campion and his friends, of course, were disemboweled and otherwise horribly mutilated before being finally dispatched.<sup>1</sup>

This was in 1581. By 1585 a series of similar public exhibitions had almost completely suppressed any sign of Catholic worship in England. Although the majority of the people clung to the Faith so persistently that as late as 1592 Cecil (then Lord Burleigh) could complain that they comprised "so great a multitude of vulgar people; yea, some that are of wealth and countenance,"<sup>2</sup> they were almost completely reduced to silence and to a numb hope that Philip II would come with a fleet to deliver them.

When Burleigh introduced his "Bill against Jesuits, Seminary Priests, and Such Like Disobedient Subjects," at the end of 1585, only one member of the House of Commons had courage to rise and say, "It is a cruel, bloody, and desperate law, and will be of pernicious consequences to the English nation." Even this man, Dr. Parry, was so frightened by the tortures awaiting him that he apologized to the House on his knees, and was reinstated until it was convenient to accuse him of a plot against the Queen's life, whereupon he was speedily beheaded before the Palace gate at Westminster. By such methods as these the power of Cecil and his friends was made so absolute, that early in 1586 they could send Elizabeth in magnificent attire to prorogue Parliament in these brave words:

"One matter toucheth me so neare, as I may not overskip, Religion, the ground on which all other matters ought to take root, and being corrupted, may marr all the tree. And that there be some fault finders with the Order of the Clergy, which so they make a slander to myself and the Church, whose overruler God hath made me; whose negligence cannot be excused, if any schism or errors heretical were suffered; thus much I must say, that some faults and negligences may grow and be, as in all other great charges it happeneth, and what vocation without? All which if you, my lords of the clergy do not amend, I mean to depose you. Look ye, therefore, well to your charges. This may be amended without heedless or open exclamations." So much for the "Reformation" of the clergy, which was the pretext under which Cecil and his friends gained wealth and power.

The royal arch-heretic was then able, with a straight face, to warn heretics against departing from her heresy. "I see many overbold with God Almighty, making too many subtle scannings of His Blessed Will, as lawyers do with human testaments. The presumption is so great, as I may not suffer it (yet mind I not hereby to animate Romanists, which what adversaries they be to mine estate is sufficiently known) nor tolerate New-Fangledness. I mean to guide them both by God's holy, true rule. In both parts be evils; and of the latter I must pronounce them dangerous to a kingly rule, to have every man, according to his own censure, to make a doom of the validity and privity of his prince's government with a common veil and cover of God's word, whose followers must not be judged but by private men's exposition."<sup>3</sup>

In the effrontery of this pontifical pronouncement the Reformation had reached the nadir of self-contradiction. Elizabeth had been manoeuvred to a point where she could no longer think of retracing her steps, but must rush on to the travesties foretold of the false Christs and false prophets. She had become the Elizabeth who could punish a gentlewoman "both with bloes and yevill words,"<sup>4</sup> could box the ears of the Earl of Essex in a Council-Chamber, could rebuff a suitor with a complaint of his stinking boots, while he muttered, "Tut, tut, Madame, it is my suit that stinks!" That most vicious of all despotisms, the union of a tyrannical State with a false and subservient religion, was now complete in England.

It was not only the Catholic Church that suffered. In this country so lately emancipated from the Pope and the common conscience of Christendom, there was no longer free speech, freedom of conscience, or freedom of opinion in any matter that might be of concern to persons rich or powerful enough to punish them. From 1586 on the country was full of professional informers, "moralizers," and "State decipherers."

No man could be sure of opening his mouth anywhere without being denounced and subject to horrible penalties. Authors were cowed and terrorized by a system of espionage and censorship compared to which the limited interference of the Spanish Inquisition seems mild, and of which the world has yet offered no worse example, save that of Soviet Russia. When Christopher Marlowe got the knife wound that caused his death, he was fleeing from a warrant of the Privy Council summoning him to answer for his heretical opinions, on complaint of a "State decipherer," who also accused him of receiving seditious and libelous books. Kyd was tortured because a certain paper, which he said was Marlowe's, was found among his effects. For similar opinions a student was burned to death at Norwich.

Although Rare Ben Jonson ridiculed the informers in *Every Man in His Humour*, the Privy Council made him answer for his *Sejanus*, forced him to omit the prologue of *The Poetaster*, suppressed *The Devil is an Ass*, and cast him into prison,

with Chapman and Marston, for *Eastward Hoe*. Authors, said Nash, were like men at a Persian banquet; "if they rowle their eyes never so little at one side, there stands an Eunuch before them, with his heart full of jealousie, and his bowe ready bent to shoote them through, because they look farther than the lawes of the country suffer them."

A Spanish Inquisitor could have found it incomprehensible that Smith's "Discourse on the Forms and Effects of divers sorts of Weapons" (1590) should have been suppressed for its reference to "a few private men, whom almost the whole realm doth greatly blame for their detestable disorders and cruelties." Torquemada would have been scandalized, had he lived to hear that the right hands of John Stubbes and of Page the publisher were cut off (1599) for a pamphlet against the French marriage then being considered by their decrepit Queen.<sup>5</sup>

Philip II and his Council would never have understood why opinions were so strictly scrutinized that a book discussing Church or State was sometimes unable to get a license for two or three years, while books "full of all filthiness, scurrilitie, bawdry, dissoluteness, cosenage, conney catching and the like . . . are either quickly licensed, or at least easilie tolerate without all denial or contradiction whatever."<sup>6</sup> It is an eloquent commentary on Elizabethan small-talk that the author of this complaint should have considered it worth mentioning, among the virtues of his dead wife, that "there was never one filthy, uncleane, undecent, or unseemly word heard to come forth of her mouth, nor ever once to curse or ban, to sweare or blaspheme God."<sup>7</sup>

Another result of the purification of religion in England had been the reduction of the mass of the people to a state of poverty unknown in Spain at that time or in medieval England. Not only had the small farmers been dispossessed from monastery lands so that such families as Bacon's could make more money raising sheep; not only did the national and city governments fail to give alms to the poor, the disabled and the insane, who had been cared for by the monks and nuns; not only was the Catholic hospital system in the Middle Ages shattered with the Guilds which had established an equilibrium of employer and workman; but poor wretches, deprived of a livelihood and of any possibility of finding one, were then punished for their misfortune by inhuman laws, cruelly enforced. The Act of 1573 provided that a beggar should be bored through the ears and whipped, and at the third offense put to death. The Middlesex Sessions Rolls record the branding and whipping of seventy-one vagrants in two months in 1591.

Added to all this, a great hardship was inflicted on all but the exploiting classes, and fell with especial weight upon the poor, by the increase in commodity prices already referred to, an increase more than twice as great as the contemporary rise in Spain, and almost double the advance in English wages for the same period. There were many causes for this, but not the least important was the influx of silver and gold drained from Spain and Portugal by middlemen, usurers, and bullion merchants.

The bullion trade played an important part, not only in transferring wealth from Spain, but in making England a manufacturing nation; thus preparing the way for the Industrial Revolution and for modern industrial Capitalism. This business was chiefly in the hands of secret Jews pretending to be Portuguese, Spanish or Italians. A typical example, and one of the most famous, is that of Antonio Fernandez Carvajal, who was born in Portugal the year that Philip II conquered the country. After finding prosperity in the Canary Islands, where the sugar and wine industries, and even the farming of the royal revenues, were in the hands of Marranos, he went to England, no doubt, as Dr. Lucien Wolf conjectures, "to save to himself the profits which were then eaten up by the English middleman in Cádiz and London."<sup>8</sup>

The English merchants at this time "naturally turned their eyes to Spain, where bullion was plentiful, and produce and raw materials tended, through the cheapness of labor, to almost a vanishing price. In 1605 the trade between the two countries had been organized by the establishment in London of the Society of Merchants of England Trading with Spain and Portugal, and the Peninsula had been flooded with the factors of London and Bristol houses, who brought in at their own price the wools, wines, cereals, and minerals with which the country was overstocked."<sup>9</sup>

A middleman would buy English manufactures in London for £100, sell them in Cádiz for £125, and with this sum buy ten crates of Canary wine, which he then sold in England for £300. Deducting £90 for customs, excise, insurance, and freight the merchant retained a net profit of £110, which was exactly 110% on his original investment—and this at the expense of the people of Spain and England.

Carvajal and his friends made similar profits on cochineals, a chief product of the Canaries. As Dr. Wolf remarks, "Under these circumstances it is not difficult to understand the motives which actuated Carvajal in settling in England," and in bringing in a troop of cousins and brothers-in-law to aid in his expanding business. He dealt also in gunpowder and conducted various smuggling operations. He had his own ships. By 1655 he was importing £100,000 a year "in Spanish mony and Barres of silver." He had agents all over the continent, and in the Far East, Mexico and Brazil. During a war between England and Spain he manned a ship with a Dutch crew to bring goods from the Canaries under bills-of-lading addressed to two Amsterdam merchants, after which British men-of-war, at Cromwell's orders, conveyed the ship to London.

Marrano families from Spain and Portugal formed a vast network all over the world.<sup>10</sup> "This wide spread of members of the same family enabled them to facilitate commercial transactions between the different countries and expressly to operate the movements of bullion needed to settle the balance of trade." Thus the export trade of the expanding world fell into their hands. The profits were hugely augmented by usury, which, however, was still in its infancy as a means of enslaving whole



populations.

Philip II and most of the men of his time were only vaguely aware of the potentialities of this movement. Its political importance, however, was already becoming obvious. Under cover of these very profitable business activities the international Jews were becoming the backbone of the English spy system, one of the most elaborate and effective that the world has ever known. By means of their "intelligencers" the Jews were doing all in their power to raise up an anti-Christian empire to shatter the power of Catholic Spain. A letter to Bernardino de Mendoza, Philip's ambassador in Paris (where he lived, rapidly growing blind, after his expulsion from England in 1584) revealed some of the methods by which Queen Elizabeth was aided in the crucial years of her struggle with Philip II. Mendoza forwarded the letter to the King, who carefully underlined important words and names, and had the facts confirmed, but somewhat too late. It called attention to the activities of Geronimo Pardo in Lisbon and of Bernardo Luis in Madrid, both of them relatives of Doctor Hector Nuñez, a Portuguese Jew then living in London as a physician.

"They carefully report everything that passes at Madrid and Lisbon, and transmit this news by ships which they send to Spain in the following way: Last year (1587) Bernardo Luis took a ship from here loaded with cloth worth 70,000 ducats. When the ship arrived in Lisbon, it was embargoed on suspicion that it belonged to Englishmen, as in fact it did. But they arranged so cleverly as to get permission to deal with the merchandise, on condition that neither it nor they were to return to England . . . They have fulfilled these conditions in the following manner.

"Geronimo Pardo arrived in London in June last year in a ship with a little salt as an excuse, but the rest of the cargo consisted of spices, cochineal, and a large sum of money. He brought on that occasion two packets of letters in cipher, giving a full account of the warlike preparations which were being made in Spain. After translating them, he carried them to Secretary Walsingham, and within two months Pardo was on his way back to Lisbon. Since then he has sent three more ships: the first with raisins and wine from Ayamonte, the second with wine and cochineal, and the third from Algarves with wax and figs in barrels, many of the barrels also containing bags of money. By this latter ship, full accounts were sent of the ships, men, and stores for the Armada in Lisbon. The dispatches were delivered to Doctor Hector Nuñez whilst he was at a dinner to which he had been invited. He rose in great haste, and went direct to Secretary Walsingham's house."<sup>11</sup>

Philip had Pardo and Luis arrested. Even from prison Pardo sent letters to London by the master of a German ship, who hid them in a feather bed. One of Mendoza's informants, Pedro de Santa Cruz, meanwhile made a formal deposition, giving some very interesting details about the secret Jews who composed the English spy-ring—details accepted as facts for the most part by modern Jewish historians, though among others there has been a mysterious silence on the whole subject. Most of those Jews pretended to be Catholics in Catholic countries. In London they were Protestants, and took "the bread and wine in the manner and form as do the heretics."<sup>12</sup>

Doctor Hector Nuñez was an excellent example of the sort of internationalist who was rapidly changing the world. By birth a Jew of Evora, Portugal, he lived in Antwerp, and later practised medicine in London. There he became a Fellow of the College of Physicians in 1554, and an F.R.C.S. the same year. He married Leonora Freire, a sister of the spy, Bernardo Luis, then living in Antwerp (1566, the year of the sack of the churches). "In addition to practising medicine he was extensively engaged in trade, and in 1568 was a member of the Corporation of Italian Merchants residing in London, though on the list he is described as 'Portuguese'."<sup>13</sup> In 1579, under the name of Francisco Pessoa, Nuñez was a member of the secret synagogue of Antwerp. His wife sent contributions to the Antwerp synagogue through Doctor Rodrigo Lopez. Her brother, Bernardo Luis, belonged to the Italian Reformed Church. When she died he had her buried there as an Italian.<sup>14</sup>

No account of the rise of Protestantism would be complete without mention of the Añes family. The founder of this organization of spies was George Añes, a Jew of Valladolid, who saved himself from expulsion in 1492 by baptism. In 1521 his wife, two sons and two daughters, settled in London and there flourished in friendly cooperation with the Mendes spy trust of Antwerp. One member of this family, Francisco, became a soldier. In 1583-4 we find him commanding the English garrison at Youghal, in Ireland, fighting against the Irish Catholics. He had a son named Erasmus.<sup>15</sup>

Gonsalvo Añes, alias Benjamin George, alias Gonsalvo George, alias Dunstan Añes, became the founder of one of those fine old Protestant merchant families to which tradition attributes so much of the prosperity of England. In 1568 he got a grant of arms. From his house in Crutched Friars he carried on an agency for Indian produce, became a freeman of the Grocers' Company, and "Purveyor and Merchant for the Queen's Majestie's Grocery." In addition he dabbled in the smuggling enterprises of Hector Nuñez and Geronimo Pardo, and as financial agent for Don Antonio purchased the stores and ships to fight Philip II in Portugal in 1580.

His daughter, Sarah, married Doctor Rodrigo Lopez. His son, Jacob, represented the family, and helped Don Antonio, in Lisbon. His eldest son, Benjamin, was recommended by Doctor Lopez to Walsingham, who employed him as a spy to pave the way for Drake's raid on the Azores. His letters of intelligence from Terceira in 1583 and from San Lucar in 1588 are extant.<sup>16</sup> Another son, William, was sent by Don Antonio on a secret mission to Portugal in 1581, and the following year joined his brother, Benjamin, in the Azores, to prepare for Drake's raid. On their return to England, this precious pair of spies were received by Queen Elizabeth, after which William joined his Uncle Francis in Ireland. Jacob made visits to Constantinople,

where he was known apparently as Amis.

One of the most interesting of the English spy-ring was that stalwart Protestant physician, Rodrigo Lopez, who was the host of Don Antonio on his arrival in London and introduced him to the Queen and to Cecil. He had come from Antwerp ostensibly as a Calvinist, about 1560; before 1584 he had become household physician to Elizabeth's favorite, the Earl of Leicester. It was said everywhere that Leicester used him to get rid of his enemies. There seems to be evidence, as Major Hume says, "strongly confirming the common belief that he was willing, for a consideration, to use his knowledge of drugs for a deadly purpose . . . He had still more skill in intrigue than in physic, and was more cunning in poisoning than in healing."

He paid little attention to the gossip against him, however, for he was protected by powerful friends, Leicester, Walsingham and other leading Puritans, and later on by Essex. In 1586, on the recommendation of Leicester and Walsingham, he became chief physician to Queen Elizabeth. His acquisitive instincts seem to have led him to become a double spy and to take money from agents of Bernardino de Mendoza as well as from those of Elizabeth. In 1586 one of Mendoza's agents in England proposed having Don Antonio poisoned by his friend and physician, Dr. Lopez, whom he thought he could persuade to give the patient a little Indian acacia instead of his usual fortnightly medicine.<sup>17</sup>

As Dr. Wolf well says, "the diplomatic work of our Marranos reached a high level of historical importance. It touched Elizabethan foreign policy at many points, and was at times a material element in the political considerations of both Burghley and Walsingham." Perhaps the most important of all this organization of anti-Catholic spies was a brother-in-law of Dr. Lopez, Álvaro Mendez, who was also a relative of Joseph Mendes, alias Nasi, Duke of Naxos. In fact, he seems to have been the successor of Joseph Nasi as the most influential international Jewish leader of his time. He had gone to the East Indies as a youth, after learning something of precious stones, and had become a multi-millionaire by farming the diamond mines of the Kingdom of Nasinga, in what is now the Madras Presidency.

One of his letters to Doctor Lopez imparts the secret of his success. The King had farmed out the mines to him on condition that every stone weighing over five karats be given to him; no rough or unpolished stone over that weight could be shown publicly. "And although they steal from him the most part or almost all the great ones, yet no man might or durst publicly woork them in his house as I could; in the sayd ffurniture were some stones above the lycense, but none that being wrought weighed more than five caractes, and very few such, but the great libertie which I hadd caused that I bought good cheape."<sup>18</sup>

He returned to Portugal, lived at Madrid, Florence, Constantinople, Antwerp, London, Lyons, and Venice. In 1580 he was making his headquarters in Paris. There he took charge of the cause of Don Antonio against Philip II, "perhaps also because of some sense of kinship, for his mother was a Gómez,"<sup>19</sup> as was the mother of Don Antonio.

It was with Mendez in Paris that Don Antonio took refuge when he fled from Alba and Sancho de Avila. Mendez endeavored to influence Henry III and Catherine de' Medici in his favor, and then sent him to his brother-in-law, Rodrigo Lopez, in London. In 1585 Don Antonio was living in the house of Doctor Lopez in Holborn. It was there that Queen Elizabeth went to visit him.

Mendez seems to have been a man of wide international outlook. In Constantinople he had got the Sultan to make him Duke of Metilli and Grand Commissary of the court, and to renew to him the grant of Tiberias, held by Joseph Nasi, for a Jewish homeland. Besides financing Don Antonio's efforts to conquer Portugal, he proposed to him a grandiose scheme to make himself master of the East and to attack Christianity from there. He offered to pay for two galleys to take him to the Sultan, to ask for a base in Suez or Basorââ.

"I showed him how from the India we would destroy all the West, and that with much facillity we would dryve Phillip to such a straight that he would have no uther Remedy but to ask mercy, but all that I could pswade was no more but that we should repayre to paris, where a determinacion should be made, it prevayled nothing that I tould him he should not trust the woords of the ffrench . . . The last woord that I sayd unto him was that he should keepe a trompett at his eare that should tell him no other thinge but that they Lyed, but nothing of these speeches prevailed. He saw himself in paris lodged lyk a King, served lyk a King with a great chappell and musicians, he seemed unto him self that he was already King both of portingall & Spaine."<sup>20</sup>

Furthermore, as Dr. Wolf says, Mendez "constantly supported Elizabeth's policy of an Anglo-Turkish alliance against Spain. Although he did not succeed in actually concluding an armed alliance, he maintained cordial relations between England and Turkey, and thus defeated for many years all the Spanish schemes for securing the neutrality of the Sultan in the war between England and Spain. By his services in this latter respect he was instrumental in immobilizing, in Italy and the Eastern Mediterranean, large Spanish forces, which otherwise would have been turned against England."<sup>21</sup>

Perhaps it was Mendez who paved the way for the later success of Elizabeth's ambassador, Barton, when the Sultan actually did mobilize a large fleet early in 1588, at a critical moment for Philip II. A year later Barton wrote the Sultan reminding him of the promise he had made to Queen Elizabeth, under oath, in 1585, to fight actively against the Spanish, "our common foes, all of them cursed idolaters," so that "the proud Spaniard and the lying Pope" might be beaten, and "on beholding this all those who live as heretics will return to our faith and He will bless us who strive for his glory, with victories untold."<sup>22</sup> It is interesting to notice that in 1585, when her ambassador was extracting this promise from the Sultan, Queen Elizabeth,



alarmed perhaps by the success of Parma at Antwerp and by the possibility of an invasion by a Spanish fleet, began to make peace overtures to Madrid through Doctor Lopez and Doctor Nuñez.

It was not merely a few thousand nationalistic Englishmen, therefore, that Philip had to deal with, when he finally decided to pick up the gage that had been flung at him so often and so insolently by his sister Elizabeth and her government. If that misconception of popular history had been founded on fact, the whole problem would have been much simpler. He had to confront, indeed, a whole world of enemies. He had against him, in singular unity, all the elements of the international and mystical opposition to the Church of Christ. He saw himself as the champion of Christendom, with the enemies of Christendom united against him but the friends of Christendom by no means united for him. He could not trust Catherine de' Medici and the *Politiques* in France, nor did he trust his friends the Guises to such an extent that he was willing to give them a free hand in Scotland. He felt that if anybody in the world ought to be on the side of the champion of the Church, it was the Pope. Yet the enthusiasm in Rome for the "enterprise of England," as it was called in Madrid, left something to be desired.

Pope Sixtus V, who had succeeded Gregory in 1585, was another of the great line of strong reforming Popes, who seem to have been raised up to carry out the program of the Council of Trent. Having been a swineherd as a boy, he was despised by many aristocrats for his lowly birth. During the whole pontificate of Gregory XIII he remained in obscurity. As soon as he was elected Pope, he revealed himself as a man of unusual prudence, independence, and determination. Within two years, by measures severe to the point of cruelty, he exterminated the thousands of bandits who had made life a hell for peaceful citizens in the environs of Rome during the preceding Pope's last days. Enemies of peace and decency and of Christian order had much to fear from him, and have never been able to find words harsh enough for his memory. Nevertheless, as soon as Sixtus had attained the ends of justice, he ruled moderately and wisely, and the five years of his reign were not the least glorious of the annals of the Church.

Finding the Vatican finances in a state of bankruptcy after the enormous missionary efforts and charities of Gregory, and his own program hampered by lack of funds, he set about accumulating money, and left some millions of *scudi* in his treasury. He was desirous of healing the wounds of Christendom and of bringing England back into the fold. Like Paul IV he looked with considerable suspicion on the ambitions of Spain. He shared by no means the conviction of Philip that the interests of the Spanish monarchy and those of the Church were one and the same thing.

The provocation by England was so notorious, and the evils of the Cecil regime so evident, that Sixtus could not well refuse to support any Spanish enterprise aiming at the restoration of the Crown to the legitimate heiress and at the emancipation of the Catholic majority of England from an obvious tyranny. In 1585 he therefore granted the *cruzada* for seven years. Philip wanted the Holy Father to contribute half of an estimated expense of 4,000,000 ducats. His ambassador Olivares wrote from Rome that, if the Pope refused, he would tell him that King Philip would give it up and put the blame on him all over the world. Olivares suspected the Pope of holding back financial assistance on the theory that the Spanish were so eager to punish England that they would find a means of doing so without his help; he did, however, offer 500,000 *scudi*.

Philip indignantly wrote his ambassador what he should reply to the Pope. "I am more bound to insure my own dominion than to undertake foreign enterprises," he wrote July twenty-second, 1586, "I am well aware of what is best for me, and I know the situation in England. I fully recognize how much it would grieve some people to see a change of government there, Christian zeal and a desire to see England Catholic not being so very strong in France and elsewhere as to outweigh other considerations." Olivares must tell the Pope all this and add that the English wished to make a treaty with him. "This being so, and all things easy to my hand, I have no reason to covet more territory or more reputation than I have, for by God's goodness I have enough of both to satisfy me."<sup>23</sup>

It must be admitted that, up to this time, the element of selfishness in Philip's plans for the chastisement of England had been very small. True, he wished to free his sea coasts and his shipping from the danger of raids by English pirates, and he wished to put an end to the help Elizabeth was giving to his enemies. These were legitimate ends, well within the limits of the right of self-defense. In June, 1584, he wrote to Olivares, "I am certainly anxious about this business, because it is so greatly in God's service that it behooves us all to aid it; and I understand that this help should not be confined to good wishes alone, but if anything is to be done, it should be on a solid foundation with foresight and caution, because, failing this, and if the secret leaks out, the Catholics there will be put to the sword, as they have been before."<sup>24</sup>

Whenever Philip thought of sending a fleet to England before 1586, it was with the purpose of helping King James VI to free himself from the net of intrigue which Cecil had spun around him, and to free his mother from prison; one or the other to rule over both England and Scotland, as soon as Elizabeth was deposed. For a long time there seemed an excellent chance that young James, if given his own way, would support his mother and return to her religion. James was not lacking in natural feelings toward his mother. But for the Protestant ministers with whom Cecil's agents kept him surrounded, he would probably have become a Catholic. Mary Stuart wrote Mendoza in 1582, "As to the conversion of my son to the Catholic Church, which you ask me to forward in the name of your master the King . . . I have had my son approached by some of those who surround him with all possible care, as most of his principal counselors are so infected with this unhappy heresy that they give the poor child no opportunity of breathing any other atmosphere."<sup>25</sup>

James wrote to the Pope two years later: "It has come to pass that those who have banished my mother in order to take

advantage of my youth, as a cloak and buckler to all their appetites and tyrannies over the country, seeing that I was beginning to open my eyes and recognize their evil behavior towards their true and natural rulers, have banded themselves against me with the aid and countenance of my neighbor, the Queen of England, who has always held out her hand to all bad enterprises undertaken with the object of utterly ruining me. Under such a blow as this, I can only look for aid and succor to the prudence and affection you bear towards our very dear mother, although I myself have hitherto deserved nothing at your hand, but I have always been told by those who have advised me in the present course that I might better hope for aid and succor from Your Holiness than from any other prince.

"The extreme need in which I now am is such that, unless I have some help from abroad, I shall find myself in danger of being forced to second the designs of my greatest enemies and yours, because in my childhood the traitors abused my youth and authority and took possession of my domains and treasures, of the principal strongholds of the country, and of everything else which might strengthen themselves, whilst I was thus deprived of the power of defending myself, of delivering my mother, and of asserting her and my right to the throne of England."<sup>26</sup>

This was during the remarkable re-awakening of Catholic devotion in Scotland, following the missionary efforts of the Jesuits, who entered the country, as Hume says, "with the single-hearted desire to reconvert Scotland to the Faith," at the risk of their lives, after the temporary eclipse of Cecil's party. But by 1586 the Protestants were back in favor, and had so utterly possessed themselves of the mind and will of James that even his mother began to despair of his ever being a Catholic.

Philip II has been much blamed for indifference to the cause of the Queen of Scots. Mary was keenly, and sometimes bitterly, conscious of his neglect. For twelve years, she complained in 1582, she had been trying to get a plain pronouncement or declaration of intention from him.<sup>27</sup> Four years later she wrote that he could imagine how much "his long suffering with this queen" (Elizabeth) had done to destroy the confidence the Scottish and English Catholics had always reposed in him. She had turned a deaf ear to many proposals of assistance from influential Catholics "as I had no ground for giving them a decided answer."<sup>28</sup>

Philip never gave her definite assurance until the summer of 1586. This was partly, no doubt, because he had never felt free to do so with the general European situation as it was. It must be allowed, too, that his old distrust of French influence, through the Guises, had a share in this. Yet the motive has been exaggerated, perhaps. Not enough credit for plain common sense has been given to Philip for discouraging Duke Henry of Guise from going to Scotland in person to command the Catholic army. Philip believed that the expedition would be hazardous and would leave the French Catholics without leadership against the Huguenots. This was also the Pope's opinion. Philip, however, seems to have entertained some distrust of Mary Stuart on personal grounds. This is not strange, considering that Pope Pius V at one time believed her guilty of complicity in the murder of Darnley.

In 1586, however, the King received from Mendoza Mary's letter of May twenty-first expressing her fear that her son would not become a Catholic, and declaring that, if he did not do so before her death, she would disinherit him and make Philip II her heir in Scotland and England; for Philip was descended from Edward III through the House of Lancaster. "I am obliged in this matter," wrote Mary, "to consider the public welfare of the Church before the private aggrandisement of my own posterity."<sup>29</sup>

Philip replied on July eighteenth: "She certainly has risen very greatly in my estimation, in consequence of what she there says, and has increased the devotion I have ever felt to her interests, not so much because of what she says in my favor (although I am very grateful for that also), as because she postpones her love for her son, which might be expected to lead her astray, for the service of Our Lord, the common good of Christendom, and particularly for that of England. You may tell her all this for me, and assure her that, if she perseveres in the good path she has chosen, I hope that God will bless her by placing her in possession of her own." He added that Mendoza might give her 4,000 crowns, in addition to the 4,000 he had already presented to her.<sup>30</sup>

What better test could there be of a woman's orthodoxy than her willingness to choose the King of Spain even in preference to her own son? "We must hope Our Lord will prosper it," wrote Philip to Mendoza in September, "unless our sins are an impediment thereto."<sup>31</sup> He wrote his ambassador in Rome instructing him to obtain the Pope's permission to allow him to choose the successor of Mary Stuart, if James were barred as a heretic.<sup>32</sup> Olivares said nothing to the Pope about any specific candidates his master had in mind. Philip was thinking of his daughter, Isabel Clara Eugenia, whose choice, as niece of Henry III, would have the additional merit of disarming French opposition.

On the day before Philip wrote Mendoza his approval of Mary's cause, that unfortunate queen had sent off the fatal letter consenting to the Babington plot. Philip had heard something of this from his ambassador, but neither he nor Mary knew as much about it as Cecil did. The whole diabolical conspiracy had been carefully arranged by some of Walsingham's *agents provocateurs* as a trap to encompass the doom they had so long desired for their Catholic prisoner. They had taken the pains to place spies among the servants of Mary and in the Spanish Embassy in London.

Cecil's system of espionage seemed to have no limits. At one time he had a man named Borghese serving him as secretary to Philip's ambassador.<sup>33</sup> He had spies even among the Jesuits. One of his favorite devices was to get some



intelligent and plausible scoundrel to pose as a Catholic, to attend one of the seminaries maintained by the English exiles and Philip II at Douai or Rheims, and even, if possible, to take Holy Orders.

There is a letter to Burleigh from his son, Robert Cecil, concerning a man named Snowden, who "offereth to do both here awhile and abroad after (especially in Spain if he shall go over) some good and acceptable services as you shall think good to direct him. In the meantime, he will go to such Jesuits or seminaries as be restrained or at liberty, and as a Catholic insinuate into their purposes and advertise."<sup>34</sup> There was also a priest named John Cecil, educated at the English Jesuit College at Valladolid, but evidently a spy in the service of the younger Cecil. Even Father Robert Persons, the leader of the Jesuit mission in England, was taken in by him, for he sent him with a letter to Idiáquez introducing him as "a soldier in habit, a priest by vocation, a good man who has suffered for the cause, and full credit may be given to him."<sup>35</sup> There was also a friar named José Tejeira, who carried messages for Pallavicini and wrote a propaganda book in favor of Don Antonio.

One of the most successful and infamous of those Judases was a man named Gilbert Gifford, a member of a Catholic family. The Cecils had him sent to Douai to study for the priesthood. By 1585 he had advanced as far as deacon's orders, which gained him access to Catholic circles in England and the Continent.<sup>36</sup> He offered his services as an outraged Catholic to Mary Stuart, gained her confidence, and traveled as her agent between the English Catholic noblemen, the Guises, Mendoza, and the Archbishop of Glasgow. He superintended her secret correspondence and chose her friends. It was he who first suggested the murder of Elizabeth to the Spanish ambassador long before the Babington plot.

Paulet, who kept Mary prisoner, with unbelievable meanness and petty cruelty, at Chartley Castle, saw to it that all her letters were taken to Walsingham. They were in cipher. Walsingham had a professional forger named Philipps who was able to decode them, and another scoundrel named Gregory who was expert at opening and resealing letters. All that passed in or out of Chartley Castle was carefully sifted through the meshes of Elizabeth's spy system.

The instrument that would lure the Queen of Scots to her death was now set up, ready for such music as Cecil chose to play upon it, and he plucked the chord which had so often made him master of the will of Queen Elizabeth. It was not enough to convince her that Mary desired an uprising of the English Catholics and intervention by Spain. As an independent sovereign, held prisoner against her will, she had every right to do that, and only a fool would question it. But if it could be made to appear that Mary connived at the assassination of her captor, some appeal might be made to public opinion, and the scruples of Elizabeth overcome by fear. Gifford was the man assigned to bring this about.

He found a young Catholic named Anthony Babington, who ardently admired the captive Queen and longed to do something to aid in her rescue. With more enthusiasm than judgment, he was honest and unsuspecting, and he looked on Elizabeth as a usurper and tyrant. He had five friends who shared his desire to strike a blow for liberty. He was just the man, in short, for Cecil's purpose. When Gifford suggested to him that they start an uprising, kill Queen Elizabeth and her minions, and free the Scottish Queen, Babington fell into the trap. He wrote Mary offering his services, and asking what reward he and his friends might expect after they had "dispatched the usurper" and set her free. Gifford, who had probably suggested this last clause, knew when the letter was sent, and intercepted it. Light-fingered Gregory opened it. Philipps studied it. Walsingham took note of it. It was then sent on to unsuspecting Mary, reaching her July twelfth, 1586.

She hesitated. Some of her secretaries begged her not to reply. Mary, however, had been too many years in prison and had suffered too many miseries not to find the offer of freedom tempting. After five days, she wrote Babington consenting to the uprising and the war against Elizabeth. There was nothing in her note about the assassination of her cousin, but it offered the best opportunity Walsingham had yet found for utilizing the gifts of Philipps. Most of the evidence bearing on the controversy as to the degree of Mary's participation in the plot was destroyed or lost. Enough of this letter is still extant to show clearly what was done to it. Not only is there an erasure and an incriminating sentence written in, but the forgery was so clumsy that the very context betrays it and refutes it. Mary was made to say in effect that Babington should not move in the matter of her delivery until Elizabeth was dead, and after her death he must so manage her escape that Elizabeth might not be able to take her again and shut her up in some inaccessible dungeon! Nothing remained now but to await a suitable opportunity to seize Mary's correspondence, and at the same time to arrest the conspirators.

Philip II had every motive for supporting the Babington plot, but he was always a little distrustful of it. When Mendoza wrote him a long list of the distinguished people from many of the most noble families of England and Scotland, who were ready to take part in the uprising, he carefully made comments on the margin of the letters, such as: "These are all very strong Catholics . . . The parents of this Lord Strange were not of much account, although of high rank . . . Cornwall is the part of the country nearest here . . . I knew his father."

From one of Mendoza's letters Philip saw that his ambassador had committed a grave indiscretion in writing too frankly to some of the conspirators, and that there was altogether too much talk about the project. Six gentlemen, friends of young Babington, had promised to kill the Queen. "They must have been very plain," wrote Philip in the margin, "and it would be extremely troublesome if they were taken." Mendoza tried to quiet his fears. "This gentleman (Gifford) tells me that no person knows this but Babington and two of the principal leaders." Philip jotted down, "If the six gentlemen and himself know it, others know it."

He reminded his ambassador that everything depended on secrecy and promptness. As soon as Babington and his

friends acted, he would be ready to cooperate, but they must be careful not to cause the ruin of the conspirators and of the English Catholics. To avoid this, he would not move his fleet until Babington had acted, but would then give prompt support. Mendoza must aid with all earnestness. "If they delay or fail, they will be cutting their own throats." He noted with approval the suggestion of Mendoza that, as soon as the uprising occurred, they should either kill or seize Cecil, Walsingham, Lord Hunsdon, Knollys, and Beals of the Council. And then he wrote an astonishing comment: "It does not matter so much about Cecil, although he is a great heretic, but he is very old, and it was he who advised the understanding with the Prince of Parma, and he has done no harm. It would be advisable to do as he says with the others."<sup>37</sup>

Philip's naive trust in Cecil's good intentions remains one of the mysteries of his character. His own ambassadors had been telling him for years that Cecil was the directing mind of the anti-Catholic conspiracy and the real master of Elizabeth. He had never believed it. Perhaps the royal assurance of the Queen deceived him. Perhaps Cecil had given him secret pledges of friendship so plausible as to disarm his usual caution and make him disregard the evidence of his own senses. Mendoza's correspondence clearly shows that Cecil, having sent Babington and his friends to torture and barbarous death, was the directing will that decreed a similar fate for Mary Stuart.

Elizabeth naturally recoiled from a step so unprecedented and so pregnant with danger for the institution of monarchy itself, as the execution of an anointed sovereign. Kings had been deposed in Europe. Kings had been foully murdered in secret by steel and poison. No one hitherto had ever dared to raise a hand publicly and deliberately against the Blood Royal which in the minds of men was the very symbol of political authority derived from God. As Philip had told his wife more than thirty years ago, the prince who delivered those of his blood to the executioner was sharpening the knife for his own murder.

Cecil, however, had been resolved for many years that when a suitable opportunity came, Mary Stuart must perish. The preparations which Philip II was making to raise a fleet for her rescue may have been the consideration that ended his long and cautious waiting. The Lord Treasurer had her completely at his mercy. He struck home with cold and pitiless determination, bearing down all opposition, and staking his own position, perhaps even his life, on the outcome.

"When Cecil saw the papers," wrote Mendoza to King Philip on November eighth, "he told the Queen that if, now that she had so great an advantage (which is an expression they use in England), she did not proceed with all rigor, at once, against the Queen of Scotland, he, himself, would seek her friendship. These words are worthy of so clever a man as he is, and were intended to lead the other Councillors to follow him in holding the Queen back. The latter has sent to the King of Scotland, to tell him that his mother had disinherited him, and declared Your Majesty her heir, and she (Elizabeth) has instructed Paulet, who is the keeper, to tell the Queen of Scotland that it is time she looked to the welfare of her soul rather than anything else; and a thousand threats of the same sort. The Queen replied that it behooved everyone to have this in view, and God, Who had kept her thus far, would dispose of her as He deemed best for His service. In His Hands she had placed her life to be spent in the increase of the Catholic Faith. She spoke upon this point with so much firmness and valor, that Paulet himself, terrible heretic as he is, was astonished . . . As this is not the first time that Cecil and Walsingham have invented forged letters, and as the Queen of Scotland's ciphers have now fallen into their hand, they would of course make use of it to write whatever they thought best calculated to inculcate her and irritate the French against her."<sup>38</sup>

Mendoza was right, but the thing he feared had already been done. Elizabeth was frightened once more by the threat of her own death. Still she hesitated. Leicester encouraged her to resist. Then Cecil, by staging one of those consummate scenes which he used so sparingly but effectively, brought her to heel. There would be other conspiracies, and he, who had so often saved her life, would not be there to protect her. Elizabeth yielded to a legion of unknown terrors. Fussy Lord Buckhurst (the same Thomas Sackville who had been Grand Master of Freemasonry) was sent with Beale to inform the Queen of Scots what must be the end of Tudor hospitality for her.

On November twenty-third Mary wrote this note to Mendoza: "My very dear Friend,—As I have always found you zealous in God's cause and devoted to my welfare and deliverance from captivity, I have continued to communicate to you all my intentions in the same cause, in order that you might convey what I say to the King, my good brother. I therefore desire to devote such small leisure as I have to wishing you this last farewell, being resigned to receive the death blow which was pronounced upon me last Saturday."<sup>39</sup>

Philip replied to Mendoza's letter, enclosing this, on December seventeenth: "I cannot say how grieved I am about the Queen of Scotland. God help her in this trouble, and extricate her from it. It was imprudent to keep copies of those dangerous papers, although they were so honorable. However, there is no help for it now. You will use every possible effort to induce Nazareth and others to urge the King of France to act energetically in her behalf, placing before him with this object the arguments most likely to move him, which are many. Let me know what takes place, for I am very anxious about it."<sup>40</sup>

Elizabeth had consented. She still recoiled from the public enactment of the end of the tragedy and sought to have Mary assassinated quietly at Fotheringhay Castle. Even hard and miserly Paulet shrank from that infamy. Cecil persisted, the final command was given, and Mary was beheaded on February eighteenth, 1587. The story of her heroic end, in the full assurance that she died a martyr for the cause of Christ and His Church, is too well known for repetition. Her request for a Catholic priest to hear her confession and to give her the last sacraments was denied. She spent her last night arranging her affairs and meditating on the Passion of Christ.



The news was a rude shock to Philip II, and plunged him into profound and unmistakable grief. He scrupulously carried out all the dying wishes of Mary, even at some cost and trouble to himself, and he resolved to avenge her death. Nothing like this had ever happened in the history of Christendom. A sharp reminder of a sinister change that had come over the world, it was prophetic of the fall of many thrones and of the rise of demagogues and usurers to the highest places.

For more than a year he had been getting together a fleet. He now enlarged his plans and pursued his purpose with an intensity so unrelenting that it was very much like that to which men are driven by remorse after long neglect. Perhaps his efforts to retaliate against the attacks of Elizabeth had forced the hand of Cecil and brought about the death of her whom he sought to save. Well, Elizabeth should pay for that too. She had wanted war. She should have war. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that Philip was not quite himself during the critical months after the death of Mary Stuart. Under the self-control which bore incredible fatigue and anxiety, pain and sickness without a complaint or a word of impatience, there was something like silent hysteria. He was like a man on whom there had come an obsession from which nothing could swerve him.

When he went to San Lorenzo that spring, he was suffering excruciating torment from the gout in his right hand and foot. He was sixty-years old and looked much older. There came upon him the first symptoms of the dropsical complication which was to shorten his life. It is quite possible that his physical condition, no less than the consciousness of having postponed the punishment of Elizabeth too long, induced a somewhat abnormal state of mind in which he showed an entirely new reluctance to accept any advice or criticism which conflicted in any way with his preconceived notions. All his life Philip had been too ready, perhaps, to hear and weigh the opinions of others. Now he was too confident of the validity of his own.

In this new mood he swept aside as an annoying trifle the objection of Alexander of Parma to any attempt to conquer England by the sea without an adequate naval base in Holland. When Parma discovered that the Duke of Cleves could be persuaded for a consideration to give up the port of Emden, he sent Cabrera, the historian, to Spain to urge the King to seize the opportunity. "I found him in San Lorenzo," wrote Cabrera, "but . . . he was inexorable." The Duke of Cleves wanted an income of 50,000 *scudi* a year in Brussels. It was too much. It would cause trouble with the Empire. And so the King "to his own hurt and fatal misfortune, and that of his estates and successors," flatly refused, and sent Cabrera back with a gift of 1,000 *scudi* for his expenses.<sup>41</sup>

In Philip's mind the idea had taken root that this enterprise he had so long deferred, even at the solemn request of Popes, when it would have been easy of accomplishment, was indispensable for the service of God; and that God could therefore hardly fail to give him success, if he made any reasonable effort. It seemed, too, a favorable moment. France was divided (and Philip had taken good care to see that she was kept divided), the Turk was busy in Persia and Hungary, Parma had conquered the Netherlands, and public opinion all over Europe cried out against the outrage of the death of Mary Stuart.

Who could doubt that King James VI would fight on the side of the men who were avenging the death of his mother? Philip offered him the crown of England if he would join against Elizabeth, and for some time expected a favorable reply. But again he miscalculated, not knowing the full strength and ingenuity of his enemy. James had already deserted his mother's cause, fully a year before her death. Elizabeth had given him a pension of £5,000 and had sent him a dozen bloodhounds. Cecil's agents had arranged for his marriage to a daughter of the Protestant king of Denmark. Finally, as the records of the Masonic Lodge of Perth indicate, James was introduced (the date is uncertain) into one of those secret societies from which few ever turn back to walk with the Catholic Church.

It was only later that Philip learned from one of his correspondents the truth about the character of James. "He is a man of small spirit, quite given up to his pleasures and the chase. He depends upon the Queen of England, more from fear than otherwise, as he is very timid and hates war. He gives no attention to the government, is of no religion or fixed purpose, and allows himself to be swayed by those around him. Two or three times he has been captured by competing factions, and he follows either of them without difficulty whilst they hold him. He does not seek to free himself, and has therefore lost prestige with his subjects."<sup>42</sup> But in 1587 Philip was deceived, attributing to James the feelings he and most other men would have had under the circumstances.

He feverishly continued his preparation for the invasion of England. Dispatches went to his viceroys in Italy commanding the building of ships, the raising of infantry, the making of ships' biscuit in huge quantities in Sicily, the buying of huge quantities of salted meat, tools, weapons, saddles and bridles, siege engines. He borrowed five million ducats from bankers in Genoa, and arranged for the loan of another million from the Fuggers in Flanders.<sup>43</sup> He sent Juan Martinez de Recalde with eight ships to sound the English Channel, to observe its shoals, currents, ports, and islands, and to leave 1,500 well-armed soldiers on the coast of Ireland to help the Catholics there. A fleet was sent to the Azores to search for Drake. Olivares was urged to resume his pressure on the Pope for financial assistance. Philip was much displeased when he learned that one of his treasure ships had been seized by English pirates and taken to London.

Ordinarily indifferent to public criticism and despising popularity as a mere form of vanity, he was considerably hurt by murmurings against him in the south of Spain to the effect that he had been negligent in defending his people from the atrocities of Drake. He told the *corregidores* of Cádiz, when they came to protest, that they would have to look after their own defense while he was occupied with the larger and more public task of sending a fleet against England. Some members of his own Council-of-War criticised him. He dismissed one of them. Nevertheless, he took precautions against Drake and sent the

Duke of Medina Sidonia to Lisbon to hasten the preparations for the fleet there. He decided, after weighing the relative merits of Santa Cruz and Parma, to select the former as Admiral of the Armada, since he had had greater naval experience. He meant to have Alexander follow with the army, after the fleet had landed in England.

His physicians were greatly worried about his condition. In almost constant pain day and night, he sometimes sat with his gouty leg on a chair to receive ambassadors, sometimes was unable to hold a pen in his gouty hand. Save for the few indications of displeasure already indicated, he continued to toil, to pray, and to be silent. The fire of his tremendous will burned so fiercely and steadily that it almost consumed the shattered body and the almost exhausted mind. Seldom in history has a human brain so completely entered into and comprehended a vast enterprise in its smallest details and ramifications. Every ship, every man, every biscuit and musket seemed to glow with life and purpose in the small room overlooking the high altar at the Escorial. In that room Philip wrote dispatches until midnight or later, and arose at four or five o'clock when the voices of the young seminarians told him the Mass of dawn had begun to reenact the death of Christ.

Santa Cruz had estimated in March, 1586, that the conquest of England would need 150 ships, one third of them galleons, the rest armed merchantmen for carrying troops; the total tonnage to be 77,250; the army would be twice as numerous as the sailors, and would include 55,000 infantry, half of them Spanish and the rest Italians and Germans, besides 1,600 cavalry and 4,000 artillery. The purpose of the fleet was primarily to conduct the army to England. The Spanish were the best soldiers in the world. They had only to land on English soil and the rest would be easy. By the summer of 1587 the fleet and the army were pretty well assembled. Philip was determined to bring England to her knees before the end of that year.

Misfortunes, however, intervened. The ships from the Indies, bringing treasure on which Philip depended to pay the final expenses of the enterprise, were delayed by storms. When they finally reached San Lucar, they were scattered by a sudden hurricane. Some of the fleet of Santa Cruz were driven by the same tempest to the coast of Galicia, and so badly battered that they had to be laid up for repairs at great expense. The King urged immediate departure. His Admiral refused, saying that his vessels were not fully assembled and that navigation in the northern seas was too dangerous at the end of summer. "Never mind that," wrote the King, "set sail." Santa Cruz continued to delay, while high seas made sailing impossible, all through October.

Philip chafed, and sent Don Juan de Cardona of his Council-of-War to look into the matter. The envoy reported that it would take all of November to make the fleet seaworthy. The troops were not as numerous as had been reported, and had not yet recovered from an epidemic. They were badly clothed, badly distributed. Some of the ships were unsafe and unnavigable. But the contingent of Andalusia would be ready by the first of the year, and the seas would be more navigable then. It was decided that the Armada should leave Lisbon in January, 1588.

There were further delays. The first of the year found Philip at San Lorenzo, exceedingly ill with gout and dropsical complications. He was better by Easter, and went to Aranjuez in April, but returned to carry the canopy on Corpus Christi, and to enjoy "a very good comedy" in the evening. He spent most of the summer hunting in the woods near San Lorenzo. One day he asked to have a boar loosed for him in an enclosure, and went hunting the angry beast in a coach, with the Prince and the Infanta, while younger men went on horseback. It was high sport, apparently. The boar gave a good account of himself, and disemboweled a horse with one of his tusks before he was slain. The monks watched from the windows.<sup>44</sup> Thus Philip at sixty-one still clung to the pastimes for which his historians have given him so hearty a dislike. But he was none the less attentive to every detail of the vast preparations for "the enterprise of England."

Cabrera, who took part in the preparations for the voyage, believed that Santa Cruz, whose principal fault among many magnificent virtues was ambition, was deliberately delaying matters in the hope of obtaining the title of Duke for himself, and favors for two of his sons.<sup>45</sup> The King, he adds, was pestered by requests for commissions and honors from several of the cavaliers and grandees, such as the Duke of Osuña, and Don Pedro Giron. However this may be, the Admiral had all his fleet assembled and ready to sail when he died suddenly (he was seventy-three) on February ninth, 1588.

Merriman's belief that "the King was by no means sorry to be rid of him" seems a little far-fetched, considering that Philip was left without any naval commander of first-rate ability, and was forced to turn to the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a very rich, well-meaning man of thirty-eight, who had married a daughter of Ruy Gómez and Ana of Eboli. Notwithstanding his fine character and loyalty, the Duke was an inadequate successor of Santa Cruz. There was further delay while the new commander prepared himself for a difficult task little to his taste. The King undertook to offset his lack of experience by giving him orders specific enough to provide for most contingencies.

These instructions were similar to those sent to Don Juan of Austria and his other commanders before the battle of Lepanto, and to those sent to Don García de Toledo before the rescue of Malta. Philip, though no seafaring man, had, after all, made two or three long voyages and knew a ship from a barn. Some notable victories had been won under his directions from afar. It was not the ideal way to command a fleet. But Professor Merriman misses the point when he complains that the order to forbid swearing, gambling and immorality among the sailors "shed a flood of light on the workings of Philip's mind."<sup>46</sup>

The King was at least more imaginative than many of his historians. He did what any good executive does when obliged to use subordinates in whom he lacks complete confidence. Moreover, as in the time of Lepanto, he saw the inconsistency, if not hypocrisy, of offending against the laws of God in the very act of trying to serve Him. He reasoned correctly that crusaders who did so were less likely to have the divine blessing on their enterprises. The impulse was a human



one: not so different from the one that prompted King David to pour a libation on the ground, or that impels the Congress of the United States to open a session with prayer. Nor were the rules against blasphemy and against taking women on board ship without practical advantages. In any case, they made up an infinitesimal part of the royal instructions. It was in his calculations, not his instructions, that Philip made his mistakes.

It seemed a large but simple plan as he conceived it. The Armada would proceed to the English coast, defeat the fleet of England, and land the *tercios*. Parma's army would cross in flat boats, merchantmen or other transports, and the thing would be done. King James VI would doubtless join the Spaniards when they landed, to avenge his mother and the English Catholics—could any one believe that, after all their appeals to Philip to rescue them, they could fail to join? In such positive terms as these he envisaged the enterprise.

The other gouty old man at the far end of Europe, "who had done no harm," was better versed in the vagaries of human nature. While Philip was sending Colonel Semple to tell King James that the Armada would avenge his mother and make him King of England if he chose, Elizabeth sent an embassy with assurances that he was to be her heir, and should not allow the Spanish, whose motive was imperial ambition, to come and establish a religion different from his. With cautious James this was decisive.

As for the English Catholics, they had grown tired of waiting for Philip and were rather distrustful of him. In the panic that swept over the country in the face of the impending danger, their patriotism prevailed over religion and self-interest. Cecil's network of Jewish spies in Spain and Portugal kept him accurately informed of all Philip's preparations and misfortunes, and the wily old fox was probably not sorry to have the most alarming exaggerations set before the public. Thus, on February twenty-second, Sir Christopher Hatton, the Vice-Chamberlain, informed the House of Commons that Philip was preparing to invade England with "360 sail of Spain, 80 gallies from Venice and Genoa, 1 galliass with 600 armed men from the Duke of Florence, 12,000 men maintained by Italy and the Pope, 6,000 by the Spanish clergy, 12,000 by his nobility and gentry of Spain. It is reported that 10,000 of these be horsemen; I think it not all true, but something there is. We must look to the Papists at home and abroad."<sup>47</sup>

All England seethed with preparations for defense. A guard of 10,000 men assembled at Plymouth. All the ports were strongly garrisoned. Admiral Howard, a Calvinist at heart, who had twice apostatized from the Catholic religion but had some connections among Catholics, was placed in command of a fleet of 250 vessels, large and small, including 180 good sailing vessels well armed.

As spring advanced, Medina Sidonia prepared to sail. Many persons of importance and weighty judgment urged Philip to give up the enterprise. Pope Sixtus V gave it a lukewarm and reluctant support, and was very cool to suggestions that he make larger financial contributions. Olivares wrote on March twenty-first that the Holy Father had refused to proclaim a jubilee indulgence, and added: "Nothing more has been said about the loan, and I am of opinion that we shall have to get the first million from him before pressing him further about the loan. I will use all activity in this, directly we receive news of the landing. We might as well cry for the moon as to ask for it before. I am trembling for fear that he may give me many a bitter pill, even before I get it, seeing how he seems to love this money."<sup>48</sup>

Henry III professed to believe that Philip was only pretending to attack England so that he might unexpectedly conquer France. The expedition could not be against Flanders, for Parma was victorious there, and "he found it hard to believe it was against England, for the Catholic King, not having ports where he could secure his vessels from the furious storms of those seas, since the Queen had those of Holland and Zealand, it would be rash for a powerful fleet to go to them, exposed to manifest dangers and terrible accidents; and so it appeared to him that the rumor of making such an enterprise was previously to induce the Queen through fear to make a good agreement for peace."<sup>49</sup> This view, expressed to the nuncio at Paris, was thought in Spain to have influenced Sixtus.

Another highly interesting explanation of the Pope's attitude reached Philip in a letter from Paris dated May eighth. The nuncio had just said (wrote Mendoza) that "some months ago His Holiness had requested the King (of France) to represent to the Queen of England how advantageous it would be for her to become a Catholic: the reason of the step being that the Pope had news that she might cede to similar persuasions. This King wrote to his ambassador to inquire whether the Queen showed any disposition this way, and the reply he sent was that Treasurer Cecil had caused the idea to be brought before the Pope through certain spies, pretended Catholics whom he maintained in Rome, in order to gain time and cool His Holiness toward Your Majesty's enterprise."<sup>50</sup>

About the same time Cecil asked Horatio Pallavicini, recently knighted by the Queen and sent to Paris to try to collect from Henry III the money she had lent to his brother, Alençon, to go to Flanders. There he was to attempt to bribe Alexander of Parma with an offer of the sovereignty of the Netherlands, if he would betray Philip II.<sup>51</sup> It is entirely possible that Cecil took the pains to have Philip II informed of these overtures, in order to make him suspicious of his nephew.

Parma's loyalty was beyond question. He had no confidence in the King's plan. "I should be failing in my duty," he wrote on March twentieth, "if I did not inform Your Majesty that the general opinion is that, if the English proceed straightforwardly, as they profess to do, and their alarm at Your Majesty's armaments and great power really compels them to incline to Your Majesty's interests, it would be better to conclude peace with them. By this means we should end the misery

and calamity of these afflicted States, the Catholic religion would be established in them, and your ancient dominion restored; besides which, we should not jeopardize the Armada which Your Majesty has prepared, and we should escape the danger of some disaster, causing you to fail to conquer England, while losing your hold here . . . If the enterprise were in the condition we had intended it to be, with respect to the vital point of secrecy, etc., we might with the help of God look more confidently for a successful issue . . . But things are not as we intended; and not only have the English had time to arm by land and sea, and to form alliances with Denmark and the Protestants of Germany and elsewhere, but the French also have taken measures to frustrate our aims."<sup>52</sup>

Sickness had reduced Parma's troops, available for the English enterprise, from 28,000 to 17,000. "I greatly regret the death of the Marqués of Santa Cruz. His loss at this juncture is a very serious one . . . But although the loss of the Marqués will delay the sailing of the fleet, it cannot be questioned that God arranges all for His greater glory, and for the better success of the undertaking. The choice Your Majesty has made of the Duke of Medina Sidonia is a good one . . . I am in great extremity, as the 400,000 crowns recently raised in Antwerp, what with depreciation of money and other things, only produced about 300,000 net, and this is all spent."

The merchants refused to provide any more money. "Unless I have money to meet requirements here, we shall be face to face with a mutiny of the men and irreparable disorders . . . It may be that God desires to punish us for our sins by some heavy disaster . . . If I set foot on shore, it will be necessary for us to fight battle after battle. I shall, of course, lose men by wounds and sickness. I must leave the port and town garrisons strongly defended, to keep open my lines of communication . . . An almost impossible task cannot be carried out without adequate means."<sup>52</sup>

Parma sent Cabrera de Córdoba post haste to urge the King to postpone the sailing of the fleet. "And I told him to notice," says Cabrera, "that the juncture of the Armada of Flanders with that of Spain would not be possible, for the galleons drew 25 and 30 feet of water and in the seas near Dunkirk there was not that depth for several leagues, so that there would be great danger of the fleet being driven on the sandbanks by the north-west wind and they could not approach the shore. An enemy fleet drawing less water might easily cut off the Spanish from the troops of Parma and stay well out of range of the artillery of the Armada; and since the whole enterprise was based upon the assumption that the two forces could be united, it had better be given up."<sup>53</sup>

Philip calmly refused to listen to any of these suggestions. He had heard similar objections before Lepanto. To any plan proposed for the good of Christendom there were always sure to be many objections. One must only go ahead and trust in God.

The fleet, meanwhile, had left Lisbon on May thirtieth, as gallant an armament as the sun had shone upon since Lepanto, and the greatest that Spain alone had been able to fit out. It was not as large as the estimate of Santa Cruz had called for. It had 130 sail, including 73 galleons, with a total tonnage of about 58,000, 19,000 fighting men, and 10,000 sailors and oarsmen. The elements, so often unfriendly to Spanish fleets, began to buffet this one at the outset. The ships had hardly passed the bar of Lisbon when the sky darkened and a roaring tempest scattered them, driving the *Real Capitana*, with a good part of the vanguard, up the coast and into the port of Coruña. Others were blown to Terceira, Asturia, Guipuzcoa and even to the Scilly Isles. Days passed before they re-assembled, greatly in need of repairs. The King sent letter after letter to Medina Sidonia, giving further instructions, and urging, haste, haste. "You are aware how important it is that not an hour should be lost," he wrote to Vaidés, commanding the Andalusian squadron, "and I therefore enjoin you urgently to attend in person to what has to be done, and to help the Duke where needful. The watering, victualling, and repairing should all be done at the same time, so that the voyage may be resumed as soon as the weather allows. You will serve me well therein. Let me know what is done."<sup>54</sup> On June twenty-third a correspondent of the Fugger Bank wrote, "On two consecutive days the sun and moon have been quite bloody. What this signifies the merciful God alone knows."<sup>55</sup>

By the time the repairs were finished, there were other troubles. The Duke wrote on July eleventh explaining to the King why he had not been able to sail. Fresh bread was scarce and there was not enough fish. "There are a great many sick; 500 in the hospital, although it is true that they are only suffering from fever, and none have died. Some of them get well as soon as a better diet is given to them, for nearly all of the illness is caused by bad food. As the stores have been so long on board, most of them are turning out rotten and spoiled." The Inspector-General, Manrique, had told him from the start of the shortage of stores and water, but the contractors had insisted on the contrary. The Duke asked to have extra ships and stores sent after him. On July fifteenth he wrote that all the men were being sent ashore to be confessed and absolved again. He landed all the friars in the fleet on an island in the harbor and had some tents and altars erected for them. Eight thousand soldiers and sailors had already confessed. The Duke added, "This is such an inestimable treasure that I esteem it more highly than the most precious jewel I carry on the fleet. On this account, and because the Armada is much improved since we left Lisbon, the men are, as I say, contented and in high spirits."<sup>56</sup>

It was Friday, July twenty-second, before the great fleet, fully repaired and reprovisioned, left Coruña with a good southwest wind. By Monday the Duke was able to send a ship to Dunkirk with a message notifying Parma of his approach. Next day the *galera patrona* sprang a leak and had to be grounded. On Wednesday, the wind freshened and there was a heavy swell, which increased until many ships were forced out of line, and forty of the store-ships were found to be missing. Soundings



being made, it was discovered that they were in about eighteen fathoms of water, thirty leagues from the Scilly Isles. Three small boats were sent to the Cape of the Lizard to reconnoitre and look for the lost ships. On Friday there was an east wind, and they learned that most of the ships had been collected by Valdés, who was waiting ahead. On Saturday, the thirtieth, they sighted the shores of England, with smoke arising from signal fires on the hills to announce their arrival. The Duke ran up to his masthead the standard with the image of Christ Crucified on one side and that of Our Lady on the other. Three shots were fired; every man in the fleet knelt on the decks and prayed for victory.

At midnight they captured four English fishermen who said the fleet had left Falmouth that afternoon. On Sunday, the thirty-first, they saw seventy vessels to windward; and to leeward, eleven others beating up to gain the weather gauge. The Spanish fleet assumed the battle-order agreed upon. If Medina Sidonia had attacked Plymouth Harbor on Saturday, he would have caught part of Drake's fleet in a trap with the wind against them, and destroyed them. Now fifty-four of them had slipped out and reached Eddystone, and had already caught sight of the Armada. On Sunday, as Medina Sidonia ran up the royal standards beside the banner of the crusade, he stood into shore with a good west wind, his fleet arranged in three squadrons, his best galleons in the vanguard, the hulks and victualers behind him in the centre, and in the rear a strong force of four squadrons, with a galleass at each side.

Few English accounts of this memorable battle have given any adequate idea of the magnificent gallantry with which the Spanish fought day after day against a faster and more numerous fleet, under weather conditions almost invariably favoring the enemy. The contemptuous tradition representing Medina Sidonia as a thoroughly inept and bewildered ass, and his men as a helpless horde of panic-stricken wretches, is propaganda, not history. The official log of the Duke, which apparently was the basis of the narrative of Herrera, and the corroborating story of Cabrera, make it clear that the Spanish had nothing to be ashamed of, much to be proud of, and little to regret but bad fortune.

As Medina Sidonia approached the shore, to cut off the slower sailing English vessels, the smaller fleet of the enemy passed by, cannonading the vanguard from a distance, and then fell on the rearguard, crippling the rigging of Recalde by some excellent shots from a distance, and striking his foremast twice. The ships to his rear, following the Admiral's orders, had joined the rest of the fleet. Recalde was left isolated in a precarious position. Seeing this, the royal flagship struck her foresail, slackened her sheet, and lay to until the battered ship had joined the main squadron, while the enemy sheered off. The Duke collected his fleet but could do no more. By this time the enemy had gained the wind. It was apparent to the Spaniards that the English ships were swift and well handled, "so that they could do what they liked with them."<sup>57</sup>

Meanwhile, the flagship of Don Pedro de Valdés, in going to the help of Recalde, fouled another Spanish ship, the *Catalina*, breaking her bowsprit and foresail. The Armada continued to manoeuvre to gain the wind until four o'clock in the afternoon, and might have succeeded if at that moment the English had not made another lucky hit—skilful, rather—on the vice-flagship of Oquendo, setting fire to his powder magazine, with the result that two of his decks and the poop castle blew up. It was even a better hit than Drake's gunners knew, for on that ship was the Paymaster-General of the Armada with a good part of His Majesty's treasure. As the Duke saw her falling astern, enveloped in her own smoke, he put about and went to her aid, giving a gun signal for the rest of the fleet to do likewise. The fire was put out, the foe driven off, and Oquendo's ship saved. But while this was going on, the foremast of Pedro de Valdés' ship gave way at the hatches and fell on the mainsail boom. Again the Duke put about and tried to get a hawser on board the crippled ship, but wind and the rising sea prevented. Valdés was left astern as night came on.

Medina Sidonia was much blamed in Spain, later on, for abandoning so important a ship and leader. But the impression of Major Hume that the Duke "would fight no more that night if he could help it, and he abandoned two of the finest ships of his fleet without striking a blow,"<sup>58</sup> in short, that he fled in a panic like a coward, is mistaken. Medina Sidonia was determined to rescue Valdés, but, as darkness came on, Diego Flores, a veteran of the sea, told him that if he waited any longer, he would lose contact with his fleet during the night and ruin the whole expedition.

The Duke, therefore, ordered Captain Ojeda to stand by Don Pedro's flagship (the *San Francisco*) with four *pataches*, and the flagships *Our Lady of the Rosary* and *St. Christopher*, besides a galleass, and to pass a hawser aboard and tow her, or, if unable to do that, to take her crew out. Neither was possible, for the weather was heavy and the sea rough as the night wind howled across the Channel. The Duke kept his place with the Armada, and the others joined when they could. It seemed the best thing to do under the circumstances, but, as Cabrera reports, it had a discouraging effect on many of the men. There was some grumbling. If the Duke would not save Valdés, it was said, no one could expect help from him in a pinch. It must have been apparent to the officers that he had done the best he could, and when the next day broke (August first), the Spanish were eager for a finish fight with their enemies.

Medina Sidonia now changed his entire battle-order to meet the requirements of the situation. He divided the Armada into two great squadrons, placing his forty-three best ships from the vanguard and rearguard in one body, in order to head off the English fleet which, it was expected, would try to keep the Spanish from meeting Parma when he came out across the Channel. The Duke with the rest of the fleet formed the new vanguard. The wind was unfavorable. He was unable to force the issue, for the enemy stood off, unwilling to join battle. Medina Sidonia sent his sergeants-major to each ship with orders that any captain whose ship left her place was to be hanged immediately. At eleven o'clock Oquendo's flagship was discovered to

be foundering. Her treasure and crew were removed, and she was sunk.

Tuesday, the second, broke fair. The Spanish were overjoyed to find the wind in their favor. The enemy's fleet was on the lee side, sailing toward the land and trying to gain the wind. Medina Sidonia also tacked toward the land. The two fleets raced for the wind gauge, with the Spanish flagship in the lead, followed by the galleasses, and the rest of the Armada streaming out across the sea. When the enemy saw that he would be unable to get the windward of the Duke, he put about suddenly to seaward and sailed on the opposite tack. The Spanish ships, still having the wind, closed in to grapple with the enemy. Captain Bertondona engaged the enemy flagship. The English turned and fled to seaward. Several of the best of the great Spanish galleys—the *San Marcos*, *San Luis*, *San Mateo*, *La Rata*, *Oquendo*, *San Felipe*, *San Juan de Sicilia*—and the great galleons *Florescia*, *Santiago*, and *San Juan* all strove desperately, using both sail and oar to come to grips with the enemy. But all was useless, for the English, with their lighter ships, sheered off to sea. Presently they returned, with the wind and tide in their favor, and fell upon Recalde and the rearguard, while Leyva and Medina Sidonia went to his assistance. The whole enemy fleet passed by the Spanish flagship firing a broadside. The Spanish gunners fired so rapidly that, after half the Englishmen had passed, the rest drew off to a more prudent distance, and ended the three-hour skirmish by taking flight to seaward.

Next day at dawn the English came up astern and attacked Recalde and Leyva. The Spanish galleasses fired their stern guns. The rest of the fleet did likewise, and the enemy retired. It was noticed that the rigging of his flagship was disabled, and the mainsail boom was down.

The following day, Thursday, Feast of St. Dominic, the Spanish fought a splendid engagement. The enemy, seeing that the hulk, *St. Ana*, together with a Portuguese galleon, had fallen astern, attacked fiercely. The Spanish galleasses went to the rescue, and succeeded, in spite of the fact that the two ships were entirely surrounded. Meanwhile Howard's flagship and another large English vessel, having the wind in their favor, fell on Medina Sidonia, who was leading the vanguard. The English daringly came in closer than they usually did, and fired their heaviest guns from the lowest deck, evidently hoping to hit the Spaniard near the water line and sink him. But their fire cut the trice of the mainmast, and killed several soldiers. As Recalde and others came to the help of the Duke, the enemy retired, with some damage evident in his rigging, and drifted to leeward. Medina Sidonia followed in pursuit. The English then went to the aid of their flagship. The Spanish saw with glee that Howard's ship was in such straits that she had to be towed out by eleven long boats, while she lowered her standard and fired her guns for aid. Victory seemed almost won by King Philip's fleet, as Medina Sidonia swept down to grapple with the Englishman. At that very moment the wind freshened, and the enemy flagship slipped away, without the aid of the shallops that were towing her out.

The English now had the wind gauge. Medina Sidonia saw that further attack would be useless, for they were already off the Wight. So he fired a signal gun, and proceeded on his way to look for Parma, followed by the rest of the fleet in good order, with the enemy lying a long way astern. He sent a fast boat with Captain Pedro de Leon to Dunkirk to advise Farnese of his whereabouts and to urge him to come out as soon as possible.

The next day, August fifth, both fleets lay becalmed in sight of each other. The Duke sent another *feluca* to Parma asking him to send out some cannon ball of four, six, and ten pounds, for the five days' fighting had reduced his stores, and to send 40 flyboats or *filipotes* that would be fast enough to come to close quarters with the English. No word came from Parma. At sunset, when a breeze sprang up, the great fleet bellied out her sails and slowly moved toward Calais. They arrived in sight of Boulogne at ten o'clock next morning, and reached Calais Roads at four in the afternoon, with the English fleet still in sight. Toward evening, fearing to be swept to the north by the currents, Medina Sidonia cast anchor seven leagues from Dunkirk, and waited for Parma.

The King's nephew was much blamed later in Spain for his delay in answering the messages of the Duke, and for his final refusal, after days of waiting, to sally forth and join him. But the understanding had been that he was to wait with his army until the fleet was able to protect his passage to England. He protested that his army was ready, and he himself was ready, but that the fleet had not demonstrated its ability to protect them. There was another English fleet of thirty-six ships and three galleons, which the Spanish thought belonged to Hawkins, but which turned out to be a squadron under Seymour assigned to watch for Parma. There was also a Dutch fleet waiting for him.

On August sixth, Saturday, Parma advanced, with great trouble, from Newport to Dunkirk, hoping to be able to join the Duke. Meanwhile the Spanish lay at anchor off Calais, in danger of going aground on the shoals, or of drifting on past Dunkirk. As night came on, they saw Seymour beating up to the north to join Howard. The next day was Sunday, and both fleets waited. But the English had a plan. On Sunday night, when the west wind had risen and the tide was surging up the Channel, they turned eight of their lighter vessels into fireships, and at midnight set them ablaze, and let them go with full sails, sped by wind and current, toward the Spanish fleet lying at anchor.

The Duke did not "seem to have lost his head"<sup>59</sup> as Hume has it, nor did he "in despair" give orders for the cables to be cut, as Professor Merriman puts it;<sup>60</sup> but fearing lest the burning ships had mines aboard, like those the Protestants had used at Antwerp, and that a large part of his fleet would be destroyed, he weighed anchor (coolly and sensibly, it would appear), and gave orders for the other ships to follow his example, to break their ranks, to let the fireships pass through, and then to return to



their positions. The first part of this manoeuvre was carried out. The Spanish flagship and several of those near it returned to their posts. The others remained outside, apparently in some confusion. Medina Sidonia had a cannon fired as the signal for the fleet to close in as he had done. "It was not heard," says Cabrera, "and this was the reason for the loss of the enterprise, for the fury of the current carried the other vessels to the banks of Dunkirk."<sup>61</sup>

Seeing part of his fleet so far ahead, and in danger of running on the shoals, and the enemy with all sails unfurled passing to windward, Medina Sidonia again weighed anchor and set about trying to collect his forces and get back to his previous position. At that very moment the northwest wind freshened, making the manoeuvre impossible. The English, seeing their opportunity as the dawn of Monday morning showed their enemy near Gravelines with his fleet scattered in a considerable confusion, and one of his galleasses, the *San Lorenzo*, wrecked at the mouth of Calais Harbor, advanced to the attack.

Medina Sidonia sent orders to his fleet to remain luff and prepare for action.

There followed one of the most terrible naval battles of all history, raging from nine in the morning until six in the evening. Only fifty of his ships were able to obey the orders of the Duke and rally around him. With these he faced the entire English fleet, reinforced by Seymour, and fought them all day with a superb and desperate courage. Never in their history, not even at Lepanto, had Spanish soldiers and sailors given a more splendid account of themselves than these men, wearied from nine days of fighting and from a night of anxiety and terror, buffeted by the elements, half-sick from the rotten biscuit provided by scoundrelly contractors.

The English fell upon the Spanish flagship with great fury, coming within musket range and following their usual tactics of passing back and forth. They raked the Spanish with artillery fire. Don Francisco de Toledo attacked the English rear, trying to close in to board them, but their heavy cannonading forced him back. The two Portuguese galleons, the *San Felipe* and the *San Mateo*—the latter the finest ship, says Cabrera, then sailing the seas anywhere in the world—were each surrounded by a ring of more than a dozen of the enemy's craft, and fought them off for hours, with no help save from God. Philip's men performed almost incredible feats of courage and strength, contemptuously refusing offers of quarter if they surrendered, and being still unvanquished, though badly battered, at the close of day. The odds were overwhelming. It seemed impossible that Medina Sidonia, with his own ship smashed almost out of recognition, could hold out much longer with only fifty vessels against one hundred and thirty faster ones. At the critical moment, when the fate of the gallant Armada hung in the balance, the sky grew swiftly black, and a terrific squall of wind and rain smote both the bloody fleets, driving them apart. The Spaniards bowed their heads and thanked God for saving them.

So ended the battle of Gravelines. All that night the wind and the rain pelted them. On Tuesday morning, they found themselves well out of range of the English fleet, and blown by the wind beyond the last point where they could hope to unite with Parma (he had heard the artillery the day before and actually had his own guns on the shore, ready to attack the English if they approached). As the wind ceased and one hundred and nine English vessels appeared off the stern, Medina Sidonia prepared to fight again. He gave the signal of three guns for his fleet to assemble.

At that moment it became apparent that the Spanish fleet had escaped from the English, only to face greater danger of destruction from the elements. The ships of the Armada had drifted into water five fathoms deep. The treacherous current was carrying them rapidly, with limp sails, against the dangerous shoals on the coast of Zealand. The English fleet stood off, expecting to see their enemies dashed to pieces. The pilots said that such large ships had never before come into those waters, and that nothing could save them. But the Spaniards were not at the end of their resources. Officers and men, nobles and galley slaves, flung themselves on their knees and begged God to save them by a miracle, for nothing else could be of any avail. Suddenly, the sails began to flap. A wind blew out of the south. The whole Spanish fleet moved like great crippled swans into the deeper water, and passed out toward the North Sea to safety.

That night the Duke called his captains together to decide what should be done. There seems no foundation for the strictures on Medina Sidonia's courage repeated by Major Hume: "The Duke had had enough fighting for the rest of his life, and would have no more. Besides, there was no ammunition on most of his ships."<sup>62</sup> This latter reason makes the situation plain enough. The Spanish commander was hardly fool enough to attempt a battle without ammunition. Since it was certain now that Parma could not come out even if he wanted to, the only course open was to return to his own country. This was the unanimous opinion, according to Cabrera,<sup>63</sup> of the veteran, Leyva, and all the other officers in the Council of War.

However, as a strong south wind was still blowing, it seemed wiser to sail north beyond the Orkneys and around the west coast of Ireland, than to attempt to make a run for it through the Channel, with the wind unfavorable and a faster and larger enemy fleet, well supplied with ball, lying in wait for them. Medina Sidonia notified Parma of his decision. The latter sent back a message, on August tenth, advising against the plan; he said it would surely cause the loss of some of the best galleys, and suggested that the Duke repair to some of the cities of the Empire or of the Hanseatic League, and there have his ships repaired and restocked; it might be possible then to make another attack on England in the spring. But the Duke and his officers decided that it would be dangerous to leave the coast of Spain so long unprotected from Drake and the other pirates. On the next day, August eleventh, they set sail for the north.

Philip II, meanwhile, was calmly waiting in the Escorial, writing letters when he could, and on bad days sitting with his

foot on a chair and silently offering his pains to God in reparation for his sins. The first dispatches of Medina Sidonia arrived about the middle of August. On the eighteenth, Philip wrote him a letter congratulating him on the victory he had won over the English. Some days later there came the Duke's letter of August twenty-first, from the North Sea, showing how badly the fleet had been damaged after its gallant fight. It was not until the last week in September, when Medina Sidonia at last reached Santander and sent a courier with the full report, that the extent of the Spanish losses became apparent.

For it was not the English, but the elements that broke the morale of the Invincible Armada and scattered over a thousand miles of sea the timbers of the best ships and the bones of the bravest men of Spain. The fair south wind had never once failed until the fleet reached the Orkney Islands, on September second. There some English and Dutch pilots were taken aboard, and they made for the Channel of St. George between Scotland and Ireland. A furious tempest smote them at dawn, twenty or more vessels disappeared, and the whole fleet was scattered. Stout Leyva found his great ship, *La Rata*, sinking. He took his men aboard the galleass, *Xiron*, and made for the shore of Scotland. But not even a galleass could stand the fury of that sea. Her timbers opened, and Leyva and most of his officers and men were drowned. The great *San Marcos* also foundered. Recalde managed to repair, after a fashion, seven of the ships, and with them to make the coast of Spain. As soon as he reached Coruña, he died from his terrible privations and disappointments. Oquendo likewise perished, on reaching Santander. Medina Sidonia was the only one of the great leaders who succeeded in following the course laid out by the English and Dutch pilots around the Cape of Clara. After incredible sufferings from sickness and bad food, or lack of food, he made the coast of Spain, and sent Don Baltazar de Zuñiga to notify the King. Fifty-five other ships fought their way back, one by one, during the next few weeks. Altogether about sixty per cent of the Armada came home; but less than half the men.

His Majesty, in San Lorenzo, heard of all this with the same serene imperturbability with which he had learned of his glorious victory at Lepanto. "I can fight men," he said, "but not the elements." Sending a notice of the event to all the churches and monasteries of the realm, he commanded them to offer thanks to God for the defeat of the Armada. Since God had so very plainly ordained what had happened, for ends inscrutable to men but necessarily good, since they were His, it must be for the best, and for His glory and the good of souls. Hence the disaster was not a matter for complaint or lamentation, but for rejoicing.

Philip had Diego de Flores imprisoned for a time in the Castle of Burgos, not, as Professor Merriman says, "because a scapegoat had to be found,"<sup>64</sup> but because it was reported, and apparently believed, that he had been actuated by personal hatred when he advised the Duke not to go to the rescue of Valdés.<sup>65</sup> The King never uttered a word of reproach to Medina Sidonia, probably because he thought that the man had done the best he could under the circumstances. The cost had been tremendous. Philip had spent ten millions of ducats, most of it borrowed money, on the building and equipping of the fleet. He never expressed the slightest regret for this or for anything that had happened in connection with the voyage. He had done the best he could, and God had ordered matters for His own glory. When the Cortes met that year, Philip was able to say, "God Himself is my witness that it is not the hope of gaining new kingdoms that has guided me, but zeal in His service and the desire to glorify the Holy Faith that has led me thus to risk my patrimony, because of God, the honor of the State, and my own honor."

There was, of course, a great deal of talk. As accounts of the expedition became current, there was a general disposition to blame Medina Sidonia, especially after he had retired in disappointment to his estates. Cabrera enumerates the chief criticisms that were made of him: he should have been more careful about having bad food sold to his commissaries by rascally purveyors; arriving at the Scilly Isles, he should not have moved further without finding out whether Parma could join him; when he met the enemy, he should have faced him with one part of his fleet, while the rest gained the wind of him, and forced him to fight; he should have rescued Valdés and kept up the morale of the fleet, even at the loss of a ship or two; he should not have anchored off Calais; but, having done so, should have taken advantage of the dark night, for there was only a crescent moon, to attack the enemy and divide or demoralize him; finally, he should not have resolved to return to Spain with uncertain weather and inadequate food.

It was easy enough to make these objections afterward. Most of them were answered by the diary of Medina Sidonia himself. The criticism which most annoyed Cabrera was that of Father Joseph de Siguenza, Prior of San Lorenzo, who, in the course of his two-volume history of the Order of St. Jerome, made these observations: The fleet had left Coruña at a bad time of the year, when storms in the Gulf were to be expected; they had sailed in bad order; most of the ships that were lost had failed to follow the flagship; "and God opened the eyes of the Spanish nation, that they might see that their disasters were born of pride, arrogance, and over-confidence in their valor, skill, cleverness, and power."

To this Cabrera replied, "But when they undertook it as the result of a very particular oracle from heaven, and their cause was so just—for the war was defensive—this alleged pride and vain presumption (of which there was much, though surely not in the well-disciplined and prayerful men who went on the expedition) would have merited a much greater punishment, if God had been displeased." No, says Cabrera, great enterprises are always subject to great accidents, "and on this account friars are not good historians, except of their own orders, which they know and understand, and where there is place for dryness of thought and expression, and a chance to preach in every column."<sup>66</sup>

Philip, for all his brave exterior, was deeply hurt in his heart and soul by the loss of his fleet. As he went to Madrid to give orders for the relief of the homing soldiers and sailors and the repair of the ships,<sup>67</sup> his councillor, Idiáquez, wrote



confidentially to Parma, "His Majesty has resented in an incredible way what has happened." His health, surprisingly enough, had not suffered. In fact, it was better than before. Nevertheless, as he did all this for Christ and the Church, he was "extraordinarily afflicted over not having rendered so great a service to God."<sup>68</sup>



## The European Scene [1589-1592]

**I**F THE defeat of the Armada had put an end to Spanish sea-power and transferred the mastery to England, as popular history has it, neither the King of Spain nor his people were aware of it. Nor were they in a chastened or vanquished mood. Grief-stricken, yes; but Philip issued a decree forbidding any one to wear mourning for the heroes who had died gloriously in the defense of religion. Before the end of 1588 his agents were on the roads collecting money for new ships. The people responded loyally and generously. Even Milan gave him 250,000 ducats. The Archbishop of Toledo contributed 100,000, and Castile, which had borne the brunt of the great effort, after a thousand years of crusades, voted him an aid of 8,000,000.<sup>1</sup> Great timbers began to be hewn into shape for new bottoms in the shipyards of Santander, San Sebastian, Lisbon, and Laredo.

His Majesty's ambassador in Rome tried to squeeze a little more money out of the papal treasury before the accumulating reports of the disaster could reach their discouraging climax. Olivares hurried to the Vatican to remind the Pope that he had promised another 500,000 ducats, and begged him to pay it at once, or at least to anticipate a part of it. King Philip had taken the precaution to suggest this as early as September fifth. Olivares replied on the twenty-sixth as follows:

"He replied in his usual way that he did not understand this. When the terms of the agreement were fulfilled, he would give all that he had promised and more. I answered that this was not what Your Majesty had ordered me to request. Your Majesty, I said, did not take your stand upon the letter of the agreement, but upon its spirit, and I then set forth all Your Majesty had instructed me to say. I ended by saying that, even if he had promised nothing at all, he ought to accede to the request, as a reward to Your Majesty and a high example to others, seeing how much Your Majesty had done and spent for the cause of God. He heard me without interruption, although he writhed about a good deal with inward impatience; but when I had finished his anger leapt out, and he replied that he told me now, as he had told me before, that he would more than fulfil all he had promised, and I was not to worry him any more about the matter until positive news of the Armada was received . . . I said that I was sure Your Majesty would be grieved that His Holiness should fail you." After several such remarks, Sixtus told him to change the subject. The ambassador thought the King ought to write the Pope an autograph letter on the subject, and concluded with the pious observation that "the recent behavior of His Holiness exhibits no signs of that fervent zeal for the extirpation of heresy and the salvation of souls that is due from one in his position."<sup>2</sup>

This sort of thing went on for months. At last the blunt and angry giant who sat in the chair of St. Peter, whom he resembled in more than one respect, wrote an autograph letter to the King of Spain, as follows:

"Very Dear Son in Christ: Greetings and Apostolic Benediction: The Count of Olivares, Ambassador of Your Majesty, has proposed to me many times in your name three things: The first, that since Your Majesty desires to continue the enterprise of England, do I hold the same resolution that I held in the year 1587, of giving the aid I promised? and I replied, yes. The second, if I desired to anticipate the payment, and I replied to him, no, for Your Majesty consumes so much time in talking about your enterprises that, when the hour comes to carry them out, the time has passed and the money is spent. The third, whether, if God prospered Your Majesty in the enterprise and the kingdom were gained, I would give anything more than that which I have offered; I replied, yes, and in good quantity, for I have that with which I can do it, and I have obtained it only for this purpose. The Count of Olivares has asked me to write these lines to Your Majesty, and hence I do so with my own hand, and may God give Your Majesty all good things, and I send you the Apostolic Benediction and my own. From Rome, the day of St. James the Apostle, 1589."<sup>3</sup>

The truth, perhaps, was that Sixtus was not altogether displeased with the failure of the Armada. It would have been a fine thing to have the Catholic Faith restored to England. But to have it restored in such a way as to add to the political power and prestige of Spain, under whose embraces the Holy See was sometimes almost smothered, might not be the lesser of two



evils. It might be better to have the Church free, even if the liberty of the English Catholics had to be left to time, to the preachings and martyrdoms of the Jesuits, and to the grace of God. The tone so often to be noted in the letters of Olivares illustrates only too well the danger a Spanish victory might have inflicted upon the Church. There were thoughtful and holy men in Rome and elsewhere who conjectured that this might be the true reason why God, by a mere shifting of the wind, had taken the victory away from His own too ardent friends.

Philip had borne the blow well. The effort was great, and Cabrera notes that he was still "peevish" over the loss of so many fine ships when he went to Aranjuez to refresh himself early in 1589.<sup>4</sup> Aranjuez was not the best place for His Majesty's health, but it was full of memories of more agreeable, less gouty days. When one of his doctors asked why he insisted on going there, the King replied: "For companionship." His displeasure quickly vanished among the orange blossoms, the roses, and the jonquils. He diverted himself by driving about the ponds in a cart, hunting cranes with a musket. Men found him as serene as ever, even when his hand was stiff and there was bad news from Rome. Diplomats came and went, and studied his face in vain. It was still true, as the French ambassador once remarked to the envoy of Venice, that "The King is such that he would not move or show the slightest change of expression even if he had a cat in his breeches!"<sup>5</sup>

Notwithstanding the lofty tone of his ambassador to the Pope, a more intense devotion and a greater humility were observed in Philip when he went to San Lorenzo for Holy Week that year. On Maundy Thursday he not only carried out the pious tradition of washing the feet of twelve poor men, in imitation of Christ at the Last Supper, but kissed the feet of each poor wretch as he did so. Afterwards he waited on them all at table, and took them back to their houses, with generous gifts of clothing and money.<sup>6</sup>

After Easter His Majesty turned his keener eye and steadier hand to the multitudinous affairs of the world, both holy and secular. He was delighted when a very rich Jew, a Rabbi noted for his learning, came to San Lorenzo to realize the completion of his own religion in the Catholic revelation. He was baptized as Don Pablo. The King and the Infanta were his sponsors.<sup>7</sup>

The world insisted upon attention. There was a shortage of wheat in Catalonia. Alarming developments had occurred in France. Parma needed almost half a million a month for the expenses of his army. The Turk was stirring again. A thousand other affairs impinged. There was a letter of thanks to be sent to Peru for the contribution of 554,950 ducats the people there had sent in answer to the King's appeal; this while they were still recovering from the effects of the earthquake of July, 1586, followed by a pestilence, a famine, and uprisings of Negroes and Indians. But of all the anxieties of Philip that year, the most annoying was the trouble in Portugal. It was there that the English struck back in revenge for the Armada.

As early as November, 1588, Mendoza had written him that Elizabeth was fitting out a new fleet under Drake to invade Portugal and to conquer the country under pretext of setting up Don Antonio as king. The acuteness of the menace thus raised, not only against Philip's claim to Portugal but against the safety of Spain herself, is indicated by the terms on which the royal bastard was willing to sell his country to the English in return for the glamour of a throne. Don Antonio agreed that, as soon as Portugal was conquered, he would pay Elizabeth, within two months, 5,000,000 ducats in gold, and 300,000 ducats a year in tribute perpetually. He promised to give England trade privileges in Portugal and the Portuguese Indies. He even agreed to garrison the castles and forts with English troops, at his own expense, and to have the bishoprics reassigned to English Catholics. The Jews and secret Jews renewed their activity on his behalf.<sup>8</sup>

Spies passed back and forth on the sea and glided in and out of cities, all over Europe. Two of them—the poisoner Manuel de Andrada, known as "David," and Antonio de Escobar, known as "Sampson," were paid both by Don Antonio and by Philip II, and were so clever that, although they often met, neither one suspected the other's profession.<sup>9</sup> Doubtless they deceived both their masters at times. Other sources confirm a report David sent to San Lorenzo to the effect that the Jews of Turkey had offered Don Antonio a sum of money and had promised him that, if he would go to Constantinople, the Grand Turk would make him master of the East Indies, from which point of vantage he could draw money and goods both from the Portuguese and from the native kings, and "make war against all the world."<sup>10</sup>

An extraordinary campaign of propaganda in Portugal accompanied these grandiose schemes. There was, for example, the notorious case of the pseudomystic, *María de la Visitacion*, known as the Nun of Lisbon. Prioress of a Dominican convent there, for some months she had set a large part of the Catholic world talking about her phenomenal sanctity, which seemed to be proved by her piety, her humility, her visions and prophecies, and above all by the stigmata of the Wounds of Christ which she showed on her hands and feet and side. People said she was a saint. Preachers extolled her in sermons even at San Lorenzo, in the presence of Philip II.<sup>11</sup> One of her revelations must have been of especial interest to the prudent King, if ever it reached his ears; for the prioress declared that he would not retain possession of Portugal, since the people would rise up and compel him to withdraw in favor of the rightful king, Don Antonio.

The suspicions of some nuns were aroused. The Inquisition investigated the holy woman. It was one of the functions of that much abused institution to protect the faithful from religious fakers and swindlers. Even so genuine a mystic as St. Teresa had had to meet the most rigorous tests of painstaking and sceptical investigators. It was found that the Nun of Lisbon ate secretly, pretending to live on the Blessed Sacrament alone, and that she very cleverly manufactured the suppose "stigmata."

She confessed to the fraud, saying that friends of Don Antonio had induced her to perpetrate it with a view to stirring up the pious Portuguese to rebellion in his behalf. The Inquisition imprisoned her for life, with provision that the terms of her confinement be less rigorous as time went on.<sup>12</sup> About the same time the Inquisitors exposed a false prophet named Miguel de Piedrola, who was handsome and plausible and had deceived many people. As he apparently taught nothing contrary to Divine Revelation, they were satisfied with a public exposure, a fine, and seven months' imprisonment.

It is interesting to compare these records of the Inquisition with some of the contemporary accounts of justice in England, where the Spanish institution was held in such horror that some of the instruments of torture used by Cecil's men in the Tower of London were later shown to tourists as implements of the Holy Office. In pest-stricken London in 1591, for example, there was a false prophet named William Hackett, who "gave out that he was Jesus Christ, come to judge the World, which was soon proclaimed throughout the City of London by Edmond Coppinger and Henry Arthington, Two of his Disciples." These enthusiasts mounted an empty cart in Gutter Lane, Cheapside, and "proclaimed Mercy from Heaven to all such as should repent and believe that Christ was come, with his Fan in His Hand, to judge the Earth and to establish the Gospel in Europe, and he was to be seen, with his glorious Body, at one Walker's at Broken-wharf." The two prophets also thundered against Queen Elizabeth and her ministry. Both of them and their false Messias were arrested, and soon learned how much regard Cecil had for freedom of opinion. They were speedily executed with all the barbarity visited upon blasphemers in England.<sup>13</sup> Small wonder that wild stories were getting about concerning strange apocalyptic phenomena.<sup>14</sup>

Meanwhile, the fleet of Drake swooped down on Coruña, with Don Antonio and one of his illegitimate children (he had ten, by as many women) on the flagship. The raiders burned La Pescaderia with the adjoining houses and mills and the monastery of St. Dominic, while the Gallegos, "disarmed and softened by a long peace and therefore unfit for war,"<sup>15</sup> hastened to get such arms as they could, and ran to the defense of the city. If Coruña fell, no doubt Santiago de Compostela, with its precious shrine and relic of St. James the Apostle, would be sacked and burned by the English. A messenger, sent to the King with the news, had to run for lack of horses, and took eight days to reach the Escorial. But the people of Coruña withstood every attack, the women fighting beside the men with stones and boiling water. Don Antonio and his piratical friends sailed away on May nineteenth to range the coast of Portugal.

Fortunately, the delay at Coruña had given Cardinal Albert a chance to complete his preparations for defense. While Drake and Norris were landing their troops by moonlight several miles from Lisbon, Don Antonio went ashore, holding up a crucifix, and telling the people not to fear, for the invaders were only some friends of his who had come to recover his kingdom for him. The fortress of Peniche was surrendered to him, and garrisoned. His friends among the population now disclosed themselves; "and most of them," adds Cabrera, "were Hebrews."<sup>16</sup> Apparently the chronicler includes in this category more than 300 priests and monks who went over to Don Antonio's side. Most of the chivalry of Portugal rallied to Cardinal Albert, and his troops fought so well that the English, with heavy losses, sailed away to plunder some ships belonging to the Hanseatic towns and then to return to London.

Philip at San Lorenzo gave thanks to God. "What grieved me most," he wrote his nephew, "was to find that they were so near the body of the Apostle Santiago, and I too far away to rescue him."<sup>17</sup> The danger was over for that year. The war continued, however, for two years, until the Spanish fleet captured *The Vengeance*, in which Drake had invaded Coruña, and put *The Revenge* to flight.

One of the most startling results of the loss of the Armada was a swift and tragic series of events in France. When Philip's fleet had sailed, the situation there was wholly favorable to him, for the Guises were virtually masters of the country. But as it became apparent that the Spanish King would no longer be able to intervene, Henry III turned swiftly on the leaders of the Catholic party. Although evidently a convinced Catholic, Henry could reconcile in himself an intense spirit of devotion and mortification with the most abominable vices and an utter indifference to the real interests of the Faith.

Threatened by the Seventh Huguenot War, the French Catholics had organized in 1576 a Holy League, under Duke Henry of Guise. It became popular almost instantly, and spread throughout the country. When Alençon died and Henry of Navarre claimed to be heir of the childless Henry III, the League was able to raise its own candidate, Charles Cardinal Bourbon, to whom Philip II gave his support. The war ended with a Catholic triumph. Catherine de' Medici, in the treaty of Nemours, forbade Protestantism and banished all Calvinists who were unwilling to return to the Church within six months.

This led to the Eighth Huguenot War, called The War of the Three Henries, since the three leading figures in it were King Henry III, Henry of Navarre, and Henry of Guise. The Protestant Henry defeated the Leaguers at Coutras early in 1587, and seemed likely, with the help of 36,000 Protestants from Germany and elsewhere, to win the war. But Duke Henry of Guise, easily the best man and the best general of the three, inflicted so smashing a defeat on the Calvinists that Lamarck's Germans were almost exterminated. Lamarck himself was killed.

Henry III, who had wavered between the two parties but had rather favored the Protestants through jealousy of the Guises, was forced to remain in humiliating seclusion in the Louvre, with few troops and no money. He ordered Guise to stay out of the capital. But the people of Paris, with whom Guise was extremely popular, revived the Council of Sixteen, representing the sections of the city, and invited him to enter. Approaching with only fifteen horsemen, Henry, with the joyful



aid of the Parisians, took the Bastille and made himself master of Paris while King Henry III remained helpless in the Louvre. Guise was now virtually lord of France as well as of Paris. He promptly sent his obedience to the King and assured him that he opposed only the bad counselors of His Majesty. The King had no choice but to dissemble his rage and to make a treaty, which he confirmed with an oath in the Cathedral of Rouen, greatly favoring the Catholic cause, and giving a belated order for the execution of the reforms of the Council of Trent.

While the Armada swept majestically up the Channel, King Henry III waited in fear, though not too much in fear to send a secret message to the Turks urging them to attack Spain. The success of the Armada would have made Philip II virtually the overlord of Europe, and might have made permanent the ascendancy of his friends, the Guises. So pale and melancholy Henry dissimulated (an art in which he was scarcely less skilful than Philip II) until the news came that the Spanish fleet had been dispersed. Then he went to Blois for the meeting of the States-General, now overwhelmingly Catholic, and after an edict had been passed, excluding Protestant princes, (and therefore Henry of Navarre) from the succession, he invited the Duke of Guise to confer with him in his private chamber. As the Catholic leader entered the room, he was struck down by the swords of several men hidden there for the purpose. "This is for my sins!" cried the man who had avenged his father's murder with the assassination of Coligny and the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, as he died at the feet of the last of the decayed sons of Catherine de' Medici. His brother, Cardinal de Guise, was strangled two days later (December twenty-fourth, 1588) by the King's orders.

All France cried out in anger against the perpetrators of this foul treachery. Within two weeks the country was in revolt. The younger brother of Guise, the Duke of Mayenne, placed himself at the head of the Holy League (not being at Blois he had escaped the fate of his elder brothers). Paris established a provisional government and appointed him Regent until the next meeting of the States-General. Orleans rose in arms. Seventy doctors of the Sorbonne declared that the French people were released from their allegiance to King Henry III. Pope Sixtus V demanded satisfaction and penance for the murder of the Cardinal, and, when Henry refused, excommunicated him.

Catherine de' Medici died two weeks after the murder of the Guises. Her son, helpless without her Machiavellian counsels, threw himself into the arms of Henry of Navarre, and resolved, with the help of that other excommunicate, to take Paris. The Parisians threw up barricades and dug trenches to defend themselves. Henry made his way as far as the suburb of Saint Cloud. There the fanatic Dominican, Jacques Clemente, leaped upon him and thrust home his knife, and died himself in the scuffle that followed.

Mendoza wrote all this to Philip II, who was profoundly shocked. "God forgive him," he wrote, September seventh, 1589, "and so conduct the affairs of France as may be best for His service."<sup>18</sup>

The death of King Henry III opened up several possibilities disturbing to the Catholic King. Chief among them was the prospect of a State controlled by Protestants in the very midst of his possessions, with England exercising a strong influence. For Henry III had sent for the Prince of Navarre on his deathbed and had named him his successor. The Calvinist faction, of course, regarded this as a triumph. The Catholics, though in overwhelming majority, were by no means as united against Navarre. The League, kept alive chiefly by the support of Spain, would hear of no compromise which would sacrifice the Catholic religion, but the death of Guise had left them with no strong leader, and with no candidate for the succession but aged Cardinal de Bourbon, "King Charles X."

There were also *Les Politiques*, who had inherited the political theories of l'Hôpital. Largely through their initiative, Henry of Bearne was led to make a public promise that, if he were crowned King of France, he would become a Catholic. The Catholics of the League, convinced that any compromise about Christianity invariably led to its dissolution, refused to believe in the sincerity of the man who had previously professed their religion for political reasons and had again apostatized.

Pope Sixtus V was in an extremely embarrassing position. French Catholic nobles assured him that the only safety of France and of the Church lay in the succession of Cardinal de Bourbon; that Henry of Navarre was a liar, and would ruin the Catholic religion if he became king of France. Other French Catholics reminded him of the age and the inferior abilities of the Cardinal and assured him that Henry was not really a heretic at heart, and would become an excellent Catholic if the Pope favored his cause. Sixtus received all the ambassadors courteously and gave definite answers to none. As time went on he inclined to the view that the only way to restore peace in France, without the sacrifice of essential principles, would be the coronation of Navarre.

When Philip II heard this, he was almost speechless with indignation. The Pope had lately incurred his displeasure by threatening to have the *prematica de las cortesias* put on the Index of Forbidden Books because it included bishops, archbishops and Cardinals. This, after all, was a secondary matter. If the Pope meant to make one of Philip's enemies king of France, that was different. Philip wrote his ambassador, on January fourteenth, 1590, that he must tell the Pope and the Sacred Congregation that, no matter what offers of submission Henry of Navarre made, he must not be considered. Olivares must explain to the Pope all the evils and injustices that would follow for the Church and the Holy See. If he persisted after that, Olivares was to threaten him with a national council (the implication being that Sixtus might be deposed). It was intolerable to Philip that a man who "would have been burned a thousand times in Spain for any one of his relapses," should be considered by the Holy See as a candidate for the crown of France.<sup>19</sup>

Once more Philip was trying to impose the standards of the Spanish Inquisition, colored as they were by purely Spanish political and social considerations, upon the Universal Church. In repeating the threat which had been made against Pope Alexander VI by Ferdinand and Isabel, and by Charles V against Pope Paul III, he was once more, in effect, whether he knew it or not, setting himself up as a super-Pope. Spanish historians have explained that these threats would never have been carried out, and were meant only to frighten the Pope if possible. The danger of the position is nevertheless obvious, and sheds still further light on why the defeat of the Armada was not the worst misfortune that could have befallen the Catholic Church.<sup>20</sup>

When the Duke of Sesa, whom Philip sent to Rome to replace the ferocious Count of Olivares, read one of His Majesty's letters to the Pope and the Cardinals in a Consistory, Sixtus arose in majestic anger and strode out of the room, uttering such violent opinions of Philip II and the Spaniards that the Cardinals sat as if petrified by fear. The very walls vibrated with the mighty anger of the Pontiff. The Duke of Sesa then arose and assured them that if they trifled with his master, he would drop a brick on them;<sup>21</sup> so saying, he, too, stamped out of the room. A few days later, Sesa wrote his friend Idiáquez that in mentioning the Council, he had not imagined that things would ever come to such a pass, for the Pope had many reasons for not wishing a council to be held, and "it is not surprising that he who has a tail of straw will be afraid of the fire if he sees it beginning to burn, and that perhaps caution and fear at the start will be sufficient to remedy matters."<sup>22</sup>

Henry of Navarre meanwhile prepared to march on Paris with an army in which there were German Protestants and French and Scotch Protestants; together with many French Catholics who were willing to fight for the descendant of St. Louis on his assurance that he would later become a Catholic. The Duke of Mayenne and the League forces prepared to defend the capital, with the aid of 1800 horse from Flanders under young Count Egmont, and 400 of Parma's Walloons. The papal legate, Gaetano, urged Mayenne to fight, much to the displeasure of the Pope. Philip II poured out more treasure into his eager hands—a whole million of ducats in a single year, which, he complained, Mayenne spent like water.<sup>23</sup>

Sixtus reserved his decision. Catholics were fighting on both sides. The Pope is said to have been of the opinion that the lusty King of Navarre would win. Henry, said His Holiness, spent less time in bed than Mayenne spent at his meals. The Holy Father's opinion was shrewd. Henry of Navarre crossed the Seine at the beginning of March, 1590, and drew up his army in battle array. Mayenne accepted the gage. The two hosts clashed, and the battle of Ivry ended with the defeat of the League army and the victory of Navarre.

Philip II might have been expected to be deeply distressed over the scattering of an army which he had financed in part, and supported with so many brave diplomatic words. But Cabrera makes an odd remark: "This event did not much displease the King of Spain, as I noticed when I went to condole with him, for he understood that if Mayenne had won he intended to kill in Paris the sixteen deputies of the League and to have himself proclaimed King."<sup>24</sup> This seems to involve the King in a contradiction. But it does not follow that he had come to the state of mind attributed to him by Professor Merriman, who says that, if he could not have all of France, he considered that the next best thing would be to dismember the country.<sup>25</sup> On the contrary, Cabrera, who was particularly well informed about this part of his history, states categorically that it was a major objective of Philip's foreign policy to keep France Catholic and to keep her united. The Protestant high command had made every effort to divide the Low Countries into cantons like those of the Swiss, whose mercantile establishments could help each other out with money and with arms, striking now here, now there, and diminishing by degrees the influence of the Catholic religion. This was a deliberate and definite program, apparently, and Cabrera adds: "The importance, then, of maintaining the true Catholic Faith in France impelled Don Felipe, for the public interest and his own, to employ there the best of his forces, so that that kingdom should not remain dismembered."<sup>26</sup>

Philip and his Council were agreed upon that policy, "because success in the Low Countries depended on this." Hence in spite of any satisfaction he may have felt over the failure of Mayenne to have himself declared king, Philip was equally resolved to keep Henry of Navarre from the throne; not with a desire to divide France into two equal camps, but with the deeper motive, which he did not disclose for more than a year, of having his daughter, Isabel Clara Eugenia, declared queen, and thus keeping a united, peaceful, and Catholic France within the sphere of his own influence. It was against his interests to allow either of the contending parties to achieve an actual triumph at present. As Henry prepared to attack Paris with some 12,000 men, Philip resolved that he should not have it, and sent instructions to the Prince of Parma, in Flanders, to march with all speed to the relief of the city.

The Parisians, immediately after Ivry, were discouraged and inclined to surrender. Henry of Navarre had many friends among them who were skilful propagandists. This tendency, however, was overcome by the brave words of the Archbishop of Lyons, who reminded them that Bearn had a comparatively small army, and by the activities of Bernardino de Mendoza. "I am here serving you as best I can," wrote Philip's ambassador, "but wherever I am there is sure to be a storm, and I am running under close-reefed sails fore and aft."<sup>27</sup> During the siege of Paris, though sick, without money and almost wholly blind, this veteran of Alba's wars was the mainstay of the defense, visiting outposts, exhorting soldiers, feeding the hungry, and encouraging the people. It was largely due to his efforts that the city continued to hold out when, after two months of siege, the food supply was exhausted, and 13,000 had died of starvation.

Parma was reluctant to leave Flanders, and so informed the King. He needed money, he feared mutinies, and he was



afraid that, if he went with a large army, he might drive the French into the arms of Bearne and lose the Low Countries. He wrote all this to Philip, who promptly replied, sending money, and ordering him to march at once. "If Flanders is lost," he added curtly, "it belongs to me."<sup>28</sup> Parma set out. The people of Paris had begun negotiations in August for surrender, but the news came that the Spanish had crossed the border and had joined Mayenne at Meaux.

Henry raised the siege and advanced to meet Parma. The latter, having already accomplished his objective in relieving the siege, and having no desire to risk the lives of his men in a decisive battle if he could avoid it, had already entrenched himself in a position so strong near the banks of the Marne that Navarre did not venture to assault it. In one of the most masterly manoeuvres of his career, Parma marched his army away. By pretending to give battle with a false vanguard, and thus extricating the rest of his troops, he got two regiments across a pontoon bridge, stormed Lagny, and had both banks of the river under control. He was now able to supply Paris with food, and he took Corbeil by a skilful thrust; but he found the Catholic *politicos* conspiring against him on the one hand, and the friends of Mayenne, on the other, criticising him for not crushing his enemy in the field. Mayenne had promised his creditors payment with money of Philip II, which he expected to get from Parma. Parma replied that he had done what his King had ordered him to do, and would do no more. In November he retired in excellent order to Flanders.

There were the usual complaints by the French against foreign troops, though Parma had maintained admirable discipline. The Spanish retorted that the French were greedy, and, having taken all they could get, were disgruntled because the Spanish did not pull all their chestnuts out of the fire for them. Philip II was well satisfied. There were many indications, however, that he no longer had the high esteem for his nephew that he had formerly expressed. Perhaps he had never quite forgiven him for not joining the Armada in 1588. True, there were excellent reasons why Parma had been unable to do this. But the Armada was not entirely a rational affair with Philip. After many years of patient endurance, he had been carried on a strong tide of emotion under his calm exterior. It is possible that, in the frustration of that impulse, he unconsciously sought for someone to strike back at. The someone was Parma.

It is only fair to add that he had other grievances against his nephew which have been generally ignored by historians who have accused Philip of ingratitude to this great man and splendid soldier. Parma was accused at Madrid of allowing his Italian commissary, Gigonia, to rob the King at his pleasure, and of being extremely careless in his accounting for the vast treasures of Spain that he spent so freely; of being too lenient with the heretics of Antwerp, who, when the time came for them to leave the city or to become Catholics, used to say, with a smile, that the Duke was a reasonable man and would extend the period if they gave him some money for the King's service. Finally, as Philip's biographer admits, he was jealous of Parma. Being old and having an heir who was a mere boy, he feared that the Duke, now virtually lord of the Low Countries, with the crowns of France and England hanging in the balance, would "play three, two, and ace with the two kingdoms."<sup>29</sup> So Parma went back to complete the conquest of the Low Countries, and to meditate, in silence and in rapidly failing health, on the ingratitude of kings.

As for His Majesty, it was a long way from Brussels to Madrid, and there were many other affairs to think about. While Parma had been marching to the relief of Paris, Philip had been engaged in a final acrimonious struggle with Pope Sixtus V. It was August seventh when Sesa delivered his master's ultimatum to the Pope and the Cardinals. Sixtus became ill almost immediately afterward, and died on the twenty-seventh, to the relief of a large number of enemies. His controversy with Philip was not the only one that troubled his last days. He had been extremely hostile for some time to the Society of Jesus.

Philip II also had differences with the Jesuits at this period. The causes of those difficulties have been widely misunderstood and their extent exaggerated. When Professor Merriman holds that Philip was always opposed to the Society, at first covertly and then openly, he is clearly misinformed. Not only did the King send Jesuits to Florida, but in 1575, at the request of the nuncio Ormaneto, he employed them in various parts of Andalusia to reform other orders. This naturally did not add to the popularity of the sons of Saint Ignatius among the rival organizations. An Augustinian monk wrote a *libelo infamatorio* about them, and before long they were being furiously criticised from several quarters.<sup>30</sup> The Dominicans disagreed with them on free will, the Benedictines disliked their "individualism" and their attitude toward the liturgy. The Inquisition attacked them for taking in "New Christians" of Jewish descent.

All this would have passed without a furious storm, if revolution had not reared its unseemly head in the ranks of the Jesuits themselves. Certain members called *malcontentos*—a small minority, but very vocal and troublesome—started a movement which later proved to be a veritable plot which, if successful, would have destroyed the Society and its work. Under pretext of patriotism, fear of foreign influence and concern for the royal supremacy, some of the leaders of the conspiracy gained the ear of Philip II. Harping upon his most sensitive fear, they made him believe, for a while, that the Jesuits were a menace to what he rightly considered the cornerstone of his Empire, his own authority.

The controversy raged under Pope Sixtus V and his successors. Under Pope Clement VIII an investigation showed the true character of the great general Aquaviva, and his priests. The worst accusations against the Order were shown to be false, and harmony was restored to the ranks by the expulsion of the malcontents. There were only twenty-seven, though they made more trouble than all the rest. Twenty-five of them were discovered to be of Jewish or Moorish descent, the ringleaders being Jews. It was this experience that caused the Jesuits to exclude candidates with any Jewish ancestry, save in certain cases with

papal dispensation. Polanco, secretary to Saint Ignatius, was a splendid Jewish priest. His nephew, however, became one of the *malcontentos*. Peculiar conditions in Spain made careful distinctions necessary.<sup>31</sup>

If Sixtus had lived another month, he would probably have forced the Jesuits to change their name. "Why should we have to bow our heads every time we mention them?" he used to grumble. Aquaviva, the fourth general of the Society, turned the other cheek; when he learned that the Pope was ill, he sent orders to all the Jesuit houses to have prayers said for him. After the Pope's death, it was said that the Jesuits had said a novena for him and that his death on the ninth day was an answer to their pious wishes. Their enemies whispered that they had caused the Pope to be poisoned. This, of course, was nonsense. But the grief over the passing of this great and vigorous, if sometimes unnecessarily harsh, Pope, who in five years had rebuilt Rome, restored order in Italy, carried forward the reform of the Church, and asserted her independence even against Spain, was far from universal.

Philip II was *"muy contento"* with the death of Pope Sixtus V, declared enemy of all, who had made his hostility to the King so apparent with words and acts, that Don Felipe was compelled to avail himself of all his prudence and respect for the Holy See, not to make great demonstration against him, to make him cease his indignation against the Count of Olivares," whom Philip rewarded, by the way, with the viceroyalty of Sicily and a gift of 20,000 ducats when he sent Sesa to relieve him. "Certain it is that if, at the end of his pontificate, he had not shown himself so opposed to the affairs of the Catholic King, who was considered in Rome and in all the universe as the protector of the Catholic religion, he would not have died in such odium and with such general satisfaction." Cabrera almost seems to say here that Pope Sixtus did not have a proper respect for Pope Philip.<sup>32</sup>

There was great joy in the Spanish court over the election, as Pope Urban VII, of Castagna, Cardinal of San Marcello, who had made so many friends in Spain when, as nuncio, he had baptized the Infanta. When he took office a great scarcity of wheat occurred in Rome. Fortunately there was money, for once, in the treasury of a new Pontiff. Asked for 500,000 ducats to buy food for the poor, he replied, "Take a million; *non venimus thesaurizare, venimus pascere.*" After the stringent days of Pope Sixtus V, the prospect of dealing with a Pontiff to whom half a million ducats was only a trifle was very refreshing to the councillors at Madrid and to their master. On the day when King Philip heard of the election, he took a holiday, and went hunting rabbits with his children.<sup>33</sup> But Urban lived only a few days. He was succeeded in October by Gregory XIV, of a rich Milanese family. It remained to be seen what view the new Pope would take.

Gregory's policy was eminently satisfactory to Spain. In March, 1591, he renewed the sentence of excommunication against Henry of Navarre and contributed money to the cause of the League. He died, however, the same year, and was succeeded by another short-lived Pope, Innocent IX. The election of Innocent's successor at the beginning of 1592 was a matter of prime interest to the Catholic King, who was resolved on the election of the Cardinal of San Severino, Inquisitor General and inveterate enemy of Henry of Navarre, and gave the Duke of Sesa instructions to this effect. His Majesty also excluded from consideration all but seven of the Cardinals.

There was something grotesquely paradoxical in the situation: the chief defender of the Catholic Church, whose ancestors had expelled the Jews from Spain to keep their country Catholic, sending to Rome a haughty nobleman partly of Jewish descent, whose wife was known to have heretical opinions, if he had not—a man, moreover, credited by modern Freemasons in Spain with having established a Masonic Lodge (though this, if true, was certainly unknown to Philip II)—to dictate the choice of a successor of St. Peter.<sup>34</sup>

It was a serious moment for Philip. While he lay so ill with gout that his death was reported in London, the King of Navarre, well reinforced with English and Scotch Protestant troops, had advanced to besiege Rouen. Philip had a small army in Languedoc helping the Leaguers there and another in Brittany, which performed some remarkable feats. He saw that it would take something more to defeat Navarre. In August, 1591, he ordered Parma to return to France.

When Parma relieved Rouen, the King pressed his advantage by asking Mayenne to have the States-General convoked, to recognize the rights of his daughter to the French throne. He was in a strong position, for he was supplying the League not only with military aid but with enormous subsidies in money. He protested, not without truth, that he might have demanded the possession of French cities and forts in pledge, as Elizabeth had demanded and received them from Coligny; but he did not wish to interfere with French sovereignty, and had as his sole purpose the maintenance of the Catholic religion in that country. He did not actually insist upon the choice of Isabel Clara Eugenia. He merely suggested her as the most logical candidate, since she was granddaughter to Henry II, and there were no male heirs living.

While the Estates prepared to meet at Rheims, Alexander of Parma, grievously wounded in attacking the small town of Caudebec, was being carried in a litter back to Flanders. He died on December second, at the age of forty-six: one of the greatest captains Europe had seen in centuries, and one who "combined valor with vigilance, and daring with prudence and faith," to a remarkable degree; "and served his king so that it was the general opinion that his deserts far surpassed all the honor and reward given him, considering the greatness and liberality of the Prince whom he had served in war so many years . . . Even his enemies, the heretics, spoke of his memory with honor."<sup>35</sup>

Parma's death was a serious loss to Philip. Neither Count Mansfield, who as his temporary successor invaded France and took Noyon, nor the Portuguese Count of Fuente, whom Philip appointed to the high command afterwards, could overawe



Mayenne and the other French Catholic nobles as the magnificent Alexander had done. As soon as Mayenne learned of Parma's death, in fact, he transferred the meeting of the Estates to Paris, where he would be freer from Spanish influence.

This was bad enough, from Philip's standpoint. Something even worse had happened to him at Rome. The Holy Ghost had once more asserted His independence of Spanish political desires and interests, and had placed upon the Chair of St. Peter the last and least desirable of Philip's seven nominees, a man whom he had included only because he thought him friendly in general to the House of Austria: the Florentine cardinal, Aldobrandini, of an ancient family exiled by the Medici; a friend of St. Philip Neri, who had been his confessor. Just when the Duke of Sesa began to feel sure of the election of San Severino, Cardinal Colonna, seized with remorse, renounced the little Spanish bloc, and by his example encouraged other Cardinals to stand courageously on their convictions and to free the Church from domination by any king, however Catholic he might be. They rejected the five leading candidates of Sesa, one after another. Finally, to stop short of an open affront to Spain, they compromised on Aldobrandini, who, though a Cardinal, was not even a bishop. He was raised to the episcopacy on February second, 1592. He became Pope eight days later.

Pope Clement VIII proved to be one of the holiest Popes of the sixteenth century. His long reign (he outlived Philip by seven years) was one of the most glorious in the history of the Church. He confessed every day, fasted twice a week, wore a hair shirt, and presented a serene and humble exterior that made a memorable contrast to the titanic presence of Sixtus V. Any politician who looked for timidity under the soft speech of Clement or for any self-seeking behind his mild and steady gaze, was destined to an uncomfortable surprise.

Clement enforced rigorous reforms in the papal court, inaugurated a plan of what would now be called "Farm Relief" to rescue the peasants from excessive taxation, restricted the residence of Jewish usurers to Rome and Ancona to protect the general Christian population from them,<sup>36</sup> built the Clementine College, furnished a theme for Shelley by having Beatrice Cenci executed for the murder of her father, crushed brigands and the lawless Roman nobles as sternly as Sixtus had, and caused to be burned the apostate Dominican, Giordano Bruno, who scoffed at all religion, the Jewish as well as the Christian revelation, and taught a philosophy of paganism that would, if accepted, have destroyed society.

When the Duke of Sesa informed the new Pope, with his usual truculence, that Philip II would consider it a mortal insult if he allowed the Duke of Nevers to come to Rome in the interests of Henry of Navarre, Clement quietly silenced him, saying that he would allow Nevers to come, as an individual though not as an ambassador, and would hear what he had to say. He gave Nevers five audiences. But he was no more disposed to be a tool of Henry of Navarre than of Philip II, and for some time he refused to ratify the reconciliation effected by the French bishops.

Philip's daughter had already lost the crown of France. Though very few Catholics believed in the sincerity of Henry, nor did Pope Clement, it had become apparent to the French royalists at the Estates-General that the election of any of the candidates of Spain would cause the Huguenot wars to continue indefinitely. On the other hand, Henry was supported by the Calvinists and by the Catholic *politiques*. He was of royal descent and a Frenchman, and the most important objection of the Catholic League was to his Protestantism.

Henry, on his side, saw that if he obtained the crown as a Protestant, he would still have the League and all the most sincerely Catholic minds of France against him. He decided boldly, then, to risk offending the Protestant minority. It is not so certain that the cynical remark, "Paris is worth a Mass," does him full justice. There is another story of his being profoundly influenced by the arguments of certain Jesuits. According to this version Henry, after much thought, assembled a group of Protestant ministers and asked them if they believed a man could be saved in the Roman Catholic Church. They agreed that he could. "Why, then, have you abandoned it?" demanded Henry. "The Catholics contend that there can be no salvation in your church, but you admit that you could be saved in theirs. My common sense prompts me to take the safer side and to prefer a religion in which, according to the testimony of the whole world, I can secure eternal happiness."<sup>37</sup>

Philip sent four ambassadors to negotiate with the Estates. They were to do their utmost to have the Infanta elected Queen. If that proved impossible, the choice of Cardinal Albert, viceroy of Portugal, was to be urged, or that of Ernest, another brother of Rudolph II. Failing in this, they were to support the young Duke of Guise, or even the Cardinal of Lorraine. The great thing was to have a Catholic, and above all to exclude any Protestant in sheep's clothing, such as Henry of Navarre.

The Spanish noblemen talked valiantly, but the *politiques* cut the ground from under their feet by arranging a public recantation and reconciliation of Henry. The ceremony was staged, to the great disgust of the Spaniards, on July twenty-fifth, the feast of Santiago. Henry, magnificently dressed in white, went to the church of St. Denis, knocked on the closed door and, imploring the mercy of God, swore that he recognized but one Church, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, and wished to live and die in it, and would shield and defend it with his blood and his life, abjuring all heresies and other sorts of religion. The Archbishop of Bruges absolved him, subject to the approval of the Pope; and he went to confession and heard Mass.

There was no longer any doubt of his election, so far as the Estates-General were concerned. Philip II was not a man to take defeat easily; and he made every effort through Sesa to prevent the Pope from ratifying the absolution of St. Denis. He stressed a point that troubled Clement himself not a little: that Pope Sixtus V, in excommunicating Henry in 1585, had also declared him unfit to rule over any domain, especially in France; hence in addition to absolution, Henry now needed a rehabilitation, which implied a recognition of the power of the Pope to make and unmake kings; and this recognition Henry was

unwilling to grant. After prolonged negotiations, rendered more difficult by the attempt on Henry's life by Chatel, a formula was agreed upon. The absolution was ratified.

The Pope was not unmindful of the fact that in making Henry king he was choosing the lesser of two evils. Time would demonstrate that there had been a great deal in the arguments of Philip II. Although Henry IV promised that every Frenchman would have a fowl boiling in his pot, and temporarily restored peace to the country, in the end he made France groan under the heavy taxes he imposed to feed his costly vices, and he plunged Europe into a conflict which led to the crowning desolation of the Thirty Years' War. France remained Catholic as a whole, with toleration guaranteed the Protestants. But all of Henry's advisers—Sully, Du Plessis, Mornay, D'Aubigne—were Protestants or men of no religion, with the single exception of the Catholic Villeroy, his Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Henry did not cease to adorn his new buildings with that device of the Freemasons, Rosicrucians, and Gnostics which was part of his inheritance from Jeanne d'Albret. He "had become a Catholic in France," says Guizot, "without ceasing to be the prop of the Protestants in Europe." Nor was it only a coincidence that he allied himself with the Turks against Spain, and in 1595 entered into negotiations with the secret Jews of Spain.<sup>38</sup>

With the Edict of Nantes there came into power for the first time in the history of Christian Europe a group of men able to carry out freely the political theories of l'Hôpital and *Les Politiques*. Making its appeal to the human hunger for liberty, their doctrine contained in itself, paradoxically, the seed of the tyranny of the modern totalitarian state. Cabrera, with singular acuteness, got a glimpse of this fact. The *politiques* were willing to sacrifice the Church to political considerations, he observed, "and this malice of *les politiques* was born of their own opinion, which held religion to be an accident of the State, the latter being established first, and that the Prince has to believe only what avails for its conservation; which was evident in the advice they gave to Bearne that he ask absolution of the Pope, for his support would be valuable, but if he denied it, their having requested it would be worth as much as if they had obtained it, and in France there were bishops who would give it to him . . . All this tended toward a separation of the Church of God, whose wrath, if there was no amendment, would soon fall upon them."<sup>39</sup>

A modern Jewish writer has made similar observations. Mr. Joseph Jacobs, noticing that Spinoza derived his idea of absolute toleration (possibly through Hobbes) from Jean Bodin, the chief theorist of *Les Politiques* and one of the three half-Jews (the others were l'Hôpital and Montaigne) who dominated their thought, adds: "This regarded the State as the source of all law, and gave currency to the notion of a Compact, Omniscient Sovereign, from whose dictates there could be no appeal. Under Locke and Austin this was destined to become the foundation of Anglo-Saxon law; in itself it could be used to buttress the most complete absolutism, as by Hobbes and the French jurists; but by confining the commands of the sovereign to secular affairs, as advocated by Spinoza, it could leave an opening for complete toleration, as was shown by the English Toleration Act of 1689."<sup>40</sup>

This complete toleration, however, was only by favor of a State from which there was no appeal. The tendency is obvious, and in the long run must lead gradually from the Catholic State, in which Christianity was recognized as a divinely imposed obligation (though tolerance was granted in practice to Jews and others, provided they did not interfere with the beliefs and practice of Christians) to the modern totalitarian state which, carried to its logical conclusion, must become anti-Catholic and anti-Christian.

The principle of toleration, as invoked by the enemies of the Catholic Church, set free in the same arena two irreconcilable forces, one or the other of which must prevail. "He who is not with me is against me." The plea for tolerance of anti-Catholic ideas weakened the Church. Since the Church was the only possible court of appeal against the tyrannies of the State, the effect was to unbridle the latter and to concentrate in the hands of politicians all the power that had been delicately balanced between the two institutions in the Middle Ages. The State (unless it became Catholic) could not fail to follow up this advantage and in the end to make itself absolute by kicking away the ladder of tolerance on which it had raised its head above the Church. So it was, at least, in Western Europe. In Germany, as Bernhardt noticed,<sup>41</sup> the totalitarian view of Treitschke was derived from Luther. Out of the ferment of the sixteenth century, set in motion by the spirit of contradiction which had repeated through centuries the gibes and taunts of the Pharisees and the Sadducees, there proceeded, in two apparently divergent streams, leading according to circumstances to Communism or to Fascism, a single impulse toward some ultimate State-absolutism, which would be the antithesis in every respect of Christianity.

Undoubtedly some awareness of this potentiality saddened Pope Clement VIII as he reluctantly opened one of the two doors which confronted him. In every age the Church, like Christ between the High Priest and Caesar, was compelled to walk cautiously between two evils, and sometimes even to permit the lesser. The Church needed freedom and peace to repair the ravages of Protestantism, not only in France, but in all Europe. She needed also to be free from the domination of a Catholic monarchy more or less unconsciously subverting the cause of religion to political ends, and thus creating, or tending to create, the shell of a political Catholicism which must at last be found hollow and full of rotteness. The Church sometimes feared the blows of her enemies less than the caresses of her friends.

The great tragedy of Philip II was that he had to be so acutely aware of the dangers to the Church from the opposite camp, while he himself was often the more-to-be-feared friend within the gates. His bitterness over the apparent blindness of the court of Rome was all the greater because he was probably unconscious of the danger that lay in his own position and of the



subtle form of pride from which this temptation sprang. A great empire perhaps did not allow a man to get an objective view of his own official position. There were officials to be watched and judges to be corrected. The efficiency of Philip's domestic government was purchased at the cost of perpetual vigilance. When he found a public official growing rich or living too ostentatiously, he quietly had him investigated. When he heard that a Genoese had given a diamond worth 4,000 ducats to Garnica, his chief *contador*, he looked into the matter, and had him "visited." When another minister built a new house, the resulting investigation of his affairs cost him the King's favor and his office. It was said that none of Philip's officials dared to build, lest they be "visited."<sup>42</sup>

In spite of age and sickness, His Majesty was more and more reluctant to delegate his authority. A curious exception to this was the confidence he reposed in his confessor. Fray Diego de Chaves was now over ninety. He had refused to be made a bishop, had declined all manner of favors for himself, and rode about on a mule like any village curate. Yet he could scold the ruler of half the world, and that ruler obeyed meekly. After some riots in Madrid in the early part of 1591, he wrote His Majesty a letter, telling him frankly that he was attempting to do too much and that, if he could not attend to everything when he was well, he could do so even less when he was sick; and since it was impossible for him to attend to the administration of all his affairs himself, it was his duty to delegate authority to competent persons, of whom many were available. It was particularly important that the King should have public order and tranquillity maintained. "If not, you will be in the most dangerous position of any Catholic Christian. From my cell, March 19, 1591."<sup>43</sup> Philip concluded that the Count of Barajas was to blame, and sent Fray Diego to discharge him from the presidency of the Council of Castile.<sup>44</sup>

Then there were the affairs of Aragon: more trouble, and all because His Majesty had not had the head of Antonio Pérez cut off some years ago. After his conviction at Madrid in 1585, Pérez had escaped from his place of moderate confinement, fled to a church, and, when the king's officers tried to arrest him, raised an issue between the secular and ecclesiastical authorities of Madrid that took four years to settle. By 1589, he had persuaded young Escobedo to abandon the prosecution and to demand his liberty. Professor Merriman, following Mignet, believes that this was accomplished "by a marvelously clever series of secret missives and insinuations."<sup>45</sup> Cabrera has it that Pérez bought off his victim's son by the payment of 20,000 ducats.<sup>46</sup> Cabrera says also that when the King returned from Aragon in 1586 he was disposed to be lenient with Pérez. Mateo Vázquez, who had superseded Pérez, did all in his power to expose him and have him convicted. Yet it does not necessarily follow, as a hostile tradition has assumed, that Vázquez was wrong in the low opinion he had of his rival, and that Pérez was the victim of persecution.<sup>47</sup> Vázquez served Philip faithfully and honestly for several years, and proved to be a man of rare probity, judgment, and fairness. He was almost universally mourned and praised at the time of his death. Pérez, on the other hand, has been admitted, even by those who have defended him as a means of blackening the reputation of Philip II, to have been a thoroughgoing scoundrel.

Pérez was in a desperate position but had influential friends. In Holy Week, 1591, his wife went to see him, dressed him in woman's garments, and by means of a duplicate key, spirited him out to three friends who were waiting. One of these, Gil de Mesa, had gone back and forth to Aragon on the post road several times, so that he would be known to officials on the way. While Juana Coello was telling the guards not to wake her husband, for the torture had worn him out and he had only just fallen asleep, Pérez and his friends were on the road to Aragon. Reaching Calatayud, he took refuge in the Dominican monastery of St. Peter Martyr.<sup>48</sup> Philip was highly indignant, and sent orders to have him taken from the convent and lodged in prison. The King's letters reached Calatayud on April twenty-third. Pérez, in spite of his claim to sanctuary, was transferred to the royal jail in Zaragoza.

Pérez made an excellent defense, in which he was advised by several of the best lawyers in Europe. He claimed that he was an *hidalgo*, that he had rendered great services to the King and had already been twelve years in prison, that he had never falsified in deciphering dispatches, that he had changed those of Don Juan of Austria only with the King's consent before showing them to the Council of State, and that he had never said he had killed Escobedo, or ordered him killed at the King's command.<sup>49</sup> He asserted, however, that he could produce a letter from the King saying that the affair of the *Verdinegro* had to be cut short, and that this letter was equivalent to an order for the death of Escobedo, for so His Majesty called Escobedo. Seeing how powerful his enemies were, Pérez had wished to resign. The King, through the Princess of Eboli, had urged him to remain. Rodrigo Vázquez de Arce, he declared, was a prejudiced judge, having tortured him. Don Juan of Austria, as well as Escobedo, had asked him to alter letters before they were shown to the King.<sup>50</sup>

Philip wrote the Justicia of Aragon instructions to look well to the prosecution of Pérez, "for he swore as a knight and as king that the secretary had done him the greatest disservice a minister ever rendered to his prince."<sup>51</sup> But Pérez's faction was busy and intelligent, if small. He obtained legal advice from a noted lawyer in Naples, Miguel Zepullo. One of King Philip's councillors in Naples went all the way to Aragon, visited him in prison at night, and wrote an outline for his defense. This man, Colantino Guizarelo, made a clever appeal, in the name of liberty, against the alleged absolute power of the King.<sup>52</sup> Pérez advanced the claim that even if he had offended Philip in his person as King of Castile, he had not offended him as King of Aragon; therefore the King had no jurisdiction over him in Aragon, where he had been born; and he appealed to the ancient *fueros* of the country, limiting the King's authority.

This was a shrewd stroke, well calculated to turn public sentiment in favor of the defendant, and the friends of Pérez industriously stirred up the people in his behalf. Pérez "scattered it about in monasteries and private houses, to win over the people, that he was persecuted by Philip II for no fault at all, and gave them to understand that he was so poor that he was forced to beg alms to eat, and friars and others begged for him of their devotion from house to house, exaggerating the prisoner's necessity." Cabrera adds that Pérez made an especial appeal to the women, who pitied him, gave him gifts, and got their husbands to defend him, on the ground that the public liberty depended upon his acquittal. Finally, he pretended that he was very sick. He even deceived the doctors by tying his arm to make his pulse more rapid, and, after being bled, unnecessarily, he mixed a little ink with the blood to heighten the effect. Thus he made a powerful appeal to sympathy against the Justicia and the other judges. People were talking everywhere about poor Antonio Pérez and his wrongs and sufferings.

The King then decided to have the case transferred to the Inquisition, before whose austere tribunals the friends of Pérez would have less influence, if any. The Holy Office began investigations on its own account, with some rather startling results. A brother of Pedro de la Hera, who had died shortly after the murder of Escobedo, accused Pérez of having, through his wife, administered poison to the astrologer, pretending that it was the fifth-essence to restore him to health; whereupon he died.<sup>53</sup> Pérez had numerous astrologers, quacks, magicians and other suspicious persons among his acquaintance. The Inquisitors decided to accuse him of heresy, on the testimony of some of his former friends and servants, one of whom said that Pérez had predicted a revolution in Spain and had asserted he was going to France to live among the heretics.

They began to investigate his relatives, to find out how many of them might be of Jewish descent. Pérez in his *Relaciones* later defended himself from this charge, saying that his grandfather, a secretary of the Inquisition, had been suspended from office on marrying a woman of Segovia who was said to be Jewish. An investigation, however, had disclosed that this was false, and he had resumed his office. This was on his father's side. Of his mother and her ancestors he said nothing.<sup>54</sup> Long after his death, however, his sons obtained a verdict from the Inquisition certifying that they were of *limpia sangre*,<sup>55</sup> the Spanish equivalent for "pure Aryan." The futility of many such inquiries, and perhaps the extent to which the Jews had been assimilated in Spain, is suggested by the fact that it was widely whispered that Rodrigo Vázquez de Arce, the prosecutor of the case against Pérez, had Jewish ancestors; a charge from which the historian, Salazar, feels it necessary to exonerate him.<sup>56</sup>

With the Inquisition on his trail, Pérez now had an excellent chance of being burned alive as an unregenerate heretic. It was clear that something had to be done. His friends made their preparations. When the Holy Office sent an official on May twenty-fourth, 1591, to demand of the Justicia that Pérez and his accomplice, Mayorini, must be delivered to the chief *alguacil* of the Holy Office in three hours, a crowd of about 200 men, armed, most of them young students, many of them mere boys, suddenly appeared in the streets shouting: "Liberty, liberty! Liberty and resistance!"

According to Cabrera, this popular uprising had been organized by Don Diego de Heredia, a well known swashbuckler and bully who lived on his wife's income and kept low companions. Other chief conspirators prominent in the crowd were Don Pedro de Bolea, Don Juan de Torrellas, Dionisio Pérez, Manuel Doulope, Cristóbal Frontin, Francisco de Ayerbe, and Pedro Fuertes, who had held several meetings before the event and had collected arms. Later depositions by various witnesses agreed upon their identity, and upon the leadership of Heredia. A Dominican monk, Fray Agustin de Lebata, said in his deposition: "All has proceeded from the doings of those who know a great deal of the mutinies present and past of Flanders and of Italy, to avenge themselves in this manner for the injustice they say the king has done him (Pérez)."<sup>57</sup>

A lieutenant of the Justicia said that it was a notorious secret that the leaders of the riot were favored by the Count of Aranda and his relatives. He added that Aranda, the sworn foe of Philip's viceroy, Almenara, was a close friend of Antonio Pérez, had taken him food in prison, and had given his wife assurances of friendship. Agents of the count and the rioters had intimidated or bribed witnesses against Pérez, so that hardly anyone dared testify against him. The house of Manuel D. Lope, where meetings of the conspirators were held, was called the House of Liberty, and the leaders of the rioters—Don Diego de Heredia, Don Martin de Lanuza, Don Pedro de Bolea, Don Ivan Cascon and Manuel D. Lope himself—were known in Zaragoza as the Cavaliers of Liberty. The *pasquinades* attacking and ridiculing King Philip had been written by Pérez in prison and were distributed by these friends. Another witness, Anton de Arnon, a fellow prisoner of Pérez, said that the Count of Aranda's man of business had lent Pérez 200 ducats, that Pérez had had letters in French from Henry of Navarre, inviting him to France to get revenge there on the King, and that an Italian disguised as a monk had brought valuable presents to the accused.<sup>58</sup>

Philip II and his Council were thoroughly convinced from various eye-witness accounts that the revolution was no popular uprising in any sense, but had been skilfully engineered, like the revolutions in Flanders and the sacking of the churches in Antwerp, by some international organization. They were convinced that the Count of Aranda was the guiding spirit behind the scenes. It is not without interest in this connection to recall that a later Count of Aranda was Grand Master of the Masonic Lodges of Spain, which he changed from the York to the Grand Orient form; and as Prime Minister of Charles III he expelled the Jesuits from Spain.

The rioters evidently knew what they had to do and proceeded to do it. One section of the mob went to the prison of the Inquisition, where Pérez had been taken, and threatened to burn down the building with piles of wood they had brought with



them for the purpose. When the Inquisitors gave him up, they drove him back to the prison in a coach, crying: "Liberty, liberty!" in the streets. The other portion of the crowd broke into the house of the Marqués of Almenara, Philip's viceroy, who met them courageously and sent an order to the Inquisitors forbidding them to give up their prisoner. The mob then threw themselves upon the viceroy, stabbed him, and wounded him fatally.

King Philip was in bed one June morning, at Aceca, when the Count of Chinchon came to tell him of the murder of Almenara. There were also letters from several officials of Zaragoza, and one from the Count of Aranda, relating how unhappy he was over the riots and regretting that he had been unable to control the people. Another apologetic letter came from the Duke of Villahermosa, brother of that Count of Ribagorza who had murdered his wife and had been the mortal enemy of the Count of Chinchon.

The King, on hearing Chinchon, stroked his beard three times and said: "What! have they killed the Marqués?" He ordered his servants to dress him. While they were doing so he commenced to send out orders to various officials to have troops ready to march for Aragon.<sup>59</sup> He knew too much about the history of Aragon and the extremely sensitive love of liberty that existed there, however, to proceed hastily. Waiting for more complete information, he wrote to the officers of the various *universidades* or communities of Aragon asking their opinion as to whether he was justified in resenting what had occurred, and in sending a force to punish the rioters and restore order. The opinions were almost unanimously in his favor. The deputies of Aragon asked thirteen *letrados* whether the delivery of Pérez to the Inquisition was in violation of the *fueros* of the country, and received a unanimous answer that it was not.

The King was still averse to using force, says Cabrera, and was induced to do so only because all the members of his Council represented that it was necessary. Yet he hesitated until he learned that another small demonstration had been made on September twenty-fourth. The Inquisitors had again demanded their prisoner, but the new Justicia, Juan de Lanuza, who had just succeeded his father at the age of twenty-seven, had allowed Pérez to be delivered from the prison by men who came from the lands of the Count of Aranda. Pérez was carried in triumph to the house of his friend, Diego de Heredia. Philip's mind was made up. At the end of October he ordered Alonso de Vargas to enter Aragon with 12,000 men. Meanwhile Heredia stirred up another riot against the youthful Justicia. The Duke of Villahermosa and the Count of Aranda took to flight. As the troops prepared to march into Zaragoza, Antonio Pérez fled for the French border to take refuge at Bearn with a sister of Henry of Navarre. The Inquisition, in 1592, pronounced him a pertinacious heretic, declared his goods confiscated, and burned him in effigy.<sup>60</sup>

It may have been only coincidence that, while Philip was coming to his final decision to send the troops, there occurred a similar revolutionary disturbance at Avila, where on Monday, October twenty-first, seven *pasquinades* referring contemptuously to the King and deploring his covetousness and tyranny were posted in public places in the city. It was bad enough to have trouble in Aragon, but this was too much. He acted with prompt severity. He had the curate of St. Martin, a scholar of the town, and Don Diego Bracamonte beheaded as ringleaders. Public opinion condemned Philip very generally for this. Even the monk of the Escorial describes the curate as saintly, and Bracamonte as a very honorable knight, well beloved. Bracamonte was a grandson of Mosén Rubí de Bracamonte.

Cabrera, whom the King sent to Avila to investigate, had the courage to criticise him to his face. "I told him the general grief, and the wonder that His Majesty had made greater show of anger there than with other cities where there were also posters. He replied, 'Now you know, and they know, that what people are taught to say they will do, and that one does not have to wait until they proceed from speech to action.' I replied that I was surprised that he felt so about a city that had given so many and such valorous captains and victories and lustres to his crown; and he said, 'It is true. But was it not there they deposed the King Don Enrique and favored the tyrant Juan de Padilla?' I begged him to notice that Avila was the stage where those tragedies were represented, but the performers were outsiders." In conclusion the historian reminded His Majesty of the old saying "*De Avila los leales*," but apparently without much effect.<sup>61</sup>

Another execution which put a severe strain upon the waning popularity of the King was that of the young Justicia of Aragon, Juan de Lanuza.

This man, the fifth of his family to hold his exalted position, was only twenty-six years old when he found himself confronted on the one hand by the army of Vargas, and on the other by the small minority of the faction of Antonio Pérez, who demanded that he join them in resisting the King by force. It is generally agreed that Lanuza had no intention of doing so; he did desire, if possible, to conciliate the factious elements and to avoid bloodshed. In his inexperience, he took certain steps which were bound to compromise him with the royal council in Madrid. He was virtually forced by the rebels to write letters to various cities of Valencia and Catalonia, seeking their aid, and to insist that the Count of Aranda and the Duke of Villahermosa attend a Junta of the revolutionaries. To pacify the rebels he marched with them from Zaragoza to attend a muster and review of their troops. They had only 1500 men, including many laborers and hidalgos of the lesser nobility, and no officers; and only a few arms, forcibly seized in Zaragoza. Aranda and Villahermosa, whatever their connection with the riot of May twenty-fourth, were badly frightened, and wrote frantic letters to the King, to which they got no replies.<sup>62</sup> Threatened with death for not joining the rebels, they fled for their lives to a monastery of St. Jerome.

At the last moment the King sent the Marqués of Lombay to the deputies of Aragon saying that he wished to be merciful

and to be a true father to his vassals, especially in that kingdom, but that he had to maintain justice, and the disturbances had been so flagrant that he had no choice but to send the army. He realized that only a few were guilty and that they had stirred up others by scattering falsehood. The guilty would be punished, but the loyal need have no fear. The deputies thanked the King, acknowledged the benefits of the quiet, peace and justice he had maintained for so many years, and begged him to punish only the guilty.

Philip was now in a strong position and ready to let the weight of his authority be felt. If he had any last hesitations, they were banished by the news that Antonio Pérez in Pau was conspiring with Catherine de Bourbon to have French Protestant troops enter Aragon, and was corresponding with leaders of the Moriscos of Aragon, urging them to invite the Moriscos of Valencia and Castile to join them in an insurrection. Pérez assured them that he was going to England to get further aid from Queen Elizabeth. Only the prompt action of one of Philip's subjects, Don Pedro de Navarro, who rode about ordering the Moriscos to remain in their houses, kept them from taking arms and uniting with the friends of Pérez. So at least reports Cabrera. The Aragonese Dr. Argensola disputes him. But Pérez was under the protection of the sister of Henry of Navarre, and he did go afterwards to ask and receive help from Queen Elizabeth.<sup>63</sup>

At any rate, Vargas had occupied Zaragoza and the rebels were in flight. On the morning of December nineteenth, as the young Justicia left his court at eleven o'clock to hear Mass as usual in the Church of St. John, he was arrested in the King's name. In spite of his protest that as high judge of Aragon he could be deprived of liberty only by His Majesty and the Cortes, he was taken to the quarters of Vargas outside the city and informed summarily, without a trial or any charges, that he was sentenced to die the next day. He calmly replied that since there were no accusations, he would die for his sins; since God had so ordained and the King had commanded it, he would humble himself without asking other causes and would offer his death to God.

Next morning, after receiving the Sacraments, he was taken in a coach to the public square of Zaragoza. Vargas had placed troops at the entrance of every street and had artillery aimed at the principal houses so that no one dared stir forth. The *Mercado* was almost deserted save for troops and officials, blanketed with the silence of grief and despair. Young Lanuza mounted a scaffold set up under the windows of his own house. He was then informed that he had been condemned to have his head cut off for taking arms against his King and natural lord, and stirring up mutiny in the city under the pretext of liberty, and that his goods also would be confiscated. At the word "traitor" he said: "That, no; badly advised, yes."

Philip allowed him to be buried with all the honors due his position, and sent orders to countermand the destruction of his house. There were several other executions. Ten of the rebels were hanged in Teruel. Some of the insurgents fled to the mountains of Ribagorza, but were attacked by the peasants there and went to join Pérez at Pau. Diego de Heredia and his accomplices, Bolea and Lope, made raids on several border towns, as Antonio Pérez had suggested. They robbed, destroyed, and "profaned sacred things" so that "it was said all the French heretics were in Spain." But the people of the mountain towns were loyal to the King and drove them off. Somewhat later Heredia was caught, and his head displayed on an iron spike over the bridge at Zaragoza.<sup>64</sup> Aranda and Villahermosa were imprisoned in Castile, where both died soon after.

It was now in Philip's power to abolish the Constitution of Aragon (as Philip V finally did in 1707) and make the union of Spain complete and indissoluble. But he had promised to respect the *fueros*, and he refused to break his royal word. He determined instead to assemble the Cortes there in May, 1592, and to go in person to thank his people for their loyalty and to remove any lingering resentments. While he was making preparations for his journey, he became ill, and had to take to his bed. At sixty-five he was a very old man, and worry over the troubles in Aragon had pulled him down. His physician urged him to give up the trip, saying that it might well cost his life. Philip replied:

"If I die, it will be in the office in which God placed me, to rule His people in peace and justice in Aragon as well as in Castile."

He set his affairs in order and departed from San Lorenzo, accompanied by the Prince and the Infanta, on May thirtieth. He was still far from well. The royal coach rumbled on to Valsain, and thence on June seventh to Segovia, where the people gave him a joyful welcome with fireworks and fiestas. On June twenty-seventh he ascended one of the stark hills of Old Castile, to see lying before him the sunlit city of his birth. Clergy and nobles and officials of the university and of the Inquisition came forth to receive him. He passed through streets hung with beautiful tapestries, to the sound of trumpets and the voices of minstrels, and saw looking down from balconies the faces of lovely women; they were smiling, as when he returned from England, blond and handsome, in 1559, but now they smiled with a very different expression, awe and curiosity, and the pity of young girls for an old man. Valladolid fairly outdid itself in claiming and welcoming His Majesty. On the last night of June there was a great demonstration, with ten triumphal chariots and a ship blazing with fireworks. A great pyramid of torches and candles lighted the Plaza. Afterwards there was a bull-fight, and *juego de cañas*. During the feasts the King became crippled with a sharp attack of the gout, and was unable to leave for several weeks.<sup>65</sup>

Meanwhile the Cortes was in session in Aragon. Couriers galloped back and forth to Valladolid. When Philip reached Burgos, September was half spent. He waited nine days there, while the Infanta made a novena before the Holy Crucifix, in fulfilment of a promise of the previous year, when her father was critically ill. He set forth again on the last day of September. Stopping at a Jeronymite monastery in a damp and unhealthy situation by the Ebro, he was again overtaken by gout, and was



thought to be dying. Thus another month passed, but he grew stronger. On St. Martin's Day he reached Logrono, and thence passed to Tarazona, where the Cortes was waiting.

He was touched by the fine spirit of loyalty and conciliation he found among the Aragonese. The delegates agreed to several new *fueros*, one of which permitted His Majesty to name a foreign viceroy until another Cortes could meet. They voted a grant of 600,000 ducats, payable in three years, the largest sum Philip had ever got from Aragon. On December fourth he proclaimed a general pardon. Next day, greatly improved in health, he took his departure.

As he joggled over the eastern mountains on the way back to his beloved San Lorenzo, he was well pleased. Things had gone better than he had expected. But, in spite of the remission of his gout pains, it was a very tired man who looked from under heavy and reddened eyelids at the vanishing fields of Aragon, and at the peasants in gay costumes who stood respectfully along the road. Philip had had his fill of the world. He had found the year 1592 trying, and very depressing. Many of his old friends had died in the epidemics. In northern Spain the crops had failed. There might have been starvation in parts of Spain if wheat had not been sent from Ireland. Edmund Palmer warned aged Cecil of this from St. Jean de Luz. Wheat and other grains were "extremely dear, but the coming home of the treasure doth make them partly to forget the misery and dearth. But the poor do pay for all, a just plague of God for their sins. If you do not give order in time for the Lord Deputy of Ireland, the Irishmen will all together feed Spain with grain."

Thus the struggle continued between two gouty old men at either end of Europe. The world toiled and groaned, and feared the future. There were stories of miracles, of the darkening of the sun, of strange snakes and animals.<sup>66</sup>

For King Philip, at any rate, there had been more than one intimation that year of a darkness waiting to receive him almost around every corner, almost at any dawn. One day during his visit in Aragon he sent his personal attendant, Juan Ruiz, to seek a little box among his effects, and to see whether or not there was a wooden crucifix in it. Ruiz fetched the box. The King opened it, disclosing a small crucifix and some candles from the shrine of Our Lady of Monserrate. There were also two disciplines, or penitential whips. Ruiz remarked that one of them seemed to have been much used. The King replied that it was not he who had used it, but his father, the Emperor; in fact, they had both belonged to the Emperor. He changed the subject, telling Ruiz that it was the crucifix and the candles he wanted him particularly to notice; and the box must be placed where they could be got and brought to him if ever he should ask for them. The candles were blessed tapers to be burned by the bedside of the dying. The crucifix was the one Charles V had fixed his dying eyes upon, and it had belonged previously to the Empress, Philip's mother.<sup>67</sup>



## Death at Its Most Terrible [1598]

**H**E LOOKED like a dying man when he entered Madrid on the last day of 1592. The people who filled the streets to see him pass in his open coach were shocked to see how old and feeble he was. Every one was saying that His Majesty's journey to Aragon had all but finished him. The physicians, greatly disturbed, warned him that if he wished to live longer he must curtail his activities and adopt a new regimen of diet, rising and retiring, and work. This he did; but he was under no illusion that many years remained. After the death of his confessor, Fray Diego de Chaves, he began to prepare more earnestly for his own leave-taking.<sup>1</sup>

With characteristic deliberation he began to set his affairs in order. He recalled Cardinal Albert, one of the few men he could trust, from Portugal, and set him up as a check upon the grandees and the royal Council, to prevent their having too much influence with young Philip during his minority. The young Cardinal was to confer daily with the Prince, attend Council meetings, and discuss affairs with both the King and his heir every Friday, when His Majesty was in Madrid.<sup>2</sup>

Philip carefully reorganized his government in 1593, choosing from among the whole Council of State an inner or super-council of three men, found after years of close observation to be devoted and trustworthy: Moura, Chinchon and Idiáquez. These, with Cardinal Albert to receive ambassadors and nuncios and to watch over the affairs of the Prince generally, were to guide him if his father died.

Philip arranged the duties of all three, in a characteristic instruction, even to the hours when they should meet: in winter from two to five in the afternoon, in summer from three to six, in the Prince's apartment. The ordinary dispatches that went to Madrid were to be dealt with on Mondays and Tuesdays, unless some emergency intervened, and those of greater urgency on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Even on feast days the Council must meet and do business, if it was pressing; everything must be disposed of promptly. The Prince must preside at each meeting, but decisions must be reached by majority vote, the oldest members expressing their opinions first. These must be stated briefly; no long speeches.

His Majesty was to be informed of all that took place, and of the conclusions reached, "so that I can do or have done what is decided upon, and my will being known, the decision carried out and the papers made out and sent to me to sign . . . The members of the *Junta* must wholly rid themselves in all affairs of passion and affection and of private interest or aims, looking only to the service of God and the good of my affairs and those of these realms and the others beyond, which are all one; and keep inviolable the necessary secrecy, corresponding to the confidence imposed in them." Although he felt sure that each one of them intended to do always what was right and just, he felt he ought to keep in force his old rule, requiring any member to absent himself from the discussion of any business concerning one of his own relatives within the third degree. Philip ended the letter with another reference to the need of care and punctuality.<sup>3</sup>

Prince Philip, for whose sake all these precautions were taken, was then fifteen. He was rather plump, with reddish brown hair, very fair skin, and thick lips somewhat too red, the lower one quite prominent, the upper one faintly shadowed with hairs which in the course of time would become the long silky moustache of his portrait by González. The upper part of his face resembled his father's, though the blue eyes were darker and less penetrating; the lower part was far more gross, with a weaker mouth, amiable enough but lacking determination. He was a model of duty and obedience, an agreeable, well-meaning, average sort of person. As Philip looked at this less vital replica of himself, he must have wondered how all the Spains and their people would fare under his management. Even in half-armor, with gold and silver trunks about his loins and the insignia of the Golden Fleece about his ruffed neck, young Philip conveyed none of that sense of majesty with which his father in a plain black suit could awe people. At the time of his accession Soranzo wrote the Doge that he was peacefully disposed, and that if he fought at all, would contend only with the Turks; however, no one knew his views. He was not large,



but well-formed, with pink and white complexion, the Austrian lower lip, coloring more German than Spanish; graceful in action, with exquisite manners, grave, affable, temperate, beloved by those who served him; not given to youthful pleasures, to luxury, or to anything of bad repute; fond of music, weapons, horsemanship and hunting.<sup>4</sup>

John Cecil, the English seminarian at Valladolid, wrote of the Prince in more flattering vein to Idiáquez: "I was delighted the other day to see the Prince, and I could hardly take my eyes off him, as I had so often heard heretics talk of his infirmity and imbecility, and the impossibility of his living many years. They found their hopes of the disruption of Spain on the King's death and the Prince's supposed incapacity, and this is the great theme of their books and sermons. Knowing this, my joy was great to see with my own eyes how mistaken theseimps of Satan were, the Prince being so healthy, clever and handsome. I wish a good portrait of him could be made and sold everywhere, so as to upset these heretic delusions."<sup>5</sup> Doubtless insincere and exaggerated, this tribute of a spy, but probably true in substance.

The Prince was not the ideal heir, but he was the only one at hand. He was a great improvement on Don Carlos. Philip treated him affectionately, as he treated all his children, and strove to make up for any inadequacies of nature by training and counsel. At least he had the comforting assurance that his successor would be a good Christian and a just man, and humble enough to take advice. The people liked him. They showed their joy when he rode through the streets of Madrid, for the first time without his father, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1593. A year or more later, during one of the King's illnesses, he was allowed to hold his first audiences. By degrees he was being carefully prepared for the throne of Philip the Prudent.

A vast and complicated machine was soon to pass into the hands of this pink and white boy. Spain, of course, was the most important part of it, the pulse of the Empire and its reason for being. Philip could see no evidence that after all his wars, and the incredible energies of colonization which for a century had scattered his people over the globe and left some of his cities half-depopulated, the country was not as flourishing as when he had received it from Charles; more so, perhaps. Its natural resources were inexhaustible, the people lived chiefly by agriculture and handicrafts, there was nearly always enough to eat and wear. Justice was so impartially enforced that one could walk anywhere unarmed, or leave one's door unlocked at night, in most communities. Thanks to Philip and the Inquisition, there had been peace for nearly half a century, with no interruptions more important than the incidents at Zaragoza and Ávila and the Morisco rebellion. The people were temperate and frugal, and required little. They were always laughing and dancing. Anywhere in Spain one could hear voices singing, the strumming of instruments, the chiming of silver bells across fields of saffron or of wheat. Great nobles wasted the gold of the Indies and went into debt, but no one seemed to mind. What was money for but to be spent? The Spanish understood the secret of contentment.

The only weak parts of the political structure of the Peninsula, when Philip returned to San Lorenzo in 1593, were at the eastern and western extremities. Aragon still troubled him not a little. The army had been there all winter, at a cost of 150,000 ducats a month.<sup>6</sup> People were beginning to complain. When Philip gave orders for its withdrawal, he sent 30,000 ducats to Zaragoza for widows' alms, orphan girls' dowries and other charities, in thanksgiving for the successful ending of the troubles. He then ordered all the Moriscos to leave Valencia and other sections, and to depart from Spain. He was assured by the Dominican, Fray Luis Beltran, and by Don Juan de Rivera, Patriarch of Valencia, that although many years had passed since the professed conversion of the descendants of Moorish invaders, they still lived as infidels and apostates, committed many crimes, and gave much scandal to Christians; and at the slightest provocation, declared themselves Moors and Mohammedans.<sup>7</sup>

There seems no doubt that Philip feared sooner or later a repetition on the east coast of the experience of Granada in 1569, and was resolved to prevent it while he had power to do so. Cabrera praised him highly for this. The Aragonese Doctor Argensola, who was appointed by Philip III to censor and revise Cabrera's manuscript (with the result that the angry historian left half of it unpublished, and so it remained for more than two centuries) sharply disagreed; he criticized Philip II for the expulsion, on the ground that the Moriscos were peaceful and decent folk, who could not be blamed, since no catechism had ever been provided for them. If this is true, it points to a long and inexcusable neglect of duty by the clergy of Aragon and Valencia. Philip, however, thought himself justified. He closed the chapter by reviewing the troops of Vargas when they arrived at San Lorenzo, and giving audience, the same day, to a Catalan giant nine feet tall and well-proportioned, wearing shoes twenty-five inches long.<sup>8</sup>

Portugal, after thirteen years of the wise and prudent government of Cardinal Albert under his uncle's direction, had become an integral part of the Castilian empire. Most of the Portuguese accepted Philip's claim that he was the lawful heir and not a conquerer, and were well satisfied with the fairness and efficiency of his administration. Otherwise he could hardly have maintained his position with only a handful of troops here and there, little more than a police force. The union of the two countries had made Spain virtually impregnable, and her sea power, in spite of the loss of the Armada, secure for decades.

Philip, with greater resources of money and materials, and the use of the western ports, built several great fleets. He made only one more attempt to invade England, save for a raid on the Cornish coast in 1595; but he protected the treasure fleets so successfully that the Protestant corsairs were never again able to do them much harm. Don Antonio, however, kept his cousin in Madrid anxious by continual intrigue in London, Paris and Constantinople; he conspired with Doctor Lopez until that double spy quarreled with him and decided to get rid of him; he conspired with Antonio Pérez; he conspired with Henry of

Navarre. He kept alive an obscure but irritating opposition to Philip in Portugal, and even in Spain.

There was the case, for example, of Fray Miguel de los Santos. This Augustinian monk had once been the court preacher of Don Sebastian, and afterwards the confessor of Don Antonio. Learned and impressive, he had been a provincial of his order in Portugal. He was so much a partisan of Don Antonio that King Philip, after the pretender's flight, had him brought to Castile, for safe-keeping at Salamanca. Later the King relented, at the instance of certain great lords, and allowed him to become vicar of a convent of Augustinian nuns at Madrigal. There, for eleven years, Fray Miguel remained in communication with Don Antonio so quietly that his activities attracted no attention at Madrid. Finally, he conceived of a plot so fantastic that men said, after it became known, that he was mad.

Carefully spreading reports that Don Sebastian was still living, incognito, Fray Miguel found a man of low degree, one Espinosa, who bore a certain resemblance to the dead King, even to his peculiar walk, his pallid eyebrows and his red hair. This man had been a soldier in Portugal; he had a fine carriage and a certain air of command. After a little coaching, he was able to impersonate Don Sebastian. One of the young nuns in the convent at Madrigal was Doña Ana of Austria, forgotten daughter of Don Juan of Austria; innocent, pious, sincere, generous, idealistic. When Don Miguel, with his gray hairs and venerable manner, showed her a painting of Espinosa and assured her it was Don Sebastian, one of the heroes of her childhood, she readily believed him. Fray Miguel was a very holy man, by his own admission; he prayed day and night, took three disciplines a week, and performed incredible good works of fasting and almsgiving. And always, when he came to the Memento of the Mass, "it was represented in his soul that the King was alive," for he saw him kneeling in armor before a great crucifix, with a small gilded staff and a green standard, near an image of Our Lady. Poor Doña Ana was completely taken in.

The plan was to send Espinosa to France, while Fray Miguel sent word to Portuguese nobles that Don Sebastian was living and would soon return. "Antonio Pérez would help with the King of France and the nobility, and have him proclaimed," says Cabrera. Then Doña Ana of Austria would be released from the convent and married to "Don Sebastian" (with the necessary dispensations, of course). The effect of this royal romance upon public opinion would be irresistible. Philip II could have no choice but to withdraw immediately from Portugal. The false Sebastian would be killed, Don Antonio proclaimed king in his stead. This part of the scheme was not confided to Doña Ana. She turned over her jewels to pay the expenses of the great restoration.

Don Antonio went in disguise as a Portuguese noble to Madrigal, adds Cabrera. Several Portuguese noblemen made pilgrimages there to see "Don Sebastian," and went away convinced. Espinosa started for France with letters for Antonio Pérez. He had got as far as Valladolid, when his good horsemanship called attention to him, and a companion who caught a glimpse of one of Doña Ana's jewels took him for a thief and denounced him. Letters addressed to "Your Majesty" were found upon him. This was treason, and the impostor was speedily executed. Fray Miguel was taken to Madrid and unfrocked, and then publicly hanged.<sup>9</sup> He was an eloquent argument for the Spanish Inquisition. It was to catch just such little foxes in the vines that Ferdinand and Isabel had established the Holy Office.

Another thing was certain: there never could be a religious war in Spain as long as the Inquisition lasted. Other countries would groan presently under the long torment of the Thirty Years' War. Catholics would feel the scourge of that child of liberal ideas—everybody, in fact, but the authors of liberalism. "It may be assumed that the Jews did not lose very much by the devastating war," says Graetz cheerfully. "While the Christian population was thoroughly impoverished, and had to be content with want . . . the Jews had saved something. The booty of many cities went through their hands, and even if they were exorbitantly taxed, and forced to pay heavy sums, they still derived some gain . . ."<sup>10</sup> Spain also escaped that desolation. It would take a French Revolution and a Napoleon to break down the barrier raised by Ferdinand and Isabel, and to set the enemies of Christendom free to begin, by gradual steps, to prepare for 1931 and 1936.

If all Catholics had been as determined as Philip II on the reform of Catholic life and the vigorous defense of the Catholic culture against its enemies, the gradual but noticeable encirclement and isolation of the Church in the modern world might have been prevented, or indefinitely postponed. This King, whatever his mistakes and shortcomings may have been, probably saved Europe from being almost completely overwhelmed by Protestantism. Small wonder that Protestants, Jews and other adversaries of the Catholic Church have made him the scapegoat of the sixteenth century, enlarging his faults and accusing him of others foreign to his nature. It was he, more perhaps than any other individual of his time, who defeated their monstrous plot, and postponed the decisive conflict for centuries.

Against the spirit that dissolves Christ, of which spirit Protestantism was a manifestation and a portent, this peaceful and affectionate man had pitted all his resources, his health, his ease, his convenience, all the powers of mind and body, all the force of a singularly constant will, the whole might and wealth, blood and treasure, of the Spanish Empire. Whatever his personal sins, whatever his differences with Popes and prelates, one thing was certain: wherever the conflict raged between the Church of Christ and its enemies, whether on land or sea, or in council chambers and parliaments, or in the teaching and propagation of doctrine by the example or sacrifice of priests, the influence of Philip II was to be found on the side of the Church. His enemies were almost invariably enemies of the Catholic name. His defenders will seldom be found among those who do not accept Christ's teachings literally.

He was not the author of this international conflict. It was already well defined in all parts of Europe when Philip, at



twenty-nine, became King of Spain. Germany seemed likely to become wholly Protestant in a short while. In France, the danger was less evident, but just as real. England had been betrayed and restored, and would soon be lost again. Although the people of England were more Catholic-minded than those of Germany or France, their hierarchy and worship had been disturbed and unsettled, and the enormous weight of the church and monastic wealth had been thrown into the balance against the Church. The outpost from which Philip must contend with all this was the Netherlands; there the preliminary conspiracy was already formed and at work when he returned to Spain.

Under such circumstances a selfish and purely nationalistic policy might have caused a man to throw the Netherlands to the dogs, since they were a constant expense and no profit, and to let the rest of Europe go its own way, while Spain enjoyed the spoils of the New World in splendid isolation. This would have been an easy and a human course. All northern Europe might then have become a solid Protestant block in a few years, and the Catholic Church restricted to Italy, Spain, and Spanish America. But after Spain had wallowed in a long degenerate peace, dominating a weakened Papacy, all her enemies could have united against her to essay her destruction, the Protestants on the north and their spiritual brothers the Mohammedans on the south and east. Rather than leave this problem to his successors and spend his own life in pleasure, like a King Louis XV or a Pope Leo X, Philip II deliberately chose days and nights of anxiety and toil, a sort of slow crucifixion on his desk in the Escorial.

Consider Europe, and the impress this one man's will left upon it:

It was largely his doing that Germany remained half-Catholic. His sister the Empress and some of her children, influenced by Philip's diplomacy, restrained the left-wing tendencies of Maximilian II and kept him, at least outwardly, on the Catholic side. If Maximilian's son Rudolph II was now a nominal Catholic, it was partly because Philip had had the foresight to have him brought up under priests of unquestionable orthodoxy in Spain.

Rudolph looked more like an animal every year, with his paunch and his sensual mouth and his heavy, disillusioned eyes. He was more and more under the power of valets, Rosicrucians and Freemasons, astrologers and Jews. He was like the recumbent woman on one of the judaical vases his pseudo-mystical mania had led him to purchase as part of the paraphernalia of his quacks—a woman who seems to be caressing the serpent that embraces her. It might almost be said that from being surrounded by so many phallic emblems, he was beginning to exude an atmosphere of occultism and Gnosticism. But his divided mind could never bring itself to despise the teachings and the lives of the Jesuits who had been his teachers in Spain. He remained a Catholic of sorts until he went raving mad. He gave the Company much freer scope in the Empire than his occult and Protestant friends would have desired. A number of saintly and learned Jesuits, of whom Saint Peter Canisius was the chief, restored the vigor of Catholic teaching to all of South Germany, and reclaimed many districts that had gone over almost entirely to Protestantism. For this triumph some credit belonged to Philip II. In addition to his influence upon Rudolph, such as it was, and his encouragement of the Jesuits, his armies in the Netherlands defeated large forces of German Protestants who might otherwise have suppressed the Catholic resurgence in Germany. And if Poland remains to this day a strong Catholic outpost in Eastern Europe, it is because the Jesuits reclaimed it, using the Catholic resurgence of Germany as a base.

France, likewise, could hardly have remained Catholic but for the determination of Philip II. For more than thirty years he had been pouring Spanish gold and Spanish blood into that unhappy country, with a generosity unparalleled in history. It is worth noting that, when he was the only support of the Catholics and had them at his mercy time after time while he defeated their enemies, he never demanded a single city in pledge or retained a foot of the territory he occupied. Paris was his, and Mayenne his pensioner. Another man would have made himself master of France. The situation was far different from the one after his victory at Saint-Quentin. He had now to deal with a country exhausted by a quarter of a century of wars, and ready to submit to any strong man. But Philip asked nothing except what might be given legally by the consent of the Estates to his daughter's claim to the succession. When this was refused, he withdrew, much poorer for all his services, and with more blame than gratitude from those he had helped. The whole history of his dealing with France supports his own claim that he had sought nothing but to keep the country from falling into the hands of the enemies of Christ. In this he brilliantly succeeded.

The easily assumed Catholicism of King Henry IV did not prevent him from making war on Spain at the beginning of 1595, in support of the rebellion which Maurice, son of William of Orange, had organized in Holland. Nor did the Most Christian King, like his more fervent predecessors, scruple to urge the secret Jews of Spain to start a revolution there, and the Grand Turk to send a fleet to butcher the Christians. This prolonged the struggle almost to the death of Philip; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his troops had taken Calais in April, 1596, and shortly afterward Ardes, Guisnes, Le Catelet and Ham. Henry sent a frantic appeal to Queen Elizabeth, who agreed to send him 2,000 men and lend him 20,000 on condition that he promise not to make peace with Spain without her consent. So the war dragged on until a second division of France seemed likely.

Pope Clement VIII intervened to make peace between the two Catholic countries. It was largely due to the Pope's tact and skill, as well as to Philip's desire to end a war that had not been of his choosing, that the Treaty of Vervins was signed in 1598, in spite of Cecil's efforts to prevent it, and proclaimed when the Prudent King was on his death bed. Philip, with Calais in his hands, and an unbeaten army in the field, gave up his gains rather than prolong the dismemberment of France. He kept his promises afterwards, while Henry of Navarre shamelessly broke his pledge not to support Maurice and the other rebels against

Philip in the Low Countries. Yet France, despite the perpetual Edict of Nantes, remained ostensibly Catholic, and truly so in the hearts of most of her people. This was a consolation to Philip II in his last moments. His magnanimity and Christian charity make a contrast with the duplicity of Henry and with the cold calculating malice of the Cecils which only the blindest sectarian or local prejudice has been willing to deny.

There was this much selfishness in Philip's attitude toward his northern neighbor: a united Catholic France was necessary for the security of his position in the Low Countries. Yet looking back over the thirty years of his struggle, it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of his assertion, often repeated, that what he sought there was not his own interest, but God's. If the meagre taxes collected by Alba in his desperation had been sent to Spain to fatten bureaucrats; if the people had been bled white by absentee landlords, as the Irish were by England; if the industries of the country had enriched the capitalists of Castile, as those of more modern dependencies do their imperialistic masters; if the Estates had furnished man-power for military use, as the Roman provinces did, there might be some truth in the anti-Catholic and anti-Spanish legend.

On the contrary, all these years the Netherlands had been a costly white elephant to Philip. The taxes of Alba were not sufficient to pay the cost of his army and government. The profits of trade went to the "Portuguese" and "Italian" merchants who were very likely to be secret Jews. Millions of ducats of treasure, some from the Indies, much more borrowed at usury which added to the tax-burden of the people of Spain, were poured into the unproductive abyss of war. Thousands of the best young men of Spain left their corpses on battlefields or in pest-houses. There was no profit of any material sort in the Low Countries for Spain, no military, economic or political advantage worth the prohibitive cost. Here is something that runs counter to Adam Smith, to the economic interpretation of history, and to the profound selfishness of human nature. How explain a whole nation that not only puts up with it for generations, but on the whole approves and defends it? The enemy of the Spaniards, forced to give up the theory that they were ambitious and greedy, calls them stupid: they knew nothing of economics, they were fools.

Well, this is nearer to the truth, if "fool" be taken in the sense in which Saint Paul describes a Christian as one who dares to be a fool for the sake of Christ—a laughing-stock to the world. Philip II and the best Spaniards of his time had their faults. But they loved Christ. In their blundering human way they strove to imitate the sublime folly of the Beatitudes and of the Crucifixion. It was literally true—and this is the key, the beginning and the end of any understanding of the character of this King—that Philip II so clearly perceived that Christ in this world dwelt in the one holy and apostolic Catholic Church of Rome, and nowhere else, and that the salvation of men depended literally, as He had plainly said, upon their acceptance of this fact, that he was willing to attest his sincerity by staking on it treasures, kingdoms, peace of mind and health of body—life itself, one had almost said, if one could be certain that there was not so much inertia as wisdom in his failure to go to the Netherlands when his presence might have accomplished so much.

This was what he meant when he said that he would rather not rule at all than rule over heretics. It was his own way of repeating what Christ had said: *"What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"* The history of Spain, century after century, exemplifies this magnificent Christian generosity. It is the central and significant part of the life of Philip II. For this reason the true Spaniards of his own and later times saw in him the typical Spaniard, forgave him his faults, and took his virtues to their hearts.

It fell to Philip's lot to hold the Low Countries when circumstances made them the storm center of the world, the focal point, the critical sector of the battle-line of the armies of Christ and the Antichrist. Whatever the apparent temporary causes, most modern conflicts have been camouflaged skirmishes of this essential struggle. There is no other important issue in the world. It was a crushing weight to rest upon the spare shoulders of one limited and sickly man, with no genius, and little enough vital energy.

He bore it uncomplainingly, and on the whole triumphantly. It is true that he lost the northern provinces when Maurice of Orange succeeded in realizing his father's ambition of an independent Holland. But the southern and more important part remained Catholic, and Philip drew across their farther boundaries the northern European wall (save for Ireland) of the City of God. His forlorn hope in Flanders encouraged the Catholics of France, Germany and Poland to hold out until the tide of battle turned. His sword, swung in a great arc across the northern fields, was like a holy flame behind which the whole Catholic body had opportunity to recover from its lethargy, to cast off or to cast out its worst elements of corruption, and to confront the world with a new and unanswerable proof of the Church's supernatural power of self-renewal, to be exerted again and again until the end of time.

While Alba fought and suffered in the Netherlands, while Requesens and Don Juan and Alessandro Farnese were broken on that cross, the Council of Trent was able to meet, deliberate, and complete the Reform. Saint Pius, Gregory XIII, and Sixtus V were able to apply the remedies. The Society of Jesus, generally with Philip's support, became the shock troops of the spiritual conflict, had time to build schools and colleges and to chart the course of modern Catholic education, and by their preaching and martyrdoms to confound the enemy's sophistries and win the spiritual and intellectual victories without which the splendid physical combats would have been in vain. Pusillanimous minds will continue to apologize for the crusades, but whoever knows his Jewish and Christian history will recognize that King Saul played some part in the work of Samuel, and that Philip II was a shield for those more blessed souls who were able to follow counsels of perfection, and to meet the hangmen of Cecil and the swords of Huguenots and Turks with no arms but the crucifix and the word of Christ. As death



approached he could look about upon a Christendom somewhat smaller (in Europe) than when he became King, but far more healthy spiritually, far more integral and aware of itself. This, too, was partly his doing.

It was all he had ever expected, all he could reasonably expect, from the wars in the Netherlands. It is unhistorical, therefore, to speak, as most of our textbooks speak, of his "failure" there; as though the loss of Holland counted much against the defense of all Christendom. He accomplished, in the main, what he had set out to do. In his final disposition of the States of Flanders he gave a last proof of his disinterestedness. When it was clear that he had won, and that the Catholic Faith would remain free there, he gave them away.

On failing to have Isabel Clara Eugenia elected queen of France, Philip conceived the idea of marrying her to his nephew Ernest, with the sovereignty of the Low Countries as her dowry. After the death of Ernest in 1595, his young brother Cardinal Albert was chosen. Relieved of his ecclesiastical state by a dispensation (he had never become a priest) he went to the Netherlands as Governor, and succeeded as he had in Portugal. The King was extremely fond of this youngest son of his sister, and made an intimate friend of him; but in drawing up the act whereby Albert and Isabel, after their marriage would rule the Netherlands, he laid aside none of his prudence and foresight.

They were to be sovereign princes of the ten loyal provinces of the Union of Arras, with a claim also to the seven of the north. If there were no children of the marriage, the Low Countries were to revert to Spain; as in fact they did, after the death of Albert in 1621. If they had a son, he must not marry without the consent of the King of Spain; if a daughter, she must marry the King of Spain or his son. The Roman Catholic religion must be maintained, and heresy suppressed. Philip had no intention of having the provinces slip into the hands of the Church's enemies after all his sacrifices. To the very end he clung to his major objective. Unfortunately, as the King had reason to fear, the Infanta (who was then 30 and had matured late) proved to be barren, although her marriage to Albert, after her father's death, was happy in every other respect. Philip kept his plan a secret until April twenty-sixth of his last year, 1598.<sup>11</sup>

The great disappointment of his life, of course, was England. There, on that throne where Philip had sat beside her sister, the beruffed and perfumed magnificence cloaking the loose skin and shrunken ulcerous legs of heavy-eyed Elizabeth towered above the mass of flatterers, politicians and spies, poets, martyrs and patriots, like the materialization in some dream of fever of an old sin, long since forgiven and perhaps even expiated in tears and penances, but living on in its cumulative effects, obedient to the indifferent law of causation even to the day of doom.

Philip, under his father's command, had prevented the restoration of the church property that might have healed the breach. Philip, trusting in her smiling oath, had set her on his wife's throne. Philip had neglected to remove her when, at Rome's bidding, he might have done so. Now as he sank daily toward the grave, he had the bitter thought that it was too late to undo that evil; that the mask-like face of that despairing woman, still hungry for the flesh-pots that tantalized her, just beyond reach even in her withered arms, would be there, vigilant with age-encrusted fear, when he was gone; and old Lord Burleigh's hunchback son, Sir Robert Cecil, would be there beside her, director of her policy.

It was little consolation to know that Elizabeth was very unpopular, not only with the oppressed mass of her people, but even with the fawning courtiers; that in spite of iron censorship there were poets courageous enough to write down their contempt. Ben Jonson referred to her unpopularity in the prologue of *Cynthia's Revels*. Donne made her (but not for publication) one of the arch-heretics, commencing with Eve, and carrying the line through Mohammed, Luther and Calvin to

*"The great soul which here among us now  
Doth dwell, and moves that hand and tongue and brow  
Which as the moon the sea, moves us."*<sup>12</sup>

Sir John Rowe referred to the Virgin Queen less delicately:

*"He said she stunk, and men might not have said  
That she was old before that she was dead."*

Elizabeth making her "progresses" from one noble house to another and growing more stingy every year, hoarding her gowns away in her closets when they were out of fashion, cursing like a fishwife at her councillors and boxing the ears of a noble gentleman, seeking in her closet caresses that men were ashamed to speak of afterwards, and finding no waters beneath the sun or moon to slake the fire of impotent lust that still raged under her yellow wrinkled skin, until a day came when, utterly weary, she would seize a sword in her fits of madness and plunge it time and time again through an arras at the host of imaginary assassins and traitors conjured up by hoary Cecil to keep her in hand, and at the last finding, by half-suspending her memory and laying her will aside, the dark peace of staring despondency—these later portraits of Elizabeth have been made familiar enough by historians and biographers.

They are not the real Elizabeth. This real Elizabeth has eluded many clever men because they did not stand on historical

and spiritual ground where she could be seen plainly, or because they did not give sufficient attention to one of her last significant remarks. When the Archbishop of Canterbury, her own creature, whom she, as Head of the Church of England, had raised to dignity and wealth, came to offer her the consolations of religion on her deathbed, she drove him away in a passionate outburst of anger and contempt. It was not because he offered religion. It was not because he was a priest. It was because he was "only a *hedge-priest*."

This term implies a comparison. There could be no such thing as a hedge priest—a sham priest, a priest without authority—unless there were somewhere real priests, divinely authorized to perform priestly functions. If the highest prelate of the Church of England, established by Elizabeth herself (under Cecil's direction), and "broadened" to include dogmas of both Luther and Calvin, was only a hedge-priest, where were genuine priests to be found? Obviously in the Roman Catholic Church, and there alone. This thought must have been living, even then, deep in the consciousness of Elizabeth. It almost flashed forth through her anger and her sickness of body and soul like a forgotten star through the rift of a cloud. It is the key to the real essential Elizabeth.

It is possible that Philip II was mistaken about her precisely because he could never quite forget the self she was meant to be, and might have been. The true Elizabeth, shrunken now almost to an embryo again, blackened and distorted by the trampling of more subtle and malevolent wills, was still in essence a vain little girl with eager eyes and lovely hands, translating a book about God, kneeling before the crucifix, fingering the beads of Our Lady; keen enough to despise all heretical ministers and dogmas as having but human authority no higher than hers, and well aware that there was only one power in this world with authority, more than human, to make priests, to loose and bind, to teach all nations. If Elizabeth had given utterance to a cry long smothered in her heart, she would have asked on her deathbed for a Catholic priest. But she had complied too long with evil to escape it now. Even if she had had the courage to speak, young Cecil would certainly have overruled her, as his father had denied the last wish of Mary Stuart. This was the real tragedy. This was the real Elizabeth. All the rest was but the shadow of power, play-acting, the will of Cecil and the invisible kingdom whose agent he was.

The blood of too many innocent victims cried out, perhaps, against this dying persecutor of the Church of Christ. It was not merely the hundreds of priests and laymen who had been tortured and butchered in England for no other crime but preaching authentic Christianity, or for giving food and shelter to those who did. It was not even the savage slaughter committed in her name in Ireland. This was incomparably worse in one sense, and there is hardly a chapter in all history so cruel. Cecil, by an Act of 1569 reducing all Ireland to shire land and cancelling the indentures made by Irish chiefs with the English crown, had been able to pretend that those who resisted giving up their lands were "rebels," and so beyond the rules of civilized warfare, and thus he had begun what his Masonic nephew Bacon called "the wild chase on the wild Irishmen." He attempted no less than to purge the rich soil of Ireland of the Irish race.

"Torturers and hangmen went out with the soldiers. There was no protection for any soul: the old, the sick, infants, women, scholars; any one might be a landowner, or a carrier-on of the tradition of the tribal owners, and was in any case a rebel appointed to death. No quarter was allowed, no faith kept, and no truce given . . . It lasted for some seventy years. The Irish were inexhaustible in defense, prodigious in courage, and endured hardships that Englishmen could not survive. The most powerful governors that England could supply were sent over, and furnished with English armies and stores. Fleets held the harbors, and across all the seas from Newfoundland to Danzig gathered in provisions for the soldiers. Armies fed from the seaports chased the Irish through the winter months, when the trees were bare and naked and the kine without milk, killing every living thing and burning every granary of corn, so that famine should slay what the sword had lost. Out of the woods the famishing Irish came creeping on their hands, for their legs would not bear them, speaking like ghosts crying out of their graves, if they found a few water-cresses flocking as to a feast; so that in short space there were almost none left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly left void of man and beast."<sup>13</sup>

This was deliberate, unspeakable; but the fate of the English was worse. Millions of unborn Englishmen were condemned by Cecil to live and to die cut off from the mystical Body of Christ; worse still, cheated into believing it an evil thing, and setting up sham forms and sterile imitations of sacraments in its stead. Today, not even the substitutes have any power to console most of their descendants. But the Faith they lost is still, thanks to Philip II, an unchanged reality to most of the Spanish people, and a pledge that they can never become slaves of any servile state.

England was Philip's penance, and remained so to the end of his days; the harbor and breeding-place of all his worst enemies. There Antonio Pérez went from France to find congenial friends among Cecil's agents. He discovered Don Antonio living in the house of López, enjoying a pension from Queen Elizabeth, and royally entertained at Eton College and Somerset House until his stock fell after the failure of his expedition against Portugal in 1589, and even Lopez quarreled with him, and plotted to betray him to King Philip. Pérez, too, was well received as an enemy of Philip II. He became the guest of the Earl of Essex, who obtained a pension for him from the Queen. It is not surprising that he became the intimate friend of Francis Bacon and other Merchants of Light.

Pérez had a genius for creating hatred. It was not long before he quarreled with López. It was his spite, chiefly, that caused Essex to accuse the Jewish physician of attempting to poison the Queen. It now appears that Pérez lied, and that López was innocent of that particular crime. The Cecils defended López in vain. He was hanged, drawn, and quartered; and Essex



reached the height of the Queen's favor. The Cecils had the last word, however, as usual. Essex went to the block; but not before Pérez, who had published his *Relaciones* in 1594 in London, had industriously invented and scattered the foulest accusations against Philip II, hoping that Elizabeth and King Henry IV would unite their forces in a grand attack on Spain. In 1596, after Richard Hawkins had been taken to Spain in chains, and Drake had died trying to avenge him, Elizabeth allowed her favorite to attempt to singe the King of Spain's beard.

A fleet of sixty English vessels under the command of Howard, with 10,000 English troops under Essex and Raleigh and 5,000 Dutchmen under Louis of Nassau appeared suddenly off Cádiz. There were only a few fighting ships in the harbor, with a large fleet of merchantmen. The Spanish were taken completely by surprise. The Duke of Medina Sidonia, governor of Andalusia, hastened to the port to organize a resistance, but it was too late. The best he could do was to have the merchantmen sunk, in order to prevent the Englishmen from taking them, and to defend the city, while the warships that were not sunk by Howard's fire withdrew into the Guadalquivir. Essex meanwhile landed his troops, and entered the city without much difficulty. The Spanish were convinced afterwards that the place was delivered by treachery, possibly, as La Fuente intimates, by Spanish Freemasons; for the English on their ships had punctual information of everything that was happening within the town, and were even signaled to with trumpets, advising them of the movements and plans of the Spanish troops.<sup>14</sup>

The English got into the rich mercantile city. For sixteen days they plundered to their hearts' content, wallowing in the wealth of the Indies. They profaned old and beautiful churches, smashed crucifixes and images, drove the nuns out of their convents, and what grieved all Spain most of all, broke to bits an antique statue of the Blessed Virgin, many centuries old, and stole the jewels that had been left there by people grateful for cures and miracles. In the end they set fire to the whole city, including the priceless Cathedral, and reduced it to ashes.

King Philip was at Toledo. He had been very ill at San Lorenzo, and on Good Friday was supposed to be dying. Men remembered the recent eclipse, and shook their heads. But after Easter, to the surprise of the doctors, His Majesty was able to go to Toledo to ride in a procession in honor of Our Lady, whose famous statue there was being transferred.

The news from Cadiz had an astonishing effect on him. His eyes brightened, his color improved, his step grew lighter, and he was able to sit long at his desk writing innumerable instructions, ordering troops, ships and supplies to the scene of war, attending to the smallest detail of everything, as in the days of Malta, Lepanto and the Armada. It was his last fight. He seemed to be enjoying it. Unfortunately it was too late to prevent the desecration and destruction of the ancient city, hallowed by memories of King Solomon and of Columbus. But Philip made a high resolve to collect another great fleet, if it was the last thing he did, and send it like a thunderbolt against the coast of England. The effort was great, and the expense tremendous; but the fleet was built, assembled, manned and provisioned by the spring of 1597, and actually set sail. Alas! God surely had some reason for humbling His own and protecting His enemies from destruction. For the second Armada did not even get to the Channel. It was scattered by a storm and wrecked before it crossed the Bay of Biscay. Who could fight against the wind? Perhaps Cervantes was thinking of this when he sat down in his small room at Valladolid to write of the magnificent failures of *Don Quixote*.

Philip sighed, thanked God for his defeat, and went back to San Lorenzo. After all, there was something to be said for magnificent failures. God Himself was very partial to them. He had a strange way of turning them into glorious triumphs; but from any worldly standpoint they had the look of colossal defeats. He had often shown His affection for His own Chosen People by scattering them like sheep and beating them to their knees in exile and misery, even in this their last dispersion; it was when they were prosperous that they were in danger; and would He now deal differently with the Gentiles, He who had sealed the truth of all the paradox by wearing a crown of thorns and making His throne in the midst of men on a bloody cross?

Thus Philip consoled himself in his cell at San Lorenzo. There he had daily reminders that his life as a whole had been anything but barren. The restrained and austere beauty of the Escorial alone would have been a worthy achievement for any man. It did not soar in splendid tiers of hierarchical aspiration into the heavens, like a Gothic Cathedral. It was like the character of its builder: close to the ground, spreading out deliberately and prudently on the firm rock, scornful of all vulgarity, all personal vanity, all flamboyant display. Shaped like the gridiron on which Saint Lawrence was slowly roasted to death, it was meant primarily to give praise and glory to God, and it kept, in its atmosphere and in its splendid tombs, a suggestion of the idea of crucifixion that is never far from things truly Christian. But it also imaged the eternal beauty and grandeur, transfiguration and resurrection. It reflected even the temporal glories of the world.

Philip had never allowed any one to write his biography, because he thought it vanity. But he wrote his autobiography in stone. Here stood the trophies of his victories, the standards taken at Saint-Quentin, the holy flag of the Mohammedans brought from Lepanto, the banners and arms taken from a hundred fields in Iran, Granada, France, and the Netherlands. As the King hobbled through the quiet rich halls of his palace, he saw almost the whole world in replica and miniature, and must have remembered that when the sun rose in Madrid, it was still early afternoon in Manila, and that he was the first monarch in history who could boast—if it were his nature to boast—that the sun never set on his dominions. There were momentos here of the crusades; of Columbus; of Cortes and Pizarro; of the great expedition of Legaspi, who, with ships built in Spanish America, had taken the Philippines and checked the eastern advance of Mohammedanism by the labors of Christian missionaries, first the Augustinians, later the Dominicans, Franciscans and Jesuits.

The Philippines—they were named for Philip II. If he had never done anything else, his achievement there would stand as something inexplicable by laws of the material world. His men, guided by the veteran navigator Friar Andres de Urdaneta, had found there a semi-savage people. Instead of exterminating them, as the English were to exterminate the aborigines of North America, they patiently taught them Christianity and the arts of civilization, introduced better methods of rice culture, brought Indian corn and cacao from America, developed the growth of indigo, coffee and sugar cane, united the people to the stream of Christian European culture by helping them to learn Spanish, encouraged their natural love of music. Philip authorized the Jesuits to found a college there in 1585, though it was not opened until 1601. The College of Saint Potenciana for girls was established in 1593. A century and a half after his death, there would be nearly a million Christian souls on the islands, in 569 parishes. Even in his lifetime it was evident that Spain had raised a half-savage people to a relatively high standard of civilization, and this not by force or exploitation or political chicanery, but principally by the patient labors of priests and monks; by Christian charity. This is indisputable. Philip otherwise could never have held the islands with a garrison of only 400 men, to protect them from Sulus, Moslem, and Chinese and Dutch pirates.

So it was also in South and Central America and Mexico. The Spanish, within a century, were able to fill a territory extending 5000 miles, previously inhabited by cruel and degraded savages, with churches, schools, convents, libraries, courts of justice, aqueducts, roads so excellent that they are still admired. It was not that Spaniards were essentially any more humane than Englishmen; perhaps by nature they were less so. But Spanish Catholicism was Christian, and English Protestantism was not. The real triumph was that of Christ, teaching His gospel unto the ends of the world, taming fierce passions, solving race problems by the only Christian method, which has preserved the Indian and Negro stocks of Latin America to this day.

Every corner of this stupendous Empire had some representation in the Escorial. Here were maps, models and diagrams of remote places, the tools and weapons and foods of savage peoples, an infinite number of specimens of birds, beasts and flowers; herbs to make medicines in the King's laboratory. It probably would have amused His Majesty and the Inquisitor-General Quiroga to read Major Hume's assertion that "all attempts at introducing science in any form were sternly suppressed by the Inquisition."<sup>15</sup> Many Inquisitors and other priests were men of science. Father Antonio Fuente la Pena anticipated some of Newton's discoveries, and both Fray Jose de Sigüenza and Gómez Peyeyra forestalled Descartes in some of his most ingenious theories. Generally speaking, the most scientific of the sixteenth-century Spanish philosophers were priests, not one of whom was ever condemned by the Inquisition.

Philip's library at the Escorial was catholic in the widest sense. It included books from the first printing press in the New World, established by the Bishop of Mexico in 1536, and the best products of the printing presses of the Netherlands, Germany and Italy that his agents could buy. His art collection was one of the best in the world. San Lorenzo spoke to him daily not only of the glorious past of his race and of its vigorous present, but of a golden age for which he had laid the foundation, and which was already dawning as he died—the age of Vitoria, who would influence the music of Bach; of Cervantes, Lope de Vega and Calderon, who would impress the Spanish genius on all the literatures of Europe; of Rubens and Velásquez, working under the patronage of Philip III and Philip IV. "When painting materialized itself almost to grossness in the school of Holland, or to sickly eroticism in that of Italy, Spain steadied the art of the world with the mystic energy of Ribera and Murillo"; and when art became trivial with Watteau and Chardin in the eighteenth century, "Spain gave the voice of resurrection to the immortal and masculine palette of Goya."<sup>16</sup>

All this was part of the achievement of Philip II, part of that colossal "failure" of which his English and French historians love to speak. We have the word of Major Hume that it was an utter failure; that Philip, "in exchange for the greatest heritage that Christendom had ever seen, with the apparently assured prospect of universal domination which opened before him at his birth . . . closed his eyes upon dominions distracted and ruined beyond all recovery, a bankrupt State, a dwindled prestige, a defeated cause."<sup>17</sup>

This is nonsense, even the part about the bankrupt State. Philip, like most Spaniards, despised money as such; yet, even as a man of business, contending against the usurious powers of the world, he was not so utterly a failure. When he succeeded his father, the debts of Charles amounted to 5,000,000 ducats. In 1575, Philip owed 50,000,000 ducats. He died, after all his expensive wars and other prodigious disbursements, owing but 1,000,000 ducats. It was not a bad record.

An even stranger judgment, but one certain to please a world which has forgotten how to think and to define terms, is that of Professor Merriman; it is especially typical and especially noxious because it contains a half-truth. Spain's fall, he believes, was inevitable, because "when the crisis came, she found that practically all the *more modern States* of Europe were arrayed against her. Her failure to grasp any of the *principles of sound economics*, which were just beginning to emerge in the end of the sixteenth century, and were subsequently to become one of the *chief controlling forces of the modern world*, is but another chapter of the same story; the phrase of Sigüenza, 'those good old centuries when there was so much faith and so little money,' is deeply significant in this connection. Spain longed for the return of them, because she was out of place in the modern world . . . she hated to look forward; she loved to look back. And perhaps the hardest part of it all was the suddenness with which Spain was brought into collision with all these *unsympathetic forces of modernity* during the last two decades of the reign of Philip II"<sup>18</sup> . . . For her it was all or nothing; and her loyalty to the great task which Destiny had given her brought her into fatal conflict with the *principles that rule the modern world*."<sup>19</sup>



Now, in the phrases I have italicized, there is a subtle if unintentional appeal to one of the most indefensible superstitions of our day: the superstition of Progress. The emphasis and repetition of the word "modern" seem to imply that time is a necessary element of truth, that later institutions or customs or manners are necessarily better than those preceding them. This is part of the strategy of the anti-Catholic campaign of the last three centuries to isolate the Catholic Church by making her appear to belong to the past, to be only a surviving anachronism in a better world. In the Middle Ages very few people were stupid enough to assert that their Christian culture was better than that of Cicero or Pericles because it came after them. The Christian idea was better because it was given to men from above, by the Son of God; it was independent of time, would have been equally divine before Pericles, and would remain so after the death of the last pagan. But the school of thought, or rather of feeling, which Professor Merriman here reflects, does not dare face that fact; it cannot logically meet the claim of the Church to be divine, it cannot refute her truth; therefore it shifts its ground to one of time, and says that she is old and out of fashion.

Philip II would have replied something of this sort: "What are these *sound principles of economics, these controlling forces of the modern world*, these unsympathetic forces of modernity to which you appeal as to some authority greater than the Catholic Church in your judgment of Spain? It is true that they oppose Spain and all she loves; but it is false that they are new or 'forward looking,' or that they have any authority. These forces existed in Spain centuries ago; they betrayed, exploited and oppressed her, but she conquered them. They existed in the time of Nero even more perhaps than today, but the Church rose from the catacombs and drove them into exterior darkness. They jeered at Christ on the cross, but Christ arose from the tomb, and His justice scattered them to the winds. Why do you call them new and modern, then? And because for the time being they have established an almost universal rule of usury, exploitation, intrigue for the enslavement of millions, and the neglect and denial of the rights of God and humanity, why must you assume that this is the permanent reality, and that the Church of Christ, with her supernatural powers of recuperation and defense, will not rise again in the wrath of God's justice and sweep away into the past all your usurers and hireling economists justifying usury and other forms of theft?

"It is false to say that 'Spain hated to look forward; she loved to look back.' She was never conscious of looking 'back' when she looked at Christ in His Church Catholic. It is you who look back to pagan times when there was no Christ on the cross to reproach the sins of your age; it is the Spanish Catholic who looks ahead to the future, for Christ is eternal, and only the eternal can be truly called the future. Why not call 'the unsympathetic forces of modernity' what they are? They are the voices of the world that Christ predicted would always hate His Church. They are the voices of the children of the Antichrist. But we have the promise of Christ that the gates of hell shall never prevail against us; and that is enough for Spain."

It is because his whole life was a challenge to its antique claims, rather than because of his faults, that the so-called modern world hates the memory of Philip II. That would have troubled him very little. He had done his best against the enemies of God, and there was little they could do to him. The Indies, even Flanders and England, seemed farther away. Some one else would have to worry about them. The King of Spain knew that he had but a little time left, and he began living more in those parts of San Lorenzo that suggested the other world—in the dark of the confessional, among the tombs of his dead, in the choir at vespers, before the altar.

Yet the world had not wholly lost power to please that tired and aching body. He enjoyed a comedy at San Lorenzo depicting the Doctors of the Church in the act of giving instruction to Saint Paul.<sup>20</sup> Early in 1597 he established himself in a new palace, bought from a nobleman of the neighborhood, at Campillo. He celebrated the Ascension there, and conceived the idea of building a spacious road from this new and supposedly healthier residence to San Lorenzo. He bought up all the property of the small farmers and laborers in the vicinity, paying double value for everything, and when the people left, some of them with tears for the homes they had loved, he fitted them all out with new clothing from head to foot for their journey, and sent them off well paid.<sup>21</sup>

He began to plan what he would have along the edges of the new road. He decided on a double row of poplars. At that point he fell ill with gout. He had to let his son go in his stead to a feast at San Lorenzo, dispatching a nobleman after him to remind him to send plates and gifts to various monks from the royal table. It was the first time young Philip had eaten alone in public. There was a terrific downpour of rain that day, and the King waited in pain for the Prince to return, to know what he had done.<sup>22</sup>

Philip then made one of his unexpected recoveries and went to San Lorenzo. He was seventy years old, yet he spent all summer hunting, and one day, to add zest to the sport, had a wild boar turned loose.<sup>23</sup> In September he had a relapse, and was believed to be dying.<sup>24</sup> He never walked again unaided; but he left his bed and had himself carried about on litters. When the news came of the death of his second daughter, the Duchess of Savoy, in Turin, he went to Madrid to have public obsequies held for her. Catherine had never been as close to him as Isabel Clara Eugenia, but old courtiers said they had never seen such signs of sorrow in him before, for any bereavement. After the funeral services, he was driven through Madrid with Prince Philip, the whole court following in carriages draped with black. At the turn of a street they heard the tinkle of a little bell, and saw an acolyte, followed by a priest in vestments, carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the house of a dying man. The King ordered his coachman to draw up the horses, while he adored the Host. Then he sent the Prince to follow the priest, hat in hand, to the place of Viaticum; and he waited in the carriage, his foot raised, saying some prayers, until the Prince returned. He

would have gone himself, he said, if he had been able to walk; it had always been his custom, and he hoped the Prince would carry it on after he was gone.<sup>25</sup>

Thus Philip came to his last miserable winter in Madrid. When spring returned, he was so weak that his doctors refused to hear of his returning to San Lorenzo. They considered the air at the monastery very bad for a man in his condition, and refused to answer for the consequences if he went.

Early in June he sent to San Lorenzo all the relics of saints that he had accumulated at Madrid, in reliquaries he had made by the best *plateros* in the capital. The collection included the head of Saint Jerome and the jawbone of Saint Inez. For some years past he had caused to be collected relics from all parts of Europe, especially from the Protestant districts, to save them from the bigotry which he foresaw the heretics would vent from time to time on the bones of men and women who had loved Christ enough to lay down their lives for Him. He regarded them as the proudest glory of San Lorenzo, a sort of history of the Church of Christ written in the very bones of her saints. There was a great festival, with a gorgeous procession, when the relics arrived at the monastery on June fourteenth. The King was too ill to be there.

By the end of the month he felt stronger, and notified his doctors that he meant to go to the Escorial to die, whether it pleased them or not. Moura knelt at his feet and implored him, with tears, not to go. But Philip was determined, as he said, to lay his bones in his own house. On the last day of June he was carried from the palace at Madrid in a litter. Journeying by slow stages, almost dying on the way, he reached San Lorenzo on July sixth, and was carried into his old room, looking down upon the high altar of the chapel.<sup>26</sup>

A few days later he was having himself carried all about the palace and the gardens, eagerly looking for old sights and changes. This tired him so much that on the twenty-second, the feast of Saint Mary Magdalen, he had another relapse, and suffered from one of those high fevers that he had always been subject to after too much exercise. He demanded that the doctors tell him frankly whether he was likely to die. They believed he was, but concealed his condition from him for a few days, until his confessor, Fray Diego de Yepes, told them His Majesty wished to know the truth and to face it, and it was better they should tell him frankly. They admitted then that the case was hopeless. Fray Diego imparted this news to the King, on August first. Philip said, "Thanks be to God." He seemed genuinely pleased and cheerful. He instructed Fray Diego to examine him very strictly about his entire life, from early childhood to the present, and made a general confession that took three whole days.<sup>27</sup>

By this time there were four fistulous sores on the index finger of his right hand, three others on the middle finger, and another on the great toe of his right foot. These burned with continual pain, and proved incurable. There was also, as the gout settled in his knee, a virulent abscess there so painful that the slightest movement caused excruciating agony. Philip was obliged to lie on his back with his shoulders pressed to the bed, as if he were nailed to it; and thus he remained for fifty-three days. The wounds became foul, and emitted a pestilent odor. His chaplain could think of nothing to compare them with but the ulcers of Egypt, which Moses called down upon the transgressors of God's law, and the ones that burned the bones and consumed the flesh of stricken Job. His head and eyes ached. He was unable to sleep. His stomach was swollen with dropsy, the rest of him so wasted by sickness that he seemed almost a skeleton. The foot that had loved to dance was paralyzed. The hand that had penned so many thousands of anxious letters full of minute instructions was nothing but skin and bone and stinking sores. The face that had masked from curious eyes so many deep policies was ashy gray. The eyes that had seen everything in Europe except the heart of Elizabeth and the mind of Cecil were turned like a stricken animal's toward a crucifix on the wall.

On Saint Dominic's Day (August fourth) Philip commanded the prior to have his monks don vestments, and to bring to his bedside, in procession, the relics of various saints. Each monk was to say something appropriate. It was as though all the mighty dead of Christ's army who slept within those walls came to visit him on his deathbed, saying, "Think what we suffered: some of us were beheaded, some stabbed to death, some boiled alive in oil, some tortured with fiendish ingenuity day after day. They thought us fools, and now we are at peace, sharing the glory of Christ. Your sufferings are no worse." Philip kissed each relic. He especially liked the discourse of a monk who reminded him of the Good Thief on the Cross, who had obtained eternal life because he had comforted Christ while the Jews were mocking Him in His agony. So His Majesty could expect mercy, said the monk, for saving so many relics of Christ's friends from the fury and insults of the heretics.

By August sixth, the Feast of the Transfiguration, the abscess on his knee had become so large and painful that it was decided to lance it. When Doctor Onate commenced the operation the pain was so excruciating that Philip asked his confessor to read to him the sufferings of Christ, so that he might think less of his own. Fray Diego de Yepes knelt by the side of the bed and began reading in a loud voice the Passion from the Gospel of Saint Matthew.

The King nearly fainted from agony as the physician began pressing from the wound a great quantity of foul-smelling thick matter "like plaster of Paris,"<sup>28</sup> but he kept his eyes upon the face of Fray Diego, and listened intently.

*"And taking with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, he began to grow sorrowful and to be sad. Then he saith to them: My soul is sorrowful even unto death: stay you here, and watch with me.*



*And going a little further, he fell upon his face, praying, and saying: My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me. Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt."*

Philip made a motion for the monk to stop. "Read that again."

Yepes repeated the passage. The King's lips repeated the words, *"Not as I will, but as thou wilt."* From that day on, as he looked at the crucifix, often with tears, he was heard often to murmur, *"Father, not my will but thine be done."*

Yepes read on.

*"But they, holding Jesus, led him to Caiaphas the high priest, where the scribes and the ancients were assembled. And Peter followed him afar off, even to the court of the high priest. And going in, he sat with the servants, that he might see the end . . . And the high priest rising up, said to him, Answerest thou nothing to the things which these witness against thee? But Jesus held his peace . . . the high priest rent his garments . . . they answering said, He is guilty of death. Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him; and others struck his face with the palms of their hands . . .*

*"And they brought him bound, and delivered him to Pontius Pilate the governor . . . 'Whom will you that I release to you, Barabbas, or Jesus that is called Christ?' . . . But the chief priests and ancients persuaded the people, that they should ask Barabbas, and make Jesus away . . . 'What shall I do then with Jesus that is called Christ?' . . . They say all: Let him be crucified . . . Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out all the more, saying; Let him be crucified . . . His blood be upon us and upon our children. Then he released to them Barabbas, and having scourged Jesus, delivered him unto them to be crucified . . ."*

By the time Fray Diego had finished, Philip had almost swooned from pain. If they continued, he said, he would die. The doctors desisted, and the King, very weak, told them to give thanks to God. They all knelt on the floor—courtiers, monks, physicians—and prayed.

During the night the pain and fever increased. His condition was so grave that on the eighth he was given Viaticum. A few days later he received Extreme Unction. Never having seen this Sacrament administered, he had the ritual read to him, and insisted upon rehearsing beforehand, so that he might receive it with all reverence. He wished his children to be present, so that when they came to die, they would not be as ignorant as he was. Prince Philip came alone. His sister was ill with fever.

"Look at me," said the King to his son. "This is what the world and all kingdoms amount to in the end. Some day you will lie here where I lie."

It was indeed a terrible sight. Philip was now covered with discharging sores from head to foot. Since the opening of his knee, he had been unable to endure even the touch of a sheet against any of them. The lower part of his night-robe and the sheet had stuck to the abscess and to other wounds, so that the slightest effort to remove them caused him such pain that he would faint and seem to be dying. It was impossible to change the bedclothes or his own garment. Meanwhile a purge the doctors had given him had had daily effect, and Philip, lord of all the Spains, lay in the accumulating filth of his own excrements. It seems incredible, but all the accounts mention it. The monks could only attribute it to God's desire to prepare his servant for Heaven by afflicting the ultimate humiliation upon him. All his life he had been noted for his cleanliness and neatness. Nothing could try his proverbial patience like a streak on a wall or a spot on a floor. His own person had always been immaculate. And now to have to lie week after week—

The odor of the sickroom was indescribable. It speaks well for Spanish self-control that so many fine gentlemen of the court, so many prelates and monks, servants and friends, were able to visit the dying King without betraying their nausea and disgust. Doctor Affaro became violently ill from the odor and had to go to bed. But the King accepted it all as part of his trial for eternity. Not a single complaint came from his lips during the fifty-three days. Toward the end he had so mastered himself that he was able to give thanks for his pains and humiliations. He would look tenderly at the crucifix and say, "Lord, I offer you my sufferings in atonement for my sins," and repeated, over and over, *"Father, not my will, but thine—"*

An insatiable thirst now completed the sum of his torments. The physicians were afraid to let him drink much water, on account of his dropsical condition. Hence they often rinsed out his mouth but seldom allowed his desire to be slaked. But thirst, Philip remembered, had been one of the great agonies of Christ on the Cross.

On the vigil of the Assumption, after he had asked the papal nuncio Caetano, who had brought him the Pope's blessing and many indulgences, to sing the high Mass for the feast of Our Lady next day, he began making plans and arrangements for his

own funeral. He told two monks to go secretly to the jasper mausoleum, unlock the coffin of the Emperor, measure him, and note well how he was shrouded. A lead coffin was to be brought into the sickroom and set up on a bier where Philip could see it. It was to be well calked in every crack, so that no offensive odor could escape. As soon as he should have breathed his last, a plain sheet was to be thrown around him, over his shirt, and tied with a cord, and a crucifix hung around his neck, and without further ado he was to be placed in the lead coffin, and sealed up. There was to be no embalming, no costly shroud. He was a vile sinner, and wished his body to return to the dust of which it was made as soon as possible. He was unwilling to have his nakedness exposed, even in death. Therefore no one should touch him but Moura, who must carry out his instructions to the letter.

The leaden coffin was to be placed within a wooden one, which His Majesty had already taken the precaution to have made from some timbers from a ship which had been drydocked at Lisbon and which of late years had been turned over to poor beggars to sleep in. The wood, called angelin, from the Indies, had been found to be so hard that it would not burn. It pleased Philip, who had spent so much of his life in conflict with God's enemies, to descend to the grave enclosed in the timber of the galleon, *Cinco Chagas*, or *The Five Wounds*, which had fought the Turks and the heretics until she could fight no more.

"His courage has never deserted him," wrote the Venetian ambassador to his government. "He has made himself most familiar, not only with the thought of death, but with the details and the discussions therefor, and with all that should be done after he is gone. He has arranged every detail of his funeral, and has ordered the purchase of a large quantity of black cloth to drape the chapel of the Escorial."

During the nights when he could not sleep, Philip had various priests come and read spiritual works to him. He heard the Passion according to Saint John read over and over, never tired of listening to the fifteenth chapter of Saint Luke, and found perpetual consolation in the parable of the Prodigal Son, and the assurance of Christ that there was joy in heaven over the repentant sinner. He recited a long prayer from a pious book by Blossius, commencing,

*"O dulce Jesus! All the years of my life I have been ungrateful to thee, my most benignant Creator and Redeemer; I have offended thee gravely, painting new sins over my old ones . . ."*

One night, toward the end of his sickness, a friar inadvertently came, in reading, to a description of the details of physical death and decay, and of the mental and spiritual agonies through which the soul must pass on its way to God. The reader stopped, fearing to alarm the King; but Philip said, "Read on, Father." He had the passage repeated, so that his spirit should learn to shrink from nothing of what it had to face.

His bed was crawling with vermin when he summoned the Prince and the Infanta to hear his last farewell on August twenty-eighth. "He gave his blessing in words full of affection. He exhorted them to govern their subjects with love, to administer justice impartially, and to support and defend religion and the Catholic Faith with all their might . . . The Prince, through tenderness, shed a few tears, whereupon the King, to avoid the contagion, turned his face away and dismissed the Prince."<sup>29</sup>

On the evening of the first of September he was anointed for the second time, after Confession and Communion. The Prince and all the grandees were present. The King seemed very happy and tranquil after the application of the oils.<sup>30</sup>

The next day he transacted some business, gave many gifts and charities, appointed fees of 10,000 crowns for his doctors, and ordered the estates of the Duke of Villahermosa restored to his family. He remarked to his confessor that he had never in his life committed an injustice except when deceived or in ignorance. People would say now that these last acts of restitution proved him guilty of all the enormities attributed to him, but he was not going to let his cowardice be a cloak for his injustice. Asked whether he wanted the Prince to carry on the government for him during his illness, for everything was at a standstill, Philip shook his head. No; he remembered how bitterly his father, in his last frustrated and useless days at Yuste, had regretted having abdicated before he had done all he could do to rectify his errors.

He received Holy Communion for the last time on September eighth. A new peace and resignation were observed in him. His confessor was convinced, thinking of the matter afterwards, that God had been pleased to grant the King's prayer that he might be free from pain and anxiety at the end, so that he might devote all his powers to the saving of his soul. Next day, Wednesday, Philip told Don Fernando de Toledo to get the little box that Juan Ruiz had noticed in his desk in Aragon, and have the crucifix of the Emperor and the candles from Monserrate ready. He spoke of them as if he had mentioned them only the day before. Ruiz brought them to the bedside. This was Wednesday. On Friday, the eleventh, he gave his final blessing to the Prince and the Infanta; begging the latter especially to govern the Low Countries well, and to increase the Catholic Faith there. The Prince controlled his emotion with great difficulty. Isabel, who had wept daily since her father's illness began, bent over the foul bed and kissed the festering hand raised to bless her.

Philip was so quiet now, that at certain moments he was believed to be dead. On the evening of the twelfth, the doctors



agreed that the end would be soon. He heard them, opened his eyes, and asked for his confessor. The Archbishop of Toledo spoke consoling words to him for about half an hour, and then, at Philip's request, read once more the Passion from Saint John. The room was full of lighted candles, of people tiptoeing about, of insufferable odors. The voice of the Archbishop rose and fell in the night.

*"Jesus therefore said to Peter: Put up thy sword into the scabbard. The chalice which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? . . .*

*"Thy own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee up to me: what hast thou done? Jesus answered: My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, my servants would certainly strive that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now my kingdom is not from hence. . . . Pilate took Jesus and scourged him . . . Ecce Homo! . . . And from henceforth Pilate sought to release him. But the Jews cried out, saying: If thou release this man, thou art not Caesar's friend. For whosoever maketh himself a king, speaketh against Caesar . . . Away with him, away with him; crucify him. Pilate said to them: Shall I crucify your king?' The chief priests answered, 'We have no king but Caesar! Then therefore he delivered him to them to be crucified . . . 'Woman, behold thy son' . . . 'I thirst' . . . Jesus therefore, when he had taken the vinegar, said: 'It is consummated.' And bowing his head, he gave up the ghost."*

It was all happening there, in the silence of the Escorial, in the soul of the dying King. It was already midnight. The voices continued, some high, some low, reading holy words. Whenever they stopped, the King would whisper, *"Padres, decidme mas."*

About two o'clock Toledo opened the little box, and took out one of the blessed candles from Our Lady's altar. But the King said,

*"Aun no es tiempo."*

An hour later Toledo again offered the candle, and Philip said,

*"Dad acá, que ya es tiempo."*

With Toledo's help he held the candle in one hand, and the small wooden crucifix of his Mother and Father in the other. He smiled joyfully. Men about his bed thought of the words of the psalm he had uttered so often during his illness:

*"As the hart panteth after the fountains of water, so my soul panteth after thee, O God. My soul hath thirsted after the strong living God; when shall I come and appear before the face of God?"*

He seemed to become unconscious. They thought him dead; but when some one went to take away the candle and cover his face, he opened his eyes, with a sudden paroxysm, and fixed them, with intense longing and devotion, upon the crucifix, around which his fingers still closed. Thus he remained for some time. He remained fully intelligent after that for more than an hour.

It was five o'clock. In the chapel below there was a stirring of footsteps, a flicker of candles, and the murmuring of voices as priests and acolytes began, on the vigil of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, to say the Mass of Dawn, which they had always offered for the spiritual welfare of the King. Philip gave three little gasps, like a child's. His eyes, still on the crucifix, became stony. At that moment the sun arose over the eastern hill and flooded the white walls of San Lorenzo with the cheerful light of morning.



## Notes and Bibliography

IT WOULD be pedantic to attempt a general bibliography for this work, when such excellent and exhaustive ones are available in the fourth volume of Professor R. B. Merriman's *The Rise of the Spanish Empire*, in Espasa's *Enciclopedia Universal Ilustrada*, and in the catalogues and bibliographies of many libraries. Hundreds, thousands of volumes could be cited; but to what end? The need is not for more commentaries on commentaries, nor for further accumulation of mere facts, but for a clear and accurate examination of contemporary sources now accessible in many of the great libraries. When I went to the Library of Congress for a copy of the only reliable contemporary life of King Philip II, which, as Professor Merriman says, is so indispensable that the historian must have it constantly at his side, I found the leaves of the third volume still uncut after their fifty-four years of dignified seclusion, and there was no copy of the fourth volume. I had a similar experience at the Yale University Library when preparing a life of Isabella; I was the first to cut the leaves of the second volume of Bernaldez' *História de los reyes católicos*, though the library stamp showed that it had been there for thirty-one years.

Most readers of biography have little or no interest in notes; but scholars and students will wish to know, and I hope to check and reexamine my sources on matters of importance, especially those so much confused by controversy. For these latter, I hope the following notes will furnish a minimum selective bibliography that will also be sufficient. I make no claim to exhaustive knowledge of this vast subject. I have sought only to establish and to verify the reality of its essential parts.

W. T. W.

### NOTES ON CHAPTER I

1. Sanchez to Charles V, Oct. 4, 1526, *State Papers, Spanish*, III, part I, p. 956.
2. *Ibid.*, p. xiii.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 986 *et seq.*
4. *Ibid.*, p. 1021.
5. Sandoval, *Charles V etc.*, I, *lib.*, xvi, section xii.
6. *Ibid.* The details about the waning moon, the rain, etc., are from Sandoval's account. His dates do not agree with those of the Venetian ambassador. The latter, as written in letters within a day or two of the occurrences reported, are undoubtedly more trustworthy.
7. *State Papers, Spanish*, III, part two, p. 200.
8. Sandoval, *loc. cit.*
9. For Salazar's account of the sack of Rome, see *State Papers, Spanish, loc. cit.* p. 195; Nájera's, p. 211; that of Pérez, p. 201.
10. *Orlando Furioso*, XXXIII, 55; Von Pastor, *Lives of the Popes*, Eng. trans., X, 345.
11. *Felipe el Segundo*, I, 3.
12. *History of the Jews*, Eng. trans. IV, 497.
13. *State Papers, loc. cit.* letter of August 2, 1527.
14. *Ibid.*, p. 201, *et seq.*
15. *Ibid.*
16. *Ibid.*, pp. 300-304.
17. For a curious discussion of the diseases and strange natural phenomena of the time, see *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, by J. F. C. Hecker, M.D., Eng. trans. London, 1844.
18. Letter to John Caesarius, 1524.
19. Graetz, *loc. cit.*



## NOTES ON CHAPTER II

1. The Empress's portrait by an unknown artist in the gallery of the Hispanic Society, New York City, is not as flattering as Titian's, but agrees in essentials.
2. *State Papers, Spanish*, Vol. IV, part I.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 117.
4. *Ibid.*
5. *Ibid.*, p. 148.
6. *Arch. Hist. Esp.* Vol. I, *El Concilio de Trento*.
7. *Ibid.*
8. *Philip the Second*, I, 32, Philadelphia, 1863.
9. Modesto Lafuente reproduces some of Mendoza's letters, *Historia de España*, xii, 376-8.
10. *Ibid.*, p. 377, note.
11. Carramolino, *Historia de Avila*, Madrid, 1873, III, 196.
12. Mir, *Santa Teresa de Jesús*, Madrid, 1912, says there were 1500 taxpayers in Avila.
13. Carramolino (*op. cit.*, I, 400-404) gives an extensive list of the relics in various churches.
14. The desecration of the Host and the case of the Holy Child of La Guardia are discussed at some length in my *Isabella of Spain* (McBride, New York, 1930;

Sheed & Ward, London, 1931). Jewish critics resented my giving so much space to the subject, instead of dismissing it summarily as a judicial murder, as Lea and others have done. But as it seemed to me no more incredible that a few ignorant Jews should commit a horrible crime than that three Dominican priests and twelve learned Catholic gentlemen should conspire to send innocent men to a horrible death, I examined the evidence with great care, and when I found that Lea had been able to exonerate the accused only by changing an important date, I felt that readers were entitled to as much of the testimony as I had space for. My opinion then was, and still is, that the judges and both juries were convinced of the guilt of the accused. This opinion was not altered by the controversy I had on the subject with Dr. Cecil Roth, in the Dublin Review of October 1932. But I regret the harshness with which I replied to his strictures on my book (including the additional touch injected by the printer who made me say "he, Roth" in stead of "Dr. Roth"); and I willingly make such amends as I can to that distinguished scholar for any brusqueness or lack of charity in my article. I regret, too, that I must still disagree with him on the main issue. My view of the matter is shared by the best Spanish historians; for example, Vicente de la Fuente (*Las sociedades secretas*); and Menéndez y Pelayo (*Historia de España*).

In the present work I have relied upon Jewish sources as much as possible, where Jews are concerned, hoping that by bringing together Jewish and Christian accounts (which for some mysterious reasons have been kept in separate historical compartments, although the story is all one) I may in some way contribute to a better understanding among Jews, Protestants and Catholics, and in no way add to the hatred which afflicts the world. This hatred and its perpetuation derive partly from the falsification of history through the neglect or misinterpretation of source material.

15. Carramolino, *op. cit.*, III, 196.
16. *Ibid.*
17. *Ibid.*
18. *State Papers, Spanish*, IV, part i.
19. Cabrera, I.
20. Bratli quotes and discusses these stanzas: *Philip the Second, King of Spain*, appendix viii.
21. *Loc. cit.*
22. This seems a fair inference from Philip's letters to his daughters from Portugal in 1581: Gachard, *Lettres de Philippe II à ses filles*, etc.
23. See La Fuente *op. cit.*, for the letters of Siliceo and Zuñiga.
24. *Ibid.*
25. *Ibid.*
26. *Loc. cit.*
27. Hume, *Philip the Second*, pp. 8 and 9.
28. Merriman, *Rise of the Spanish Empire*, IV, 19-21.
29. Gachard, *op. cit.*
30. Cabrera, I. 4.
31. M. La Fuente, *op. cit.* Vol. XII.
32. Cabrera, *loc. cit.*

## NOTES ON CHAPTER III

1. *State Papers, Spanish*, IV, part I, pp. 825, 876.
2. *Ibid.*, 1531-33, p. 335; Elkan Nathan Adler, *Hist. of the Jews in London*, p. 78.
3. Cobbett, *Parliamentary History*, I, 507, citing Burnet.
4. *Ibid.*

5. *Ibid.*, p. 510. Recalling that he had committed the case to Wolsey and Campeggio, Clement continued, "But when the queen began to suspect them as partial judges, and on the account of some grievances she had imposed upon her by the said legates, had appealed from them to the apostolic tribunal, and had on her part appointed proctors to prosecute the said appeal at Rome, even then Our great inclination to His Majesty's service was sufficiently evidenced. For although We could not in this cause deny the queen's commission of appeal, yet seeking rather that this controversy might be finished by the agreeable methods of peace and concord, than by course of law, We framed several delays in granting Our commission of appeal in the said cause." He consulted the Cardinals, and "it was concluded that a commission of appeal in this cause could not be refused. Since which no lawful proctor has appeared on the king's part to set forth His Majesty's pretensions either in writing or by word of mouth, whence it is that this cause could not receive its determination, since it must be decided according to what is alleged, and by witnesses proved; not according to favor and affection. There is therefore no reason why this deferring Our sentence of determination, of which you complain, should be ascribed to Us; and your complaint

seems to Us the more strange, because His Majesty's ambassador in several places . . . did request and solicit this delay of sentence . . . We kept Ourselves unbiassed, inclined to favor neither side, but to hear both, looking on this most extraordinary cause, not only to concern the whole Christian world, but also to belong to all posterity . . . You cannot with more earnest desire wish His Majesty a son than We do . . . but We are not in the stead of God, that We can give children . . . " As for the Parliament's threat to seek a remedy elsewhere, "this is a resolution neither worthy of your prudence, nor becoming your Christianity; and We do therefore of Our fatherly love exhort you to abstain from any such rash attempt; though it would be no fault of the physician if the patient, weary of his distemper, should rashly and unadvisedly venture upon measures destructive to his health . . . I write not these things to shame you, but as my beloved sons I warn you."

- 6. *State Papers, Spanish*, IV, part i, 855-7.
- 7. Stevenson is unfair to Marguerite in his introduction to the *State Papers, Foreign and Domestic*, 1533.
- 8. *State Papers, Spanish*, IV, I, p. 96.
- 9. *State Papers, Foreign and Domestic*, Vol. VI, introd.
- 10. *Ibid.*, p. i.
- 11. *Ibid.*, VI, 115.
- 12. *Ibid.*
- 13. *Ibid.*, VIII, introd., and pp. 589, 736-8, 838.
- 14. *Ibid.*, VI, 266.
- 15. *State Papers, Spanish*, V, part i, 430; Chapuys to Charles, March 7, 1535.
- 16. *Domestic and Foreign*, VII, 247-8.
- 17. *Ibid.*, pp. 379, 380.
- 18. *Ibid.*, introd., p. viii.
- 19. *Ibid.*, pp. 246-7.
- 20. *State Papers, Spanish*, V, part 2, pp. 5 and 6.
- 21. *Ibid.*
- 22. M. La Fuente, *op. cit.* xii, p. 84. He gives no contemporary authority. But Sandoval mentions several admirable qualities of Sinan the Jew.
- 23. *Spanish Calendar*, VI, part i, 109.
- 24. *Ibid.*, p. 157.
- 25. *Ibid.*, pp. 167-8.

NOTES ON CHAPTER IV

- 1. Cabrera, I, 4.
- 2. M. La Fuente, *loc. cit.*
- 3. *Ibid.*
- 4. *Ibid.*
- 5. "A mi hizo cierto burla de una liebre que me tenia puesta muerta para que la tirase, y con haberla yo acertado aunque estaba muerta, me contenté"—*Ibid.*, from Simancas, Estado, legajo num. 50.
- 6. *Ibid.*
- 7. *Ibid.*
- 8. *Ibid.*
- 9. *Ibid.*, p. 382.
- 10. Armstrong, Charles V, I, 300; *Relation des troubles de Ghent sous Charles Quint, par un anonyme*, ed. Gachard, in *Collection de Chroniques Belges*, 1846.
- 11. Aleander to Farnese, Pastor, XII, 659.
- 12. Pastor, XII, 124.
- 13. *Op. cit.*
- 14. Cabrera, I, 6.
- 15. *Spanish Cal.*, IV, part 1.
- 16. Cabrera, I, 7.
- 17. There is a likeness of Alba at about this time in the gallery of the Hispanic Society, New York.
- 18. Pastor, XI, introd.
- 19. *Ibid.*, XII, 188.
- 20. Cabrera, I, 8.
- 21. Originals found by Wilhelm Maurenbrecher in Madrid, 1863, and published that year; Sandoval, *Hist. de Carl. Quinto*, II, p. 299; *Seminario erudito*, tom. XIV, p. 156; Francisco de Iglesia, *Instrucciones y consejo del Emperador Carlos V a su hijo*, etc. Madrid, 1908; Hume, p. 12; Leti, I, 132. These are Bratl's references, p. 171.
- 22. M. La Fuente, XII, 384; *Colleccion de documentos inéditos para la historia des espana*, III, 361, 418; Sandoval, lib. xvi.
- 23. Cabrera, I, 9.
- 24. M. La Fuente, *loc. cit.*
- 25. *Ibid.*
- 26. *Ibid.*
- 27. *Spanish Calendar*, 1545-6, p. 175.



## NOTES ON CHAPTER V

1. *Spanish Cal.* IV, part I, p. 117.
2. Charles to Cobos, *Ibid.*, Feb. 17, 1545.
3. Armstrong, *Charles V*, II, 163.
4. *Spanish Cal.*, 1545-6, pp. 550-553.
5. *Lib.* 30, chap. xiv.
6. Calvete, *El felicissimo viaje del Principe* et, I. Cabrera is evidently wrong on the date of Philip's departure. Sandoval (*lib.* 29, p. 93) agrees with Calvete.
7. This, despite almost all modern historians, including the invaluable Guggenberger (II, 296) who harp on Philip's inability to trust any one.
8. II, 140-141.
9. Cabrera, I, II.
10. Ballesteros, IV, part 2, p. 518.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER VI

1. Cabrera, I.
2. Graetz, *History of the Jews*, IV, 480; English translation.
3. Dr. Lucien Wolf, in *Transactions, Jewish Historical Society of England*, XI, 2 and his valuable references; also *Jewish Encyclopedia*, IV, 189.
4. *Ibid.*
5. *Ibid.*; also Goris, *Les Colonies Marchandes Meridionales à Anvers*, p. 104.
6. *Revue des Etudes Juives*, 1929, Vol. 88, pp. 114-5.
7. Wolf, *op. cit.*; also Graetz, *loc. cit.* pp. 480 *et seq.* and 571. *Jewish Encyclopedia*, IX, 172 *et seq.*
8. *Revue des Etudes Juives*, Vol. 83, pp. 52-62.
9. Sandoval, *lib.* 29, pp. 93-4.
10. Astrain, *Historia de la Compañia de Jesus*, Vol. III.
11. Cabrera, I, 12.
12. H. A. Rennert. *The Spanish Stage in the Time of Lope de Vega*. New York. 1909.
13. Calvete, *Felicissimo viaje*, etc.
14. *Ibid.*
15. *Ibid.*
16. *Ibid.*: "Predicó tan singularmente como lo suele hacer siempre el Doctor Constantino."
17. *Ibid.*
18. *Ibid.*, p. 35.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 36; Cabrera, I, 13.
20. Leti, *Vita di Filippo II*, Vol. I., p. 187, ed. 1679.
21. V. La Fuente, *Las sociedades secretas*, p. 64.
22. Cabrera, I, 13.
23. *Ibid.*
24. Leti, I, p. 192.
25. Cabrera, *loc. cit.*
26. Tyler, *Calendar of State Papers*, X, 183.
27. Calvete, I, 250-1.
28. See text of agreement of Charles and Ferdinand in Tyler, Vol. X, pp. 245-6.
29. Sandoval, *lib.* 29, p. 100.
30. Sandoval says (*lib.* 31, p. 134) that Philip reached Barcelona July 12; Cabrera says in the first days of August (I, 13).

## NOTES ON CHAPTER VII

1. Date of letter July 23, 1551, acc. to Sandoval, *lib.* XXXI, 10, p. 134; yet if this date is correct the letter must have been sent after Philip landed in Spain. Cabrera says that Charles gave him his faculties on June 21 of the previous year—I, 13). Cabrera has him returning to Spain, however, in 1550. Neither of these contemporary chroniclers can be depended upon for dates.

2. Leti, *op. cit.*, *lib.* X, p. 225.
3. Tyler, *Spanish State Papers*, Vol. X, p. 175.
4. Simancas, *Estado*, 1319; Tyler, *loc. cit.* p. 605.
5. *Noticia general para la estimasion de las artes*, 1600, quoted in *Pintores Espanoles en San Lorenzo el Real de el Escorial*, by R. P. Fr. Julian Zarco Cuevas, O.S.A., Madrid, 1931.

6. *Philip II of Spain*, p. 17.
7. Tyler, Vol. X.
8. Tyler, *State Papers*, Letter of Charles to Philip July 30, 1553, Vol. XI, p. 126 and Philip's reply, August 22.
9. Tyler, X, *loc. cit.*
10. *Ibid.*
11. *Ibid.*, pp. 616-617.
12. Tyler, *Calendar*, X, pp. 609-610.
13. *Ibid.*, pp. 434-7 and introd., p. XXI.
14. *Ibid.*
15. *Ibid.*, X, 121.
16. *Ibid.*, XI, 126.

17. Tyler's calendar, XI, p. 177. This letter, in Spanish, in Philip's handwriting. The part in brackets is crossed out in the original Ms. The Most Christian Queen referred to is Charles' sister Eleanor, widow of Francis I.

18. *Ibid.*, Vol. XI, p. 403.
19. Letter of December 17, 1553. Tyler XI.
20. Belgian Transcripts, Record Office, Vol. I, pp. 600-602. Mary's attitude has been much misrepresented. Hume tells us that she was "coy." See Cobbett, *Parliamentary History*, I, 612 *et seq.* for her reasons for marrying Philip.
21. Ballesteros, IV, pt. 2, p. 529.
22. H. A. Rennert, *The Spanish Stage in the Time of Lope de Vega*, New York, 1909, Hispanic Society; also Pfandl, *História de la literatura espanola en el siglo de oro*, p. 116 *et seq.*, and Hurtado y Palencia, *História de la literatura española*, pp. 353-355.
23. Cabrera, I, 21.
24. I, 68, 69.
25. *Encyclopedia Britannica*, ninth edition (article, *Bedford, John, first earl*) traces the family to the Gascon wine merchants; and there is certainly plenty of evidence of the Jewish origin of the French Rosels, Rousels, Roussels, etc., especially if they were merchants of the south. There were Jews named Russell in England in the twelfth century.
26. J. M. Stone, *History of Mary I, Queen of England*: ref. to Cole Ms., British Museum; printed in *The Portfolio of a Man of Letters*. Miss Stone's book is still the best, by the way, on Mary Tudor.
27. Major Hume's chapter on Philip's voyage to England in *The Year after the Armada and other Historical Studies*, 1896, is still the best summary of the various contemporary accounts.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER VIII

1. Soranzo, in *Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*. Brown, V, 532.
2. He was the first of that title, father of the Howard of Armada fame.
3. *Parl. Hist.*, I, 613.
4. *Summary and Veracious Relation of the Happy Voyage made by the Unconquered Prince of the Spains, Don Felipe, to England*, etc. . . . by Andres Muñoz, Zaragoza, 1554, in Biblioteca Nacional.
5. *The Year After the Armada*, p. 148.
6. Stone, *op. cit.*, from Record Office, Westminster, April 3, 1525.
7. A. F. G. Bell, *Luis de Leon*, p. 22.
8. "*Oratio Solita recitari singulo die ante Imaginem Christi.*" J. M. Stone gives the Latin text and Mary's translation, *op. cit.* Appendix A.
9. *Arundel Ms.* 151, fol. 191, Brit. Mus. Also in *State Papers, Foreign and Domestic*, Vol. VI, p. 472.
10. *State Papers, Spanish*, 1536-38, pp. 536-8.
11. Chapuys to the Emperor, July 1, 1536, *Calendar of State Papers, Spanish*, Gairdner, XI, p. 7.
12. *Harleian Ms.* 283, f. 114<sup>b</sup>, 112. Stone gives this letter, *op. cit.* page 127, with other parts of the correspondence.
13. *State Papers, Foreign*, I, introd.
14. *Ibid.*, from Hatfield, October 18, 1546. R. O. Vol. 84, no. 7.
15. Royal Historical Society, *Transactions*, third series, Vol. III, p. 63.
16. I, 249.
17. *State Papers, Domestic*, Edward VI, Lemon, Vol. I, p. 29.
18. *State Papers, Venetian*, 1534-54, Rawdon Brown, pp. 241-267.
19. Cabrera, I, 29 *et seq.* (Cabrera has Pole landing at Dover November 14; he actually arrived on the twentieth). See Prescott's note (I, p. 122) ridiculing Cabrera's account of this speech.
20. Cabrera, I, 29.
21. *Parl. Hist.*, I, p. 622.
22. Ribadaneira, *Cisma de Inglaterra*, cap. XV, *Obras Escogidas*, ed. 1868 has the text in full. J. M. Stone gives a condensed and garbled version of this letter, taken from Ribier, *Lettres et Memoires d'Etat*, vol. II, p. 542.
23. Philip to Juana, January 15, 1555, in Ribadaneira, Cap. XV, pp. 248-9.
24. Cabrera, I, p. 31.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER IX



1. During the Presidential campaign of 1928, enemies of Alfred E. Smith exhibited pictures of the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition in New York City.
2. Michiel, *Venetian Calendar*, Vol. VI, part 1, p. 36.
3. Prescott, I, 123. Major Hume has corrected this error of Prescott. *Philip II*, p. 40,
4. *Short History of the English People*, p. 364.
5. Cobbett: *History of the Reformation*, ed. by Gasquet, p. 207.
6. See Barbaro's report on conditions in England in Brown's calendar, 1534-54, P. 338 *et seq.*
7. Michiel, in *Venetian Cal.*, VI, I, p. 32.
8. Cabrera, I, 12.
9. *Ibid.*
10. Stone, p. 346 from *Archives des Affaires Etrangères, Angleterre*, Vol. 1, p. 827.
11. *State Papers, Spanish*, I, p. 61; of Feria to Philip, April 29, 1559.
12. Feria wrote a hint of this to the King (*loc. cit.*) April 29, 1559. Belloc holds that she suffered from a "lascivious impotence" all her life.
13. Foxe, *op. cit.*, VIII, 620.
14. Foxe, *loc. cit.*
15. *State Papers, Venetian*, VI, pt. I, 190.
16. I, 33.
17. *State Papers, Venetian, loc. cit.*
18. *Ibid.* Italics mine.
19. Machyn, *Diary*, p. 94. Stone, 403.
20. Michiel, *loc. cit.* 204.
21. Michiel, *loc. cit.* VI, 1, 632.
22. Cobbett, *Parl. Hist.* I, 632.
23. *Ibid.*
24. Charlton, *Lord Burleigh*, p. 33; Lingard, Vol. V.
25. See Brown's *Calendar*, VI, pt. 2, p. 1074, n., for list.
26. Cabrera, I, p. 273.
27. Edward Armstrong, *The Emperor Charles V*, II, 352; M. J. W. Burgon, *Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham*, I, 175.
28. Cabrera, I, 36.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER X

1. *Reivindicacion*, p. 423 *et seq.*
2. Cabrera, I, 49.
3. Armstrong, *The Emperor Charles the Fifth* gives 10,000,000 pounds sterling; see K. Haebler, *Die Geschichte der Fuggerschen Handlung ins Spanien*, 1897.
4. "Y parecia de mal ejemplo, no tanto por la pérdida de los acreedores, nunca igual á la ganancia ilícita immoderada, cuanto de las viudas, huérfanos, pueblo menudo, de su compañía y asientos, y por la abertura para romper la fe de los contratos . . . Decian no debía pagar las deudas del predecesor el heredero por ley del Reino; mas D. Felipe sí, porque fue por resignacion con las cargas que tenian el que le dió, viviendo, universalmente sus bienes y sus deudas." Cabrera, I, 48.
5. Chapter VIII.
6. Pastor does not give his reasons for questioning the authenticity of this statement, so characteristic of Marcellus. XIV, 46, English translation.
7. I, 26.
8. *Venetian Cal.*, VI, pt. 1, 291.
9. *Ven. Cal.*, Brown, VI, pt. 1, p. 270.
10. *Op. cit.*, p. 77.
11. Badoer, Dec. 15, 1555, in Brown, *loc. cit.*, p. 281.
12. Bodoer, Jan. 3, 1556; *ibid.*
13. *Ibid.*, p. 34.
14. *Ibid.*; Badoer, Feb. 4.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 536.
16. Professor Merriman makes too facile a summary: "The distinguished theologian Melchior Cano boldly advised the king to reform the administration of the Spanish Church in such fashion that it should be able to enjoy its own revenues instead of having them drained away to Rome. As things stood, he maintained Spain had to go on her knees to the papacy in order to get the clerical subsidy, which were paid her in funds that were really her own." (*Op. cit.* IV, 58.) This appears to assume that the Pope had no claim to the financial aid of the faith all over the world as today in Peter's Pence. It is conceivable that a modern State, in exchange for some service to religion, might obtain the Pope's permission to divert this collection for national purposes; but if the State should seize it, the injustice would be obvious, and would be admitted everywhere. The clerical subsidy in Spain was diverted to the use of kings as a reward for crusading activities; but the Pope's right to it was not questioned, even in Spain. The text of Cano's letter, quoted by Cabrera (I, pp. 80-82), does not quite support this.
17. "Si queria proceder libre su autoridad real y sin dependencia, dexase los subsidios de la Iglesia que luego le buscarian sus ministros, y sus Estados le darian mas que le concederla la Curia Romana." From Cano's text as quoted by Cabrera, *loc. cit.* Professor Merriman seems to infer that Cano urged the King to take the subsidy, whereas he said just the opposite.
18. *Loc. cit.*
19. Cabrera, I, 45-6.
20. Cabrera, I, 105.
21. Cabrera, I, 44.
22. These words appear in a "bull" published only in the *Beitrag* of Döllinger (I. 218-227) who gives neither date nor source. Hume is wrong in his assumption (*op. cit.*, p. 52) that the excommunication mentioned therein was promulgated. (See Pastor, XIV.)

23. I, 120.
24. *Ambassades*, Vol. V, p. 299. "Et surtout éviter que Madame Elizabeth ne se remue en sorte du Monde nous entreprendre ce que m'escrivez," etc. Stone, p. 409.
25. I, 51.
26. S. Luke. XIX, 42. Pole emphasized the words in italics.
27. Cabrera, I, 65.
28. Brown's *Cal.*, VI, pt. 1, 518.
29. *Ibid.*, p. 469.
30. Cabrera, I, 79.
31. Simancas, E. 114, f. 155 and P R 18, f. 14. Part of this letter is quoted in *Razón y Fe*, January, 1934, p. 81.
32. It is not easy to assign the blame for this war. A spirited defense of Philip and Alba has been made by F. Rodríguez Pomar in *Razón y Fe*, January, February and March, 1934, and May and June, 1935. He admits that Von Pastor's account is good, but considers it too dependent upon papal sources, and therefore partial. "*Y ese ceño—se nos antoja—late inconsciente, o habilmente disimulado, en su relato.*" Senor Pomar himself is not exactly impartial. He tells of the arrest of Garcilasso de la Vega, for example, without mentioning the provocative contents of the letter he wrote to Alba, virtually advising an advance on Rome. Senor Rafael Altamira y Crevea (*História de España*, III, 70), takes an easy way out of the difficulty by apportioning the blame equally between Philip and the Pope. It would be just as simple to say that both were equally innocent; each felt himself forced to fight by the unreasonable aggression of the other!
33. Cabrera, I, 43.
34. "*y asi los monjes los enviaron brevemente contentos.*" Cabrera, I, 44.
35. Cabrera, I, 104.
36. Juana *la loca* was much consoled in her last hours by Saint Francis Borgia. She was reconciled at last to her religion, and died with the name of Christ on her lips, a few months before the Emperor returned to Spain.
37. Cabrera, I, 104.
38. *Ibid.*, p. 105.
39. Cabrera, I, 47-8.
40. *Ven. Cal.*, VI, pt. II, 607.
41. Cabrera, I, 171-2.
42. Cabrera, I, 167.
43. Lettenhove, *Relations Politiques des Pays Bas et de l'Angleterre*, p. 60.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XI

1. Paul had gone as nuncio to England in 1514 to collect the Peter's Pence.
2. *Venetian Calendar*, Vol. VI, pt. II, 880.
3. *Ibid.*: Soranzo to the Doge, October 20, 1556
4. *Ibid.*, p. 873.
5. Cabrera, I; *State Papers*, *loc. cit.*
6. Cabrera, I, 166.
7. Cabrera, I, 178. Professor Merriman seems to have overlooked this passage in the source he calls "indispensable." Questioning Bratli's assertion that as regards superstition Philip was far in advance of his age, he observes that "unfortunately he cites no contemporary evidence for his view." *Op. cit.*, IV. 16, n. 3.
8. Cabrera, I, 181.
9. *Ibid.*
10. *Op. cit.*, IV, 10-11. Professor Paul Van Dyke displays a more realistic understanding of Philip's situation. "Paris has never been too easy to take and the difficulties of provisioning a rapidly invading army would have been very great." *Catherine de' Medici*, Vol. I, p. 87.
11. Cabrera, I, 186. Surian, the Venetian ambassador, saw Philip's difficulty, and reported to the Doge that he must take the small places—see his dispatch of Sept. 5, 1557, in *Ven. Cal.*, VI, pt. 2, p. 1289.
12. *Op. cit.*, IV, 12.
13. Cabrera, I, 210-211.
14. *Ibid.*, I, 191.
15. "*Nelli piaceri delle donne e incontinente, prendendo dilettazone di andare in maschera la notte anche in tempo di negoziazioni importanti, e sente molta dilettazone di vari guise*"—In Alberi, *Relazione* etc., Series I, Vol. III, p. 234.
16. I, 209-210.
17. Cabrera, I, 215.
18. Tenison, *Elizabethan England*.
19. *The Life of fane Dormer, Duchess of Feria*, p. 90. Lingard, *History of England*, V, 524 *et seq.*
20. Feria to King Philip, November 13 or 14, 1558, in Hume's *Calendar*, Vol. I.
21. *Ibid.*
22. *History of the Reign of Philip the Second*, Vol. I, p. 257, 1855 edition.
23. Brussels, January 10, 1559, *State Papers, Spanish*, I, p. 20.
24. Cabrera, I, 246-7.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XII



1. Cabrera, I, 90, 193; see also correspondence in Brown's *Venetian*, Vol. VI, pt. 1.
2. I, 193.
3. Cabrera, I, 275; Illescas confirms this; La Fuente, *Las sociedades secretas*, p. 74.
4. Cabrera, I, 242.
5. Cabrera, I, 243.
6. November 18, 1558. *State Papers, Domestic*.
7. Cobbett, I, 635; Cabrera, I, 249.
8. Matthew Pattenson, *Jerusalem and Babel*, p. 440.
9. Report, C.R.S., Vol. I, p. 5. The translation is that of Miss E. M. Tennison, *Elizabethan England*, I, 148, who doubts that England was so Catholic, on the ground of Hayward's report of the fervor of the common people somewhat later in burning churches and destroying images. But here she ignores much evidence that such vandalism was always the work of comparatively small but noisy bands of paid wreckers and propagandists, as in later Communistic manifestations, as in the Huguenot cities, and in Antwerp in 1566.
10. May 10; *State Papers, Spanish*, Vol. I, pp. 66-8. Miss Tennison tries to minimize the number of Catholics in England under Elizabeth, and appeals to Parliamentary history to refute the Jesuit estimates. But the Lord Keeper's Speech in the first volume of Cobbett (p. 683) leaves her case weak. Von Pastor likewise pronounced a most unfair judgment on the English people when he wrote, "The appearance, however, was not in keeping with reality. The English were prepared to change their religion at the will of the sovereign, and they were also capable of becoming Mohammedans and Jews to please the King. They would also in time once more adopt the Catholic religion, if they were not afraid that the Church property would some day be demanded back." (XIV, 394) Pastor is here attributing to the English people the motives of a small group of church looters.
11. J. B. Mullinger, *The University of Cambridge from the Earliest Times*, I, p. 553 *et seq.*; Cooper, *Annals of Cambridge*; Henry Eyster Jacobs, D.D., *The Lutheran Movement in England*, Philadelphia, 1890.
12. Paulet to Cecil, April 11, 1567, *State Papers, Domestic*.
13. Mary gave Gresham the priory of the Austin Canons at Massingham Magna in Norfolk, with several minor benefices, in January, 1556; later she gave him others.
14. This was in 1547. The salary of Custos Brevium amounted to 240 pounds a year.
15. For an account of the origin of the Court of Wards and Liveries, see Barbara's account of conditions in England, May, 1551, in Brown's *Venetian Calendar*, 1534-54, p. 338 *et seq.*
16. *Great Lord Burleigh*, p. 6. Italics are mine.
17. Jacobs, *Jewish Contributions to Civilization*, p. 208.
18. Bergenroth, *State Papers*, I, 164.
19. Act of 14 and 15 Henry VIII, *Statutes at Large*, Great Brit. Parl. Vol. II, p. 137; repeated and amplified by Star Chamber decree, 1529; *Revue des Etudes Juives*, Volumes 9, 5, 6, 11, 13, 14, 16; Graetz, V. 247; Abbott, *Israel in Europe*; Stokes, *Studies in Anglo Jewish History*; Phillips, *History of the Sackville Family*, I, 36; Milman, *History of the Jews*, III, 355.
20. Quoted by Elkan Nathan Adler, *History of the Jews in London*, p. 73.
21. Nov. 25, 1558, Hume's *Cal.*, I, 6.
22. *Ibid.*, p. 7.
23. Feria to the King, *Spanish Cal.* Hume, I, 16, Dec. 29, 1558.
24. *Loc. cit.*, p. 25 *et seq.*
25. *Ibid.*
26. *Ibid.*
27. *Ibid.*
28. *Ibid.*, I, 66, 68.
29. *Ibid.*
30. *Ibid.*, I, 89, July 27, 1559.
31. *Ibid.*, I, 89, July 13, 1559.
32. *Ibid.*, I, 160-1.
33. Cabrera, I, 273.
34. I, 266.
35. *Loc. cit.*
36. Cabrera, I, 274. A more apocryphal account of a second conversation represents William saying something about "the people" and their demands, and Philip crying, in one of his rare outbursts of anger, "No, not the people, but you! you! you!"
37. Cabrera, I, 266.
38. Gachard, *Relations des Ambassadeurs Venetiens*, Bruxelles, 1855, p. 65 *et seq.* n. *Il principe Carlo è di età d'anni dodici* etc.
39. Cabrera, I, 273.
40. *Ibid.*
41. *Ibid.*, I, 266. Prescott intimates (II, 359) that Philip objected to Egmont himself because he was so popular with the people.
42. Cabrera, I, 266.
43. Cabrera, I, 269.
44. Gresham Cecil, April 21, 1560, in Burgon, I, 270.
45. Cabrera, I, 274.
46. Cabrera, I, 275.
47. "Carlo V. haveva saccheggiato la Terra, per arricchirne il Mare."—Leti, *op. cit.*, I, 335.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XIII

2. *Ibid.*

3. P. 77.

4. Prescott, *Philip the Second*, II, p. 325 *et seq.*

5. Cabrera, I, 275. Porreño, Colmenares and others confirm this anecdote, and it has generally been accepted as authentic. The account of this *auto* has been taken chiefly from Cabrera, *loc. cit.*

6. *Ven. Cal.*, VII, 259.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 302.

8. Cabrera, I, 276.

9. Lea mentions only two other *autos* that Philip attended: the one at Toledo, February 25, 1550 and the one at Barcelona, March 5, 1564, when the King watched the meeting from a window. Bratli has discovered two others: Lisbon, April 1, 1582 and Toledo, February 25, 1591. The *auto* at Lisbon is described in one of Philip's letters to his daughters; ed. Gachard.

10. Prescott (*Op. cit.*, II, 328) is here referring to a much disputed passage in Cabrera's eccentric Spanish (I, 275). "*Hallose por esto presente a ver llevar i entregar al fuego muchos delinquentes acompañados de sus guardas de a pie i de a cavallo, que ayudaron a la execucion.*" It is not certain that "*sus guardas*" refers to Philip's guards, as Prescott seems to assume: it could mean "their guards."

11. *Histoire critique de l'Inquisition d'Espagne*, Vol. I, p. 300, ed. 1817.

12. There is an account of the establishment of the Spanish Inquisition and its operations during the lifetime of Isabella, Ferdinand and Torquemada in *Isabella of Spain*, by the author of this book; Sheed and Ward, London, 1931.

13. Merriman, *op. cit.*, IV, 78. He adds that the Holy Office had been "in a somewhat decadent condition" in the latter years of Charles, and attributes this to lack of material; under Philip the Inquisitors pounced on the new material and posed as saviors of society, etc. This is to ignore the numerous heretics close to the Emperor's person, and his own blindness to the fact until he lay dying.

14. There is a good discussion of the Inquisition in the Canaries in *Transactions*, Royal Historical Society, III, 237, *et seq.* by Miss de Alberti.

15. *Geschichte*, IV, pp. 684-5.

16. I, *Thessalonians*, II, 15-16.

17. *Romans*, IX and X.

18. *Apoc*, II, 9.

19. *Ibid.*, III, 9.

20. *Geschichte*, IV, 422.

21. *Jewish Encyclopedia*, III, 637. The italics are mine.

22. *Israel et l'Humanité*, p. 71.

23. "Joseph ha-Cohen ha-Sefardi (1495-1550), who chronicled the sufferings of his co-religionists in the Middle Ages, says that many Jews were left in England and France after their expulsion had been decreed, and he attributes to this very fact the inclination of the English and French to the Reformation of the Church."—Elkan Nathan Adler, *History of the Jews in London*, p. 73.

24. *Jewish Encyclopedia*, IX, 169. My italics. The term *Nasi* appears in *Lev.* IV, 23; *Ezek.* XLIV, 2-18.

25. Hyamson, *The Jews in England*, p. 146; Rabbi Newman, *Jewish Influence on Christian Reform Movements*; Graetz, *Geschichte*, Vol. IV, chapter viii, *et seq.*

26. Abrahams, *Jewish Life in the Middle Ages*, p. 423, quoting Ginsburg, in his edition of Levita's *Masoreth Hamasoreth*, p. 38, note.

27. Abrahams, *op. cit.*, p. 403, *et seq.*

28. Pastor rejects this.

29. *Ibid.*

30. For an interesting study of the relations between the Medici and the Jews see Umberto Cassuto, *Gli Ebrei a Firenze nell'età del Rinascimento*, Firenze, 1918; also his article on the Medici in the *Revue des Etudes Juives*, 1923, Vol. 76, p. 132, where he says, "*Durant toute la période du Rinascimento, la famille des Medicis se montra constamment bienveillante envers les Juifs, les défendit, les protégea et les favorise, tandis qu'au contraire l'élément populaire et démocratique conserva toujours à leur égard une attitude irreconcilablement hostile,*" etc.

31. *Op. cit.*, IV, p. 422.

32. *Ibid.*

33. Pastor, Vol. VII, pp. 293-305.

34. Margolis and Marx, *History of the Jewish People*, p. 484.

35. Brown, *Stranger Than Fiction*, pp. 247-248; Hyamson, *The Jews in England*, p. 146.

36. *Op. cit.*, II, 240.

37. Abrahams, *Jewish Life in the Middle Ages*.

38. Lucien Wolf, in *Transactions*, Jewish Historical Society of England, Vol. XI, p. 8; see also Goris, *Les Colonies Marchandes Meridionales à Anvers*; and Lea, *History of the Inquisition of Spain*, III, 413.

39. *Loc. cit.*

40. Pastor, XV, introd., xlii, quoting text from *Corp.* Ref. xli, 81: "*merentur gladio ultore coerceri, cum non in regem tantum insurgant, sed in Deum ipsum.*"

41. Balme, *European Civilization*, p. 215.

42. III, 738.

43. *Op. cit.*, IV, 285.

44. Encyclical letter to the archbishops and bishops of Italy, Dec. 8, 1849: "*Illorum quoque sapientiam non latet, initia malorum omnium, quibus tantopere affligimur, a detrimentis repetenda esse, quae Religioni Ecclesiaeque Catholicae jamdiu, praesertim vero a Protestantium aetate, irrogata fuerunt.*" —Text, Latin and French, in *Recueil des Allocutions*, etc., Paris, 1885.

45. Cabrera gives an account of this curious affair, 1574.

46. Original documents in Vatican archives. There are extracts in Cretineau-Joly, *L'Eglise en face de la Revolution*, II, pp. 120-400; Dillon, *War of Anti-Christ With the Church*, pp. 68-82; and more briefly, Cahill, *Freemasonry*, p. 101.

47. Brown, *Cal.* IV, I, p. 500. Pastor, XV, p. 10.

48. "There appears no reason to doubt Philip's sincerity," concludes Von Pastor, XV, II, note 1.

49. Cabrera, I, 285; Pastor, XV, 10, *et seq.*

50. Cabrera, I, 311.

51. *Ibid.*, I, 341.

52. Pastor, XV, 164.

53. Cabrera, I, 341, Pastor, *loc. cit.*

54. *Il Principe*, Ch. xviii.



## NOTES ON CHAPTER XIV

1. *Ven. Cal.* VII, 88.
2. *Ven. Cal.* VII, 132, Tiepolo to the Doge.
3. Cabrera, I, 278. Cabrera must be mistaken in the date of this speech, which he assigns, to October, 1559; for Philip did not reach Toledo until November. See *Ven. Cal.* VII, 132.
4. Tiepolo to the Doge. *Ven. Cal.* VII, 223-4.
5. I, 219.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 279.
7. De Thou makes her 13; Cabrera (I, 285) gives her 18 years, 9 months and 18 days, yet in reporting her death eight years later he makes her 22 years, 5 months and 2 days old. (I, 598.)
8. Brantôme, V, 131.
9. Cabrera, I, 285.
10. Cabrera, I, 285. *Atabalejos* are small kettle-drums. *Dulzainas*: wind instruments. *Gaitillas*: might be bag-pipes, horn-pipes or flageolets. *Abegas* are Moorish wind instruments of the flute type.
11. *Ibid.*
12. *Ibid.*
13. *Ibid.*
14. *Ibid.*
15. *Ibid.*, p. 288.
16. Tiepolo, Dec. 22, 1559. *Ven. Cal.*, VII.
17. Tiepolo's dispatches, *Ven. Cal.*, VII, pp. 150, 151, 178, 188, 246, etc.
18. *Ven. Cal.*, VII, 171.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 261.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 235.
21. *Ibid.*, p. 256.
22. *Ibid.*, p. 256.
23. *Ibid.*
24. *Ibid.*, pp. 142, 228, 245, 311.
25. *Oeuvres*, V, 140.
26. Tiepolo, *Ven. Cal.*, VII, 223.
27. *Ibid.*, p. 320.
28. *Ibid.*, p. 286.
29. *Ibid.*, p. 197.
30. *Venetian Calendar*, VII, pp. 223-4. Prescott is mistaken also about the date of the removal, which he gives as 1563, apparently following the error of Quintana. But it is now pretty well established that the change occurred in 1561. See Bratli, p. 187. Cabrera says simply that Philip considered Toledo *incapaz*; moreover, he wished to carry out the idea of his father, and hoped to build a great city in the center of his monarchy. I, 297.
31. Cabrera (I, 371 *et seq.*) gives the complete text of this decree. The Emperor made the codicil September 7, 1558, before the notary Martin Gaztelu. *Ibid.*, p. 370.
32. Cabrera, I, 372.
33. Badoer to the Doge, Jan. 16, 1556; Brown's *Calendar*, Vol. VI, part 1, 317.
34. This is now generally admitted, but often grudgingly or patronizingly. Hume, for instance, says: "As King of Spain alone, having only local problems to deal with, modest, cautious, painstaking and just, he might have been a happy and successful—even a great—monarch, but as leader of the conservative forces of Christendom he was in a position for which his gifts unfitted him." *Philip the Second*, p. 4. Pastor echoes this judgment. He tells us that Philip's "natural autocracy was given a special character by the view he took of the heavy responsibilities which lay upon his shoulders. His unwearied assiduity at the council table would have been an excellent thing in the ruler of a small state, but in the case of a monarch who was master of half the world it could not fail to become a grave disadvantage, all the more so as it was united to a great want of decision." *Lives of the Popes*, XVI, 357, *et seq.* He gives Hume as a reference.
35. *Monarquía de España*, II, p. 283.
36. I, 318.
37. Cabrera, I, 321.
38. "Dexar eso, y decid lo que importa."—Cabrera, I, 327.
39. "Si lo traeis por escrito yo lo vere; y os hare despachar."—*Ibid.*
40. I, 318.
41. C C, *loc cit.*

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XV

1. Tiepolo, March 25, 1560. *Ven. Cal.*, VII, 171, *et seq.*
2. *Ibid.*, Tiepolo's dispatches from Spain are confirmed by those of Michiel to the Doge from France.
3. *State Papers*, For. 1559-60, p. 78; *Collection de documents inédites*, etc. Vol. XVIII, part 1, p. lxiii.
4. The prophecy of Nostradamus was almost, but not quite fulfilled. Marguerite became Queen of Navarre as wife of Henry of Bearne. Henry of Anjou became king of Poland, and later king of France. But Alençon died without a throne—the nearest he came to it was his wooing of Queen Elizabeth.

5. So the Venetian ambassador Corroero reported; a third of the nobility were Huguenots, he added.
6. Cabrera, I, 90. Maimbourg, *Histoire de Calvinisme*, 1682, p. 124; LeLaboureux, I, p. 381; Delabord, *Gaspar de Coligny*, Vol. I. The first biography of Admiral Coligny was published in 1575: *Gasparis Colini magni quondam Franciae amirallis vita*. It was not translated into French until 1643, but an English translation was published in 1576 by Arthur Golding, uncle of Cecil's ward, Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford: "*The Lyfe of the most Godly, Valiant and Noble Captarne and Maintener of the trew Christian Religion in France, IASPER COLIGNIE SHATILION, some time great Admirall of France.*" The first French edition was published by Bonaventure and Abraham Elzevir, 1643: *La Vie de Messire Gaspar de Colligny*, etc.
7. D'Aumale, *History of the Prince of Condé*, I, 189.
8. I, 299.
9. Du Chesne, *Histoire des Chanceliers*; De la Faye de l'Hopital, *Quelques Eclaircissements Historiques et Genealogiques sur Michel de l'Hopital et sa famille*, Paris, 1862; C. T. Atkinson, *Michel de l'Hopital*. De la Faye quotes the words of the Bishop of Metz: "*ut Michael Hospitalis, homo quidem doctus, sed nullius religionis, aut, ut vere dicam, & Oeos in ejus locum surrogaretur, effecit*" etc.
10. *Jewish Contributions to Civilization*, pp. 280-1.
11. Cabrera, I, 302.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 339.
13. See Cavalli's dispatch, May 7, 1568.
14. M. Pattenson, *Jerusalem and Babel*, second edition, 1653, for the use of which I am indebted to Dennis C. Fauss, Esq. It was written about 1621.
15. *Ven. Cal.*, VII, 331.
16. Suriano, September 8, 1561. My italics.
17. Cabrera, I, 339.
18. Suriano, August 15, 1561.
19. Albert le Mire: *Nouvelle Collection de memoires relatif a l'histoire de France*, Ch. XI, p. 512. Cabrera says more than 9,000 religious and 3,000 priests killed, I, 299.
20. Cabrera, I, 299.
21. Lettenhove, *Les derniers jours de Coligny: Les Huguenots et les Gueu*.
22. Cabrera, I, 299, *et seq.*
23. Gresham to Cecil, March 21, 1562; in Burgon's *Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham*, II, 21.
24. Pastor, XV, 183; Cabrera, I, 354, *et seq.* See also Guggenberger, *General History*, II, 245.
25. Cabrera, I, 354, *et seq.*
26. *Ibid.*
27. Barbaro, February 27, 1562: *Publications*, Huguenot Society of London, pp. 79-80.
28. Barbaro, March 2, 1562.
29. Cabrera, I, 357.
30. Lettenhove, I, 137; Pastor, XVI, 187.
31. So Chaloner reported from Madrid to Cecil, October 23, 1562—*Hatfield Mss.*, I, 270.
32. See Mary's letter to Elizabeth, August, 1568, in the *Hatfield Mss.*, Part I, p. 363, on the animosity of Throckmorton and Cecil.
33. Cecil to Norris, November 3, 1567, in Bedell and Collins' *Cabala*, London, 1663, pp. 142-3.
34. *History of England*, IV, 303.
35. Tiepolo, March 4, 1559, *Ven. Cal.*, VII, 81.
36. Burgon, *op. cit.*, I, 412.
37. Phillips, *History of the Sackville Family*, I, 181; Stokes, *Studies in Anglo-Jewish History*, p. 211, note; Coke's *Reports*, ed. 1777, VI, 67.
38. Gresham, October 3, 1559, Flanders Cor. State Paper Office, London; Burgon, *Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham*, I, 365.
39. Burgon, *op. cit.*, I, 322.
40. Burgon, I, 484, appendix, 21.
41. Burgon, I, 308.
42. *Ibid.*, April 19, 1560.
43. *Ibid.*
44. St. John, VII, 19, 20.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XVI

1. Charles J. Phillips, *History of the Sackville Family*, I, 180. Preston, *Illustrations of Masonry*, 1861, p. 136. Anderson, *New Book of Constitutions of the Antient Fraternity of Masons*, 1738, p. 81.

This account of the Grand Lodge of York, the connection of Sackville with it, and Queen Elizabeth's interference, is still current among Masons. For example, the *Official Masonic Record of the Second Annual Exposition*, New York City, 1923, contains it, in an adaptation by Ossian Lang, Grand Historian of the New York State Grand Lodge, of the version of Archdeacon Mant of Down, Ireland, a member of Apollo Lodge, 711, Oxford, 1831. See also The York Grand Lodge, by Messrs. Hughan and Whytehead (ars. Q.C. 1900) and Masonic Sketches and Reprints, Hughan, 1871.

2. Reference in Phillips, *op. cit.*, I, 180, to *New Book of Constitutions of the Antient Fraternity of Masons*, 1738, p. 81.
3. King, *The Gnostics and Their Remains*, P. 403.
4. Historical Manuscripts Commission, Salisbury Calendar, Part III, p. 23.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 19. "Aimez vostre moyne comme l'avez assureé par vostre derniere; vous baissant en toute humilité, vos belles mains, pryant Dieu vous donner aveq santé vos desirs."

6. *Ibid.*, Nov. 27, 1583, p. 17. There is also a letter of August 19, 1583, signed with the same symbols as the one of Dec. 15, 1583; p. 9. The illustrations here used are from photostats of pages of the Hatfield Papers in the Columbia University Library.

7. For example, the Riverside Synagogue, West 103 Street, New York City. There are innumerable works on the meanings of Masonic symbols; for example, *The Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man* by Albert Churchward, M.D., 30th degree Mason, N. Y., 1912.



8. Some have traced in the barred S the serpent twined around the club of Aesculapius, and found in it a symbol of health, or a charm to keep away pleurisy. The double S on a bar is on the collar of the Garter, evidently as a rebus on the word *Fermesse*, and is merely an emblem of constancy.
9. William James Hughan, Past S.G.D. of the Grand Lodge of England, author of *The Origin of the English Rite of Freemasonry*, in *Encyclopedia Britannica*, eleventh edition, XI, p. 84, note.
10. Hughan, mentioned above.
11. *Ibid.*
12. Gould, III, 201.
13. *Ibid.*
14. Hughan, *loc. cit.*, *ref.* to Edward Conder, Jr., *Hole Crafte and Fellowship of Masons*. There seems to be some doubt among the brethren as to the exact date of this grant of arms. Hughan gives "12th year of Henry VIII; Gould says 12th year of Edward IV, which is apparently correct; and the 'constitutions' of 1723, reprinted in Philadelphia in 1734, Henry V.
15. *Loc. cit.*
16. Gould, III, 181, *History of Freemasonry*.
17. Gould, *op. cit.*, III, 181. Evidently this is the same device Hughan refers to, as above. Hughan also describes this tomb.
18. Gould, *loc. cit.*
19. There is a copy of Cecil's arms in Tenison, *Elizabethan England*, Vol. I.  
Espasa, *Encycl. Illustr.* xxxiii, 741, gives an account of *Las Tres Flores de Lis*, and of Spanish Masonry generally. It is one of the best short modern accounts of Freemasonry.
20. Dr. Lucien Wolf, *Anglo-Jewish Coats of Arms*, in *Transactions*, Jewish Historical Society of England, Vol. II, pp. 154, *et seq.*
21. Espasa, Vol. XXXIII, p. 724, gives a very full account of each degree, with a bibliography. See also *La francmasoneria en España*, by the ex-Mason Tirado y Rojas, I, 228.
22. *History of the Jews in America*, p. 111, New York, 1931. See also Samuel Oppenheim.
23. *Ibid.*
24. Brother Pettus, Master of the International Lodge of Peking, in *Official Masonic Record*, 1923, New York, referred to above.
25. *Transactions*, Jewish Historical Society of England, II, p. 156.
26. This coat may be seen in many places, for example, on the cover of the *Official Masonic Record* mentioned above. That the original Jewish orthodox conception of the Cherubim had nothing in common with this irreverence is made clear by an illustration. Churchward, *Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man*, p. 297.
27. Tirado y Rojas, *op. cit.*, I, 225-6. Espasa, *Encycl. Illustr.* 741.
28. Carramolino, *História de Avila*, 1872-3, III, p. 114 *et seq.*; Tirado y Rojas, *op. cit.*, I, pp. 222-3, 225-6; Espasa, *Encycl. Ill.* XXXIII, p. 741 *et seq.*
29. Tirado y Rojas, *op. cit.*, I, 258, referring to a statement in the masonic history of D. Nicholas Diaz y Pérez.
30. Tirado y Rojas, pp. 255-8.
31. I have here translated or summarized the version given by Senor Tirado y Rojas, *op. cit.*, I, 247-9.
32. *Las sociedades secretas*, p. 92.
33. *Op. cit.*, II, 250.
34. Espasa, *loc. cit.*
35. De la Borde, I, 36, note.
36. *Oceana*, pp. 35-6. Oliver Cromwell in 1656 invited some Portuguese Jews to settle in Ireland, "in order," as Dr. Lucien Wolf puts it tactfully, "to act as a barrier against the Catholic population." (*Transactions*, Jewish Historical Society of England), Vol. XI, p. 163. Dr. Wolf inclines to question the Cromwell story, but suggests there may be a nucleus of truth in it, because his friends Pereira and Faro were in Dublin at the time. In the campaign of 1689-90, which completed the subjugation of Ireland, the Duke of Schomberg, British commander of Jewish descent, appointed Isaac Pereira, of the "Dutch" firm of Machado and Pereira, commissary general of the army; and as Dr. Wolf adds, "Pereira seems to have employed a good many London Jews in his responsible work." (*Loc. cit.*) Oliver Cromwell himself had a Jewish grandmother.
37. Espasa, XXXIII, p. 735.
38. V. La Fuente, *Sociedades secretas*, p. 79 *et seq.*, and his references, including the Sentence of the Inquisitors of Llerena against the "*teatinos alumbrados*," *Biblioteca Nacional*, in *Catálogo bibliográfico de Extremadura*, Sr. D. Vicente Barrantes.
39. See also Menendez Y Pelayo, *História de los Heterodoxos Españoles*, II, 521 *et seq.*; Lea, *History of the Inquisition of Spain*, IV, 1-94; Llorente, *Histoire de l'Inquisition d'Espagne*, II, 102 *et seq.* Professor Merriman (*op. cit.*) has only a brief reference to the Alumbrados, a heresy "which, though its origin is usually associated with the Bavarian Adam Weishaupt in 1776, really arose for the first time nearly three centuries earlier, in the Spain of the Catholic Kings . . . It often vented itself in hallucinations and in sexual aberrations, and was utterly abhorrent to the officials of the Suprema." *Op. cit.*, IV, 80-81.
40. King, *op. cit.*, p. 398.
41. W. F. C. Wigston, *Bacon, Shakespeare and the Rosicrucians*. London, 1888, pp. 38-9. For this writer's accuracy I do not vouch, but he undoubtedly reflects the opinions of large numbers of Masonic writers on the points at issue.
42. *Treatise on Metals*, Ch. 8, referred to by Wigston, *op. cit.*
43. King, *The Gnostics and their Remains*, p. 398. This writer points out that many of the old Rosicrucian emblems, some of them of phallic significance, are now used by Freemasons.
44. See for example, his letter to Cecil, September 28, 1588, giving an account of Henry of Navarre and other persons in France; *Historical Mss. Com., Salisbury Papers*, Vol. IX, part 3, 1583-94, P. 361.
45. The Lodge of Scoon and Perth, No. 3, has a document dated 1658, relating that John Mylne came to Perth from the North Countric, and was the King's Master Mason and W.M. of the Lodge. His successor was his son, who, according to this document, entered "King James the Sixth as ffreman measone and fellow craft." His third son John was a member of Lodge No. 1, eleven times during thirty years.—Hughan, in *Britannica*, eleventh edition, Vol. XI, p. 83.
46. Throckmorton to Elizabeth, April 29, 1561. Stevenson's *Calendar, Foreign*, 1561, pp. 82 *seq.*
47. *Elizabethan England*, I, 206 *et seq.* My italics.
48. *Ibid.*
49. *State Papers, Foreign*, IV, p. 111; letter of Tremelius to Throckmorton, Rheims, May 15, 1561.
50. *Ibid.* My italics.
51. Cecil to Norris, April 8, 1568, in Cabala, 1663.
52. Wolf, in *Transactions*, Jewish Historical Society of England, Vol. XI.
53. *Ibid.*
54. *The Reign of Philip the Second*, I, 474.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XVII

1. *Venetian Calendar*, VII, 372. Two copies of this report were found, one dated 1560, the other 1571; but it may have been written as early as 1559.
2. Tiepolo, *Ven. Cal.*, VII, 287, Jan. 16, 1561.
3. *Op. cit.*, I, 348.
4. Tiepolo, *Ven. Cal.*, VII.
5. Cabrera, I, 348.
6. Dr. Chacon's report in Morejon, *História de la medicina española*, III, p. 283.
7. Simancas, *Estado*, leg. 141.
8. Chacon's report and the so-called report of Dr. Olivares mention the time of the King's departure, and the state of the weather.
9. Chacon's report, *loc. cit.*; also "the report of Dr. Olivares, of which more presently.
10. Prescott, *op. cit.*, II, 468-471.
11. Stirling-Maxwell, *Don John of Austria*, I, p. 42-3.
12. *Op. cit.*, II, p. 91.
13. *Op. cit.*, IV, 35. Incidentally, Professor Merriman makes the common error of calling Don Carlos "the Infante." The heir to the throne was always called "the Prince," or merely "Don So-and-So." "Infante" was reserved for his brothers or other near relatives. De Mouy makes the same error throughout his study on Don Carlos. The misunderstanding may have come from the fact that Don Carlos was called "the Infante" before his father became King.

14. *Don John of Austria*, p. 61.

15. Morejón, for example. The full text of Chacon's report is given in Morejón, *História de la medicina española*, III, pp. 283 *et seq.* The so-called relation of Dr. Olivares is in the *Collección de documentos inéditos para la historia de España*, XV, 553.

16. "Esto fue sabado a las nueve de la mañana, tres horas antes que entrase en el veiniuno commenzo el doctor portugues a echar la legra y a pocos lances me mando el duque de Alba que la tomase yo, y fui legrando, y a poco rato halle el casco blanco y solido, y comenzaron a salir de la porosidad del hueso unas gotillas de sangre muy colorada, y con esto pare la legra. Viose por vista de ojos no haber daño en el casco, ni en la parte interna que correspondiese a aquel lugar."—Chacon, in Morejon, III, p. 291. The report of Olivares follows this word for word, but changes the first person to the impersonal; for example, instead of *halle* he has *hallose*, etc.

17. "No se acuerda de lo que respondio, mas si de que lo consolo, y dijo que no moriria de este mal."—Chacon.

Charles de Mouy suggests that the imagination of Don Carlos had been extraordinarily excited by the placing of the body in his bed; but he does not explain how this could be so, when Carlos was unconscious and appeared virtually dead. However, his is one of the most intelligent accounts of the whole business. *Don Carlos et Philippe II*, p. 62 *et seq.*

18. On Saturday, July 2, 1399, says Cabrera, III, 360.

19. Pope Pius V, in the bull canonizing San Diego, accepted the cure of the daughter of Henry IV as a miracle: "*Quo circa laudanda est pietas et munificentia clarae memoriae Enrici quarti Castellae Regis, qui una cum filia periculosa egrotans ex beati Didaci sanitate impetrata novile sacelum*" etc.

20. Cabrera, III, pp. 360-365, gives an account of all this.

21. Herrera (*Historia gen.*, V, 143); *De cien años tan entero corno el cuerpo que esta quando fue enterrada*. The *Cronica francescana*, according to Leti, also mentioned the preservation of the body and its sweet odor in 1562.

22. I, 348.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XVIII

1. When Montigny was examined in the alcazar of Segovia February 7, 1569, he was asked if he had not sworn to uphold the Catholic Church and its "dignity and liberty." He replied that this was true, in substance, but he could not remember the exact words of his oath. A transcript of the testimony is published in *Documentos Inéditos*, Vol. V, pp. I to 74.

2. Cabrera, I, 270.

3. Hopperus, *Memoires*, Ch. IX.

4. Viglius; Prescott, II, 345.

5. *Loc. cit.*

6. Cabrera, I, 270.

7. Cabrera, I, 270, 335.

8. *Op. cit.*, I, 456.

9. There is plenty of evidence for this in Gachard, *Correspondance de Philippe II*.

10. Writing to Gonzalo Pérez in July 1560, Granvelle suggested that Philip engage Michael Angelo to design the Escoriai for him. Gachard. *Cor. Philip II*, I, 191.

11. Gachard, *Correspondance de Philippe II*, I, 192-3.

12. *State Papers, Foreign* (Stevenson), IV. 15.

13. Granvelle to Gonsalo Pérez, March 12, 1562. Gachard, *Cor. Philip II*, I.

14. *Ibid.*, I, 195.

15. Cabrera, I, 334.

16. Gresham reported the intimacy of the Princess of Orange with the wife of Pérez in a letter to Cecil, February, 1567, in Burgon, II, 190.

17. Gachard, I, 201. May 14, 1562.

18. *Ibid.*, p. 204; June 14.

19. "*aunque quiza no seria mal hazello*"—The King to the Duchess, July 17, 1562, Gachard, I.

20. Gachard, *loc. cit.*

21. Requisition proceedings by Alba, in *Collección de Documentos Inéditos*, V, 1-74.

22. *Ibid.* It is not clear whether this refers to Montigny's first or second trip to Spain.



23. *Ven. Cal.*, VII, 261.
24. Gachard, *loc. cit.*
25. *Papiers d'Etat du Cardinal de Granvelle*, VI, 150 *et seq.*
26. October 10, 1562, in Gachard, I, Margaret to Philip.
27. Philip's letter to the Duchess, April 3, 1565.
28. December 23, 1562, in Gachard.
29. Graetz, *op. cit.*, IV, 601; see also Rabbi Isidore Harris in *Transactions*, Jewish Hist. Soc. of England, VII, 113.
30. See Granvelle's letter to Secretary Gonzalo Pérez, August 23, 1562, and the one of the Duchess to the King, August 31, in Gachard.
31. Granvelle to the King, October 6, 1562. The Duchess to the King, October 18, both in Gachard.
32. Philip to Margaret, December 23, 1562; his memorandum of his reply, in his own hand, is dated November 29. Gachard.
33. The King to Granvelle, December 23, 1562.
34. January 13, 1563; Gachard, I, 235.
35. *Ibid.*: January 25, 1562.
36. So Granvelle wrote to Gonzalo Pérez June 17, 1563. Gachard, *Cor.*, I, 252.
37. June 17, 1563; Gachard, I, p. 252.
38. Gachard, *Cor.*, I, 327.
39. *Op. cit.*, IV, 254.
40. Soranzo, 1565.
41. *Don Carlos et Philippe II*, p. 108.
42. Gachard, *Correspondance de Philippe II*, I, August 12, 1563.
43. Examination of Montigny in *Col de Doc. ined.*, V, 1-74.
44. Gachard, I, gives a summary of Alba's letter. The complete text may be found in *Doc. ined.*, XVI, 488.
45. Gachard, *Cor.*, I, 272 *et seq.*
46. See letter of Philip to Alba, December 14, 1563, Gachard, I, 277; and that of Requesens to the King from Rome February 19, 1564.
47. "*pour y maintenir nostre sainte joy catholique et ancienne religion*"—Gachard, *Correspondance de Guillaume le Taciturne*, III, p. 41 *et seq.*
48. *Ibid.*
49. Gachard, *Cor.*, *Philippe II*.
50. Gachard, I, p. 311 *et seq.*
51. *Ibid.*, I, 319.
52. *Op. cit.*, XV, 251.
53. Cabrera, I, 387. Pastor also is unjust to Philip as regards the publications of the decrees of the Council. XVI, p. 355 *et seq.*
54. Philip to Margaret, November 25, 1564, Gachard, I, 326-8.
55. Margaret to Philip, August 29, 1564, Gachard, I, 311.
56. Cabrera, I, 415. Don Antonio went to Madrid in 1565.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XIX

1. Cabrera, I, 387.
2. *Ibid.*
3. *Ibid.*
4. I, 387.
5. Tiepolo, January 7, 1560, *Ven. Cal.*, VII, 145.
6. Pastor, XVI, 355 *et seq.*
7. Serrano, *Cor. Dip.* II, xlviii, n. 3; report attributed to the nuncio Castagna.
8. *History of England*, IV.
9. *Op. cit.*, IV, 448.
10. Morejón, *op. cit.*
11. XVI, 362.
12. Tiepolo, January 7, 1560, *Ven. Cal.* VII, 145.
13. Pastor, XVI, 379.
14. Cabrera, I, 461 *et seq.*
15. *Op. cit.*, IV, 63.
16. *The First Jesuit Mission in Florida* by Rev. R. V. Ugarte, S.J., in *Historical Records and Studies*, United States Catholic Historical Society, XXV, 68, for which I have Thomas F. Meehan, Esq., to thank.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 132; following Ribadeneira, *Life of St. Francis Borgia* (contemporary) Book III, chapter 6.
18. *Op. cit.*, IV, 168.
19. *Account of the visit of Pedro Menendez de Aviles to the college of Sevilla*, *Historical Records and Studies*, U. S. Catholic Historical Society, XXV, 126.
20. Cabrera says he killed 150; I, 500.
21. So Menéndez reported to the Jesuits in Sevilla. *Account of the visit etc.*, as above, *loc. cit.*
22. *Ibid.*, p. 129.
23. *Ibid.*, p. 133.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 140.
25. *Ibid.*, p. 142.
26. Cabrera, I, 418.

27. Cabrera, I, 418.
28. "y aunque no se ofresciera esta ocasion por agora y por los avisos que ultimamente se tienen amenazan mas a Malta 0 a la Goleta todavia por ser la dicha Zaragoza plaza de tal importancia y tan fuerte de su sitio, y en que se ha tenido sospecha que habia algun tracto e inteligencia, os he querido avisar dello, y encargaros que hagais que se tenga muy particular cuidado, para en cualquier suceso de mirar mucho por ella," etc. *Col. de Doc. Inéditos*, XXIX, 37.
29. Cabrera.
30. Philip mentions this captive in the letter to Garcia, February 3, cited above.
31. Cabrera, I, 418.
32. Cabrera, I, 430.
33. Cabrera, I, 423. Mrs. Yeo (Don Juan of Austria) tells us that "on May 15, 1565, the Queen made a tearful farewell to the grave elderly husband whom she had learned to love" (p. 66.) Philip was then 38.
34. Cabrera, I, 423, gives this on the authority of Tuane, Bk. III and Garibay, *Kings of Navarre*.
35. Juntaronse en el gabinete o Consejo privado el Rey y las Reinas y el Duque de Alba y D. Juan Manrique, y resolvieron el dar a las cabezas de los huguenotes una vispera siciliana, y a los mas importantes disponiendo el riempo las armas.—Cabrera, I, 425.
36. Cabrera, I, 438.
37. Letter of Secretary Eraso to Don Garcia de Toledo, *Col. de Doc. Ined.*, XXIX, August 24, 1565.
38. *Doc. ined.* Vol. XXIX.
39. Cabrera, I, 429.
40. *Philip the Second*, p. 98.
41. *Op. cit.*, IV, 119.
42. *Ibid.*, IV, 59.
43. Pastor, XVI, 367, to which Merriman refers.
44. Cabrera, I, 450.
45. "Que no se vaya ni ausente por ningun camino que sea."—Letter of the King, March 9, in *Doc. Ined.*, XXIX.
46. Cabrera, I, 432.
47. *Perecia* or *parasias*; Cabrera, I, 566.
48. In *Doc. Ined.*, Vol. XXIX.
49. Cabrera, I, 566.
50. Cabrera, I, 451.
51. Cabrera gives a long, circumstantial and stirring account of the siege, I, 413-457. Another good contemporary account is that of Brantôme, *Grands capitaines françois*, V, 215-391, Paris, 1866. See also the letter of Valette in *Doc. Inéditos*, xxvi and xxix.
52. Cabrera, I, 458.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XX

79. 1. Cabrera (I, 425) says the Queen prayed before the Saint's body November 18. Gachard gives November 14—*Lettres de Philippe II à ses filles, introd.*, p. 2.
2. Cabrera, I, 425. "The saint brought her," p. 473.
3. See *Col. de Doc. Ined.*, V, 482, *et seq.* for a very sympathetic and compassionate account of the whole case, made by the chronicler Morales, at the command of King Philip.
4. I, 519.
5. *Doc. Inéd.*, *loc. cit.*
6. Cabrera, I, 519.
7. Merriman, *op. cit.*, IV, pp. 58, 480, citing Lea, *History of the Inquisition of Spain*, II, 48. For a contemporary account of the case, the list of the heresies condemned by Gregory XIII and the Pope's sentence, see *Doc. Inédites*, V, 482 *et seq.* Cabrera discusses the case, I, 193, 519; II, 353.
8. Gachard, *Correspondance de Philippe II*, I.
9. The King to the Duchess, April 3, 1565, Gachard, *Cor.* I.
10. *Ibid.*, Philip's memorandum of April 2, 1565.
11. Philip wrote the Duchess that he had told the Count he felt he ought to express his displeasure over the league of lords and their liveries. Egmont explained their origin. The King asked him to apply himself to put an end to them; but Egmont replied that was impossible for the moment, since the Marqués of Berghes had planned to give out the new liveries for Easter, and the Count would arrive in Flanders too late to stop him.—Letter of April 3, cited above.
12. See letter of Margaret, April 11, and that of Armenteros, June 10, 1565, in Gachard, I.
13. So Granvelie heard, and secretly informed the King from Rome.
14. Letter of Fray Lorenzo de Villavicencio to Philip, Feb. 15, 1566, in Gachard, I.
15. *Correspondance de Philippe II*, I, p. 324, note 3.
16. "Eine Magd des damaligen Gouverneurs, des Karl von Lalaing, Baron von Montigny und Escornai, und seiner Gemahlin Jacqueline von Luxemburg. Sie hiess Johanna van der Gheynst und war das älteste Kind," etc. *Margaretha von Parma*, etc. Leipzig, 1898, p. 2.
17. *Op. cit.*, I, 357-8.
18. Tremelius to Throckmorton, May 15, 1561, *State Papers, Foreign*, IV, 111.
19. Gachard, *Cor.*, I, 324.
20. Cabrera, I, 464.
21. *Ibid.*
22. Gachard, *Cor.*, I, 400.
23. Cabrera, *loc. cit.*
24. Cabrera, I, 475.
25. *Ibid.*, I, 463.



26. Cabrera, I, 476.
27. Gachard, I, 445.
28. Gachard, *op. cit.*, I, 448-9.
29. "J'en suis ayse, puisque le Roy mon mary m'a faict entendre qu'il en est plus content que d'un masle."—Gachard, *Lettres de Philippe II à ses filles*, introd. p. 79.
30. *Ibid.*
31. Letters of Alonso del Canto to the King, July 4 and 18, 1566, Gachard, I. The billet against Margaret is on Page 450.
32. *Ibid.*
33. Espasa, article, *Masoneria*.
34. This last is a free translation, "y assi lo ha cumplido, que yo lo dexe agora en Flandes."—*Advertimiento de las cosas de Flandes, que le dio fray Lorenzo de Villavicencio, y lo vio S.M. en el Bosque de Segovia, martes lo de octubre, 1566*. In Gachard, *Cor.*, II, XXIV.
35. *Ibid.*, II, introd.
36. Clough's letter to Gresham, August 21, 1566, in Burgon, *op. cit.*, II, 133.
37. Professor Merriman passes very lightly over this important event. "For a moment it seemed possible that Philip would yield; but the prospect of royal concession, instead of allaying the excitement in the Netherlands, served only to augment it. Preachers harangued excited congregations, and lashed them into paroxysms of rage against the existing regime. There were outbursts of iconoclasm and desecrations of churches. Before long it became evident that some of the revolutionists would not be content with liberty to exercise their own faith, but were even intent on the destruction of Catholicism."—*Op. cit.*, IV, 253-4.
38. "Gastadores y asaliados."—I, 485.
39. *Ibid.*
40. *Ibid.*, p. 486.
41. Gachard, *Cor.*, I, 465; *Don Carlos et Philippe II*, Vol. II; Cabrera, I, 487.
42. Cabrera, I, 487.
43. "y disimularon con la comision que dieron."—Cabrera, I, 487.
44. Cabrera, *loc. cit.*
45. Cabrera, I, 487.
46. Margaret's important long letter of August 27, 1566, is summarized in Gachard, I, 453.
47. See letter of Louis of Nassau to William, Sept. 2, 1566, in *Archives . . . de la maison d'Orange*—Nassau, series I, tome III.
48. Margaret to Philip, September 13, 1566 in Gachard, I, 458-462. The italics are mine.
49. Margaret to the King, February 29, 1867: *Correspondance de Marguerite de Parme*, t. I, sec. 3, p. 291.
50. *Cor. Marguerite de Parme*, 3, 1, 175-7; Sept. 27, 1566. It is astonishing after all this that Mignet can say that Margaret had already shown her ability to restore and maintain order when Philip decided to send Alba to the Netherlands: *Antonio Pérez et Philippe II*, p. 20.
51. Letter of Sept. 13, 1566, in code, Gachard, I, 458-462.
52. Lucien Wolf, in *Transactions*, Jewish Historical Society of England, Vol. XI, p. 8; Goris, *Les Colonies Marchandes Meridionales a Anvers*; Lea, *History of the Inquisition of Spain*, III, 413.
53. Burgon, *Life of Gresham*, II, 186 *et seq.*
54. Graetz, *History of the Jews*, IV, 593.
55. *Ibid.*
56. *Ibid.*, IV, 602.
57. *Ibid.*, p. 607.
58. *Ibid.*, p. 607.
59. *Ibid.*, p. 593.
60. See *Jewish Encyclopedia*, IX, p. 173, and references there.
61. *Transactions*, Jewish Historical Society of England, VII, 113; article by Rabbi Isidore Harris, M.A.
62. Sir R. Stapylton's translation of Strada's *De Bello Belgico*, 1650 ed., V, 133, quoted by Burgon, *op. cit.*, II, 166.
63. I, 495.
64. *Ibid.*
65. Cabrera, I, 493.
66. *Ibid.*, 494.
67. *Ibid.*
68. *Ibid.*, I, 490.
69. Cabrera, I, 449.
70. Granvelle to the King. Sept. 15, 1566, in Gachard.
71. *Ibid.*

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XXI

1. Cabrera, I, 529.
2. *Ibid.*
3. Gachard, *Cor. P. II*, Vol. II, p. 556.
4. Gachard, *ibid.*, pp. 549-550. The wording of the text of Margaret's edict, as given by Gachard, p. 550, note 1, seems innocent and orthodox enough, and leaves one wondering why the King should have been so displeased; and whether Gachard could have got hold of the wrong edict.
5. Burgon, *op. cit.*, II, 196.
6. So Alba discovered: *Memorial of revenues of lords whose goods were confiscated, Dec. 12, 1669*, in Gachard II, p. 115.
7. *Memorial of revenues* etc., cited above,
8. Gachard, I, 528-9.

9. Burgon, *loc. cit.*
10. I, 540.
11. Gachard, *Cor.*, II, 9.
12. *Ibid.* Letter of Jan. 26, 1568.
13. Pastor, XVIII, 75 *et seq.* Cabrera, I, 473.
14. Cabrera, I, 510.
15. Pastor, *loc. cit.*
16. Cecil wrote Norris in Paris, Feb. 10, 1566, of "the likelihood of the King's not coming to the Low Countries," and expressed similar doubts Aug. 19, 1567—*Cabala*, "*Sive Scrivia Sacra*," etc., London, 1663, pp. 135, 140.
17. Requesens, September, 1566, Gachard, I, 405.
18. Gachard, *loc. cit.*
19. Castagna to the papal secretary of state, August 19 and 21, 1567, in Serrano, *Cor. Dip.*, II, pp. 177, 179.
20. Prescott, *op. cit.*, II, pp. 480-482; Merriman, IV, 36-38.
21. Gachard, *Don Carlos*, II, 473.
22. *Loc. cit.*
23. "Andere leut sagen, das er sag, er woll das ime die so er zu ainem weib nem, jung-fraw fint."—Dietrichstein to the Emperor, Valencia, April 22, 1564, in Koch, *Quellen zu Geschichtes des Kaisers Maximilian II*, p. 122.
24. April 9, 1566. Gachard, *Don Carlos*, I, 130.
25. Gachard, *op. cit.*, I, 126 *et seq.*
26. Quoted in Gachard, *Don Carlos et Philippe II*, 366, from *Archives ou Correspondance inedite de la maison d'Orange-Nassau*, t. I, pp. 292.
27. *Ibid.*
28. *Oeuvres*, t. I, 126; ". . . le comte d'Aiguemont, que luy proposa forcer belles choses, dont les mains luy desmangerent si fort pour mener guerre, qu'on dict qu'il se voulut desrober pour aller en Flandres."
29. Carlos drew suspicion on himself, says Cabrera, "*haciendo sospechosa su persona la intercessión por los flamencos y comunicación con el Marqués de Berghe y Mos de Montigny, que proseguian en la práctica que el Conde de Egmont dexó comenzada*," etc., *op. cit.*, I, 472.
30. "Era que el Principe, con voluntad de su padre o sin ella, pasase a los Países Bajos, donde le obedecerían, servirían, y casarían con su prima, la hija mayor del Emperador; y . . . harían armada para conservalle o reducille en su gracia." *Ibid.*, I, 472.
31. *Ibid.* My italics.
32. "*Ouy, et que plus est, oserions presque assurer Vostre Majesté plusieurs des mauvais et des principaulx, voiant le dit prince de Heboli, se viendront reconcilier a luy, et le supplier avoir, par son moien, faveur vers Vostre Majesté. Et cent mille autres biens esperons que en adviendront, qui ne se peuvent escrire, y aiant dangier d'aucun mal.*"—*Archives du Royaume, papiers d'Etat*, quoted by Gachard, *Cor. Philippe II*, I, 519, n. 2.
33. Gachard, *loc. cit.* My italics.
34. "*on dit qu'il s'entendoit avec les Flamands, nommement avec le Seigneur de Montigny*"—Fourquevaux to the Queen Mother, January 19, 1568, in Gachard, *Don Carlos*, etc. II, 657, Appendix B.
35. *Op. cit.*, I, 557. Gachard's argument against Cabrera's references to Montigny and the Prince is surprisingly weak. He pleads (1) that the conduct of Berghes and Montigny in Spain was that of loyal vassals. This seems to be another way of saying that Montigny could not have committed treason (as Cabrera alleges) because he did not commit treason! (2) Gachard holds that the desire of Carlos to get away from his father's authority would be sufficient motive to explain his actions. The weakness of this argument is too obvious to discuss. (3) He asserts that no fact or document shows that Don Carlos was desired by the Belgians, whose chiefs knew the character and habits of the Prince only too well. But Gachard himself publishes elsewhere the letter of Viglius to Granvelle, already noted, referring to exactly such a desire in Belgium as he here denies. It was precisely because the conspirators understood the character of the Prince that they thought they could use him for their own ends, once they got him in Flanders. (4) He asserts that no letter can be found in the correspondence of secretaries and ambassadors, giving any hint of secret talks between Montigny and Don Carlos. How can the great Belgian scholar forget the letter of such an important ambassador as Forquevaux, which he himself prints in the appendix of the very volume in which he makes this sweeping denial? See above. It is difficult to account for this special pleading on the part of Gachard. Perhaps his Belgian patriotism is the answer.
36. July 10, 1667, in Gachard, *Cor.*, *Philippe II*, Vol. I, 553.
37. *Ibid.*, II, 464.
38. Memorandum of the King in his own hand, May 16, 1567: Gachard, *Correspondance de Philippe II*, I, 557. My italics.
39. Gachard, *Don Carlos*, I, 157.
40. Cabrera, I, 556-7.
41. "*Curilla, vos os atreveis á mí, no dexando venir á servirme Cisneros? Por vida de mi padre que os tengo de matar.*" *Del Cardenal, arrodillado y humilde, fue detenido y satisfecho*.—Cabrera, I, 556-7.
42. I, 525.
43. No habeis de ir a Flandres, o os tengo de matar."—Cabrera, I, 525.
44. *Ibid.*
45. Cecil to Norris, August 19, 1567, in *Cabala, Sive Scrivia Sacra*, etc., London, 1663, p. 140.
46. "El maladvertido D. Carlos, viendo que los sucesos de Flandres para sus intentos no se encaminaban bien, y que a Mos de Montini, porque le habló diversas veces en secreto le pareció que le prendió el Rey, etc."—I, 556.
47. Cabrera, *loc. cit.*
48. Gachard, *Don Carlos*, etc., II, 460; De Mouy, *Don Carlos*, p. 210; Cabrera, *loc. cit.*
49. "The season was excessively cold," says Cabrera, I, 560.
50. Cabrera, I, 560.
51. Cabrera, I, 558.
52. Gachard, *Don Carlos*, II, 460.
53. Cabrera, I, 556. Don Juan also told His Majesty of the letters, which Carlos had mentioned: *Ibid.*, p. 558.
54. Fourquevaux to Charles IX, Jan. 19, 1568; in Gachard, *Don Carlos*, etc., II, 655, appendix B.
55. "Se advertia sobre esto hacia mal D. Carlos en salir de España, pues daría gran ocasion de discurrir sobre el ánimo del padre y del hijo y de la causa de su discordia, y para hacerse guerra los dos con ruina de los Estados, metiendo escándalos, tomando la voz del padre unos, la del hijo otros debilitando sus fuerzas . . . y acometer los ruinos flacos por la division": etc.—Cabrera, I, 559-560.



## NOTES ON CHAPTER XXII

1. Cabrera, I, 562.

2. Cabrera, I, 563.

3. I, 562.

4. *"ut princeps tot et tantis abundaret defectibus, intellectus partim, partim naturalis ejus conditionis, ut omnis in illo aptitudo ad id necessario desideratum, ut praeterea sese objicerent . . . gravia incommoda futura, si regimen et successio in ipsum deferrentur, apertoque pericula in quo cuncta offenderent,"* etc.—Philip's letter of May 9, answering the Pope's of Feb. 5, Gachard, *Don Carlos*, II, 657, appendix B.

5. Cabrera, I, 563; Gachard, *Don Carlos*, loc. cit.

6. . . . "ripose che questo saria il maneo, perche, se non fosse stato altro periculo che della persona del re, si saria guardata et rimediato altramente, ma che ci era peggio, si peggio puo essere, al quo Sua Maesta ha cercato per ogni via di rimediare, gia due anni continui, perche vedeva pigliarli la mala via; mas non ha mai potuto fermare ne regolare questo cervello, finche e bisognato arrivare a questo.

"In vero, conoscendo questo re verso ogni particolare molto giustificato, amorevole et pietoso verso li suoi, et circonspectissimo in ogni sua attione, io teneva per certo che la causa fosse urgentissima et necessaria—" Letter of nuncio to Alexandrino, Jan. 24, 1568, in Gachard, *Don Carlos*, II, Appendix B.

7. Credo que'l principal fundamento para che non ha cervello ne sans intelletto, et an questo aggrongrano altre cause che dicono apparire per propie sue scritture, cioe d'haver havuto animo di fuggire, impadronirsi dell' armata de' Stati; e cose simile."—*Ibid.*

8. *Ibid.*

9. Letter of Jan. 22, 1568, Fourquevaux to Catherine de' Medici, in Gachard, *Don Carlos*, II, 657, App. b.

10. Philip to Mendoza from the Escorial September 5, 1586; *State Papers, Spanish* (Hume). Vol. III.

11. Tirado y Rojas, *op. cit.*, I, 252.

12. The Masonic writer Diaz y Pérez and the ex-Mason Tirado y Rojas doubt the story about the Duke of Sesa, on the ground that he was said to have established his lodge in the house of the Countess of Montijo; whereas this title was not created until 1697. Tirado y Rojas suggests that the Duke of Sesa may have been confused with Don Carlos de Sessa, who was executed in 1559. He admits however, that the Duke had leanings toward Protestantism, which was itself a sort of secret society, especially in Spain. There is also the possibility that the tradition is right as to the fact, but errs in the name of the Countess!

13. Serrano, *Correspondencia entre Espana y la Santa Sede durante el pontificado de s. Pio V*, tomo III, p. CIII.

14. Cabrera, I, 568.

15. I, 565.

16. *Ibid.*

17. Gachard, *Correspondance de Philippe II*, II, 9-10.

18. The King, says Cabrera, was "sospechoso a las murmuraciones de sus pueblos fieles y reverentes, que ruidos extraordinarios en su palacio le hacian mirar, si eran tumultos para sacar á su Alteza de su cámara; que le estuviera mal por la furia del indignado y deseo de venganza, valedores y mal contentos, ayuda de los émulos y enemigos y deudos, dentro y fuera de España, que pudiera tener el que se tenia por oprimido."—I, 588-9.

19. Cabrera, I, 548.

20. Edict of Dec. 10, 1567, in Balmes, *European Civilization*, p. 453, note 26.

21. *Dixerón estaba dispuesto bien, para morir corno tan católico, y le podria inquietar la vista de su padre, y de hablarle recibirian más dolor ambos, y aprovecharia todo muy poco á todos; y así algunas boras ántes de su fullecimiento, por entre los hombros del prior D. Antonio y del príncipe Rui Gómez le echó su bendicion, y se recogió en su camara con mas dolor y ménos cuidado.*—I, 589.

22. Gachard, *Don Carlos*, II, 697-8.

23. Pero volvio a su casa, desde la puerta del templo, sin hallarse al funeral, diciendo no tenia salud, y pudiera mejor decir no estaba bien con el Principe, con que se entendia no le habia desplacido su muerte."—I, 590.

24. Gachard, *Don Carlos*, Vol. II, appendix, from State Paper Office, papers of Italy. From this it would seem that Cabrera was wrong in saying that Philip retired to the monastery "for four days."

25. *Don John of Austria*, I, p. 75, Note 1.

26. Letter of Cavalli to the Doge, *Ven. Cal.*, VII, 500-502.

27. *Op. cit.*, p. 123.

28. *Op. cit.*, IV, pp. 38-40.

29. Tennison, *Elizabethan England*, II, 2.

30. *Documentos inéditos para la historia de Espana*, V, 1-74.

31. *Ibid.*

32. Alva to Philip the Second, March 1, 1568; extract in Gachard, *Don Carlos*, II, 543. See also Alava's letter to the Duke of Alba, March 19.

Sterling Maxwell reports the letter of Alava to Alba, but not his previous one to the King. He does not tell us that Alava reported two different conversations of Catherine, in which she reported, on Coligny's authority, a plot against Philip in 1567. After recounting Catherine's revelation to the ambassador, he casts a doubt on it by telling us that when Alava naturally demanded why the Queen had kept such important information to herself so long, Catherine replied, in great embarrassment, that she attached little importance to anything said by Coligny; while Charles the Ninth "sat peering at her from under his bonnet and appeared to enjoy her confusion." (*Don John of Austria*, I, 79, note) But Gachard, whom Stirling-Maxwell gives as his reference, says something quite different. He says that Charles confirmed the testimony (which Sir William omits) and that when Alava complained, the King lowered his eyes, looking at his mother under his bonnet. Nothing here about his laughing at her confusion. The whole emphasis is changed. Compare these two versions for an object-lesson in how the history of Spain has been falsified.—Gachard, *Don Carlos*, II, 543-545.

33. Gachard, *Cor.*, *Philippe II*, II, 152 et seq.

34. Castagna to Alexandrino, July 27, 1568, in Serrano, II, 423.

35. Serrano, II, 454.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XXIII

1. Letter of Queen Elizabeth to Fourquevaux, quoted by Gachard, *Don Carlos*, from Mignet, who found it in the archives of the House of Gramont.
2. Cabrera, I, 598. See also *Fugger News Letters*, first series, p. 7, October 5; the correspondence of Fourquevaux and Catherine de' Medici in *Col. de doc. Inédites* for France, Vol. 18, p. 198, part 3 et seq; also the contemporary account of Juan Lopez de Hoyos, *História de la enfermedad, tránsito y exequias de la S.R. de España doña Isabel de Valois*, Madrid, 1569; and Major Hume's *Queens of Old Castile*, London, 1911.
3. Fourquevaux to Catherine de' Medici, *Collection des documents Inédites*. 183, p. 198.
4. "Mettent peine de bien apprendre les discours qui se fairont sur cet accident pour les nous mander et faire scavoir incontinent, avecques ce que vous jugerez appartenir au service du Roy mon dict fils," etc. *Doc. Inédites*, Vol. 18, part 3, p. 198.
5. *Doc. inédites*, XVIII, pt. 2, pp. 204, 207 et seq.
6. *Doc. inéditos*, CI, 220.
7. Cabrera, I, 613.
8. Chantoné, July 16, 1568, *Doc. inéditos*, CI, 439.
9. Zuñiga to the King, April 7, 1568, Serrano, II, 335.
10. Postscript in cipher to Castagna's letter to the Papal Secretary of State, May 1, 1568 in Serrano, II, 359. Serrano's date, March I, is obviously a slip.
11. Castagna to Alexandrino, April 13, 1568, in Serrano, II, 348.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 367, May 14.
13. Zuñiga to the King, March 19, 1568, in Serrano, II, 326 et seq.
14. Serrano, I, 411.
15. The Huguenot-Turk league was "per assaltare et assediare de tutte le bande la povera Christianità; per stabilimento de detta lega afferma che presto saranno in Constantinopoli imbasciatori del Principe di Condé et de li protestanti; promettendo che dopo che sarà rovinato et distrutto ogni cosa, si uniranno tutti insieme et saranno tutti di una fede conli turchi; il qual discorse, se ben a qualch altro tempso haveria data da ridere, hora è molto da temere per la travagliata Christianità," etc. Alexandrino to Castagna, May 15, 1568, in Serrano II, 367. See also Chantonay's despatches to Philip on the same subject in *Documentos inéditos*. Vol. 101, pp. 310, 375, etc.
16. Zuñiga to the King, August 17, 1568, Serrano, II, 443.
17. Zuñiga to Philip, December 16, 1569, in Serrano, III.
18. Serrano, II, 372; Zuñiga, May 19, 1568.
19. Castagna to Alexandrino, April 10, 1568, in Serrano, II, 346.
20. Serrano, II, 361.
21. Serrano, II, 366-7.
22. Chantoné to the King, July 16, 1568.
23. Castagna to Alexandrino, Serrano, II, 426.
24. Philip to Vanegas, Sept. 28 8c 30, Serrano, II, pp. 497, 498.
25. "Et la commune opinione è che si attende per la prima figlia de l'Imperatore: et se per caso doppo l'aviso de la morte del Principe, l'Imperatore havesse dato ferma parole al re di Francia, ci saria che fare" etc.
26. Castagna to Alexandrino, October 11, 1568, Serrano, II, 475.
27. Serrano, II, 475, 521.
28. *Relation of what passed with the Archduke Charles*, etc. in Gachard, *Cor. de Philippe II*, Vol. II, pp. 66-68.
29. Cabrera, I, 577-8.
30. Zuñiga to Philip, August 13, 1568, Serrano, II, 437.
31. "*Dilecti fili . . . gratissimum nobis fuit quod in tantis tuis occupationibus, nos de hiis quae isthic a te geruntur certiores fecisti . . .*" etc. Serrano (II, 403, note 1) gives an excerpt of this brief of July 5, 1568.
32. Zuñiga to Philip, July 9, 1568, Serrano II, 403.
33. Cabrera, I, 615-628.
34. Cabrera, I, 632.
35. Cabrera, I, 684-699.
36. *Salisbury Papers*, Hist. mss. com., Part I, p. 359.
37. Serrano, II, 383.
38. *Hatfield Mss.* Part I, P. 363.
39. Postscript of Cecil's letter to Norris, July 13, 1568, in the *Cabala* of Bedell and Collins, 1663; my italics.
40. *Ibid.*
41. Cecil to Norris, March 6, 1567, in the *Cabala of Sawbridge and Gillyflower*, 1691, p. 134.
42. Cecil to Norton, April 8, 1568; in Bedell and Collins.
43. *Archives ou correspondance Inédite de la Maison d'Orange-Nassau*, series I, tome III, p. 386 et seq.
44. Philips, *History of the Sackville Family*, Vol. I, loc. cit.
45. Merriman, *op. cit.*, IV, 79 and 290. See Philip's own explanation, Serrano, II, 366, and Castagna's, *ibid.*, p. 356.
46. Cabrera says 400,000 ducats (I, 610). Guggenberger gives 800,000 (II, 271). I have seen estimates as high as 4,000,000, but do not know on what authority.
47. *Fugger News Letters*, Second Series, P. 7.
48. Hawkins to Cecil, Dec. 3, 1568, *Dom. Cor.*, State Paper Office.
49. Cecil to Norris, Jan. 3, 1569, in Bedell and Collins, *op. cit.*
50. Atkinson, in *Proceedings, Huguenot Society of London*, Vol. III, pp. 172-285.
51. Cabrera, I, 636-638.
52. *Op. cit.*, I, 123.
53. *Op. cit.*, IV, 90.
54. *Op. cit.*, pp. 130-131.
55. Serrano, *op. cit.*, I, p. 443 et seq., appendix I.
56. Memorial of abuses by Philip's Ministers against ecclesiastical jurisdiction, Serrano, III, 66.
57. *Ibid.*
58. "Ya este proposito le dio una gran mano sobre los abusos de la curia" etc.—Requesens to the King, Dec. 10, 1568, in Serrano, II, 513.
59. "soggiungendola de piu, che quando S.M. sia risoluto per opera di suoi ministri spogliar de fatto questa Santa Sede dela authorità in alcuni casi, che N.S. non con forze temporali ma con quella che dal S. Dio le son state concesse, fara ogni gagliarda et viva resistentia *usque ad efusionem sanguinis*."—Postscript in cipher, Alexandrino to Castagna, Nov. 7, 1568, Serrano, II, 503-4.
60. Serrano, I, 447, appendix II.
61. *Letters of Saint Teresa*, English translating, London, 1926, Vol. I, p. 51.
62. Don Miguel Mir, Santa Teresa, II, 129 et sequente (also p. 617) referring to D. Miguel Bautista de Lanuza's *Vida de la Madre Isabel de Santo Domingo*,



## NOTES ON CHAPTER XXIV

1. Cabrera, I, 501. I have taken the liberty of translating the second sentence very freely, for the sake of compression.
2. *Ibid.*, I, 567.
3. Vanderhammer, *Don Juan*; summary in Cabrera, I, p. 567; English translation in Sterling-Maxwell, I, 82-84.
4. Cabrera, II, 1.
5. *Op. cit.*, IV, 93.
6. Cabrera, II, 18.
7. II, 20.
8. *Ibid.*
9. Graetz, *op. cit.* IV, 601.
10. Graetz, IV, 593 *et seq.*
11. Graetz, IV, 600 *et seq.* Cabrera (I, 700) reports the desire of Selim for the wines of Cyprus. For Joseph's relations with Sigismund Augustus, see *Jewish Encyclopedia IX*, 173.
12. *Op. cit.*, IV, 600.
13. Cabrera, II, 29.
14. Graetz, *loc. cit.*
15. Serrano, III, 237.
16. Cabrera, II, 49.
17. So Alexandrino, the Pope's nephew and secretary of state, wrote to the nuncio at Madrid June 29, and July 1, 1569. Serrano, III, 96 and 103.
18. Castagna to Alexandrino, July 13, 1569; Serrano, III, 110 etc.
19. Zuñiga, Sept. 28, 1569, in Serrano, III, 149-159.
20. October 20, 1509; Serrano, III, 167, note 1.
21. Graetz, for example, is bitterly unfair to Pius V. *Geschichte*, IV.
22. *Bull. Rom.*, t. VII, p. 810. There is an English translation of this bull in *State Papers, Venetian*, VII, p. 448, made from an Italian text.
23. See Alba's letters to the King in Gachard, *Cor. P. II.*, Vol. II, pp. 94, no, 112, 115 and 125.
24. Zuñiga to the King, April 10, 1570, Serrano, III, 288; also his letter of Aug. 11, 1570, *ibid.*, P. 499.
25. Zuñiga, Aug. 11, 1570, in Serrano, III, 499.
26. April 29, 1570, Serrano, III, 321.
27. Cabrera, II, 50.
28. Serrano, III, 295; Cabrera, *loc. cit.*
29. *Ibid.*, p. 297.
30. "y particularmente lo escribo a las personas que como luego se dice he nombrado para tratar della a los quales me remito."—Serrano, III, 338.
31. All the letters of May 16 are in Serrano III, pp. 333-356.
32. Cabrera, II, 78, 79.
33. Castagna to Alexandrino, July 28, 1570, Serrano, III, 481.
34. Gachard is mistaken in giving the age of Anna as seventeen and the year of her birth as 1552. Cabrera is right in giving her 21 years less 15 days (II, 80). She was born November 1, 1549, near Segovia.
35. Castagna to Rusticucci, Nov. 16, 1570, in Serrano, IV, 81.
36. Coello's full-length portrait of Anna is in the *Kaiserliche Gemaldegalerie*, Vienna, or was recently.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XXV

1. Castagna to Alexandrino, June 14, 1571, Serrano, IV.
2. For the text of the League Capitulations, see Serrano, IV, 299 *et seq.*
3. So Don Juan wrote the Pope June 18, when he explained the cause of his delay. Serrano, IV, 346.
4. Cabrera, II, 94.
5. Cabrera, II, 102. Cabrera saw the papers of Juan de Soto, secretary to Granvelle, in the Viceroy's office at Naples.
6. *Doc. Ined.*, III, 13.
7. II, 104.
8. Letter of Don Juan to Sesa, Aug. 14, 1571, *Doc. ined.*, III, 194.
9. Cabrera, II, 102.
10. *Ibid.*, II, 106.
11. "Ea, soldados valerosos, teneis el tiempo que deseastes: lo que me tocaba cumplir; humillad la soberbia del enemigo, alcanzad gloria en tan religiosa pelea, viviendo y muriendo siempre vencedores, pues vieis al cielo" Cabrera, II, 110.
12. Cabrera gives higher figures: 30,000 Turks slain, 10,000 captured, while 15,000 Christians were freed; 175 of their galleys were captured of which 30 were sunk and others driven ashore and burned. The Christians lost 7,500 killed, but the figure later reached 10,000 because so many of the wounded died from poisoned arrows.

There is a huge bibliography, of course, on Lepanto. The best source material is in Aparici y Garcia, *Coleccion de documentos relativos a la celebre batalla de Lepanto sacados del archivo general de Simancas*. (Madrid, 1847) and in the *Correspondencia entre D. Garcia de Toledo y el Sr. D. Juan de Austria desde 1571 hasta 1577, sobre sucesos de la Armada de la liga* (Doc. inéd. para la historia de Espana, III) Cabrera has written one of the most vivid, and substantially accurate contemporary accounts (*op. cit.* II, 92-117). There is a short account in the *Fugger News Letters*, I, No. 12, p. 14 *et seq.* containing a copy of a letter from the Christian fleet. Of later accounts, one of the best is that of Coyetano Roseli (Madrid, 1853): Professor Merriman depends heavily on the good accounts of Fernandez-Duro, Stirling-Maxwell and Serrano.

13. Don Francisco de Reinoso, the Jewish priest whom Pius had tried to make Archdeacon of Toledo, was the authority for this anecdote, according to Cabrera (II, 117) who got it from Fuenmayor.

14. Cabrera, II, 121.

15. Castagna's report to the Pope, Nov. 4, 1571, Serrano, IV, 510.

16. The Pope to the King, Aug. 12, 1571, Serrano, IV, 408.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XXVI

1. Cabrera (II, 125), who adds some curious details about the autopsy, p. 127.
2. Rusticucci's letter, August 11, 1570, Serrano, II, 509.
3. *Fugger News Letter*, Series I, p. 17.
4. II, 164.
5. Cabrera II, 136, 164.
6. The inability of Don Juan to get along with other men was made clear at a meeting of the Council of State in 1576; see Gachard, III, 429 *et seq.*
7. S. M. Dubnow, *History of the Jews in Russia and Poland*, English Translation by D. Friedlander, Philadelphia, 1916; Vol. I, p. 93, 86, and 93 *et seq.*
8. *Ibid.*
9. *Op. cit.*, IV, 624.
10. *Ibid.*
11. *Ibid.*
12. *Op. cit.*, IV, 603.
13. *Ibid.*, p. 605.
14. Cabrera, II, 128.
15. *Loc. cit.*
16. *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, II, 394.
17. *Op. cit.*, IV, 296.
18. *Supra.*
19. Cabrera, I, p. 150.
20. *Ibid.* (my italics).
21. *History of England*, IV, p. 358, note i.
22. Belloc assigns it to two different years. He says it was three years before the massacre in Paris (1572); yet in the same paragraph he gives the date as 1571.

*Loc. cit.*

23. *Op. cit.*, IV, 296.
24. "El Rey Católico holgó mucho con el aviso del suceso, envió el parabien al Rey Christianisimo, y le pidió apretase con los huguenotes, que todos le ayudarian." II, 152.
25. Gachard, II, 268 *et seq.*
26. Graetz, *op. cit.*, IV, 603.
27. Cavalli to the Signory, Sept. 9, 1573, *State Papers, Venetian*, VII, 492.
28. II, 128.
29. Aug. 29, 1573, *Venetian Calendar*, VII, 488.
30. Cavalli, Jan. 17 and Feb. 9, 1572, in *Ven. Cal.*, VII, 483.
31. Alba to the King, July 14, 1573; in Gachard *Cor.* II, p. 387.
32. Alba to the King, October 13, 1572, Gachard II, p. 287.
33. November 28, 1572, Gachard II, 298.
34. December 23, 1572, Gachard II, 301.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XXVII

1. Gachard II, 322.
2. Gachard II, 322.
3. Gachard II, 456; Dec. 30, 1573.
4. II, 204.
5. Cabrera II, 221 *et seq.*
6. Cabrera II, 243; Doc. inéditos, III, 136-142. Merriman is not quite fair to Philip.



7. Ballesteros IV, 2, p. 207; Haebler, pp. 120 *et seq.*; Cabrera II, 282; Espejo, "*El interes del dinero en los reinos españoles*," pp. 497-501. See also other references in Merriman IV, 436-447, where there is a useful and intelligent short discussion of Philip's financial difficulties.
8. *Op. cit.*, IV, 451.
9. Cobbett, *Parl. Hist.* I, p. 632, pp. 957-8, etc.
10. Cabrera II, 198.
11. "Esperais mas." This is Cabrera's version (II, 307). The more popular but less characteristic story makes Philip say: "This is the ink and that is the sand."
12. So said Juan Ruiz, who entered his service in 1574; Cabrera IV, p. 304, appendix.
13. Cabrera, II, 213.
14. Cabrera II, 450.
15. "*Doctor, advertid y al Consejo, que en caso de duda, siempre contra mí.*"—Cabrera II, 169.
16. *Ibid.*
17. Cabrera II, 170.
18. *Ibid.*
19. For the sessions of the Council see Gachard III, 429-432.
20. Gachard IV, pp. 38-52 gives the text of Philip's letter of April 8, 1576, and the three letters of Pérez.
21. Gachard IV, pp. 161-166.
22. Gachard IV, 168, Note 4.
23. There is a copy of the confession of Antonio Pérez, February 23, 1590, in *Doc. Inéd.* XV, p. 537 *et seq.* Cabrera evidently was familiar with it, for he refers to it (II, 449, *et seq.*)
24. II, 449.
25. Gachard IV, p. 258.
26. Gachard IV, 267.
27. Cabrera II, 305. Stirling-Maxwell takes his version of this incident from Nieremberg, *Virtud Coronada* IV, 2, 1643.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XXVIII

1. *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, III, 96.
2. Cabrera II, 321 *et seq.*
3. Gachard V, 8-11.
4. Motley, *op. cit.* III, 340.
5. Gachard V, 100 *et seq.*
6. Cabrera II, 316.
7. Stirling-Maxwell II, 215; Motley III, 97, note referring to *Bor X*, 791; *Archives V*, 559. William used almost identical words in his *Apologie*, 1581, p. 90.
8. Cabrera II, 399.
9. Cabrera II, 402.
10. May 29, 1577.—Gachard V, 373.
11. Gachard V, 375.
12. Cabrera II, 443; Stirling-Maxwell, etc.
13. Cabrera II, 458.
14. *Ibid.*, pp. 458-460.
15. *Ibid.*, II, 485.
16. Gachard V, p. 17. Half the gratuity was being sent at once, and the other half was payable in 1577.
17. *Loc. cit.*
18. Cabrera II, 390.
19. Letter of St. Teresa to Dona Inez Nieto, wife of Albornoz, secretary to the Duke of Alba, December, 1577 in Zimmermann's edition of her letters, Vol. III, No. CCVV, pp. 16, 17, 18. The first page of this letter is missing. Don Miguel Mir apparently questions its authenticity, for he says the King and the Saint never met ( *Vida de Santa Teresa* II, 130, Note), but Zimmermann accepts it.
20. "*Sacar las quintas esencias*," etc. . . . "*Sustancia sutil y humido radical intrínseco y simple, difundido en las partes elementales que largo tiempo mantiene las cosas en su ser. . . . Aunque si el alimento se hace de los muertos, y la materia del oro y perlas no vivió, no sé de que efecto sea.*"—Cabrera II, 398.
21. Cabrera II, 437.
22. Cabrera II, 347. This was late in 1576.
23. Cabrera II, 348.
24. II, 344 *et seq.*
25. II, 247.
26. Cabrera II, 449.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XXIX

1. Cabrera II, 485.

2. *Relation* of 1581, in Cabrera IV, 487, app.
3. "*Veis alli mi letrado*"—Cabrera II, 486.
4. Cabrera II, 503.
5. Cabrera II, 501.
6. Gachard, *Correspondance de Philippe II*, V, 196.
7. Pérez was right about the Bishop's going to Brussels, for the latter wrote Philip that the Pope had sent him there to help restore peace.—Gachard V, 380.
8. Gachard V, 364, note 3.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 426.
10. Antonio Pérez *et Philippe II*, introd.
11. Cabrera II, 448.
12. *História de Varias Cosas*, etc. p. 85.
13. *Relaciones*, p. 6.
14. This was Jan. 4, 1590. For the text see Mignet, *Antonio Pérez et Philippe II*, p. 175, note: "*Podreis decir a Antonio Pérez de mi parte, y si fuera menester, enseñadle este papel, que el sabe muy bien la noticia que yo tengo de haver el hecho malar a Escobedo, y las causas que me dixo que avia para ello: y porque a mi satisfaccion y la de mi consciencia conviene saber si estas causas fueron, ó no, bastantes, y que yo le mando que las diga, y dé particular razon dellas, y muestre, y haga verdad de las que ansi me dixó, de que vos teneis noticia . . . porque yo os las hé dicho particularmente, para que, aviendo yo entendido las que asi os dixere, y razon que os diere dello, mande ver lo que en todo convendria hacer. Madrid. 4 de Enero de 1590. Yo el Rey* . Merriman follows Mignet in understanding this to be a confession on the part of the King that he had ordered the murder of Escobedo, but the line which Mignet italicizes in his translation "*en faisant la preuve de ce qu'il m'allégua de cette manière*" is capable of another interpretation than the one he gives in his eagerness to prove the King guilty. He takes it to mean that Pérez had told him of the murder in advance. But it might refer to the explanation Pérez gave him afterward; in fact, this is the more probable meaning of the Spanish. However, Cabrera seems to have been under the impression that the King admitted having given the order, although he quotes the letter inaccurately: "*Dicen que para esto hicieron escribirles el Rey: Decid a Antonio Perez que ya sabe corno yo le mandé que malate a Escobedo por las causas que el sabe; que a mi servicio conviene que las declare.*"—Cabrera III, 536.
15. Pérez's confession at Madrid, February 23, 1590, in *Doc. ined.* XV, pp. 537 *et seq.*
16. Vanderhammen: *Don Juan de Austria* F. 332 and 326; Cabrera, II, 489; Stirling-Maxwell, II, 322-3.
17. Cabrera II, 488.
18. Stirling-Maxwell II, 331; Motley III, 254; *Bor. XII*, 1005.
19. Mendoza to the King, September 8, 1578 in *State Papers, Spanish*, II, p. 611.
20. *State Papers, Spanish*, II, 615.
21. "Que son las nuevas que yo principalmente deseo tener, y hame parecido que os gobernastes en todo aquello con la prudencia y destreza que yo podia desear."—Porreño, *Historia de Don Juan de Austria*, p. 516.
22. *Doc. ined.* VII, p. 247.
23. "Es tanto lo que he sentido la mala nueva de mi hermano que ya que no lo puedo encarescer."—Porreño, p. 525.
24. Stirling-Maxwell, II, p. 336. From the State Paper Office, Holland: 1578. Davison may be as inaccurate about the disease as he is about the date.
25. Porreno, 286-7.
26. Cabrera II, 493.
27. Folio 451, quoted by Morejón, *História de la Medicina Española*, Vol. III, pp. 305-6.
28. *State Papers, Spanish*, II, 632.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XXX

1. "*Preguntandole un alárabe que le prendió que significaba la serial blanca que traía en el pecho, respondió cautamente era de obligación de ciertos cakis de cristianos y suya por la Iglesia, de que se sustentaba. Dióle credito el alarbe, y le oyó con gusto decir comia de renta de la Iglesia.*"—Cabrera II, 501. It is not easy to translate this literally, but I hope I have done Don Antonio no injustice.
2. *Ibid.*
3. *Ibid.*, II, 553.
4. *Ibid.*, II, 554.
5. *Ibid.*
6. *Op. cit.*, IV, 361.
7. Antonio Perez himself seems to be the authority for this generally accepted anecdote about Philip II. In his *Relaciones* (p. 23) he says he got his information from old Sebastian de Santoyo, who was at the King's side. According to Perez it was the King's trusted Sebastian who first gave him a hint that he was being investigated.
8. Pp. 22-23.
9. *Fugger News Letters*, Series II, pp. 87-88.
10. "There may be much truth in this contention," says Merriman, (*Op. cit.*, IV, 346, Note 4), commenting on Miss Valente's monograph, "*Un dramma politico alla corte di Filippo II,*" in the *Nuova Rivista Storica* for 1924, VIII, pp. 264-303, 416-442.
11. *Doc. ined.* XII, 19 and 192.
12. Cabrera II, 597.
13. Julian Zarco Cuevas, *Pintores españoles en San Lorenzo el Real del Escoriai*, 1566-1613, Madrid, 1931.
14. Cabrera II, 596.
15. St. Teresa's letters IV, p. 52. See also p. 77 *et seq.*
16. Cabrera II, 661.
17. *Ibid.*, II, 594-5.
18. *Ibid.*, II, 574.
19. *Ibid.*, II, 551.



20. Merriman IV, 367, and his references: S.I. II, 71 and 157; *State Papers, Foreign*, 1579-80, No. 488, etc.

21. Cabrera II, 620.

22. *Letters of St. Teresa* IV, pp. 70 and 74.

23. Cabrera II, 616.

24. Cabrera II, 619.

25. *Ibid.*, II, 616.

26. *Lettres de Philippe II à ses filles, les Enfants Isabelle et Catherine, écrites pendant son voyage en Portugal*, etc., edited by Gachard, Paris, 1884, p.

86.

27. Cabrera II, 636.

28. *Ibid.*

29. Cabrera II, 645.

30. Rudolph II began his reign by cooperating with the Pope and the Jesuits in the reform of the German Church. But gross living led him to follow his father's example, and in the end he became, as King says, "the greatest patron of the curious arts ever recorded in history." (*op. cit.* p. 394) All forms of quackery and pseudo-mysticism appealed to him, and he became the patron of the notorious Rosicrucian, Michael Maier, who was his physician. This Maier was a friend of the wandering Rosicrucian physician, Robert Fludd, who enjoyed the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, whom he served as treasurer in the Low Countries; traveled in Spain, France, Italy, and Germany, ascribed magnetic virtue to the irradiation of angels, and wrote a vigorous defense of the Rosicrucians. Those who wondered why James I tolerated him in England were probably unaware of the connection between Rosicrucianism and Freemasonry, and of the fact that James was a Freemason.—See Lewis Spence, *Encyclopedia of Occultism*, London, 1920, pp. 162-3; also Gould, *History of Freemasonry*, III, 81, 93. etc.

31. *Relaciones*, p. 256.

32. Deposition of Diego de Bustamente, July 20, 1591, at Madrid. In *Doc. inéd.* XII, 236, *et seq.*

33. Cabrera II, 685.

34. *Ibid.*

35. Gachard, *Lettres de Philippe II à ses filles*, etc.

36. *Ibid.*, p. 95.

37. *Ibid.*, pp. 100-102.

38. *Ibid.*, p. 106.

39. *Ibid.*, p. 111.

40. *Ibid.*, p. 147.

41. *Ibid.*, p. 151. Fray Luis de Granada was then 77. He lived to be 93.

42. *Ibid.*, p. 159.

43. *Ibid.*, p. 176.

44. *Ibid.*, p. 184.

45. Gachard, among others, has been unable to find out the meaning of this word.

46. *Ibid.*, p. 122. There is a painting of the Princess Isabel with the dwarf Madalena Ruiz.

47. *Ibid.*, p. 167.

48. *Ibid.*, p. 198.

49. *Ibid.*, p. 185.

50. *Ibid.*, p. 185.

51. *State Papers, Spanish*, III, 179.

52. Cabrera III, 15.

53. Cabrera II, 627, 654, 657.

54. *Ibid.*, III, 15-21.

55. *Ibid.*, III, 36.

56. Wiernik, *History of the Jews in America*. See also "*Damage Done to Spanish Interests in America by Jews of Holland*."—*Publications*. Jewish Historical Society.

57. Cabrera III, 158. For the siege of Antwerp, see F. Barnado y Font, *Sitio de Amberes*, Madrid, 1891; Pirenne, IV, 189 *et seq.*; Merriman, IV, 512-14; Cabrera III, 91-132.

58. Merriman IV, 569 with reference to Fornerón III, 259.

59. Cabrera III, 520.

60. Cabrera (III, 524) is disputed by the Aragonese Doctor Argensola on some of these matters.

61. *Ibid.*, III, 528.

62. *Op. cit.*, IV, 568.

63. *Correspondance du Cardinal de Granvelle* ed. Piot, XII, 103.

64. Cabrera III, 135.

65. *Ibid.*, III, 139 *et seq.*

66. Cabrera III, 198 *et seq.*

67. III, 217; see also p. 198.

68. Cabrera III, 204.

69. Cabrera III, 201.

70. Cabrera III, 244.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XXXI

1. *State Papers, Spanish*, III, 231; Dec. 4, 1581.

2. Cobbett, *Parliamentary History*, I, 865.

3. Cobbett, P. H. I, 831 *et seq.*
4. *Rutland Papers*, H.M.C. XII, App. IV, Vol. I, p. 107.
5. There is a highly interesting monograph on this subject, *The Literary Profession in the Elizabethan Age* by Phoebe Sheavyn, D. Litt., Manchester, 1909.
6. P. Stubbes, *Motive to Good Works*, 1593.
7. Stubbes, *A Chrystal Glasse*, 1626, Fol. A 3.
8. *Transactions*, Jewish Historical Society of England, II, pp. 14 *et seq.*
9. *Ibid.*
10. *Ibid.*
11. *State Papers, Spanish*, 1587-1603, pp. 219-22; Wolf, *Transactions* J. H. S., XI, 35.
12. Mendoza, *loc. cit.*
13. Wolf, in *Transactions* XI, p. 8.
14. *Ibid.*
15. *Ibid.*, p. 12.
16. See *State Papers, Foreign*, 1583, Nos. 160 and 166.
17. Hume in *Transactions*, Jewish Historical Society of England, VI, p. 32 *et seq.*
18. *Transactions*, Jewish Historical Society of England, XI, p. 72.
19. Wolf, *ibid.*, XI, 24.
20. *Ibid.*
21. *Ibid.*, XI, 29.
22. *Fugger News Letters*, Second Series, pp. 205 and 207.
23. *State Papers, Spanish*, 1580-86, p. 592.
24. *Ibid.*, 527.
25. *Ibid.*, p. 257.
26. *Ibid.*, p. 518.
27. *Ibid.*, p. 267; Mary to Mendoza.
28. *Ibid.*, 596.
29. *Ibid.*, 581. Major Hume makes it appear, within his introduction of Vol. IV of the *State Papers* (pp. XI and XIV) and in his life of Philip II, that Mary categorically disinherited her son; whereas she clearly left the succession over to him if he became a Catholic.
30. *Ibid.*, p. 590.
31. *Ibid.*, p. 614.
32. *Ibid.*, p. 592.
33. *State Papers, Spanish*, II, Introduction, p. xxxvii.
34. *Historical MSS. Commission, Salisbury*, Part IV, p. 116.
35. *State Papers*, IV, 606.
36. Morris, *Letter Books of Sir Amias Paulet*, p. 337.
37. *Ibid.*, 607.
38. *State Papers, Spanish*, III, 644.
39. *State Papers, Spanish*, III, 663.
40. *Ibid.*, 679.
41. Cabrera III, 197, and 221.
42. *State Papers, Spanish*, IV, 603 *et seq.*
43. Cabrera III, 203, 226.
44. Sepúlveda, p. 64.
45. Cabrera III, 267.
46. *Op. cit.*, IV, 529.
47. Cobbett, *Parliamentary History*, I, 897.
48. *State Papers, Spanish*, IV, 239.
49. Cabrera III, 208-9.
50. *State Papers, Spanish*, IV, p. 276. The spy in Rome may have been Carré.
51. *Fugger News Letters*, II, 141.
52. Two letters of Parma, *State Papers*, IV, 233 *et seq.*
53. Cabrera III, 288.
54. *State Papers, Spanish*, IV, 325.
55. *News Letters*, II, 163.
56. *Ibid.*, p. 336 *et seq.*
57. Medina Sidonia's report, August 21, 1588. *State Papers, Spanish*, IV, 394. Cabrera gives a long and interesting account of the battle and its consequences, III, 292-300.
58. *Philip II of Spain*, p. 217.
59. *Op. cit.*, p. 218.
60. *Op. cit.*, IV, 546.
61. III, 298.
62. *Ibid.*, p. 220.
63. III, 300.
64. *Loc. cit.*, p. 552.
65. Cabrera, *loc. cit.*, p. 294.
66. III, 303.
67. Cabrera III, 315.
68. Idiáquez to Parma, September 8, 1588. Quoted by Gachard, *Correspondance de Philippe II*, II, lxxvii.



# NOTES ON CHAPTER XXXII

1. Cabrera, III, 302.
2. *State Papers, Spanish*, IV, 451.
3. Cabrera, III, 357.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 367.
5. Apparently Fourquevaulx made this remark. Donato reported it to the Doge in 1573.
6. Sepúlveda, *Historia de varias cosas*, in Cuevas, *Documentos para la historia del monasterio de San Lorenzo el Real de el Escoriai* Cap. VII. This good priest is often grotesquely inaccurate when he discusses affairs in general, such as the voyage of the Armada, but his accounts of happenings at the Escoriai are doubtless trustworthy, for he was a member of the community at the time.
7. Sepúlveda, *loc. cit.* His name before his conversion is not given.
8. Cabrera, III, 346. *Fugger News Letters* II, 196-7.
9. *State Papers, Spanish*, IV, 273.
10. *Ibid.*, IV, 549; also Wolf in *Transactions*, A.S. of England.
11. Sepúlveda, p. 66.
12. Cuevas publishes the sentence of the Inquisition in a note in Sepúlveda, p. 70, to correct one of the latter's frequent mistakes. There is a considerable literature, of course, easily accessible, on this famous case.
13. Maitland, *History of London*, p. 167; Stow, etc.
14. *Fugger News Letters*, I, p. 170.
15. Cabrera, III, 341.
16. "y los mas eran hebreos." III, 344.
17. Cabrera, III, 343.
18. *State Papers, Spanish*, IV, 558.
19. Modesto Lafuente X, p. 207; Sepúlveda, p. 102 *et seq.*
20. Cuevas, for example, believes that Philip was only trying to frighten the Pope and did not mean the threat seriously. *Op. cit.*, p. 103, Note 1.
21. Literally, if we may believe Sepúlveda, "he will place them all under a brick; diciendoles que no se burlasen con su Rey, que los meteria a todos ellos debajo de un ladrillo; y diciendo esto se salio del Consistono y se fue a su posada"—*Op. cit.*, p. 104. See also Cabrera, III, 423, who says, "Some interpreted it as a threat to call a council, others as a warning not to Sixtus but to his ministers, as if there could be such a separation."
22. Lafuente X, p. 209; Cuevas, *op. cit.*, p. 104, note.
23. Cabrera, III, 400.
24. The rest of this passage in Cabrera (III, 415), seems garbled and self-contradictory, and there is one of the numerous gaps which are so frequent in the second part of his manuscript, which remained unpublished for more than two centuries.
25. IV, 631.
26. Cabrera, III, 462.
27. *State Papers, Spanish*, IV, p. 546.
28. Cabrera, III, 427. "Y si Flandes se perdiere, mio es."
29. Cabrera, III, 327.
30. Astrain, *História de la Compañia*, etc., III, 55, *et seq.*
31. Campbell, *The Jesuits*, I, p. 197 *et seq.*; Astrain, Vol. III.
32. Cabrera, III, 438-9.
33. Sepúlveda, p. 114.
34. *Fugger News Letter*, June 24, 1591, II, 227: "The death of the King of Spain is much talked of here."
35. Cabrera, IV, 16-17.
36. Bullarium, XI, 520, 622.
37. Noether, *History of the Catholic Church*, 468.
38. Jacobs, *Jewish Contributions to Civilization*, p. 283.
39. Cabrera, III, 388.
40. *Op. cit.*, 284-5.
41. *Germany and the Next War*.
42. Cabrera, III, 546, 447.
43. Cabrera, III, 471.
44. *Ibid.*, IV, 73.
45. IV, 576.
46. III, 535.
47. Merriman, for example, believes that Vazquez had "poisoned" the King's ear against Pérez, IV, 576.
48. Cabrera, III, 537. *Doc. inéd.* XII, p. 7.
49. *Doc. inéd.* XII, p. 16 *et seq.*
50. *Ibid.*, pp. 22-32.
51. Cabrera, III, 548.
52. *Doc. inéd.* XII, 240: Deposition of Diego de Bustamente.
53. Cabrera, III, 548.
54. *Relaciones*, p. 3.
55. Cabrera, IV, 292, Appendix.
56. *Cronica de el Gran Cardenal*, etc., by Dr. Pedro de Salazar y de Mendoza. Toledo, 1625, p. 332.
57. *Doc. inéd.* XII, 267.
58. *Doc. inéd.* XII, 236, 267, 270, 281, 301, 303. 359 *et seq.*
59. Cabrera, III, 551.
60. *Doc. Inéd.* XII, 558 *et seq.*
61. Cabrera, III, 504.

62. Dr. Argensola, who disputes many of Cabrera's statements, but with such pertinacity as to give the impression that local patriotism has made him a special pleader, demands who was the cause of the King's silence, and seems to be insinuating that the Count of Chinchon of the royal council was responsible. See his comments in the notes to the edition cited of Cabrera, III, 573 *et seq.* Cabrera, by the way, was a distant relative of the Count of Chinchon. It is also well to remember that Chinchon was cousin to the murdered viceroy, Almenara, and that his wife was a sister of the murdered Countess of Ribagorza whose murderer, her husband, was brother of the Duke of Villa-hermosa. Chinchon must have been bitter against the murderers of his relatives, but this does not necessarily make him a liar.

63. Cabrera, III, 585.

64. Cabrera, III, 593, *et seq.*

65. Cabrera, III, 598.

66. *Fugger News Letters*, I, p. 170.

67. Ruiz told this to the King's confessor, Father Yepes, who mentioned it in an account of the King's death six years later. The incident occurred in Logrono, on the way to Aragon. See Appendix, Cabrera, IV, p. 320.

## NOTES ON CHAPTER XXXIII

1. Cabrera, III, 607.

2. *Ibid.*, IV, 63.

3. Cabrera, IV, 67-8, gives the text of this letter of September 26, 1593.

4. *State Papers, Venetian*, IX, 342.

5. *State Papers, Spanish*, IV, 608.

6. Cabrera, III, 607.

7. Cabrera, III, 608.

8. Cabrera, IV, 92, 93, 94.

9. Cabrera, IV, 114 *et seq.*

10. *History of the Jews*, IV, 707.

11. Cabrera gives the text of the treaty, IV, 286-7.

12. *Progresse of the Soule, Infinitati Sacrum*, Aug. 16, 1601.

13. Alice Stopford Green, *Irish Nationality*, pp. 131-3.

14. Vicente La Fuente, *Las sociedades secretas de Espana*, I, 95.

15. *Philip II*, p. 251.

16. Julian Juderias, *La Leyenda Negra*, p. 153.

17. *Op. cit.*, p. 2.

18. *Op. cit.*, IV, 676-7.

19. *Ibid.*, p. 680.

20. Sepúlveda, p. 176.

21. *Ibid.*, pp. 179-180.

22. *Ibid.*

23. *Ibid.*, p. 180.

24. *Venetian Calendar*, IX, nos. 528, 610.

25. Sepúlveda, p. 183.

26. *State Papers, Vcn.*, IX, 707; Sepúlveda, *loc. cit.*

27. The account of Fray Diego de Yepes is published, with others, in Cabrera, IV, p. 384 *et seq.*; it was done at the command of Philip III. See also the *Relacion de la enfermedad y muerte del Rey Don Felipe II*, by his chaplain, Fray Don Antonio Cervera de la Torre, 1600, in Cabrera, IV, 298 *et seq.* and the account of the Venetian ambassador in *State Papers, Venetian*, IX, p. 335. There is an account by the King's attendant, Juan Ruiz, in Cabrera, IV, 304.

28. Soranzo's report of August 7; Ven. Cal., IX, 335.

29. Soranzo, *loc. cit.*

30. David Loth, *Philip the Second*, p. 282, assures his readers that Philip wished to receive Extreme Unction a third time, but was not allowed to, since he was unable to swallow!



# About the Author



**William Thomas Walsh**  
**1891–1949**

**B**ORN in Waterbury, Connecticut, William Thomas Walsh, prominent historian, educator and author, gained international attention for his Spanish historical biographies, *Isabella of Spain* and *Philip II*, both of which have been translated into Spanish, as have *Saint Teresa of Ávila* and *Characters of the Inquisition*. These works represent a contribution to historical literature unsurpassed in the twentieth century. *Isabella of Spain* was a great success in Spain just before and during the Spanish Civil War, and it was also translated into French and German; *Philip II* received favorable attention from both the *New York Times* and the *London Times*. Mr. Walsh also wrote a perennially popular little book entitled *Our Lady of Fátima*, as well as several other works, and for two decades he contributed short stories, articles and poetry to national magazines. William Thomas Walsh's educational background included a B.A. from Yale (1913) and an honorary Litt.D. from Fordham University. In 1914 he married Helen Gerard Sherwood, and the couple had six children. For 14 years, Mr. Walsh directed the English department of Roxbury School in Cheshire, Connecticut; he did newspaper reporting during World War I; and he held the position of Professor of English at Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, New York City, for many years. In 1941 he received the Laetare Medal, which is awarded by the University of Notre Dame in recognition of distinguished accomplishment for Church or nation by an American Catholic, and in 1944 he was awarded two honors: Spain's highest cultural honor, the Cross of Comendador of the Civil Order of Alfonso the Wise, and the 1944 Catholic Literary Award of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors. William Thomas Walsh died in 1949.

William Thomas Walsh is the author of the following works: *The Mirage of the Many* (1910), *Isabella of Spain* (1930), *Out of the Whirlwind* (novel, 1935), *Philip II* (1937), *Shekels* (blank-verse play, 1937), *Lyric Poems* (1939), *Characters of the Inquisition* (1940), "Gold" (short story), *Babies, not Bullets!* (booklet, 1940), *Thirty Pieces of Silver* (a play in verse), *Saint Teresa of Avila* (1943), *La actual situación de España* (booklet, 1944), *El caso crucial de España* (booklet, 1946), *Our Lady of Fátima* (1947), *The Carmelites of Compiègne* (a play in verse), and *Saint Peter, the Apostle* (1948).

## His Historical Work

William Thomas Walsh was a great Catholic historian whose works are indispensable for anyone attempting to understand the Catholic Church and her influence on the history of the world. Walsh is an absolute authority on Europe in the 15th and 16th centuries, the times of the Protestant Revolt and the era leading up to that event—especially focusing on Catholic Spain, which was the center of the Western World at the crucial era of transition between medieval and modern times. Basing his writing on original Spanish sources and bringing to his work a deep understanding of the period he portrays, Walsh has

avoided the common pitfalls of relying on other authors for information and of judging 15th and 16th-century persons and institutions by 20th-century viewpoints and prejudices. Moreover, he describes events as they were shaped by living human beings, having the same sins and virtues as are evident in the human race today, rather than as a succession of mindless and causeless historical "movements," "forces," and "progress." The result is a picture with color and life, one that still makes sense to us looking at it four centuries later. Flawlessly written, Walsh's books are well documented and packed with information, yet are nevertheless more gripping than fiction. In a single paragraph one often learns more than in many chapters of dry historical tomes. Though Walsh does not whitewash the sins of kings and churchmen, he gives them all a fair hearing, and the reader finds himself understanding and even agreeing with the decisions these men and women made. He also finds himself with a new perspective on the Catholic Church and a tremendous respect for that inner vitality which has enabled the Church to accomplish so many seemingly impossible tasks.

The historical works of William Thomas Walsh are unlikely to be equalled for many decades to come, and they cannot be ignored by anyone who wants to attain a true understanding of the Catholic Church and the world she has shaped for more than 20 centuries.